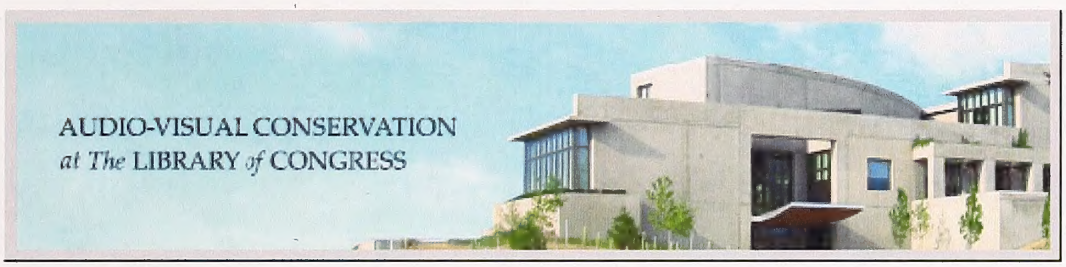

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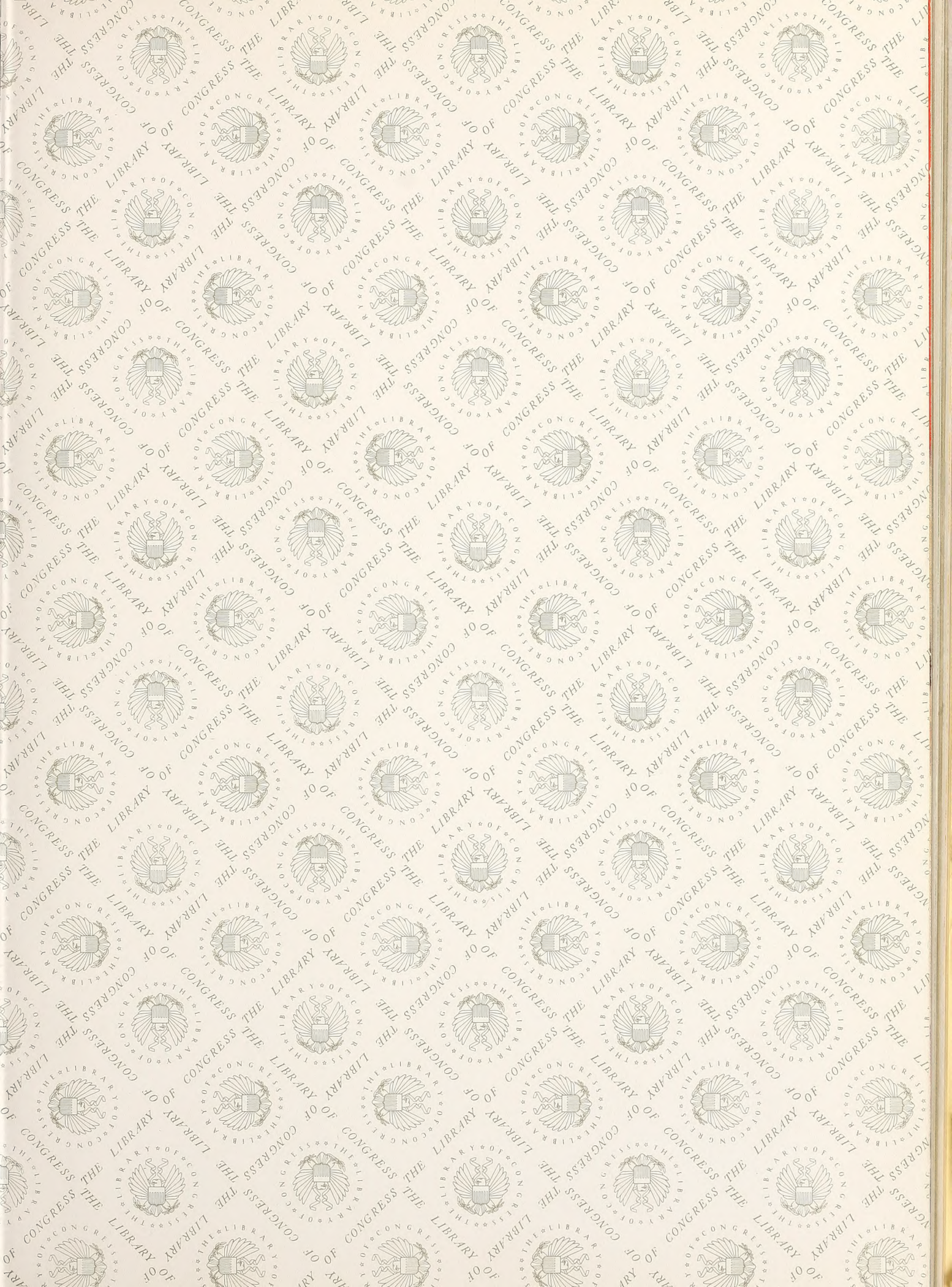
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Modern Screen

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OCT 16 1934

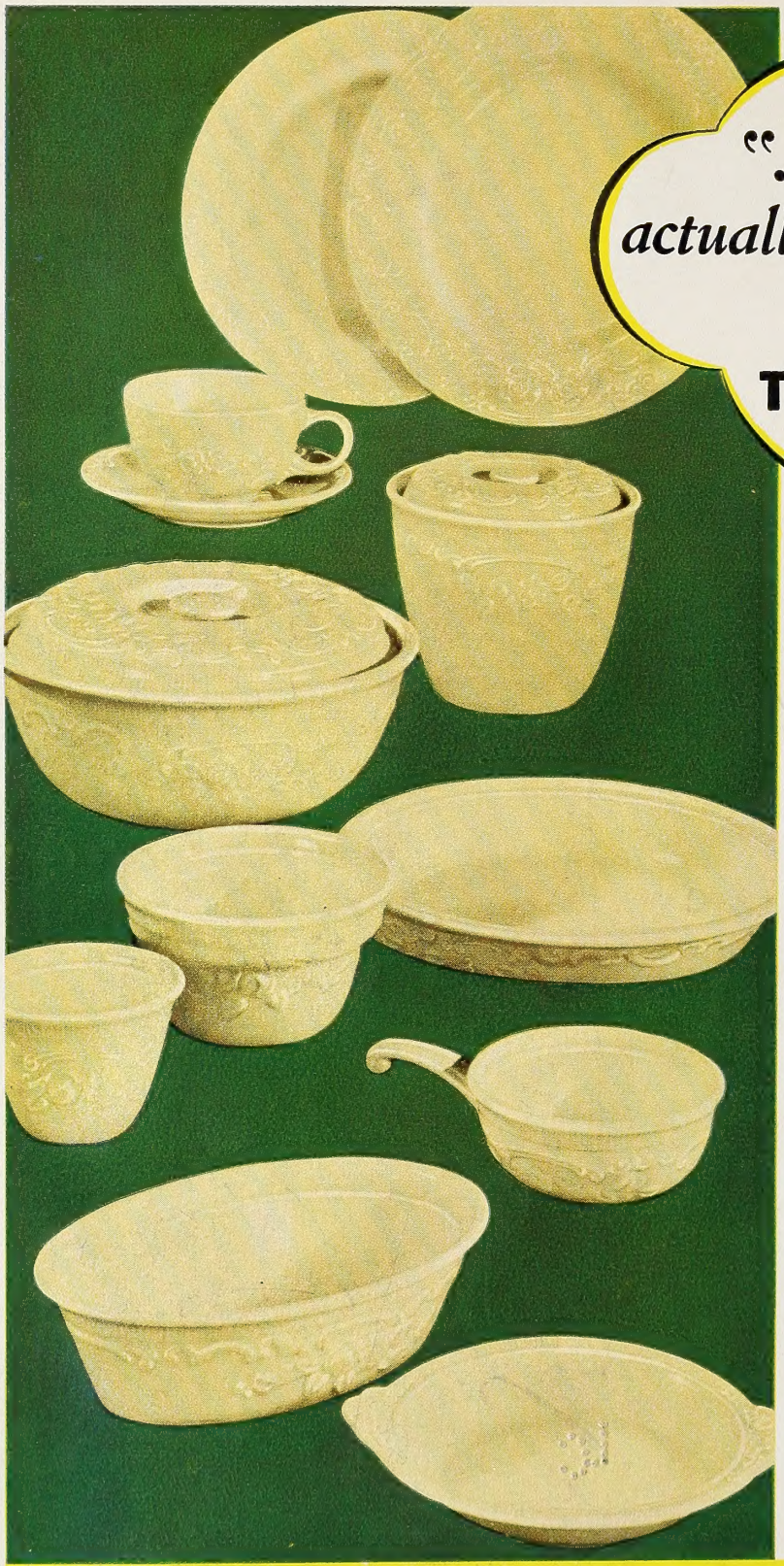
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NE STAR

ates

OMEN

Jean Harlow



"...and you can actually OVENBAKE in these pretty TABLE DISHES!"

THAT'S the marvel of these OvenServe table dishes. Every single piece can be used in the oven! All the bowls and serving dishes, platters and saucy individual French casseroles, the pie plates and custard cups—even the cups, saucers and plates—stand oven heat, oven baking. The dishes don't get that brown, cooked look either. They don't "craze." The bright sunny yellow color remains fresh and new looking.

Is it beans for dinner? Then ovenbake them in the individual bean pots. Or how about a baked meat dish or scalloped vegetables, or any one of a dozen, or a hundred, other things? Cook them in these dishes and whisk them from oven to table in the same dishes. Simplifies serving enormously . . . not to mention the way it cuts down on the dishwashing.

And OvenServe dishes are simple to wash, too. No scraping; no scouring; just hot water, soap and the dishmop.

Cost a lot? No, ma'am! Just a fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes have the added advantage of being table dishes, not kitchen ware. Buy them by the piece.

Guaranteed
To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

POPOVERS! Ummm!

One cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
⅞ cup milk
2 eggs
½ tsp. melted butter

Mix salt and flour, add milk gradually to make a smooth, thin batter. Beat eggs until light and add to mixture. Add butter. Beat hard. Fill buttered OvenServe custard cups two-thirds full. Bake 30-35 minutes, beginning with a hot oven (450° F.) and decreasing gradually to moderate oven (375°F.) as popovers begin to brown. Makes six popovers.

OVENSERVE

Sold at Kresge 5c & 10c stores and other 5c, 10c and $1.00 stores

PN1993
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CARL LAEMMLE Presents

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS



For the Love *of* Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stampeding the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL

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GARBO

"THE PAINTED VEIL"

with HERBERT MARSHALL · GEORGE BRENT

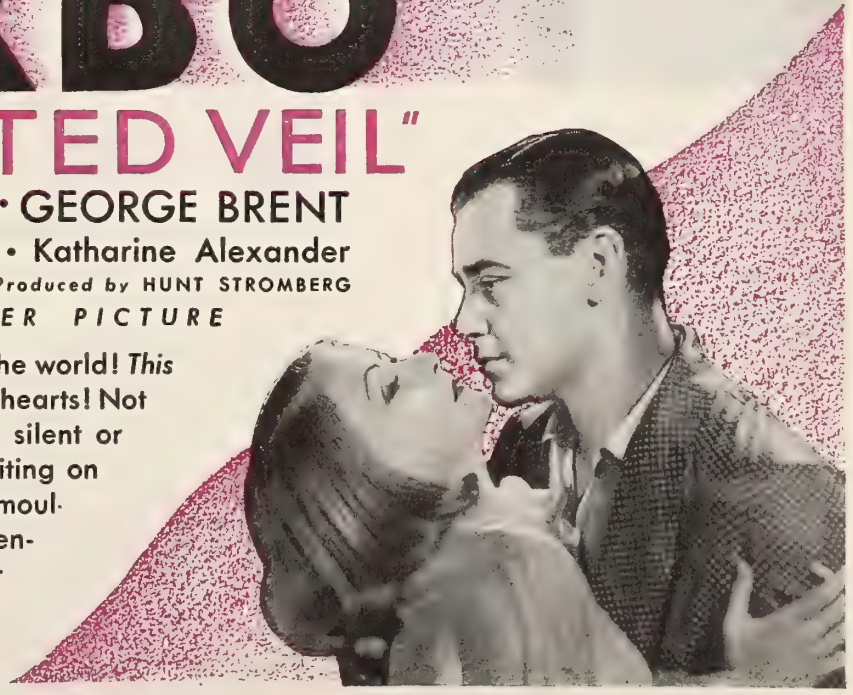
Warner Oland • Jean Hersholt • Katharine Alexander

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • *Produced by* HUNT STROMBERG

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! *This* is the STAR who enthralls love-hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smoul-dering love, of high adventure, of ten-derness that yields tears. *This* is *your* Garbo, the Star of exquisite mys-tery and provocative romance!

Based on the novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM



Between you & me

• Come join our "open forum" and let us know what is on your mind, cinematically speaking



The movies need more great lovers, say some of the folks.

Moody Lady

Every once in a while a benevolent mood descends upon me and I want to express my appreciation of the film personalities who intrigue me. This is one of the times and this time I yield to the mood.

I consider Garbo the most fascinating screen personality of all time, Novarro the most romantic male figure, Helen Mack the most interesting of the younger actresses, and Drue Leighton the most charming new blonde. The old-timer I miss most is elfin Betty Bronson. I've never understood why she vanished from the screen.

Sorry I can't mention more men, but honestly, I think most of the present screen men are a total loss. We need more great lovers, and not so many wise-cracking smart-alecks. See?—Mrs. R. L. Price, Midlothian, Ill.

(*Just wait till the GableToneMcCrea-Crosby BolesMarchetcetera etcetera fans read your last paragraph! We're just a little bit glad we're not you.*)

Fans Want the Truth

Congratulations on your very interesting and rather daring July issue. This is the first time in ten years that I have been able to read a story in a fan magazine without laughing at the apparent lies it told. Your stories are human and believable. It took courage to be the first to drop the milk and honey type that is usually offered to the gullible moving picture public. Keep up the good work.—Molly Kaplan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Some More About Censorship

I am a woman fifty-five years old with strict views about right and wrong, and it is my belief that this war against the movies is most unfair. Moving pictures are the greatest thing in the form of entertainment that the world has ever had. Why crush them? Other arts are left alone but there is the everlasting "pickiness" at the movies. Of course, a vulgar picture is not desirable and occasionally one is "not so good," but why destroy such brilliant and enlightening entertainment



Criticism of censorship goes on and on and on.

for—well, for some reason or other.

Our young folks are better off, too, in any theatre than in beer gardens and road houses. So, here is one so-called old-fashioned woman who says, don't take our movies from us. In my girlhood young folks, or any folks, were not so fortunate in seeing such splendid shows for so little money. We either had to pay two dollars to see John Drew or Viola Allen or be satisfied with Kitty Rhodes.—Mrs. H. L. F., Harrisburg, Pa.

I'm firmly in favor of movies that depict life—life in the raw or life in the sanest and most refined manner—and as long as the story is typical—though not necessarily symbolic—I'm stronger than ever. Let me add that I've never seen a movie that caused me any mental agony or blushes. When movies become so nasty that they're embarrassing then I, like numerous other fans, will cease going.

If only the nation realized that the average person goes to the movies for an escape—not to absorb vile, filthy ideas on sex or gangstering. They go to escape into a dream world where they are more entranced in the star of the story than symbolically self-identified with a certain character or background.

The movies didn't start Chicago gangstering, neither did they cause Lizzie Tish to run away with the last carnival show that hit town. The movies didn't turn John Dillinger into the underworld man he was. The newspapers did that for him. —Otis Cooper, Russellville, Ky.

Are we reverting to the Victorian era? In 1930 came the revival of the church-going custom and now comes another attempt to better our morals and lead us back to the straight and narrow path—the path which is strewn with ignorance, misery and superstition.

In the past few years motion pictures, knowingly or unknowingly, have been combating our greatest evil—ignorance. The pictures, while entertaining us, have depicted many pitfalls which face young people. By doing this, they have taught us to avoid the (*Continued on page 115*)



The Parker gal almost swept one reader off his feet.

Their Studio Addresses

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Mascot Studios, 6001 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Monogram Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Twentieth Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Warner Bros.—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

AHERNE, BRIAN: RKO-Radio.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, TAD: M-G-M.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: Fox.
ANGEL, HEATHER: Universal.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ARLISS, GEORGE: 20th Century.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Monogram.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTHER, NILS: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Warner Bros.
ATES, ROSCOE: Free lance. Write him at Warners.
ATWILL, LIONEL: Monogram.
AYRES, LEW: Fox.
BAER, MAX: Paramount.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: Fox.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BAXTER, JANE: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BEECHER, JANET: 20th Century.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century.
BENNETT, JOAN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BERGNER, ELIZABETH: United Artists.
BEST, EDNA: Free lance. Write her at Warners.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BIRELL, TALA: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLUE, MONTE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: Fox.
BOURNE, WHITNEY: Paramount.
BOW, CLARA: Fox.
BOYER, CHARLES: Fox.

(*Continued on page 108*)



Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

THE MODERN HOSTESS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Packaged foods have a definite place on the well-planned menu. You'll agree when you learn why





Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Otto Kruger dine together in a scene from "Chained."

A SUCCESSFUL scene in a movie and a delicious dinner served at home, at first glance seem to have little in common, yet both depend largely for their success upon the selfsame thing—the correct execution of a well laid plan. This was brought home to me forcibly, the other day, when I observed how Director Clarence Brown went about planning a scene in which Joan, Clark and Otto Kruger are shown eating a simple meal in their forthcoming picture, "Chained."

First, Director Brown told the assistant director what he wanted. The assistant in turn went into a huddle with the head of the property department, upon whom there now rested the responsibility of providing the necessary food, silver, linens and china, and a lovely informal basket of fresh fruit for the centerpiece. Once the table was set it became the duty of the script girl to list the items that appeared on it as well as the details of the costumes worn by the principals so that no error would creep in during the retakes. So you see, at the time Director Brown was ready to "shoot," the table was ready, and everybody was able to proceed with the making of the picture.

Now you, as a housewife, probably have no assistant—unless you are one of the favored few who has a maid in these parlous times—and you certainly have no script girl! But, just as certainly, you are director of your meals and as such you are personally responsible for the actions and expressions of those who partake of them. You would do well, therefore, to emulate some of the steps in meal preparation which make a well directed scene in a picture move with ease and a complete freedom from *apparent* effort.

The first thing then, as director in your home, is to make a plan. Naturally this plan will have to be sufficiently elastic to allow for (*Continued on page 74*)



The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs!*

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES · 99 44/100 % PURE



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM
" 'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"



"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS



"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

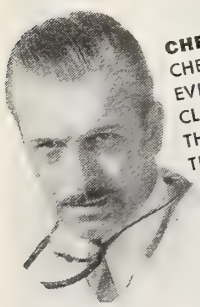
SICK HEADACHES were driving me CRAZY!



• I suffered intensely from sick headaches for years—until I wished my head would open to relieve the pain. Nothing seemed to help the constipation that caused them. When I was visiting my sister-in-law in Tacoma she gave me her favorite medicine, FEEN-A-MINT. I feel duty bound to let you know what a help FEEN-A-MINT has been. It cleansed out my system wonderfully—all the poisons went. And it keeps me so regular that I am a new woman. It doesn't cramp or gripe a person either. I've told all my friends about it.

The easy, pleasant way to combat constipation

Typical of hundreds of unsolicited letters in our files! Over 15,000,000 men and women have found that FEEN-A-MINT is the easy, pleasant way to combat constipation and all its attendant ills. It is *thorough* and at the same time *gentle*. Pleasant to take—children think it's just nice chewing gum. Because you *chew* it, it works more thoroughly than ordinary laxatives. Try it and see—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... CHEWING DISTRIBUTES IT EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED INTESTINES SO THAT IT DOES A MORE THOROUGH JOB WITHOUT HARMFUL VIOLENCE. THAT IS WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** IS ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE



THE REPORT CARD

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

BABY TAKE A BOW (Fox).
Shirley Temple and Jimmy Dunn.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M).
Something you don't want to miss. Norma Shearer, Charles Laughton and Fredric March score.

BELLE OF THE NINETIES (Paramount).
Mae West, peppy as ever, in spite of the censorship wave. With John Mack Brown, Roger Pryor and Katherine DeMille.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century).
A mystery with laughs. Ronald Colman, Loretta Young and Charlie Butterworth (who, incidentally, is dee-vinely funny).

CHAINED (M-G-M).
While the story isn't tops, Gable, Crawford and Otto Kruger make it worth seeing. Crawford, in her lovely new gowns and tricky coiffures, looks more beautiful than ever.

CLEOPATRA (Paramount).
A DeMille special. With Claudette Colbert, Warren William and Henry Wilcoxon.

DAMES (Warners).
The musical of musicals, featuring Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell and ZaSu Pitts.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M).
In which Harlow crashes society. With Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore and Patsy Kelly in supporting roles.

THE GREAT FLIRTATION (Paramount).
A triumph for Elissa Landi. Adolphe Menjou and David Manners are fine, too.

HANDY ANDY (Fox).
Will Rogers at his best.

HAPPINESS AHEAD (First National)
Dick Powell's best work to date. With John Halliday, Frank McHugh and Josephine Hutchinson in supporting roles.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
George Arliss is superb as Baron Rothschild. Loretta Young and Robert Young do well in smaller roles.

THE HUMAN SIDE (Universal).
Adolphe Menjou as a theatrical producer. With Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen, Dickie Moore and Charlotte Henry.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
Don't fail to see this Colbert-Gable opus.

JANE EYRE (Monogram).
The Bronte novel brought to the screen, with Virginia Bruce and Colin Clive in leading roles.

JUDGE PRIEST (Fox).
Will Rogers does a great piece of work. Berton Churchill, Stepin Fetchit and Henry B. Walthall come in for their share of acting honors. Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise and Tom Brown are among the younger folks.

THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS (RKO).
Ann Harding and John Boles in a stirring drama.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? (Universal)
The story of a young couple, Doug Montgomery and Margaret Sullavan, and their struggle for existence.

LITTLE MISS MARKER (Paramount).
Shirley Temple proves what a grand little actress she is.

MADAME DU BARRY (Warners)
Very spectacular. With Dolores Del Rio and Victor Jory.

THE MERRY WIDOW (M-G-M).
Lavish production. Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald are delightful.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
Entertainment plus. With Connie Bennett, Franchot Tone and Tullio Carminati.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES (Paramount).
Carl Brisson and Kitty Carlisle will keep you entertained in this musical-murder comedy.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
Anna Sten and a large cast.

ONE MORE RIVER (Universal)
Stirring drama that will hold your interest all the way through. Polished performances by Colin Clive, Diana Wynyard and Frank Lawton.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (Columbia).
Thrilling in every sense of the word. Grace Moore's singing is dee-vine.

OPERATOR 13 (M-G-M).
Marion Davies and Gary Cooper in a spy story.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (Paramount).
Charming story about the Revolutionary days. Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland.

RIPTIDE (M-G-M).
Sophisticated drama. With Norma Shearer, Bel Montgomery and Herbert Marshall

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN (Universal).
Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Victor Moore and Esther Ralston in a fine comedy.

SADIE McKEE (M-G-M).
Crawford, Tone, Gene Raymond and Edward Arnold

SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount)
A rollicking comedy with Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins, Kitty Carlisle. Some wow tunes, too.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (Fox).
Don't miss this delightful comedy. Nancy Carroll and Otto Kruger have the leads.

TARZAN AND HIS MATE (M-G-M).
Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan.

THE THIN MAN (M-G-M).
A mystery superb. With Myrna Loy and Bill Powell.

THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant.

TREASURE ISLAND (M-G-M).
The sort of thing the kids will eat up. Jackie Cooper, Wally Beery, Lewis Stone, Otto Kruger and Lionel Barrymore.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (Columbia).
John Barrymore and Carole Lombard in a tale about stagefolk. Don't miss it.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS (Warners).
Behind-the-scenes of Radio Row with Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers. Don't miss Allen Jenkins' "Uncle Pete."

VIVA VILLA (M-G-M).
Wally Beery as Pancho Villa, the Mexican bandit. Katherine DeMille and Stu Erwin in supporting roles.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN (Universal).
Paul Lukas in an exciting mystery. Leila Hyams, Lillian Bond, Onslow Stevens and Dorothy Burgess.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE (RKO).
John Boles, Irene Dunne and Helen Westley in the screen version of Edith Wharton's novel. Nicely done.

BACHELOR BAIT (RKO).
Stu Erwin runs a matrimonial agency. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson are in the cast.

BEYOND THE LAW (Columbia).
Plenty of action and suspense here. With Tim McCoy and Shirley Grey.

BIG HEARTED HERBERT (Warners).
Guy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon and Patricia Ellis in a comedy de luxe.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
Delightful drama. Paul Lukas, Elissa Landi and Nils Asther deserve much praise.

CARAVAN (Fox).
While there isn't much plot here, its delightful music carries it along nicely. In it are Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, Jean Parker and Phillips Holmes.

THE CAT'S PAW (Fox).
Another Harold Lloyd comedy at last. With Una Merkel, George Barbier and Nat Pendleton

CHANGE OF HEART (Fox).
A Gaynor-Farrell opus that should please their fans

THE CIRCUS CLOWN (Warners).
Joe E. Brown.

COCKEYED CAVALIERS (RKO).
Wheeler and Woolsey, Thelma Todd, Noah Beery and, of course, Dorothy Lee.

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (United Artists).
The Dumas classic brought to the screen with Elissa Landi, Robert Donat (you'll like him), Louis Calhern and Sidney Blackmer.

DANGEROUS CORNER (RKO-Radio).
Unusual story and a fine cast including Virginia Bruce, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas, Ian Keith and Erin O'Brien Moore

DESIRABLE (Warners).
A story that will hold your interest, nicely handled by George Brent, Verree Teasdale and Jean Muir.

DOUBLE DOOR (Paramount)
Mary Morris, Sir Guy Standing and Evelyn Venable.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Universal)
Chester Morris and Marian Nixon in a gay little comedy

THE FIGHTING RANGER (Columbia).
A Buck Jones thriller.

FOG OVER FRISCO (First National).
A mystery, featuring Bette Davis, Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot and Margaret Lindsay.

HALF A SINNER (Universal).
Berton Churchill is outstanding. Joel McCrea and Sally Blane here, too.

HAPPY LANDINGS (Monogram).
Ray Walker, Bill Farnum and Noah Beery

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE (RKO).
Stirring drama, with fine performances by Ric Cortez, Barbara Robbins, John Beal and Dorothy Burgess.

HAVE A HEART (M-G-M).
Touching story about a cripple, beautifully enacted by Jean Parker, Jimmy Dunn, Una Merkel and Stu Erwin in the supporting cast

HERE COMES THE GROOM (Paramount).
A comedy, with Jack Haley and Mary Boland

HIDE-OUT (M-G-M).
Nice love story. With Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD (Universal).
Lee Tracy as a newspaperman.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney and Bette Davis.

KISS AND MAKE UP (Paramount).
A burlesque on beauty parlors. Cary Grant, Helen Mack, Genevieve Tobin and Edward Everett Horton.

(Continued on page 96)



The PICTURE of the MONTH

WE SALUTE

DICK POWELL and RUBY KEELER

America's best-loved lovers in the screen's first great military musical!

Fifty million keyholers can't be wrong! They said "It's a knockout!" And an advance peek at Warner Bros.' new musical produced under the supervision of the U. S. Army proves they're right! So we pin this month's Croix de Guerre on "Flirtation Walk"—staged against the pulse-tingling background of West Point—for its thrilling stars and glorious love story—its stirring songs and grand girls—its fast fun and lavish production!

"Flirtation Walk"

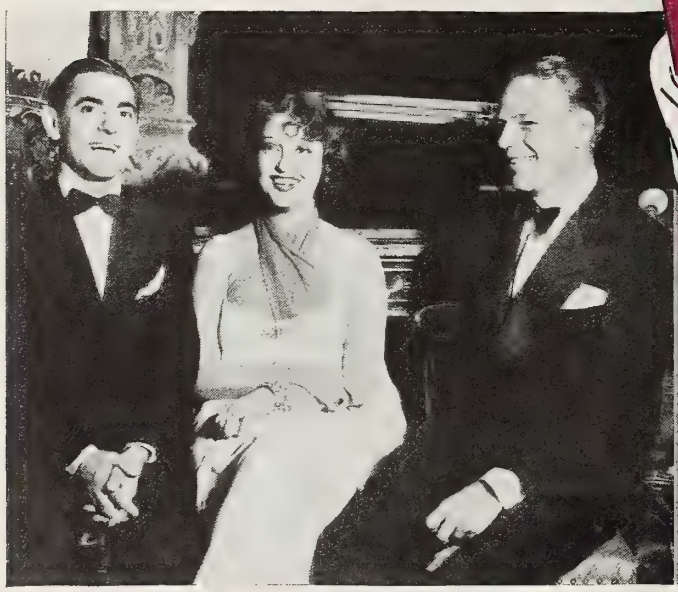
heaps new honors on

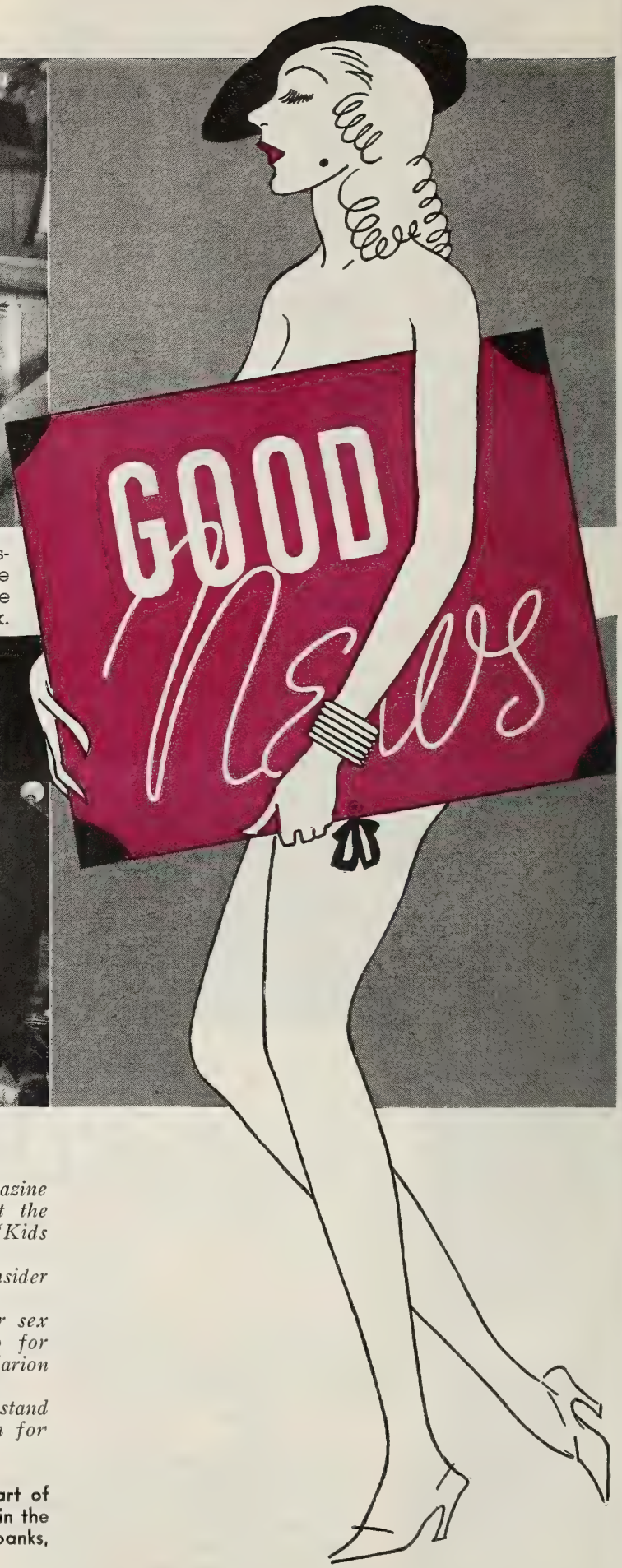
DICK POWELL—RUBY KEELER

—PAT O'BRIEN; on FRANK BORZAGE for his best production; on Bobby Connolly of Ziegfeld Follies fame for his spectacular dance numbers; and on Warner Bros. for a grand all-round show.



Bill Powell and La Harlow at Reinhardt's presentation of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Hollywood Bowl. (Below) Eddie Cantor, Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie also took a box.





THE OLD M-G-M INFLUENCE

THE funniest story of the month concerns a magazine interviewer's session with Max Baer, who at the present moment is making a Paramount picture, "Kids On The Cuffs."

The interviewer asked Max: "Whom do you consider the most colorful personalities on the screen?"

"Well," drawled Max, "there's Jean Harlow for sex appeal, Norma Shearer for charm, Greta Garbo for glamor, Joan Crawford for physical beauty, Marion Davies for comedy . . ."

The director of publicity at Paramount couldn't stand it any longer and shouted, "And Marlene Dietrich for everything!"

At a recent Hollywood preview the professional part of the audience was amazed when the non-professionals in the unreserved seats gave a newsreel shot of Douglas Fairbanks,

Wuxtry! Wuxtry! All about the stars and their

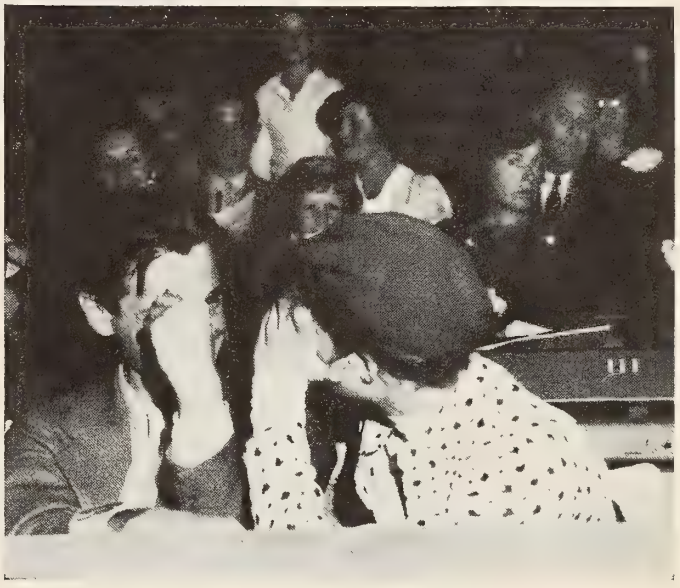


Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson, the inseparables, contemplate the elaborate program and, below, we see the Gary Coopers and Virginia Bruce at the Trocadero opening.



Max Reinhardt, the impresario himself, poses with two of the film's most famous, Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer. (Below) Katie Hepburn saw the camera boys coming. So-o-o.





Sr., the well known Bronx cheer.

Believe it or not, two or three people actually hissed when Doug came over the sound-track saying, "It is so nice to be back *heah* in this country again!"

It looks as though Mr. Fairbanks is going to have to court the American public, along with America's Sweetheart, all over again.

VERY few celebrated visitors to Hollywood have the opportunity of meeting Greta Garbo. But even the illusive Swede was impressed by the idea of meeting Max Reinhardt and accepted a dinner invitation to the home of the Viertels, friends of hers, where a party was being given for the great man.

They say Greta arrived very late, talked with Reinhardt for ten or fifteen minutes and left almost immediately thereafter.

In her divorce suit against George Brent, Ruth Chatterton accused her actor-husband of being moody and sulky. For hours, and sometimes days at a time, she charged, Brent refused to talk to her or to the guests she invited to dine with them.

THERE are two new little boys in Hollywood. One is Joel McCrea, Jr., born to Frances Dee and Joel McCrea in September. The other is Harry Joe Brown, Jr., and his mother is none other than Sally Eilers. And Mrs. George Barnes (Joan Blondell to you) is "expecting," at this writing.

CROSBY CONTRACT NOTE

Bing Crosby has signed a secret four-year-without-options contract with Paramount. The secret is his salary which is said to be enormous.

satellites! Draw up your chairs and listen!





Mary Brian and Dick Powell took the Joe Penners (mitout duck) to the première of Dick's "Dames." (Right) The Thalbergs (she's Norma Shearer to us) aboard Joe Schenck's yacht for a cruise. Wotta life!

THE Sylvia Sidney-B. P. Schulberg romance rumors appear to be at an end. At least these two are no longer seen together at the popular spots but each one is seen with other people!

At the Clover Club the other dawning, Mr. Schulberg seemed very much taken up with Gertrude Michael, the Paramount charmer.

The tennis matches, which brought such internationally famous net stars as Fred Perry, Betty Nuthall, Elizabeth Ryan, George Lott, Frank Shields and dozens of others to the Los Angeles Tennis Club, was another favorite gathering place of the movie celebs lately.

William Powell and Richard Barthelmess shared a box. Connie Talmadge was there every day. Ditto for Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Gene Raymond.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE CIRCUS

AND then the circus came to town! Peanuts, popcorn and pink lemonade. Did the Hollywooders have fun!

Even Marlene Dietrich seemed to be having a glorious time with her young daughter and her husband. Strangely enough, no one seemed to recognize Dietrich the evening

Anna Sten, in modern clothes for a change, sees "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Bowl.



Mary Pickford, landing at the airport for the Cleveland air races. Roscoe Turner's with her.







(Left) Irene Dunne and Lionel Barrymore with Joseph Breen, (Purifier de Luxe) broadcast their views on clean pictures. The handsome Mr. Gable, Harry Cohen, Virginia Pine and Eddie Robinson, snapped at the train after out-of-town preview.

we saw her there. Maybe that's the reason she had so much fun.

Norma Shearer brought Irving Thalberg, Jr., and her husband's father to her circus party. While the three were doing the sideshows, they suddenly discovered that they had lost their tickets. Norma was in a perfect dither until she happened to remember that one of the midgets had once worked in the M-G-M picture, "Freaks." Norma frantically sought out her "influential" friend and explained her predicament.

While they waited for the ticket situation to be fixed up, the little midget insisted that Norma meet the Fat Woman, the Glass Eater, the Strong Man and the Pin Heads. Little Irving Thalberg was almost beside himself with joy at actually shaking hands with so many "celebrities."

IT was more fun the night Katharine Hepburn attended. She tried her best to avoid the news-picture snappers. But the camera-boys spotted Katie immediately, and in her attempt to dodge them, La Hepburn did everything from climbing over seats to landing in one of the rings, much to the amusement of everyone present. She finally had to crawl under the outer (Continued on page 70)

Diamond Mae West visited the Hollywood Bowl to take a peak at the Reinhardt production.



Here are Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, said to be wed, at the tennis matches.





BY REGINA CANNON



Chevalier departs for a European vacation.

OF course, there's a limit to everything, so Eddie Cantor cannot be a male Elsie Dinsmore or a Pollyanna in pants. *But*—he must be about the guh-randest guy you're apt to meet on a stroll among the Hollywood hills. Everyone who works with him says so, and everyone can't be wrong. First, we listened to Block and Sully sing his praises and this month Ethel Merman, just returned from the Coast and an important role in "Kid Millions," went into her song about Eddie.

It seems the gentleman not only doesn't hog the picture, but positively insists upon giving his co-workers a little better than a good break. His disposition is as sweet as a fudge sundae and his off-stage comedy as excellent as the type of stuff he pulls when the camera is grinding.

But, after all, this item should be about Ethel's visit home—which is New York, and so— When you meet the Merman cinematically, you're gonna say, "Aha, sex appeal. Wotta vamp! I'll bet she's the cut-up of the party. She likes the boys all righty, all right. She's interested in collecting male scalps."

And there's where you're all wrong. Ethel has worked like the traditional Turk. She's been lucky in landing good jobs with long-run shows. She's saved her money. And, as far as the unfair sex is concerned, she claims that if some day she meets someone, all well and good. If not, all well and almost as good.

We told her we knew of five men who'd like to marry her, what with her beauty, talent, fame and shekels. And she up and topped us by saying she knew of fifteen. So, what are you gonna do with a girl like that?

If you know your Broadway musical comedy stage, Miss Merman needs no introduction to you. She's the young woman who's "spotted" to tear off a torchy tune when and if the audience gets restless. She's the lady who stops the show and the gal who is what the bald-headed row knows as an "eyeful." In short, she's hot—red hot, about 112 Fahrenheit.



Ethel Merman at home in her New York apartment.

And, as we've implied, she's the perfect paradox. She looks like what she "ain't." She's a home-lover and slightly nut-sy on the subject of dogs. She falls for them completely, and the more disreputable the purp, the greater her devotion. We have sort of an Australian mousehound about the house that she'd go craz-zy for.

On the outcome of Ethel's appearance in "Kid Millions," her cinematic future may be determined. So here's hoping you appreciate her as much as we on Broadway do.

WYNNE GIBSON's been in town, the pourquoi of her visit being to make a picture at the Long Island studio and do a little shopping and sight-seeing on the side. It turned out that there was very little "on the side," for things were kept humming over the bridge so that there was plenty of night work for the players.

The film in question is "Gambling" and you're going to see George M. Cohan, who made the stage version, in the character he created for Broadway consumption.

Wynne, you may or may not know, is a native New Yorker, but she hasn't been in our town for nearly five years and it all looked like front page news to her. New buildings had shot up and others had been torn down. She had become noise-conscious and taxi-shy and had a great hankering for "them thar

Louise Lattimer, new Universal player, arrives in Gotham.



hills." Just a turn-coater, we'll say.

Miss Gibson, it seems, is what's known in the vernacular of the theatre as a trouper. She does whatever she's given to do excellent well. She gives a lot of thought to her work and goes in for visualizing character in a big way. She's intelligent and a hard-worker. So-o she should rate better, bigger and more serious breaks. At least that's the not-too-humble opinion of this department.

We have a notion, however, that this little lady is prone to speak her piece, which isn't conducive to gwate big strides in Hollywood. In New York, maybe. However, after the shooting was over (and we mean "Gambling," of course) Wynne gave herself a few days to see the town before leaving for the camera coast.

THE day it rained luck, Louise Latimer was there with a great big bucket and so, she caught an awful lot of it. Luck, we mean. Louise is very young and very, very well-to-do and very, very, very pretty. She has theatrical aspirations and talent to back 'em up. And, she's in town, having completed "There's Always Tomorrow," her first for Universal.

Miss Latimer is going places cinematically. She's a little smoothie who knows what she wants and, what's better, knows how to go after it and get it. She began life—she's at that ripe old age of twenty-one now—by landing herself a job in a stock company. A movie scout saw her and the usual test ensued. Fox took the test, but Uncle Carl Laemmle signed the gal and Uncle Carl isn't noted for making mistakes.

The Hollywood males like Louise. She has 'em all, from artists to polo players, on her string, but at the moment she's too busy to give them more than passing interest.

If we were the Wampas, we'd elect Miss Latimer a starlet for, in the language of Broadway, she's got what it takes.

Before Chevalier sailed, he put his John Hancock to a lucrative M-G-M contract, for Maurice is as much the business man as he is the artist. He's also the frugal Frenchman in person. All of which comes under the head of praise. There are too many spendthrifts already in the camera city, so it isn't Monsieur's intention to swell their number.

Just what his next pictorial assignment is to be was not determined as the star parked his trunks on the *Ile de France,* preparatory to a long vacation in his native Paree. Kay Francis, at this writing, is over there too, which they do be a-saying spells (*Continued on page 114*)

SMART GIRL?...YOU BET!
I FOUND HOW TO GET RID OF
"TATTLE-TALE GRAY"





1. "One day at the grocer's, I was fussing about how dingy my washes always looked. And he said, *'Your trouble is tattle-tale gray. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets out ALL the dirt.'* Well . . ."



2. "Next washday, I did put Fels-Naptha to work and what a treat! Big creamy suds chock-full of lively *golden soap* and *naptha.* The dirt simply hurried away. And talk about gentle! I gave these lace panties a Fels-Naptha dousing and they washed up as pretty as new."



3. "And now look at this! Did you ever see a *whiter* shirt? Why, my clothes all shine like snow. Everything smells sweeter, too. You bet I'm smart! I wouldn't dream of doing another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha."

YES INDEED! If you want to keep *"tattle-tale gray"* out of your clothes—that dull, foggy look that says dirt is still hiding in them in spite of all your work—it's smart to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!

For that big busy bar brings you *two* cleaners instead of *one!* Richer *golden soap* working hand-in-hand with *lots of naptha.* A combination that hustles out every tiny bit of dirt and gives your clothes a *brighter, sweeter whiteness!*

Unlike "trick soaps" or "cheap" soaps, Fels-Naptha is gentle. It washes everything beautifully—silk stockings, lingerie, woolens. Fels-Naptha holds soothing glycerine, too. So it's specially nice to hands.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for soaking or boiling clothes. It works splendidly in tub, basin or washing machine.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get some at your grocer's today . . . Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1934, FELS & CO.

Banish
"Tattle-Tale Gray"
with
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

THEY **LOVE** THEY **LAUGH** THEY **SING** THEY **QUARREL**

. . . but always there's

Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by
Oscar Hammerstein 2nd

with *Gloria*

SWANSON

and

JOHN BOLES • DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

JUNE LANG • REGINALD OWEN

AL SHEAN • JOSEPH CAWTHORN

An Erich Pommer Production
Directed by Joe May









A riot of laughter and romance set to music—lavishly produced for the screen from the great stage sensation that ran 11 months on Broadway.



FOX

Gloria SWANSON

"Music in the Air" for Fox will bring Gloria back to the screen. Oddly enough, she plays opposite John Boles, whose entrance into the movies was as La Swanson's leading man in the silent picture days. This actress looks younger and more glamorous than ever, doesn't she, really?







Maurice CHEVALIER

He plans to spend the holidays in France, where he has been making two pictures and, during her stay there, seeing Kay Francis. Maurice is a very serious-minded gentleman, whose pet diversion is boxing. You'll be seeing him as the handsome prince in "The Merry Widow," an M-G-M special.

Jeanette MacDONALD

Miss MacDonald is, of course, "The Merry Widow" herself, which gives her plenty of opportunity to act and warble a bit, both of which she does right well. She is taking up tennis these days and plays with Bob Ritchie. You know, he's the man whom Jeanette calls her fiancé, but whom her friends feel sure is her husband.

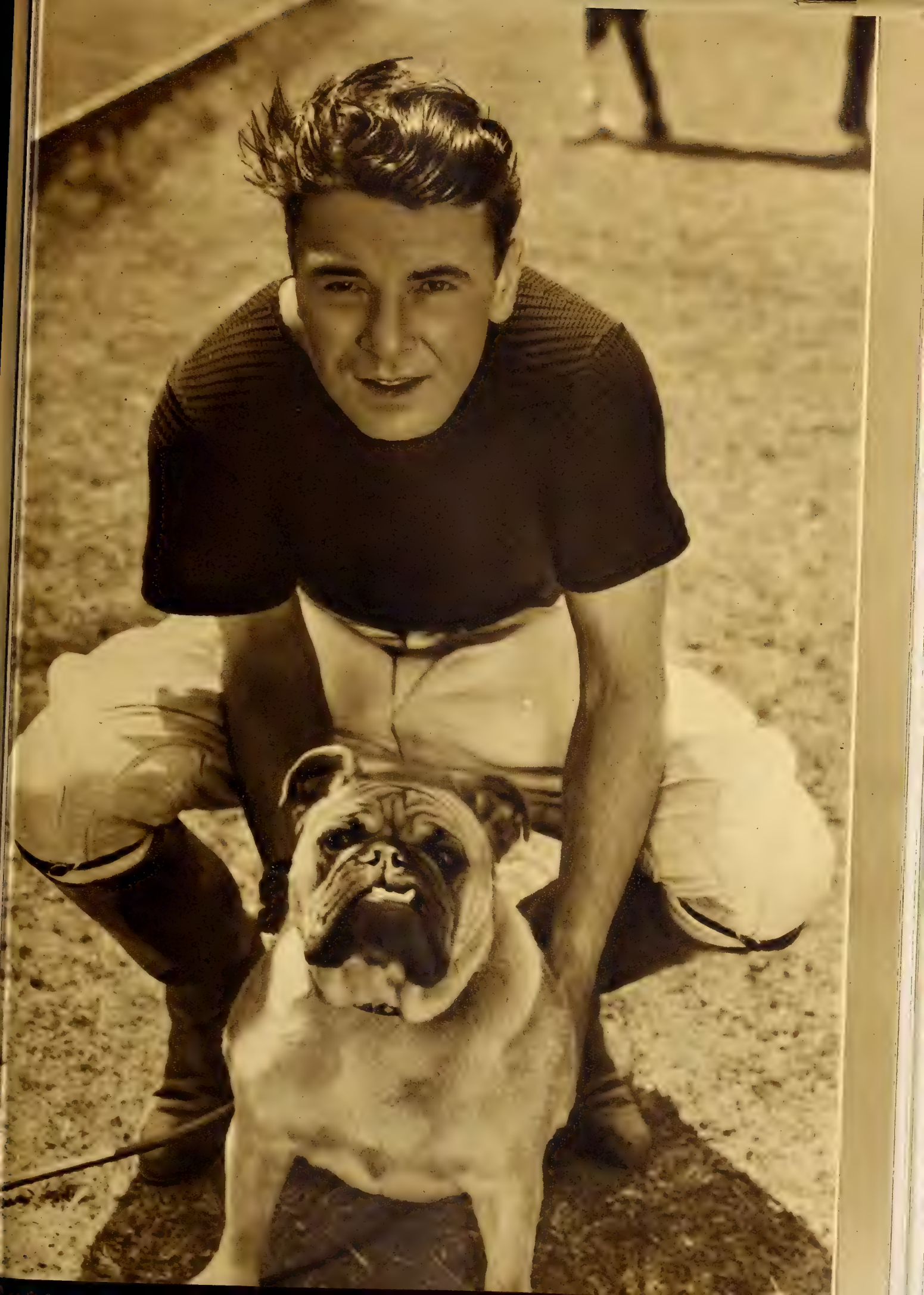
June KNIGHT

Well, it looks like wedding bells for June and Paul Ames, they do be a' saying. Anyway, the young man is building a beautiful home, which makes it seem as if something serious is brewing. "Wake Up and Dream" for Universal is June's latest. However, she's a freelance now, so it will be up to her to pick some nice fat roles.

George BRENT

George Brent got himself a real break when he landed the part opposite Garbo in "The Painted Veil." If that doesn't bring him back with a bang, well, we'll give up. He's having fun these days with a sport model speed plane he's named Desert Breeze, for George is a dyed-in-the-wool thrill-seeker. In love? Never even mention it!
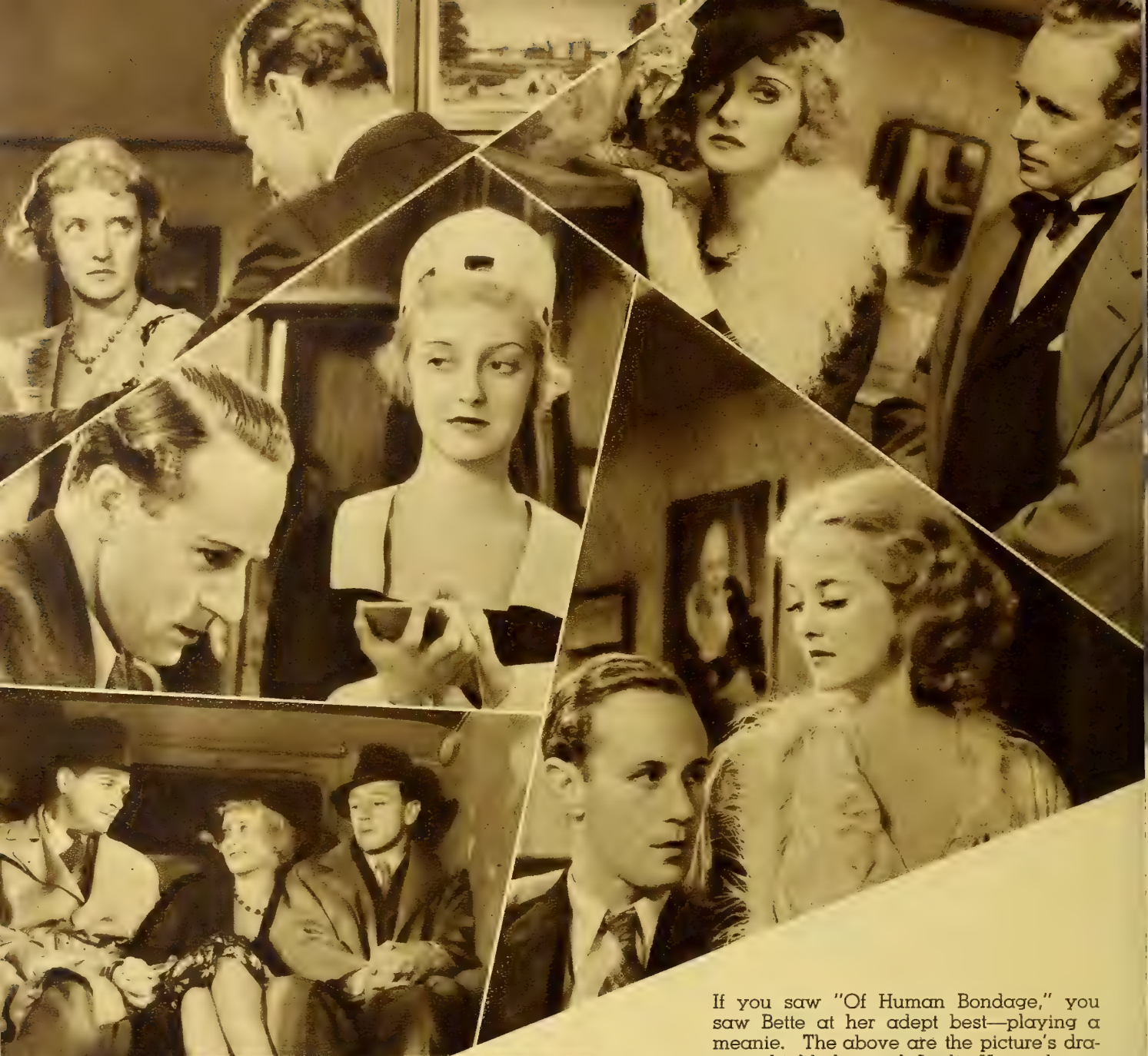






Miriam HOPKINS

She's in New York now looking for a suitable play to do on Broadway for, before Miriam begins her Goldwyn contract, she has decided to have another legitimate attraction to her credit. Her big love is her adopted son Michael. As for a romance; well, she just hasn't time for one. Her latest film for RKO is "The Richest Girl in the World."

Charles BUTTERWORTH

He's as funny off the screen as on and had the cast of "Student Tour" in so-called stitches during production. Charlie and his bride spend their leisure hours playing around on a new boat he purchased recently. He was one of the theatre's cleverest comedians before the movies got him and plans one day to take another fling at the footlights.



If you saw "Of Human Bondage," you saw Bette at her adept best—playing a meanie. The above are the picture's dramatic highlights, with Leslie Howard as a long-suffering sentimentalist, dividing acting honors, and Reginald Denny, as a favored suitor, sharing their taxi.



Bette Davis learned about women from—women! And so, she can't hand the sometimes fair sex a thing



Bette and Paul Muni in a scene from "Bordertown," in which the actress again plays a Bad One, and (right) Miss Davis sniffs a brandy with George Brent, which of course they're doing in the interest of art—Warners' "Housewife" to be explicit.

Why I HATE WOMEN

BY BETTE DAVIS as told to WALTER RAMSEY

AT a cocktail party the other afternoon, an actress I know paid me one of those back-handed compliments.

"Do you know," she drawled, "your work on the screen has always interested me a great deal because you seem to portray women as though you hated them. Take your role of Mildred in 'Of Human Bondage,' or that half-crazed debutante of 'Fog Over Frisco.' Tell me," she went on, "do you like women?"

I presume the polite, if hypocritical, thing to have said was, "Oh, of course I do. It just happens that I've fallen heir to a number of shrew roles lately and I try to play them honestly. Why, some of my dearest friends are women. Naturally, I like them."

But that isn't true. I don't like women as a sex.

Certainly there are exceptions, rare individuals whose friendship I value and whose honesty I treasure. But my instinctive inclination is to distrust women. In my lifetime, I have had little reason to do otherwise.

Perhaps my experience with my own sex has been an unfortunate one. Perhaps it has given me a distorted slant. But after all, one has to learn and be guided by one's own experiences and not by those of others. Thus, my only defense for my attitude is that my personal experience with the feminine (*Continued on page 77*)

THE MOST ROMANTIC STORY EVER TOLD

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

MOTION PICTURES belong to you!

You, the public, made them what they are today. Your will is law with producers. From the very earliest days, when poor men invested their little money in badly made movie equipment and ran jerky films in back rooms and run-down stores, until now, when Hollywood teems with life and activity and big business, you have been the dictator.

In 1900 everyone laughed at the movies, every "sensible" person, that is. Bankers could not be induced to finance such a wildcat proposition. When little men put their life's savings into the "novelty," their friends called them crazy. But your father and mother came to the back rooms and the run-down stores and marvelled that pictures moved, that trains seemed to be coming right toward them, that a girl with golden curls, a girl who was later to be known throughout the world as Mary Pickford, could make them laugh or cry. Your father and mother looked at the cheap, jumpy films and found them entertaining. In this way your father and mother actually dictated to Wall Street financiers. Ever since then the movies have belonged to you.

In about 1923 Sam Goldwyn gathered together the cleverest and most profound newspaper and magazine critics in the United States and, in all sincerity, paid them good salaries to tell him what was wrong with his pictures, to criticize them *before* the public saw them as they did afterwards. The experiment failed, because you were not pleased with the result. No experts can tell you what you like and what you don't like.

A producer spends hundreds of thousands of dollars to launch a new star. You see the star. If you like her and tell your friends you like her, the money has not been spent in vain. If you turn thumbs down, there is nothing that can save the star—or the producer's money.

Box office receipts are Hollywood's only guide. And you, who spend your money for tickets, raise or lower box office returns.

I should think that you would feel proud to be so important to a great industry. You're not that important to the steel business, the cotton industry, the silk mills. There, others dictate to you. But the movies are your very own. And because they are your own, it occurred to me that you might like to know more about them, that it would interest you to learn how they started, how they grew, what men and women were vital forces to them, what changes have been brought about in them during the last thirty years. You won't regret knowing these things, for the story of the movies is the most glamorous and romantic story ever told. It is vivid with life and personality, rife with success and failure, bitter



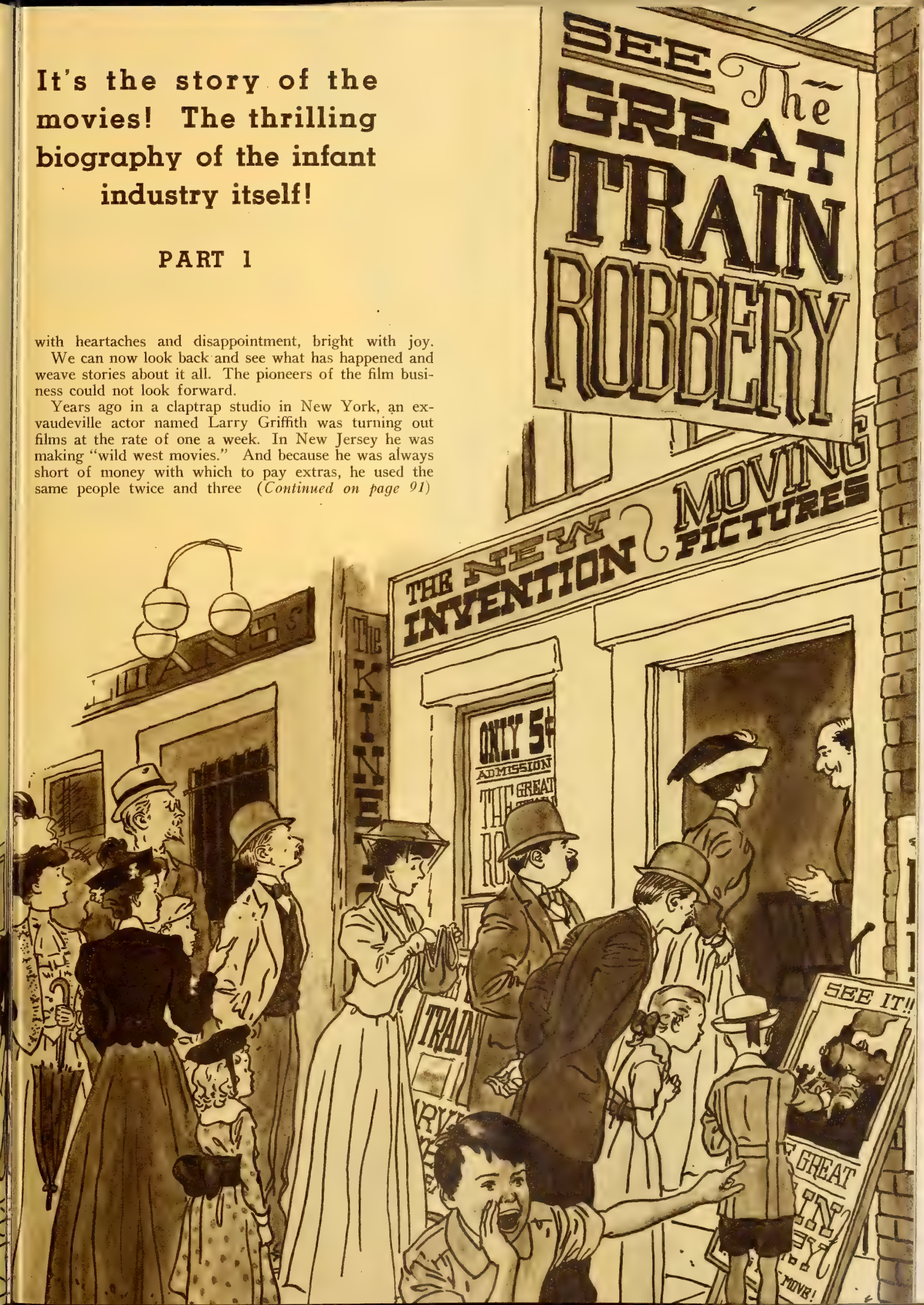
It's the story of the movies! The thrilling biography of the infant industry itself!

PART 1

with heartaches and disappointment, bright with joy.

We can now look back and see what has happened and weave stories about it all. The pioneers of the film business could not look forward.

Years ago in a claptrap studio in New York, an ex-vaudeville actor named Larry Griffith was turning out films at the rate of one a week. In New Jersey he was making "wild west movies." And because he was always short of money with which to pay extras, he used the same people twice and three *(Continued on page 91)*



Give me

Straight from the

for rest and a tiny





(Left) A snapshot of Helen and her daughter, Mary MacArthur, with a small friend, taken last summer in Nyack, New York. Since that time, Helen has had only the briefest visits with little Mary. (Left, below) With Brian Aherne in "What Every Woman Knows", for M-G-M.

HELEN HAYES is doing now just what she does every time she finishes a picture. She is suffering the tortures of the damned. Telling herself that she is through with pictures. That she wants to live her own life. In her own way. That she is going back home and take life easy, in the manner of other women. That she doesn't care if she never sees another motion picture studio or theatre or anything else that can drag her away from her home, her husband and her baby.

A few days before she left for New York, I visited her at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she lived while she was making "What Every Woman Knows."

She had a comfortable, but unpretentious, suite of rooms on the third floor of the hotel, from which she could look out upon the palm-lined boulevards and, on warm afternoons, could throw open the many windows of the living-room and bask in the sun.

Only, the day that I visited with her was a gray, dismal day. I found Helen, correspondingly gray and dismal.

She lay back against the upholstered chaise longue and hugged her misery to her heart. It was useless to try to console her, for she was in the throes of one of those let-down moods that come to all artists after the finish of a really good piece of work, into which they have flung their whole soul—and she wanted her baby. Two griefs combined in one.

"My words have caught up with me at last," she told me in all wretchedness. "I have always said that a woman can successfully combine marriage and a career. I have just learned that I was wrong. I want my baby today more than anything in the world. I haven't seen her for such a long time. I call her on the phone almost every day, but she is usually too shy to talk to me. Last night, when I called, her nurse told me that she has learned to swim. Then she let little Mary tell me in her own words and she said, 'Please, mama, come home quick before summer is gone. I want you to see me swim.'"

Helen sighed and turned out her hands in a way that told me despair and need more than words could have done. Her gesture made me remember the scene in "White Sister," where she held out her hands towards her lover who was going away to war. There was that same, poignant emptiness in them.

"I can't tell you how I felt when she begged me to come home. Anyway, it decided me. I am going. A hundred movie contracts and stage offers cannot

ONE *Year* . . .

heart, Helen Hayes pleads daughter's companionship

BY

MARY

SHARON



keep me away from my baby any longer.

"Think what it means to any woman to be away when her little girl is learning to take her first, little, wobbly steps. Learning to lisp her first words. When somebody else must teach her all those little first things. Sing lullabies to her and put her to sleep. I feel terribly about it, now. As if I've been cheated out of something that was a part of my birthright. Money, success, fame—nothing can repay for lost loveliness like that.

"I'm homesick and tired. I've worked so hard this year, have gone through sixty-two weeks without a rest of any kind. I came straight to Hollywood from the long run in 'Mary of Scotland.' But I'm through."

She held up her chin belligerently.

"I have made up my mind and I am going to stick to my decision.

"I am not going to do anything for one whole year. I am going to go home and live normally for twelve, long, happy months with my husband and my baby. I am going to take care of my roses, putter around the garden, arrange furniture, fix drapes, wash dishes and do all the things that every woman instinctively loves to do. I am going to really live for one year. Do you know how grand it seems just to be saying it?"

Silence lay like a pool, then. She was deep in thought and a tiny furrow (*Continued on page 79*)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

Barbara Bebe Lyon was three years young and wotta party! Ice cream, Mickey Mouse puppets n'everything



This is Miss Penelope March, the famous Freddie's adopted daughter. Cute?

Charlie Ruggles raised the deuce all afternoon. He finally had himself a good weep and his mother, Arline Judge, let him go to it.





Gary Evans Crosby brought his attractive mother, Dixie Lee.



And here is young Dick Arlen with Gary, who seems sorta set to cry.

And here's the party watching the Mickey Mouse puppets, with the hostess wearing a hair ribbon and considering the ice cream problem.





Frank Woody, Jr. came with his favorite lady, Ma Helen Twelvetrees.







(Above) Lansing Brown, true friend of Columbo. The two men were examining a gun, which exploded, killing Russ, and leaving Brown devastated at the cruel fate which chose him as the agent. (Center) Russ at the age of thirteen and (above, right) in his first picture, "Broadway Thru a Keyhole." (Right) With June Knight in the picture previewed before his death, "Wake Up and Dream."



BY WILLIAM FRENCH

SON OF TRAGEDY

Deep regret is in our hearts for the passing of Russ Columbo

"LIFE really began today," laughed Russ Columbo, as he watched the satisfied hundreds at the preview of "Wake Up and Dream," in which his caressing voice had won their instant approval.

"Just write 'Friday, the 31st' in red," he continued, "because it starts Chapter Three in the story of Columbo. And put it down that today Old Man Hard Luck lost my address. Everything good happened today. I made the first of my new broadcasts, I saw my first starring picture and I made four recordings on my new phonograph contract. What a lucky day this was!

"And that isn't all. I found the piece of property where I'm going to build the new home for my folks. I'm going to design the house myself—and put in all the little nooks and gadgets my mother wants.

"So, I'm forgetting the bumps and disappointments in Chapters One and Two, and starting Chapter Three today. And don't think I don't know I'm the lucky guy."

Less than forty-eight hours later, Grim Tragedy snipped that string—and wrote "Cut!" across the picture of Columbo's success.

For a tragic misadventure and (*Continued on page 83*)



A rare picture—Anna and her husband, Dr. Frenke. Taken at Rouben Mamoulian's party to welcome Max Reinhardt to Hollywood.

ON TRIAL

With the popular Fredric March in "We Live Again." This picture, everyone feels, will be the real test of Anna's popularity.



Do you really like Anna Sten? Her fate rests with you

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

ANNA STEN is this month's movie question mark, the question being *where does she go from here?*

Samuel Goldwyn's Passionate Peasant, also known as the Soviet Star and Sammy's Greatest Gamble, is facing the most critical span of her Hollywood career. She is on trial for her professional life.

The final crank has been turned on her second American picture, "We Live Again," the former "Resurrection." On the strength of this colorful story, and with the co-partnership of popular Fredric March, the Sten future will be decided. For, in spite of the glowing hosannas to her beauty and personal charm, her first picture, "Nana," came out on the wrong side of the financial ledger to the tune of about $200,000! It was obvious, as the box office reports kept coming in over a period of months, that Anna, or rather, "Nana" had not captured the same great burst of enthusiasm that had greeted Garbo, or Dietrich in their first American-made films.

In fairness, it should be explained that seldom was a picture made under more trying conditions than those besetting the story of the Parisian coquette who loved two brothers, one wisely, and the other, too well.

IN the first place, almost a year elapsed between Sten's arrival in Hollywood and the starting date of her first production. It was a difficult and confusing year for the Russian girl. There was a new language to be conquered, not to mention the trials of a diet expected to remove from ten to fifteen pounds from her sturdy physique. Coupled with this she was the storm center of an exhaustive publicity campaign.

Her pictures flooded newspapers and magazines. Her life story was a syndicated feature of many newspapers. It told the story of the Russian girl who was born Anjuschka Sten in the town of Kiev, in 1910. "It is doubtful if Anna Sten's entire life story will ever be told," the feature began. "She has looked upon too much stark tragedy, too many raw emotions revealed."

With unusual frankness (in prying into the past of a movie star) it took the peasant girl through her days as a waitress in a cheap café, where it was discovered that she could dance, on to her meeting with the famous Stanislavsky of the Moscow Art Theatre. Through the many trials and tribulations of a Cinderella career, it detailed successive steps through the Soviet Theatre and the Film Academy; her marriage to the prosperous lawyer, Dr. Frenke; and her subsequent success in the German-made film that was to bring her to the attention of Samuel Goldwyn, "The Brothers Karamazov." Goldwyn, who has never been noted for conservative publicity methods when his enthusiasm is aroused, immediately went on record as holding the contract of "the most captivating, compelling, alluring personality on the screen today!"

And Sten hadn't yet made an (*Continued on page 98*)



"Feydie, darling, after all these years! How good it is to see you!" exclaimed Marion. But Kurt couldn't raise much enthusiasm.

Marion Forsyth.....ANN HARDING
Richard Kurt.....ROBERT MONTGOMERY
Feydak.....EDWARD ARNOLD
Leander Nolan.....EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
Kinnicott.....CHARLES RICHMAN
Slade Kinnicott.....UNA MERKEL

—*Adapted from the* METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *picture. Directed by* E. H. GRIFFITH *and produced by* IRVING THALBERG. *From the stage play by* S. N. BEHRMAN *and screen play by* ANITA LOOS. *Fictionized by* REGINA CANNON.

BIOGRAPHY OF A

MARION FORSYTH was returning from Europe and so, it was men's day out. For Marion had a way with men. She knew the unfair sex as a little kindergartener knows his ABC's and, when she was ready to say good-by to an amour, she somehow had a manner of making it sound merely like an au revoir, a promise held out for a future meeting and perhaps, even, a chance to play a return engagement at love.

And so, when Marion landed at Quarantine, the boys all came down—right to the big steamer from the little, chugging cutter. They came with propositions—big business ones for, while the young woman had a reputation—in fact, several of 'em—as a beauty, a wit, an artist,



"Don't forget to put in the high points of that gay Leander's love-making," prompted Kurt. Marion hesitated.



"Young man, keep out of this. I don't like you anyway," snapped Nolan. "Well, isn't that just too bad now?" Kurt returned.

and a sex appealist par excellence, she was minus cash. And a girl without the coin of the realm is fair game for men who are ready to supply that little material deficiency for her.

It at first seemed difficult for the onrush of males to locate her, for on the third day out the kindly captain had seen to it that Miss Forsyth was moved from her half-dark semi-private cabin to a luxurious suite. Somehow things like that happened to Marion. And it was that that made it necessary for the boys to wander up and down the decks in search of her.

Richard Kurt was the only one who became impatient at the delay, except, of course, a process server who was there with a summons representing a debt that the young woman, in her hasty departure, had somehow overlooked.

"Here," said Kurt, finally, as the group of reporters followed, "it is."

The door to her suite was opened by faithful Minnie, who knew human nature and her mistress well and warned the latter against the former. The scene the boys' startled eyes fell upon was Marion wrapped in the fond embrace of Melchior Feydak, the Austrian composer—not the more famous of the Feydaks, for he had died, but a man who had gone through the estate his brother had left him.

"Marion," he was saying, "when Vicki passed on, he left you half his money, and I have spent that, too."

"Of course, darling," she returned, "and you should have."

Her published story would ruin two men, but help the man she loved! What was she to do about it?

And it was then that the impatient young man, heading the newcomers, spoke. "I've been waiting out in that damn dark hallway long enough. I don't want a drink, I don't want a cigarette, I'm not a reporter, and I'd like to talk business with you."

"Well," returned Marion, amused, "perhaps I'd better go into this. Boys, do you mind? I'll see you on deck later. Now, Mr. Kurt, you're a violent young man, aren't you?"

If Mr. Kurt weren't a violent young man, he was a mighty serious one, and the most serious problem in his life was himself.

"Yes," he stormed, "and you're one of those tolerant people who see the best in (*Continued on page 113*)





(Above) Eddie and Ida Cantor, and Rubinoff attend "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Sweet, comfortable and motherly, Eddie's Ida doesn't care a whoop about Hollywood's preoccupation with fuss and fashion. (Right) Eddie with his eldest daughter, Marjorie, who now acts as his secretary. (Far right) With Ethel Merman in "Kid Millions."

CANTOR'S RECIPE

BY HILARY

EDDIE CANTOR, off duty, exhibits a trait which is common to many great clowns: he's a very serious man, almost solemn at times.

Not long ago, I wandered, feeling a little sheepish, over to Eddie's bungalow on the United Artists lot—it was the one he had inherited from Mary Pickford—to ask him for an autographed photo. He was the only star I'd ever approached with this request, and I was frankly embarrassed. Imagine—a fan writer turned fan!

Surrounded by half-packed trunks, unread scripts, golf clubs, make-up boxes, and a general air of cheerful disorder, Eddie was hopping about, seeing to this, that, everything. Answering telephone calls and telegrams; talking out of one side of his mouth to Sam Goldwyn; explaining, out of the other side, something or other about his new picture, "Kid Millions," to somebody else; and from somewhere in between, issuing instructions to his secretary about personal messages, and to his valet about where to pack what.

Was he flustered? Not in the least. For America's most beloved clown, despite his strung-on-wire appearance, his ceaseless activity, always has plenty of time for a thousand interruptions.

That day, in the midst of this apparent madhouse, he seemed unusually composed and at leisure. In fact, Eddie was in one of his philosophic moods. Before I knew it, we were lounging comfortably in his sitting room, and discussing—of all things—marriage.

Eddie Cantor, with his customary zeal and energy, has put his whole heart and soul into making





The ingredients may be old-fashioned but Eddie and Ida swear by them

FOR HAPPINESS

LYNN

a success of his marriage—making it a permanent, steadfast edifice, a kind of monument to worth while ideals.

With his big, solemn eyes fastened upon me, he was saying, "If I tell you why I consider our marriage successful, you'll probably laugh at me, and think to yourself, 'That fellow, Eddie, is terribly old-fashioned.' Okay. I'll take the chance.

"The chief ingredient in my recipe for happiness and a successful marriage—the ingredient that binds the two partners more firmly than anything—is a *mutual helping hand through early years of struggle.* If they've grown up together under difficulties and shared each other's worries and joys throughout the years, it's a ten-to-one chance they'll stick.

"Passion? Romance? Love? Certainly, those are necessary ingredients, too. In the beginning, if there isn't a measure of these, the union hasn't such a good chance. But only an inexperienced infant would expect them to continue as the years go on.

"But in their place comes a growing need of husband for wife, and wife for husband, and out of this mutual need grows a deep affection. She helps him, he helps her. If they're the right kind of people, they're tenderly grateful to one another.

"Maybe that doesn't fit in with the highfalutin theories modern young people have about marriage. Maybe it sounds too stodgy. But I know from personal experience that it works. There's another thing I know. And even if all the emancipated (*Continued on page 99*)

Seven years ago, an unpretentious violet. Today, a gracious, lovely person. How did Fay Wray do it?



(Small picture) That's about how Fay looked when she made "The Wedding March."



(Above) Fay admits the Great Change took place because of a man.

HOW TO BECOME AN *orchid*

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

SEVEN years ago, Fay Wray was a mouse-like, shy, dowdy youngster with enormous violet-blue eyes, an overwhelming gratitude to everyone who bestowed a kind glance upon her, and a desire to become a great actress. The latter three characteristics still remain, but the former have disappeared like mist.

For six years married to the scenarist-novelist, John Monk Saunders, Fay Wray now occupies a comfortable niche as one of the more charming matrons of Hollywood. She entertains with the smoothness of a duchess, dresses with the distinction of a Park Avenue matron, and talks about world topics from Hitlerism to hedonism with rare knowledge and considerable authority.

In short, she has gained the qualities of a cosmopolite and she has never set foot off her native North America, even though travel is presumed to be a prime requisite of culture.

How did she do it, you ask?

"It's easy," said Fay. "Anyone can do it. Don't set out desperately to achieve results in a specified length of time. It is a matter of slow growth. Surround yourself with the better things of life and let their lessons sink in. You can't help being moved by an inspired piece of writing, the biography of an honest, successful man or woman, or a fine piece of music.

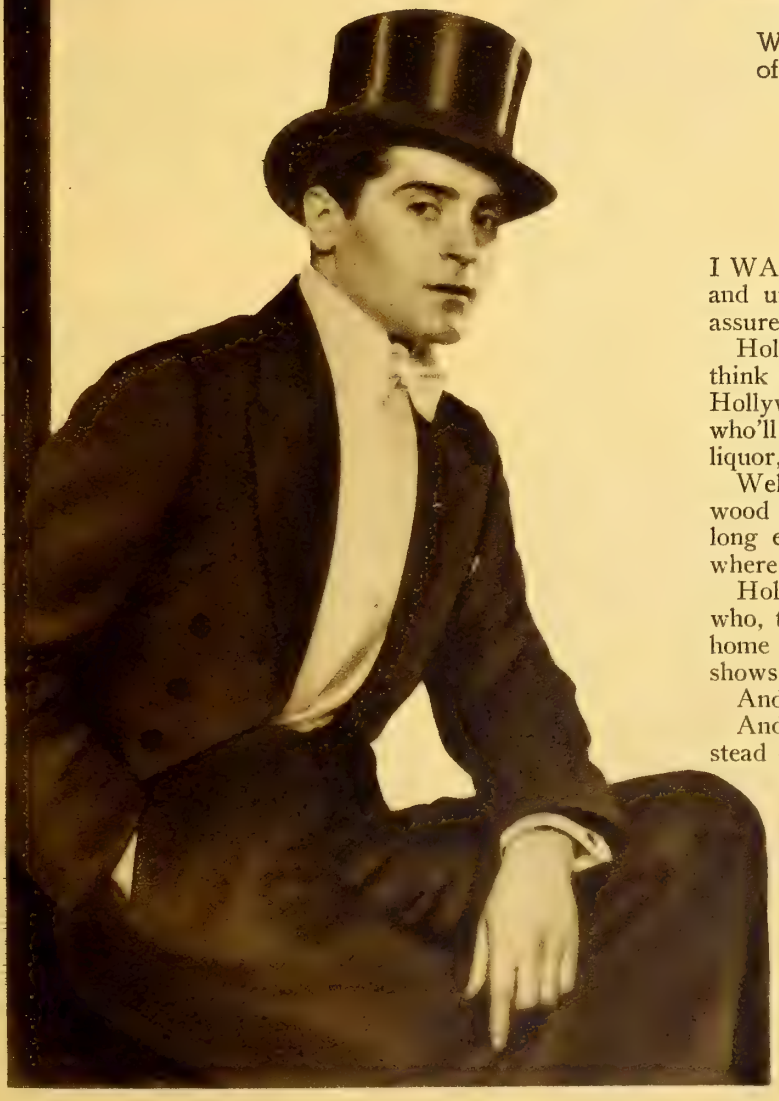
"You tell me that you think (*Continued on page 93*)

HOLLYWOOD *thinks* HE'S NUTTY

Francis Lederer has 'em all baffled. What do you think about him?



With Joan Bennett in Paramount's "The Pursuit of Happiness," from the successful stage play. It's a grand picture. Don't miss it.



BY MARTHA KERR

I WANT you to know Francis Lederer—really know him and understand him. The experience is worth while, I assure you.

Hollywood doesn't understand him very well. They think he's artistic and all that, but sort of a nutty guy. Hollywood reasons like this: Isn't any guy sort of nutty who'll walk out on a grand party, where there's plenty of liquor, to go and gaze at the stars for an hour?

Well, that's what Francis Lederer did at the first Hollywood party he attended. After he had looked at the stars long enough, he returned and took up the conversation where it had been left off.

Hollywood reasons, again, like this: Isn't any guy nutty who, the first two times he is asked to Joan Crawford's home for dinner, (1) forgets the date completely and (2) shows up a week late?

And that, too, Francis Lederer actually did.

And—Hollywood reasoning again—any guy who, instead of giving each member of the hard-boiled working crew on his picture a bottle of Scotch, gives them copies of Elbert Hubbard's "American Bible"—well, he must be completely mad!

But that's just what Lederer did, in spite of the fact that friends told him he would be kidded within an inch of his life. He went ahead and did exactly as he pleased.

Yes, Hollywood (*Continued on page 88*)

Lederer goes right ahead doing what he pleases in spite of what Hollywood thinks.


Gloria looked both amazed and frightened.

I HAVE BEEN KEPT BY A MOVIE STAR

I have been kept by a movie star—literally kept, supplied with everything from shoes to yachts. What is more, the star is one of the most glamorous women of our day. She is Gloria Gay, my wife.

We met in a southern town where she and her mother ran a dry goods shop, and where I was a member of my uncle's law firm. There I married her, against the wishes of my family.

She was a sensation in New York, where we went on our honeymoon, especially at the party where she met Nat Armheimer, who offered her a motion picture contract almost on being introduced. We were in Hollywood before I knew it, and the rest of my savings had gone to provide Gloria with the things necessary to putting on a "front."

The night of the gala opening of her first picture, Nat Armheimer gave a huge party for her. I was bursting with pride at her success—and mine, for I felt that we had accomplished it together. Then I heard something which made me realize that, in the eyes of everyone else, I was a mere parasite—living on her earnings.

The next morning I told Armheimer that if he couldn't place me in the studio, I must go to some other city and find work. Armheimer was aghast. That would mean a separation which might prove fatal to Gloria's career. He told me that I would be a supervisor.

I told Gloria of what had transpired. She was telling me how proud she was, when her secretary entered, saying that Mr. Armheimer wanted to see her for lunch to discuss business—alone. I felt my heart turning to lead. I think I have never hated anyone as I hated that secretary.

PART TWO

THE next day I went to my nice, shiny, new office. Sure enough, on the door was a plate, bearing my name and the title, "Supervisor," in gold letters. I went in and sat down at the wide mahogany desk. I opened and closed drawers and gazed at the empty shelves which lined the walls. There were typewriters and paper and pencils, everything to work with. But what was I supposed to *do?* In one corner there was a little bar with rows of glasses and a compartment for ice. I thought that supervising must sometimes be rather gay.

Presently there was a knock at the door and a plump, red-haired young person peered in at me. "I am supposed to act as your secretary when you need me," she announced. "Just press the second button on your desk and I'll come." She was gone. Oh, so I had buttons to press. And a desk telephone. Well, surely I should receive some instructions soon about my duties.

I began to feel better. This was, I told myself, a rare opportunity. It was up to me now to contribute something of value to studio activities. What if I could write an original story? They might allow me to supervise my own production. I might some day produce all of Gloria's pictures. I twiddled my thumbs and thought, trying to devise a plot. I smoked a great many cigarettes and presently I went to lunch. Gloria was lunching with Armheimer somewhere off the lot.

A man who had been assistant director on Gloria's second picture invited me to sit at a large round table in the commissary where directors and writers gathered for luncheon. People were cordial enough to me and I listened to the shop talk with interest. Now and then some courteous person asked my opinion upon some problem of production. But when I expressed even a small conviction, no one listened. I lapsed into embarrassed silence and I never lunched at that table again.

At three-thirty that afternoon,

Can a man keep his self-respect and be supported by a woman?

ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK FLOHERTY, JR.

Gloria called me. "Please try to be home early, darling," she urged. "We are invited to such a lovely dinner party."

Home early. There was no reason that I could see why I should not have been at home all day. I grew lonelier with every passing minute in that shiny office.

WHILE we were dressing for dinner Gloria said, "Mr. Armheimer has the most divine story for my next picture. And he has promised me that you may sit in on the conferences. Isn't that lovely? And, darling, y'know, I want you to play polo. A lot of the big swells in pictures go in for it and the publicity is simply grand. You get your pictures in all the papers—and I'll have mine in, too. I know you play well and you do look so handsome on a horse."

"But, honey, I can't afford it," I protested. "A string of polo ponies comes high—and you have to have grooms and belong to a club or two."

She pouted. "It's a little thing to do for me," she pointed out. "Whether you care about it yourself or not, the publicity would be awfully good for me. And I intend to pay for it. I *want* you to."

It developed that Mr. Armheimer had told her where she could buy a good string of ponies at a bargain and that she had already called to order them, much as another woman might order a dozen eggs. She had also arranged for a club membership.

I refused to accept them and there was a scene, with tears. Gloria's make-up was ruined and had to be replaced and she decided to change to a different costume, so we were an hour and a half late for the dinner party. But by that time I had agreed, wearily, to play polo and had begun to hope that I should be killed doing it. I told myself that I was behaving badly (*Continued on page 105*)



I hit Armheimer neatly on the chin. He had it coming to him.

MY BIG SISTER Ruby



Marjorie and, right, her famous sister.

BY MARJORIE KEELER

Mrs. Jolson's a heroine to her family, too

RUBY has been calling me "Kickie" or variations of "Kick-In-The-Pants" ever since I was four years old. Now that I'm sixteen and planning a career of my own, I've been trying to talk her out of it, but if you're one of a large family, you know how it is yourself. There are six of us—Ruby, Bill, Gertrude, Helen, Anna and me. Since I'm the baby, the best my family can do for me is to call me "Margie." I think if any of them got around to Marjorie, I'd faint! But then we've been brought up on kidding and tap dancing so, in the bosom of the Keelers, I guess I'm doomed to stay "Kick-In-The-Pants."

I'm proud of the way I got my nickname. N.T.G. (Nils Granlund) gave it to me and it ties up with my first memory of Ruby as a professional dancer. There are nine years between Ruby and me, but we Keelers go in "steps" (I didn't mean to make a pun, honest!) and as soon as Ruby began to study tap dancing with Jack Blue, which was when she was about eleven, she had all of us lined up learning it. I think I learned to tap as soon as I learned to walk—at least I can't remember the time I didn't know how.

Well, when Ruby was thirteen she was appearing in an act with N. T. G. for the first time. She took a box at the theatre for Mother and Dad and us kids, and I was all dolled up in a stiff white (*Continued on page 106*)





Dolores DEL RIO

Dolores and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, recently flew to Mexico, where they rented a house for their temporary visit. It's the first time the Del Rio has visited her native land in nine years. Incidentally, she's been hearing some grand things about her performance in "Du Barry," which pleases the young woman no end.

Elizabeth Allen would rate Hollywood as well nigh perfect if her handsome hubby could be there. As it is, she phones him in London every day and he has crossed the ocean seven times within two years to visit his famous wife. You'll see her soon in "David Copperfield" for M-G-M. Frank Morgan goes in for the social life in a big way and has the setting with which to do it—a Brentwood estate, a yacht; well, you know, all the trimmings. However, he works hard, too, "The Good Fairy" for Universal being his next. Joan Blondell is a disarmingly frank gal. She ups and tells 'em, and yet has lots of friends. As we go to press, she is very anxiously awaiting the Barnes heir. Her latest film is "Kansas City Princess" for Warners. Gary Cooper has just finished "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" for Paramount and there was one time when the experience in riding, roping and shooting came in handy, for he won't use a double.




Joan
BLONDELL
Gary
COOPER



Pat O'Brien, Conchita Montenegro, Mary Astor, Frank Lawton

Listen to the line-up of Pat O'Brien's friends—Cagney, McHugh and Tracy. Sounds sorta Irish, eh, wot? He's in "Flirtation Walk" with Ruby and Dick. After spending a lot of time and money on perfecting her English, Conchita Montenegro is required to speak French in "Hell in the Heavens." What luck!



Mary Astor is one of the most dignified girls in Hollywood—or any place else. She lives quietly with her husband and never permits their child to be photographed. She's just finished "I Am a Thief." Frank Lawton is in "David Copperfield," and we predict the fans over here are going to be cuh-razy about him. He's English, you know, and said to be secretly married to Evelyn Laye.

REVIEWS . . . A TOUR

Read about the highlights in current pictures and choose your movie fare accordingly

1. Dick Powell and Josephine Hutchinson in "Happiness Ahead." 2. Thomas Meighan and Jackie Cooper together in "Peck's Bad Boy." 3. "The Merry Widow," with Jeanette MacDonald and Chevalier.



A: HAPPINESS AHEAD (First National)

Really swell entertainment. When analyzed, the story here is just the old, reliable "poor boy falls for rich girl," but it is so well done and so thoroughly delightful that one doesn't really care how old the plot is. Dick Powell, the old smoothie, must have been hiding his light under a bushel for he proves how versatile he is and gives one of the most charming performances of the season. Second honors go to John Halliday whose characterization of the father is exceptional. A newcomer, Josephine Hutchinson, though not a beauty, can act. Dick sings some grand songs and we have a hunch "Pop Goes Your Heart" will be a sensation. "Happiness Ahead" and "Beauty Must Be Loved" are also good tunes. The whole family will enjoy this, so you had better see it.

A: MERRY WIDOW (M-G-M)

Lavish production, Lubitsch directing. That statement may be the answer to your entertainment problem, but on the other hand, if you saw this picture in the silent version you may wonder at some of the changes. Herr Lubitsch always treats romance lightly and with a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude and, in this case, by changing the former "passionate" romance to "sophisticated" romance succeeds in altering the tempo of the story. Jeanette MacDonald sings beautifully and with a new spirit that is very delightful. Chevalier acts with his usual charm, albeit a bit stiffly. Some of the cleverest work in the picture is done by Edward Everett Horton and the remainder of the cast which includes Una Merkel, George Barbier, and Minna Gombell is uniformly excellent. The beautiful "Merry Widow" music is almost intact and the dances are very well done. So, whether you enjoy the picture because of Lubitsch's directing, the story, the music, or the cast, we are sure you will get your money's worth.







OF TODAY'S TALKIES

For short reviews see The Report Card on page 10







BY WALTER RAMSEY

4. Eddie Lowe and Gloria Stuart in "Gift of Gab." 5. Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett as the romantic pair in "The Pursuit of Happiness." 6. Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins in a happy mood in "The Richest Girl in the World."

B: THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (RKO-Radio)

One of the most delightful comedies to come out of Hollywood in many a day. While the story seems a bit impossible and farfetched at times, no one will mind that. We can't think of anyone who could have played the leading role better than Miriam Hopkins did. She gave it the same life and animation that make all her characterizations so interesting. It's all about "the richest girl in the world" who wants the man whom she marries to do so because of her and not because of her money. Just how she goes about proving to herself that the man she loves really loves her, is most amusing and will afford you plenty of laughs. Henry Stephenson, Joel McCrea, Reginald Denny and Fay Wray give convincing and memorable performances.

A: THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (Paramount)

A thoroughly charming and witty picture. If you have never liked Francis Lederer before, you will like him in this, surely. His accent is attractive, his characterization is deft and, just as soon as he does something about his hair, we will be for him one hundred per cent—instead of only ninety-eight per cent, as we are now. Joan Bennett is sweet and saucy, Mary Boland is her familiar befuddled self as Joan's mama, and Charles Ruggles almost—but not quite—steals the picture as Joan's papa. Walter Kingsford as a blue-nosed old busybody and Minor Watson as a South'n Cunnel in Geo'ge Washington's army, suh, are splendid in smaller roles. It's all about Revolutionary times, you know, and the practice known as bundling—the practice wherein a young man courting a girl would get into bed with her to spend the evening. It was all quite proper, we'll have you know. The couple kept all their clothes on. There were furthermore, sound economic and social reasons for the practice, which we won't disclose here. We'll just tell you to go and enjoy the whole thing for yourself—as you most certainly will.

B: PECK'S BAD BOY (Sol Lesser-Fox)

A natural for the whole family. Given the best opportunity since "The Champ," Jackie Cooper makes this famous character stand out with brilliance. While his character was a bit broadly drawn, Thomas Meighan does well in the role of Jackie's father, "Mr. Peck." It's a thrill to see Meighan again. The story, as a whole, follows the book rather well, but certain memorable incidents with the exception of the gag about the ants in church are not present. But, since everyone in the world has read the story, there is little reason to go into that here. The picture will give you many laughs, and perhaps a tear or two. It is real, honest entertainment and the entire family should set aside a night for "Peck's Bad Boy." Be sure to take the children since this story is one of their favorites.

C: GIFT OF GAB (Universal)

Pleasant enough entertainment. What a cast—almost every contract player on the Universal lot, plus flocks of big names from the radio thrown in for good measure. (Continued on page 110)



Perhaps Clark Gable, Ramon Novarro, Ann Dvorak and John Barrymore have undergone the greatest changes of all.

HAVE YOU IN THE LAST

Movie stars have substituted for shyness, docility for

THERE is some curious chemistry in the very atmosphere of Hollywood which causes its citizens to undergo drastic changes of personality. Of course, if you will stop to think for a minute, you will realize that it is impossible to snatch up a boy or a girl—and the potential stars are very young when the hand of Hollywood first beckons them—from his ordinary mode of living, and lavish upon him all of the good things of life, without having it affect him vitally in some way.

You and I are no different from the stars. We change, too, and I believe the scientists tell us that every seven years we undergo a physical change, that we haven't the same cells or blood that we had seven years before. Our minds behave differently along with our bodies.

The picture stars change more radically than we do because in emotional Hollywood they are subject to swift success and just as sudden failure. And when you read that such and such an actor is exactly as he was when he first came to Hollywood, it's either a lot of bunk or the person under discussion has no imagination at all.

No, it isn't in the cards for these people to remain the same when their lives and their manner of living are doing such fantastic nip-ups. But it is a fascinating journey to make a psychological tour of their minds and their hearts and to discover in what ways they become changed and how they got like that.

Let's start with Clark Gable. I do not need to go into the details of his early struggles—how every studio gave him a test and pronounced him unworthy of even a small part; how, out of sheer desperation at his persistency, they at last cast him in a couple of roles which caused

BY
CAROLINE
SOMERS HOYT

CHANGED FIVE YEARS?

glamor for dowdiness, poise temperament—and you can, too





the public to demand him, proclaiming him a really great success.

It is not hard to see how this would baffle, bewilder and embitter a man even better emotionally balanced than Gable. It did embitter him. Instead of being thrilled with his triumph and grateful that it had come at last he shouted, "Damn all producers! They're fools. For years I've been begging for parts. They said I wasn't good enough to be an extra. And now I'm a success. But it wasn't the 'smart' producers who had sense enough to realize I had it in me. It was the public I have to thank. The producers can't take any credit. They didn't do anything for me. I am still the man I was when they were turning me off the lots. Stupid idiots!"

THUS he spoke—out of his bitterness caused by those years of unutterable defeat. "I won't let success go to my head," he swore at that time. "I'll just keep on cursing producers."

But, as you can see, success had already gone to his head. It didn't make him ritzy. It didn't let him buy big houses and flashy cars. But success, coming so late, made him hard and rebellious, out for all he could get while the getting was good.

The producers smiled—they had dealt with such an attitude before—and shoved Clark into rôle upon rôle. "Sure," he said, "they're making money on me and making it fast."

He even walked out on a couple of parts, demanded more money and bid fare to become one of Hollywood's most troublesome rebels. But before he gave any serious trouble, a great humility settled upon him. The bitter Gable then turned meek! (*Continued on page 103*)



(Right) As that old meanie, Papa Browning, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Mr. L. doesn't mind unsympathetic parts. But he most certainly does mind interviewers! "Why this pawing over of my dull life?" he asks.

Try to figure Charlie out. He's more fun than a jig-saw

BY ROBERT FENDER

THE GREAT LAUGHTON Mystery

YOU'LL never know Charles Laughton.

You won't know him after you read this article and a hundred better ones. I've just finished a four-hour session with him and the real Charles Laughton remains locked up behind his half-mocking mask of a face. Don't let anyone in Hollywood tell you he knows Charles Laughton. Tell him I said he doesn't.

Charles Laughton is thirty-four. He is fat, slovenly and very mysterious. One moment he is clowning in the American fashion, the next finds him silent, unhearing, unconscious of your presence, miles away from everything. He hates interviews, attention, acclaim, or any of the business which goes with being a celebrity.

"Why interviews?" he asked, sprawled out in most ungainly fashion in a borrowed dressing-room. "Why this pawing over of my dull life? I'm an actor. There's a small wheel somewhere inside me which makes me one. Such a small wheel makes someone else a painter, pianist or singer. That wheel is something apart from me. I don't know anything more about it than you. I can't take credit for it any more than someone born with a voice can take credit for singing well."

Our interview started in the Paramount publicity office, drifted to the commissary, where Laughton overate and over-tipped, and ended in the aforementioned dressing-room. At the start, a bus-load of sightseers shuffled past the office. Laughton asked in a distressed voice who they were. When he learned, he shuddered. Never have I seen a man apparently suffer such inner pain. "My God," he groaned, "let's not go out there yet. Wait until they disappear. They'll treat me like this," and, hopping quickly to his feet, he grasped and pumped the hands of a few writers gathered in the office.

"One day," he went on quickly, "I was walking through a London park at dusk when, all of a sudden, two eyes popped out of the half-dark to within an inch of my nose, as an eerie voice proclaimed, 'I just wanted to look at you.' The object vanished as quickly and mysteriously as it appeared. I stopped dead still and felt myself getting sick. My feeling of nausea was such that I thought surely I'd lose my dinner." And he sank into his chair, burying his head in his hands.

This was no play acting. This was Charles Laughton, the artist. The anguish on his face was real. His total inability to understand mob worship, the desire of fans to see and touch their idols was as clear as the nose on his face. We slid over to the commissary.

I'M in Hollywood," he answered my query, "because I want to be here. Everyone is swell to me. Movies are very important. I've had a long talk with Helen Hayes about her contention that actors should return to the stage from time to time for (*Continued on page 89*)



WHAT ADRIENNE FEARS

BY DORA ALBERT

Do you remember the Bruce Cabot of about two years ago? Remember his cynical expression—his hard, bitter look? And now—a changed man! Adrienne did that.

Can Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot beat the marriage jinx?

THREE times Adrienne Ames has been married, and now Hollywood believes that her third marriage, the one to Bruce Cabot, for which she sacrificed wealth, position and security, is in danger of going on the rocks. The vultures are already waiting to pounce on that marriage and to shout triumphantly, "We told you it couldn't last!"

Well, what is the truth about this marriage? I don't want to hand you any line about moonlight and honeysuckle, how Adrienne is perfectly happy and Bruce is perfectly happy, and all the little bluebirds are singing. Only too often you've read that one, only to read later of a divorce in some home that you'd been told was ideally happy. So I want to tell you the simple, honest truth as I see it. If you are ever faced with the decision that Adrienne Ames had to make, of giving up everything for love, it may help you to know how her marriage is working out.

First, let me tell you this. Adrienne and Bruce Cabot are madly in love with each other and are making a terrific effort to keep their marriage from going on the rocks. But—

Against them they have arraigned not only Hollywood, which never sympathized with this romance, but themselves. For these two people are at war, not with each other, but with themselves. And until they have made peace with themselves, how can they find contentment in marriage?

Before I met Adrienne, I thought all sorts of things. I thought that she was a hard-boiled materialist who had married Stephen Ames because she knew on which side her bread was buttered, and who had given him the air when real love came along. Now I know better. When Adrienne met Stephen, he wasn't a millionaire stock broker offering her ease and security. He was just starting in business, and he didn't have much faith in himself, nor did others have much faith in him. Married once before, he was practically starting all over again after his divorce.

Adrienne encouraged him, she restored his faith in himself and inspired him with the courage needed to make him one of the best brokers on Wall Street. And she did all these things because she loved him, not with the tempestuous love which she was later to feel for Bruce Cabot, but with a calmer, quieter love. She took it for granted that she would always remain married to Stephen. She had had one unhappy marriage when she was sixteen, one of those insane school girl elopements, and Stephen had adopted her daughter by that marriage.

If her love for Stephen died gradually during the four years she was married to him, she did not know it, for she was not given to any searching of her heart. She might never have known it had she not met Bruce.

TODAY she thinks that her love for Bruce Cabot was predestined.

In the ordinary course of events they wouldn't have met at all. Bruce was with RKO, and never loaned out to other studios. Adrienne (*Continued on page 85*)

ADDING COMMON SENSE *to* GLAMOR

We'd all love to be glamorous. And yet most of us must be practical. Jean Parker knows how to combine the two









(Above) A tweed suit of slate blue, touched with red and black, and a very brave, bright red velveteen blouse to wear with it. (Extreme right) A cocktail suit, sophisticated enough for a cocktail party, and young enough for Jean's years. On top of a slim, slinky skirt of finest quality chiffon velvet (because, of course, a poor quality of chiffon velvet gets all shiny in back) Jean wears a metal blouse of sea-green (see the small picture, right, above). It has a square neck, front and back—very youthful. The hip-length jacket is black velvet. The hat (right) is mushroom-like in shape and has a brim of peek-a-boo horsehair—very devastating indeed, when a pair of dark-fringed eyes look up through it.





You might expect Jean to go ruffly when it comes to evening clothes, mightn't you? Well, she doesn't. Because she knows that simpler lines are not nearly as tiring. So she chooses for an evening gown a smoky brown crêpe, with soft drapery at the top. One brown and gold metal rose and one green and silver one are the only decoration. The drapery wanders around back and ends up in a graceful train, as you can see above.

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

IT came out, a perfect thrill of an idea, right on the busiest corner of Wilshire Boulevard! And it came from Hollywood's newest, cutest, youngest star, Jean Parker. This idea about being glamorous though practical.

"A girl doesn't have to throw all practical considerations to the winds to be glamorous. She doesn't have to be in the movies to 'star' in her clothes. But in a way, learning how to dress is like developing a screen career. First, there's a 'test,' then one has to learn the 'make-up' and 'lighting effects' for colors, one must learn her 'lines,' and most important of all, one has to put dramatic value into dressing."

Imagine having a choice bit like that tossed at you while you waited for a go signal.

"What do you mean by a 'test'?" I demanded, ignoring horns, fenders and brushing bumpers in my excitement.

"That, my dear Watson, is something we're about to investigate," Jean said as she led me into that ultra smart, ultra modern shop known as Bullock's Wilshire. Coming through the door was Gloria Swanson. She smiled, stopped to talk for a minute and, to my utter amazement, I realized she was only a fraction taller than Jean. Somehow you always think of Gloria as so stately and regal.

"That is where the 'test' comes in," explained Jean as we whizzed up in the elevator. "Miss Swanson and I are almost the same height. We both have dark hair and blue-gray-green eyes, but can you imagine us wearing the same sort of style? Wouldn't it be funny?

"You see, it isn't only your body you dress, it's your mind too, the kind of person you are inside."



You'll all be wanting a black satin dress. They always look sophisticated and gay and do you good service in a practical way, too. (Always wear a good foundation garment under satin. Even the slimmest of you.) Jean's frock has a slit in the skirt and a knife-pleated frill round the throat and two white satin roses. The hat is black velvet, decorated with small rhinestones.

If you want to stretch out a wardrobe to look bigger than it is, there's nothing like a couple of tunics to help you. Here's a very gay type of tunic—modelled after an artist's smock in brown and green, with a brown fringed scarf to tuck in at the neck. The hat—an exaggerated beret, stitched on top—has won our heart completely. Isn't it mischievous looking?

Jean's clothes have very many exciting, 1935-ish points

I nodded, wondering. This was Jean, the artist, speaking, the same little girl whose posters and other drawings have won more prizes than ever Pulitzer can count. "That," she was saying, "is why every woman needs a 'try-out' each season to find just what the new fashions do for her. This is ours.

"Now with me, I'm short. I could no more feel comfortable in one of these latest swooping fur collars than I could in a steel jacket. It would bury me. But how I do love long, soft, clinging things and skirts that swish around your ankles."

An out-and-out romanticist, this girl, without any of the sticky sentimental trimmings. And that, I discovered later, was exactly the feeling of everything she bought. There wasn't a costume that wouldn't make a boy wish for a guitar and moonlight, but they had a definite crispness about them as if they knew where they were going, each and every one. And suddenly I was remembering a little Jean who'd had the courage to work her way through school, who, at the same time, was so steeped in romance she could secretly love a boy for three years—and afterwards cling to him (*Continued on page 101*)

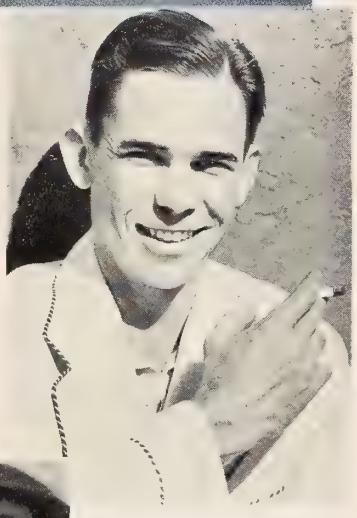




FURTHER REPORTS ON A BENEFIT ENJOYED BY CAMEL SMOKERS

On this page are submitted the latest reports received from Camel smokers . . . real experiences of real people. Miss Helen Hicks, Ellsworth Vines, Jr., Shepard Barclay, Miss Eve Miller. Miss Miller has an exacting job as a New York department-store executive. She says: "I started to smoke Camels because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor. I found, too, that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low—and Camels never upset my nerves."

Camels are milder—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos! Smoke them all you want. They never jangle your nerves.





BRIDGE EXPERT. (below) "Smoking Camels helps concentration," says Shepard Barclay. "I prefer Camels...I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves. They're always mild!"



TENNIS STAR. (above) Ellsworth Vines, Jr., says: "Camels restore my pep ...take away that tired feeling...I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with healthy nerves."



TOBACCO EXPERTS ALL KNOW:

"*Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.*"

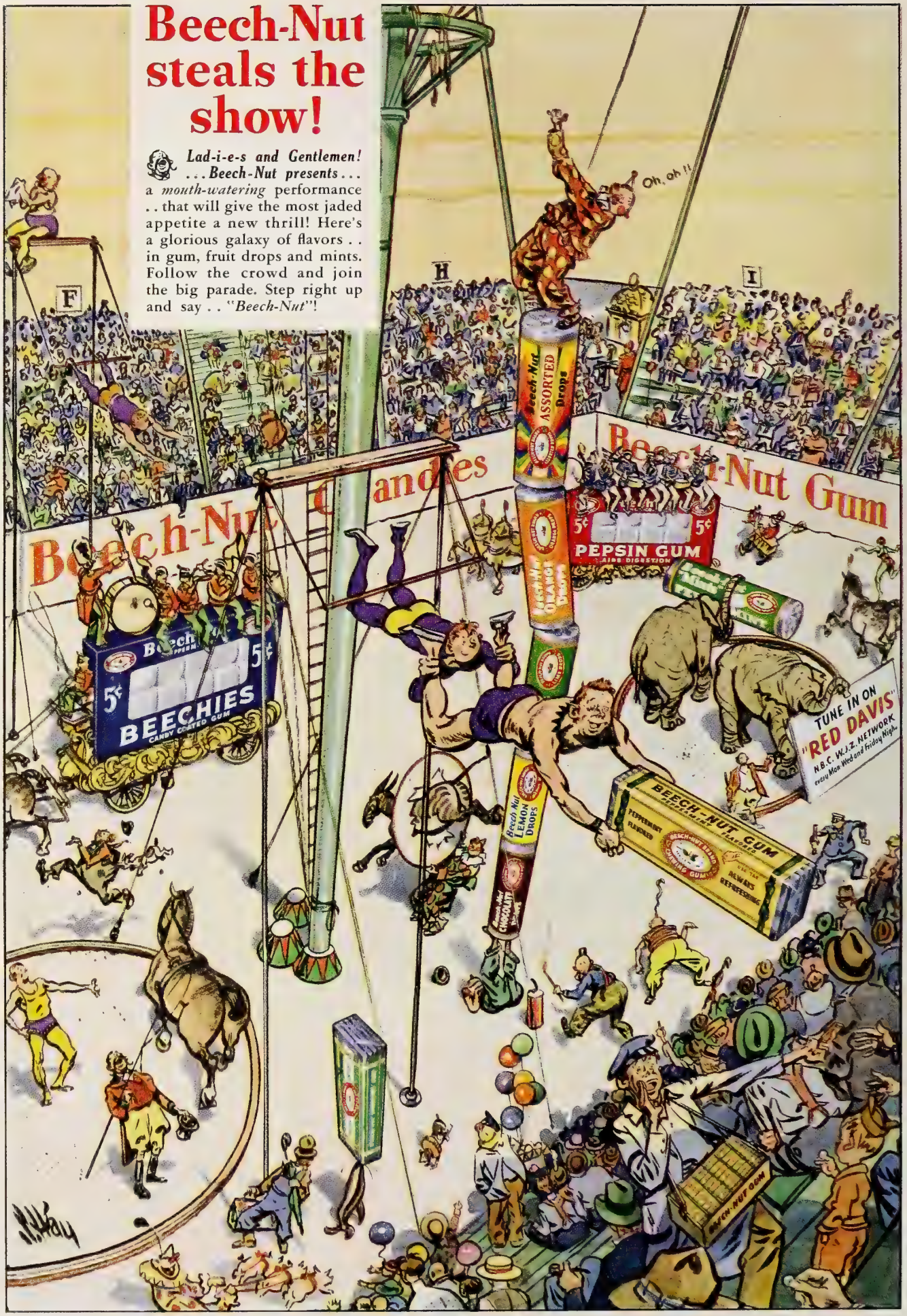
CHAMPION GOLFER. (above) Miss Helen Hicks says: "I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of upset nerves."

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen! . . . Beech-Nut presents . . . a *mouth-watering* performance . . that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors . . in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say . . "*Beech-Nut*"!



MODERN SCREEN *Patterns*



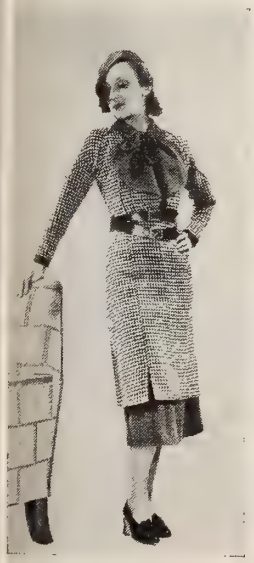
722



720

722—(Below, left) No wardrobe is complete without at least one tunic. Ann Dvorak wears hers in checked angora wool, with a skirt of plain wool. This should also be very chic in crepe, with perhaps an aquamarine top and black skirt. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

720—(Center) Fay Wray sports a brown wool dress and jacket, spotted with white. Braided bands of white wool decorate the neck, cuffs and make the belt. The knee-length jacket completes the ensemble. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.









710

710—(Above) Margaret Lindsay's black wool will serve you well during the winter months. It is simple, yet amazingly smart, with its high, stand-up collar and starched lace bow effect in front. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing.....(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No..... Size..... Pattern No..... Size.....

Pattern No..... Size.....

Do you want our latest Pattern Book? .....

[Patterns are 15c each. Book 10c when ordered with pattern, 15c when ordered separately. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.]

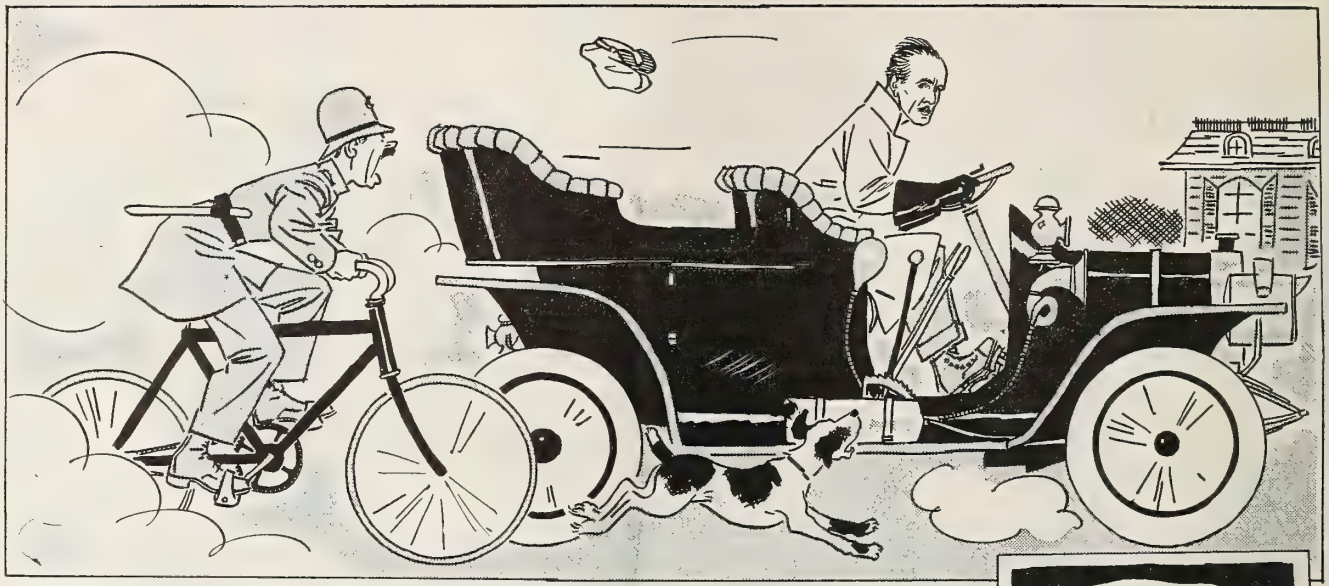
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City and State.....

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ALL JOKING ASIDE BY JACK WELCH



LEWIS STONE DROVE ONE OF THE FIRST FOUR AUTOMOBILES SEEN ON THE STREETS OF LOS ANGELES AND WAS ONCE **ARRESTED** FOR SPEEDING AT 12 MILES AN HOUR



"**ESTRELLITA**", THE SENTIMENTAL SPANISH LOVE SONG, WAS PLAYED MORE THAN **500 TIMES** IN ONE DAY DURING THE FILMING OF "HAVE A HEART" IN ORDER THAT JEAN PARKER COULD **CRY**. IT IS THE ONE TUNE THAT MAKES HER WEEP



KATHARINE HEPBURN HAS A BRIGHT YELLOW FLIVVER TRUCK EQUIPPED WITH A ROW OF **BENCHES** FOR PEOPLE WHO **THUMB RIDES** AROUND THE STUDIO



DURING THE SHOOTING OF "PART TIME LADY" CAROLE LOMBARD HAD TO TAKE **21 SHOWER BATHS IN A DAY** FOR A PARTICULAR SEQUENCE



MARGARET LINDSAY **MEMORIZES HER LINES** BY **RECITING** THEM WHILE DRIVING AROUND IN HER CAR

Have you tried this New Powder?

that makes skin so Clear, Transparent!

Send for your 3 shades—

They'll glorify your skin!



OVER 200 GIRLS' SKIN "Color-Analyzed!"

"Yes, "color-analyzed"! Amazing colors were found hidden in those 200 girls' skin. "A dash of *bright blue*. You can't see it in skin or in the powder. Except through the machine. Pond's found out the amount to make a blonde look "peachy." The touch of *vivid green* that makes brunette skin magnolia-like. "The new Pond's powder shades were all worked out by painstaking analysis of every type of skin. Now they are ready! You'll be amazed at what they'll do for you.



NATURAL — compliments the fair skin of Mrs. Allen Whitney, a golden blonde, to a glowing radiance. Excellent with grey hair.

ROSE CREAM—preferred by Miss Charlotte Young because it gives her lily-pale loveliness a "peachy" bloom. Ideal for blondes.

LIGHT CREAM—red-gold hair, delicately pink-and-white skin, prompts Miss Lilla Fisk to select this shade. It freshens the skin.

BRUNETTE—Brown-haired, brown-eyed, with ivory skin, Miss Mary Weld uses this entirely new glamorous shade.

DARK BRUNETTE—Gives brilliance to the olive complexion of the handsome Mrs. Frederic Bellinger. Brightens sun-bronzed skin.

ROSE BRUNETTE—Mrs. William Wetmore's vital coloring is dramatized by this sparkling shade. Makes sallow skin radiant.

HERE'S a new face powder that contains the actual tints in beautiful skin!

Have you ever noticed how some powders will make your skin look dull, gray?

Or dark? Or sallow?

It's because they haven't the tints in them that are found in lovely clear skin.

Such powders destroy the good points you have. And don't add a thing to help you!

But now—just try this new powder that everybody is raving about!

Contains actual Skin Tints—

Pond's Face Powder is scientifically mixed to give you exactly the tints your skin needs to give it life, brilliance, sparkle.

The moment you smooth it on, you realize that your skin is flattered to an alluring loveliness. This is due not only to the thistledown softness of the powder itself, but also to its glamorous shades.

These shades are all absolutely new. Different from any powder you have ever tried. Your skin looks fresh, young—smooth as velvet.

Your friends will notice the difference. Men will say the most flattering things to you. For you'll actually look years younger—and so attractive!

Read the descriptions of these wonderful new shades. And read how marvelously they were discovered.

And then send right off for your gift boxes. You'll surely find one of these shades will make you into a very new and enchanting person.

Finest quality—costs little

The powder is fine, smooth and clinging. And it has a lovely French fragrance.

You can get lovely 55¢ glass jars. Also $1.10. And smart, gay boxes for 25¢. Variety stores and five-and-tens carry the 10¢ and 20¢ sizes. But, if you want to sample this wonderful new powder first—here's the coupon!



10¢ ¼ actual size

ONLY 55¢

FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS

Free! SEND COUPON. Get 2 Special Boxes and Extra Sample *free!* Three different shades!

(This offer expires January 1, 1935)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M, 94 Hudson St., New York
Please send me FREE Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample . . . 3 different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

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MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC School



Claudette Colbert is our guest instructor in this month's dramatic class.

CONDUCTED BY KATHERINE ALBERT

WHEN I started this department, I told you that it belonged to *you* and that I wanted to include in it the things that you most want to know. Your letters have guided me entirely in my choice of subject matter. Keep those letters up—they're swell—and then tell me what *you* want to know. I've read all the letters that came this month—and golly! what a lot there were—to discover that the most oft repeated request is for advice about diction.

You boys and girls and men and women with stage and screen ambitions, and all of you hundreds of thousands of people who simply want to know the fine points of dramatic art so that it will help you in your daily lives and furnish amusement for you in amateur theatricals—you must all learn how to speak correctly. You *should* want a lovely, cultured voice even if all you ever do with it is to ask the grocer the price of eggs today. But if you're going in for any branch of dramatics you simply *must* know the correct pronunciation of words. You cannot fall into sloppy speech habits. And to save you from this fault, this month I consulted five of the greatest diction teachers in the world. The information I got from them I'm passing on to you. In about a minute I'm going to give you a list of words which have pitfalls in them—words which are so very often mispronounced. Before I do that, I want to tell you some of the general rules of pronunciation which so many of us don't know, but which you *must* know if you are to benefit by MODERN SCREEN'S course in dramatic art.

First of all, there's the case of that much discussed and annoying letter "a." I mean the "a" in such words as can't, ask, bath, past and so on. Cultured people do not give it a short "a" sound, as in at, sat, pan, rap; nor are they so affected as to say "cawnt" and "bawth." The right path lies midway between these two sounds. I'll tell you what I mean.

Say the word "soda." Now use that same "a" in "soda" for can't, ask, bath, past, etc. That—as near as I can put it on paper—is the correct "a" for such words. It has nothing in common with the flat drawling "a" of some Southerners nor yet the low-class "a" of the cockney Englishman. You must work hard and practice in order to do this "a" correctly. Use the word "soda" as your test word. And keep checking up on yourself if you want your speech to be something lovely and beautiful.

NOW here's another sound of which you must be particularly careful. For goodness sake, watch such words as new and blue. The correct pronunciation of the word "blue" will show you what I mean. It is never, never "bloo." There's a slight "ee" sound before the "oo." Not too exaggerated. Practice, to get enough of the "ee" in before the "oo" and to blend the two sounds into what diction teachers call the long "u." That rule goes for stew and suit, too.

I want you next to consider such words as homage, damage and label. You are, of course, putting the accent on the right syllable, but I'll bet you're slurring over the last syllable. You probably say "lá-bl." And for "damage" I'll wager you give the final syllable the sound of "ij" (short "i") instead of "aj." So here's a quotation from Richard Grant White, a gentleman who knows his diction, which I want you to memorize—and remember! He says: "It is by the delicate but firm utterance of the *unaccented* vowel, with correct sound, that the cultured person is most surely distinguished from the uncultured." Don't forget that.

Also watch such words as "education," "culture," etc. It is "ed-u-ka-shùn" and most emphatically *not* "ej-oo-ka-shun." "Culture," "literature" and all other such words follow the same rule. Don't put that "j" sound into words which don't have it.

And now I'm going to skip about and give you a list of words which are so often mispronounced. And after you've learned how they (*Continued on page 111*)

Want a lovely speaking voice? Try some of these rules

"This newly discovered Yeast is much *quicker* . . .



DR. LEE, noted authority on Yeast for Health, is in constant touch with famous scientists all over the medical world.



indigestion, ... rected *twice as fast*, reported. "Astonishing."

Secret of new yeast's quicker action is its hormone-like* substances which make digestive juices flow fast and strengthen action of digestive tract.

● DR. ROBERT LATZEL, noted clinic head, reports: "'XR' Yeast twice as quick-acting, due to amazing effect on digestive juices."

A new, stronger "strain" of yeast, discovered in a U. S. medical college, speeds digestive juices, strengthens digestive muscles. (Newly-added Vitamin A combats colds!)

ALREADY the news has cheered millions . . . amazed doctors. Hundreds of questions have been asked. Dr. Lee answers some of them below:—

1. How is it different?

It's a totally new "strain" of fresh yeast. Far stronger. It acts *faster* inside you.

2. How was it Discovered?

By a famous bacteriologist in a great American medical college . . . after years of research on yeast's action.

3. How was it "Tried Out"?

By well-known doctors throughout America and Europe . . . on hundreds of their most stubborn cases of constipation, indigestion, skin troubles and run-down condition. The doctors were amazed. The results were the "talk" of the clinics!



"Some time ago," *writes* Barbara Evans, *Ridley Park, Pa.*, "Yeast helped me a lot. Lately I again lost my pep—tried the *new* yeast. It's *quicker*. I felt better in *two days*."

4. How do Doctors explain it?

The reason most people get constipated, have stomach troubles, etc., is—their digestive juices and muscles have *slowed up!*

*This new "XR" Yeast is exceedingly rich in hormone-like substances ("activators") which speed up these juices and muscles all through your digestive system *amazingly!*

5. Why does it correct Constipation and Indigestion faster?

Because it makes your digestive juices flow faster and muscles work harder *all the way from the stomach on down!* Food is more quickly softened, digested, passed through your body. You can eat things you couldn't eat before—without indigestion or constipation. "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you!

6. Does the Skin clear quicker?

Yes! Skin troubles (as a rule) come from poisons that aren't thrown off by the intestines. "XR" Yeast corrects this self-poisoning—makes your blood purer—skin *healthier*. Pimples, boils, etc., soon clear up.

7. Will "Run-down" feeling go?

Usually! Patients often feel better almost *at once!* You should get more "good" from your food—have fewer headaches—better appetite—more vigor.

After 40, especially, people need "XR" Yeast to correct the slowing of digestive secretions occurring rapidly after that age. It also helps often in rheumatism.

8. Will it reduce Colds?

Yes—by cleansing your system and supplying Vitamin A (newly added), the "infection-preventing" vitamin. Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is *also* rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . *4* important vitamins!

EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY . . . plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Keep on until you're *thoroughly* well. Get a 3-day supply *now!*

(It is as good as ever for baking, too!)



Fleischmann's XR *Yeast*

ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Inc.

Beauty Advice



Barbara Stanwyck (extreme left) as she is today with a more glamorous make-up and (next) as she used to look. (Above, left and right) The Jean Muir of today, appearing decidedly pert, and Jean in her earlier pictures.



"Enough is as good as a feast!" When it comes to make-up, the adage still holds

BY MARY BIDDLE

HAS Bob or Louis or Joe ever poked you in the ribs in a most ungentlemanly fashion when you have been taking a stroll together and exclaimed, "Hey, did you see that freak? Look!" And when you turned around, expecting to see nothing less than a five-eared rabbit, you saw a woman who was a walking, breathing example of what not to do, cosmetically speaking? She may have thought she looked exotic, but "queer" was the way you felt about it.

Bob and Louis and Joe always feel that way about unnaturalness—freakishness, to them—they hate it, laugh at it and keep away from it. It is fun to join them in their derisive remarks as long as we know we are beyond reproach, but how awful it would be if we were the person at whom these remarks were directed.

There is only one way to be sure of not being that person, and that is to know *how* to use make-up, how much to use, when to use it and what kind to use. That sounds like a tall order, but it is really simplicity itself if you will only use your common sense along with your paint box.

All of this was brought to me most forcibly and dramatically the other day, as I talked to Dick Willis, the make-up-man at Warner Brothers' eastern studio. He is a veritable wizard when it comes to working magic with faces—he actually charms and enchants. I knew, just from watching him work, that Dick could make many revelations to the would-be-beautifuls of the world. He not only could, but did, and I am taking the liberty of passing some of them along to you.

If you want to be the lovely image every woman wishes to be, then follow the plans laid by the master artist, our Creator. After all, He knew what He was doing. Presuming that nowadays all women give their skins attention and care, let's begin at the beginning of the art of applied make-up.

A thoroughly clean skin is an essential foundation, so take care of that first. Then rub your skin briskly. It will cause the blood to circulate through the tiny, and ofttimes starving pores of the face, and with it, a purifying process takes place. Your skin is fortified and ready to receive make-up. I am still heartily enthusiastic about a skin-enlivening cleanser I've mentioned before. If you want the name of it, write to (*Continued on page 81*)



Nancy gets *compliments* ——— dates galore

She removes cosmetics the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin . . .

"Believe me, it's nice to be dated up weeks ahead! And I've a hunch that it's due to a simple complexion secret.

"So many girls nowadays run the risk of getting *Cosmetic Skin*. It just ruins their looks—and their popularity.

"I don't take chances! Naturally I use cosmetics, but I never let my pores get choked with *stale* make-up. At night, and before I make up during the day, I remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way—with Lux Toilet Soap. It's gorgeous what this does for my skin!"

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many girls who *think* they remove make-up thoroughly actually leave bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores to *choke* them . . . enlarge them, cause little blemishes, even blackheads. Warning signals of Cosmetic Skin!

Guard against this with Lux Toilet Soap. Its rich lather is ACTIVE, made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*—every hidden trace!

Always at night, and before you put on fresh make-up during the day, wash with gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. This protects your skin, keeps it lovely!

MARGARET SULLAVAN

STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S "LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"



ENTER *Madame*





Paramount has taken a stage success of some years ago "Enter Madame," revamped it, put Elissa Landi and Cary Grant in it and—we think you'll like it. It concerns a temperamental opera star, Lisa Della Robbia, her business-man husband, and their hectic love affairs. The man refuses to be known as Mr. Della Robbia and carry Lisa's pet Peke around European capitals. They split. Lisa takes up with "the other man," Lynne Overman. The husband takes up with another woman. And then the highly temperamental Lisa, together with her equally temperamental maid, cook, doctor and —oh, yes, the dog—go after him. Do they get him back? Well, what do you think?





A MODERN SCREEN PREVIEW

Tintex Is Sheer Magic For Faded Apparel and Home Decorations





Use TINTEX for

Underthings • Negligees
Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs
Stockings • Slips • Men's
Shirts • Blouses • Children's
Clothes • Curtains • Bed
Spreads • Drapes • Luncheon
Sets • Doilies • Slip Covers

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

• The Easy, Inexpensive Way to Color-Smartness •



SMART women find the Tintex way is the simplest and most economical way to keep their wardrobe modish . . . and their home decorations like new. For at the cost of only a few pennies, Tintex makes faded color snap back to gay freshness . . . or gives fashionable new color, if you wish. And Tintex is so easy . . . so quick! No fuss, or bother . . . simply "tint as you rinse." The results are equal to costly professional work. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributor*

Tintex *World's Largest Selling* Tints & Dyes

(*Continued from page 15*)

Here's where star-gazing is exciting and profitable!

edge of the tent to make her getaway.

Why does Katie insist upon making such a fool of herself? The picture boys don't bite—they only snap! By the way, there's a picture on page 13 of temperamental Katie and a boy friend at the Hollywood Bowl Concert. Both of 'em are hiding their faces. Such goings on!

Ken Murray is no longer head man in Sue Carol's life. Now that Sue is legally free from Nick Stuart, they are saying she will marry Howard Wilson, young Paramount player, as soon as the California law allows.

WHILE Janet Gaynor is in Europe, Gene Raymond is going around with Mary Brian. Or maybe we might say it this way: while Dick Powell is away on a personal appearance tour, Mary Brian is going around with Gene Raymond.

BARNUM WAS RIGHT

Lee Tracy came out of the Brown Derby the other day and went hook-line-and-sinker for a newsboy's chatter: "Ninety-four people swindled!"

Lee paid for his paper and started to walk away when the boy yelled: "Ninety-five people swindled!"

AFTER interviewing some two thousand boys from all over the United States and testing over five hundred of them, M-G-M at last imported a young actor from England to play the boy in "David Copperfield."

Freddie Bartholomew is the name of the lucky lad who has this swell role thrown in his lap without any previous screen experience.

Neil Hamilton has just established a fund at the University of California that will allow the dean of that school to choose two worthy students each year for five successive years and hand them a free scholarship with Neil's compliments.

As usual, this fine gesture was kept very secret . . . but sometimes these things leak out.

ANNA MAY WONG has the strangest diet in Hollywood. Whenever Anna wants to lose a couple of pounds she goes on a vanilla ice cream diet. This is against all the rules, but it works with Anna. And you'll appreciate that slinky figure when you see her in "Limehouse Nights."

Both social and film circles are agog about the runaway marriage of Los Angeles' most beautiful débutante, Phyllis Cooper and Onslow Stevens, Universal featured player.

The couple eloped to Yuma, Arizona one midnight last summer and exactly fourteen days later Mrs. Stevens, née Cooper, was back under her bank-president father's roof. They



Jackie Cooper and Baby Rose Marie busily exchanging autographs.

both deny permanent separation.

There's something very unfortunate about movie actors falling for local society girls. Monroe Owsley was "engaged" to one of the local heiresses but her family soon squelched that. And the snoopers say there is plenty of trouble ahead if Jack LaRue and popular Connie Simpson step off altarward—I mean family objection trouble.

OTTO KRUGER is becoming plenty discouraged with his latest picture roles. Unless something good comes his way pretty soon, Otto may shake the dust of Hollywood from his shoes and hie himself back to the New York stage. Broadway is clamoring for him.

THERE are two funny stories about autograph seekers going the rounds. Josef von Sternberg tells this one on himself:

A ten-year-old child accosted the director as he came out of the Brown Derby one noon and thrust an autograph book at him.

"But my dear child," Von Sternberg said, "I do not know how to write."

"That's what I thought from seeing your pictures," said the kid. It's the eccentric director's favorite story, proving he has a sense of humor in spite of Hollywood's opinion to the contrary.

The other giggle concerns temperamental Alison Skipworth. Skippy, whose bark is much worse than her bite, was hurrying into the studio when a little girl with pen and book in hand stopped her. The character actress was already late and in a cross mood. "I haven't time," she snapped.

"All right," said the little girl, "but who are you, anyway?"

This romance between Judith Allen and Douglass Montgomery begins to look serious. For the past week they have dined together every night. In Hollywood it takes a lot less than this to start wedding bell rumors.

JUST A LOT OF TALK

HO-HUM, so Kay Francis met Chevalier's boat when it docked at Havre? Well, our advice would be not to take these romance reports too seriously, especially those concerning the prediction that Kay will return to America as Mrs. Maurice Chevalier. Y'see Kay's divorce from Kenneth McKenna won't become final until next January!

So far, the ***pièce de résistance*** of the social season, was the Max Reinhardt presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the famous Hollywood Bowl. Here was first-night splendor such as Hollywood has not seen since the old days of the Sid Grauman premières. The cast included Mickey Rooney, as the sensational "Puck," William Farnum, Evelyn Venable, and Gloria Stuart, among other Hollywooders. The whole town turned out to welcome them and the great maestro. Spotted among the box holders were:

Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg and the Robert Montgomerys. Norma wore a green gown with a sable wrap and Mrs. Montgomery was all in white.

William (*Continued on page 72*)

Over 30—they have the skin of their *20's*

Titled beauties from 3 Nations examined by Dermatologists....

say they owe their youthful skin to the same Cream



The Countess Howe
—English beauty. "An unusually lovely skin—has the appearance of being years younger than her age. Firm and clear and fine-pored—free from blemishes." *London Physician's Report.*



The Duchess of Leinster
—the only American duchess. "A remarkably fresh young skin more than 10 years younger than her actual age. Texture fine and soft. Excellent tone and suppleness." *London Physician's Report.*



Her Royal Highness Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans
Comtesse de Chaponay, niece of the late King Albert of Belgium, wearing jewels by Mellerio dits Meller, jewelers to the Royal House of France since Louis XIV. "The skin of twenty. Firm, clear, fine." *Dermatologist's Report.*

A WOMAN'S SKIN may be years younger than her age—or it may be years older.

Dermatologists determine the youth of the skin not by years but by the activity of its circulation. They consider its elasticity and, above all, the ability of its glands to supply rejuvenating oils.

They say that as early as twenty the skin begins to grow old. But you can retard this aging process!

Beauties praise this Cream

The Countess Howe says: "I attribute the freshness of my skin to Pond's Cold Cream." The Duchess of Leinster says: "It soothes tired nerves and it nourishes dry tissues."

While the Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans declares: "Pond's Cold Cream has prevented blemishes—roughness—lines. I would be lost without it."

Three famous beauties—from three different countries—all praise the same cream! This remarkable cold cream answers the three vital needs of the skin:—It gives a thorough, deep-pore cleansing. Even blackheads yield to its gentle action. It softens aging lines before they crease into wrinkles. Finally, it prepares the skin for powder and make-up.

Use it at night—again in the morning—when you freshen up. Your skin will gain new freshness and suppleness. It will feel softer—finer. Your friends will admire this fresh new beauty which Pond's Cold Cream has brought to you.

A NEW FAVORITE—Pond's new *Liquefying Cream* contains the same oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is famous, but is quicker melting. Cleanses—refines—prepares for powder.



Pond's Cold Cream **cleanses thoroughly—corrects skin faults, prepares for powder**

HOW OLD IS YOUR SKIN? 20? 30?

Specially processed oils in this cream

CORRECT SKIN FAULTS
***of the* 20's**



Blackheads, Large pores | **Roughness, Dryness** | **Laughter lines** | **Little blemishes**

FIGHT OFF AGE SIGNS
***of the* 30's**



Crêpy skin | **Worry lines** | **Sallowness, Discolorations** | **Sagging tissues**

MAIL COUPON FOR A GENEROUS PACKAGE

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. **M**, **50** Hudson St., N. Y. C. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder. I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐. I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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(Continued from page 70)

Things are hummin' socially in them thar hills

Powell and Jean Harlow were there and attracted a great deal of attention, as they always do. Jean looked stunning in black velvet. For the first time since they have been "going together," Jean and Bill posed willingly for the photographers.

Marlene Dietrich, in a party with her husband and Von Sternberg, wore her favorite model sports hat (the jockey number) made up in velvet to go with her evening ensemble.

Claudette Colbert looked stunning in a maroon velvet gown and sable wrap.

Following the presentation, a great many of the movie group went to that smart night spot, the Trocadero.

AFTER refusing hundreds of radio offers in the past, Mary Pickford actually signed up to star in a series of dramatic sketches over the National Broadcasting chain.

Hollywood thought, for a while, that the Doug and Mary reconciliation might force the air waves to wait, but the reverse has happened.

IT'S SMART TO BE PLUMP

While most of Hollywood is trying to diet off the extra weight, Loretta Young and Bette Davis are fighting to gain.

Yesterday, it was announced that Loretta had succeeded in putting on twelve extra pounds and Bette beats her past batting average by eight.

And soooooo becoming is the extra poundage to both gals!

AFTER all the trouble they've been having at the Hal Roach Studio, we advise them to install their own hospital.

Most of their stars, and Roach himself, have been in the hospital for some reason or other. Stan Laurel delayed "Babes in Toyland" while the limped about the hospital corridors on crutches; Charley Chase called a halt to his comedy while he spent three weeks in the hospital for stomach treatment; Hal Roach, himself, used up considerable time recovering from an appendicitis operation.

"Time Marches On," at a thousand dollars an hour. That's money!

Virginia Pine had been playing an unlucky bridge game all afternoon when she finally chirped: "Lucky at love, unlucky at cards," which gives us a hint of the Pine-Raft romance temperature.

THIS is so good we can't help passing it on to you:

It seems that one of the studios wanted a certain story and wired a New York agency for their price. Came a wire, "Story offered $3500." The studio relayed its telegraphic reaction as follows, "$1750 best can do."

The agency immediately realized that some mistake must have occurred and wired, "Original wire should have read $35,000." still being typically Hollywood, the studio's answer read, "$17,500 best can do."

"Lives Of A Bengal Lancer" has been having its share of location troubles.

First, Henry Wilcoxon was dropped from the cast because of too much temperament, plus the desire to direct and photograph the picture as well as act in it. He was replaced by Franchot Tone who is no honey to get along with either!

Then, most of Vic McLaglen's "Light Cavalry" decided the work was too heavy and the studio was forced to replace them.



Una Merkel invited her parents and hubby to "The Merry Widow" preview.

The payoff came when Sir Guy Standing thought he had sprained his foot. And it began to look as though production would be held up again. Just as this was about to happen, though, a country doctor in the vicinity discovered that Standing had been bitten by a poisonous spider. However, he soon had Sir Guy back in running order, and shooting continued on Paramount's unlucky picture.

IS Hollywood doomed as the movie production center of the world?

The old town has never watched a political situation with more avid interest than the approaching (as this is written) election of governor of California.

If Upton Sinclair is elected, the word is out that there will be no more Hollywood.

The Big Four producing companies have let it be well understood that Sinclair's proposed State tax against capital will make it impossible to operate at a profit in California. And in spite of the terrific property loss which would be suffered in the move to New York, it would be only a drop in the bucket compared to the proposed tax law.

At the present moment Hollywood is shaking in her boots for her very life, for Hollywood without its stars and its studios would be no Hollywood at all.

Another disturbing whisper is that two big studios, Warner Brothers and M-G-M, are beginning to cast interested eyes in the direction of New York as a production center, no matter how the election comes out. Both M-G-M and Warners have the idea of using their movie stars as stock companies rotating between pictures and the legitimate theatre. And because of the great distance between Hollywood and New York it would be much easier for the contemplated stage engagements if their movies were made in New York.

Mrs. Hank Falaise pulled a "Connie Bennett" in Paris when she arrived there to see her Marquis husband, it is reported.

The boys in the United Artists publicity department in Paris were all set to grab a flock of publicity when Connie arrived, but her Hollywood background got the best of her and she even refused to tell the boys where she was stopping, with the result that the gang in the publicity office did not get a line of headline space.

THE "Drive-In Theatre" is a new idea in California. All you have to do is drive in, park your car and sit and watch the biggest screen you ever saw in your life. The idea hasn't had a chance to prove itself as yet but, no doubt, California and Florida will be infested with them if they happen to go over.

(Continued on page 116)

FAOEN *makes Loveliness cost so very Little!*



Beauty Aids as fine as Science can produce—yet they cost only 10¢

THE greatest part of charm is personal loveliness. This is a fact the world's most enchanting women have always known. And it is so easy to achieve...providing you follow one simple rule: use only beauty aids of unquestioned purity and quality...such as Faoen.

Smart women everywhere are more and more learning to depend on Faoen Beauty Aids ...for they know that no greater purity or finer quality is to be had at any price!

Read the report of a famous research laboratory:

> "every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

You owe it to yourself to be satisfied with nothing but the *best*. You can have it now...for 10¢...in Faoen Beauty Aids, the very finest Science can produce!

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

10¢ Each at the Better 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES ●

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Do stars enjoy a movie meal?



What kind of food is served before the cameras?

● Director Brown evidently believes in serving a genuine well-balanced, nourishing meal, even if it is "just a moving picture." It's lots easier for a star to play his part naturally if the food is real and the meal is well planned and served.

● Directors have to be clever planners as well as supervisors when it comes to food. Housewives can learn several good lessons from Director Brown in this month's Modern Hostess Department. You will find it entertaining as well as instructive and be sure to send in the coupon at the end of the article so that you may have for your own cook book the very latest recipes of the stars.

Read the

MODERN HOSTESS

every month in

MODERN SCREEN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 8*)

unexpected events, but with due allowance for these, you will not find it difficult to keep pretty close to the original scheme. Then, having decided upon the ends which you wish to attain, make a complete survey of the means by which they are to be accomplished. In order to do this you will find that a pencil and a pad are the very first requirements. Plan your meals just as a director plans his scene, but go about assembling the food requirements like a property man does his "props."

First, list each and every component part of the ultimate whole—well, well, if you want it put more simply—make out a menu and put down what's needed. Then, check your supplies of staples, such as flour, sugar, salt, pepper and the like, list the "fresh foods" you must purchase, and look over your assortment of canned, bottled and packaged products for possible replacements.

AND right at this time let me point out that there are on your grocer's shelves an amazing variety of ready-prepared foods deserving of a place on your list, and eventually on the shelves of your supply closet. It may be said that in this way the food manufacturers are filling the role of assistant to you, as the director of the home, and they are doing a good job of it, too.

I do not advise making an entire meal of these canned and packaged products, mind you, nor do I feel that the trusty can opener should take over entirely the part previously played by the mixing spoon, but I am of the opinion that the woman who overlooks the nourishing qualities and general tastiness of foods put out by reputable concerns, is trying to be director, assistant and script girl all in one—an energy and time consuming state of affairs for which the family will be the eventual sufferers. And, oddly enough, you will get little thanks for expending an unnecessary amount of energy on meal preparation. For, after all, the dishes we serve are judged not by the trouble that we went to in making them but by their ability to satisfy our tastes and our hunger. So let's see what the food manufacturers have to offer to help us execute our plan for serving delicious-tasting, hunger-satisfying meals with less effort.

Briefly, let me suggest ready-to-eat, packaged cereals; ready-made mixed biscuits; nourishing canned soups, spaghetti, beans and kidney beans; ready-to-use meats, fish and sauces; dressings for salads; cake mixes which require only water and baking to become serious rivals of the home-mixed products; canned and packaged puddings which, with the addition of water or milk, followed by a short visit to the refrigerator, become treats for kids and grown-ups alike. All these wholesome foods have the merit of adding to your repasts a most important factor—variety—without which no appreciation of food can endure.

THEN, of course, there are canned vegetables which form an important branch of the canned-goods family tree, and canned fruits which are great dessert favorites in the majority of homes. Canned fruits and vegetables serve the purpose of extending the short season for most vegetables and fruits and making them a year 'round part of our menus. Even during the season for such fresh vegetables as corn, tomatoes and mushrooms, there are people who infinitely prefer to use the canned product in cooking. There are many who go so far as to prefer their flavor at the table, too.

I dare say there is not one housewife who has not been amazed at the mammoth size and uniform perfection of canned fruits, such as peaches, pears, apricots, cherries and the like, which in their fresh state could not be duplicated in quality at any but the most expensive fruiterers. This is because canned fruits are sun-ripened and the canneries where they are packed are located as close as possible to the spot where the fruit is picked. Then, too, only *first grade* fruits—and vegetables—are used for canning.

The increase in popularity of canned foods in the past few years has been notable, so much so that our national reliance upon the can opener has been the cause of much good humored spoofing. Of course, this kidding is based upon the assumption that serving canned foods is merely an indication of laziness on the part of the American housewife, whereas the underlying reason actually is the marked improvement in the quality of present day canned food products.

For instance, the tinny taste, once so woefully apparent, has been done away with by improved methods of packing. Still another improvement is the enamel-lined can, a comparatively recent development. This type of can has been quite generally adopted in the canning of foods high in sulphur content such as peas, corn, shrimps and other fish products. Doubtless you have noticed at one time or another black specks in canned corn. This is caused by the reaction of the sulphur in the corn upon the iron in the can. While not harmful in any way it detracts from the appearance of the corn and hence lessens its appetite appeal. Now, however, the use of enamel-lined cans does away with the presence of these specks entirely.

IN the canning of red-colored fruits the enamel-lined can also is being used as it helps to protect the color of the fruits. Due to the bleaching action which takes place when the fruit comes in contact with a *plain* can, raspberries and cherries lose their rich color in a very short period of time, while in an enamel-lined can they retain their original, and attractive, red hue.

There are countless other canned, bottled and packaged foods I have not mentioned —their names are legion—which add zest and interest to the simplest menu, such as tomato juice, olives, pickles and a wide choice of cheese, crackers and cookies, to speak of only a few.

Don't fall into the all too common error, however, of thinking that ready-prepared foods mean ready-prepared meals. The actual assembling of such a meal is important to its success. For that reason I have worked out menus for four such meals with at least one outstanding recipe for each meal. These form this month's Modern Screen Star Recipe Folder which you can get by filling in and mailing the coupon at the end of this article. At this time of year particularly, when the approaching holidays make unusual demands upon all of us, you'll find it most convenient to have these suggestions on hand as starting points towards your goal of supplying good, nourishing and well balanced meals for your family with a minimum of time consuming effort for yourself

The menus will go far towards helping you find some extra time in which to do your Christmas shopping in a leisurely manner before the stores get too crowded and will enable you to have some spare moments for making gifts at home, if you are so inclined.

AND you'll simply love the recipes in this month's folder; a simple luncheon dish that can be prepared and cooked in no time at all; a late-at-night snack (or Sunday supper combination) that the men folk will want to have a hand in preparing as well as eating; a "last-minute" dinner dish which combines a fresh vegetable and a canned product to the ultimate betterment of both, and a cake which is rich enough to suit the most confirmed dessert-lover without being a chore to the maker. I've described these on the leaflet as "Quick Meal Recipes and Menus," but you'll term them "excellent" as well, once you've sampled them.

I'm sure you'll also like the following recipe for Combination Soup which demonstrates both in its name and its contents the possibility of combining two or three usual things to achieve an unusual result. In addition to being tasty, it is nourishing as well.

COMBINATION SOUP

1 cup finely shredded lettuce leaves
1½ cups water
1 can concentrated chicken broth
1 can concentrated pea soup
1 teaspoon sugar
salt and pepper to taste

Shred outside leaves of lettuce very fine, using scissors. Add water and simmer gently until lettuce is very tender. Combine broth and pea soup, add lettuce, then water and sugar. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Serve piping hot with garnish of whipped cream and a dash of paprika.

Again let me remind you to fill out the coupon. Then mail it to me without delay so that you will have this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder for immediate use, absolutely FREE. Those of you already familiar with these handy folders will like the new cover design, and I am sure that all of you will find the menus and tested recipes especially helpful during the pre-holiday season, as well as throughout the entire year.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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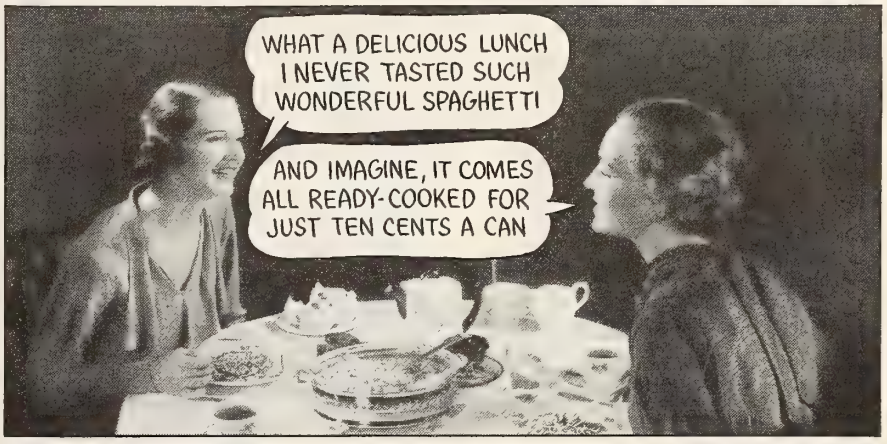
Please send me the recipes for December, 1934.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

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(City) (State)







"Far more delicious spaghetti than I could cook at home
—and it actually costs less, too!"

"I USED to get many a compliment on the way I prepared spaghetti. But I realize now that mine couldn't hold a candle to Franco-American. Good as my sauce was, theirs is a whole lot better. And it actually cost me more to buy the dry spaghetti and other ingredients and prepare it at home than it does to get a can of Franco-American all ready-cooked."

How much easier, too! No cooking or fussing with Franco-American. You simply heat and serve. Skilled chefs have done all the work, concocted a matchless sauce containing eleven different ingredients... garden-fresh, perfect tomatoes ... zestful Cheddar cheese... subtly blended seasonings.



Mere words can't tell you how good it is. You must taste it yourself. Why not try it today? Generous can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents at any grocer's.

Most Astounding TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

10¢ a Day buys this New Remington Portable Model No. 5



10 Day Free Trial Offer

25% PRICE REDUCTION

Accept this amazing offer on a brand new Remington Portable No. 5, direct to you from the factory. Never before could we offer it on such easy terms that it actually costs you but 10¢ a day to own it. This machine formerly sold for 25% more than its present price. The price and the terms make it the greatest bargain in typewriter history.

Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand *new* regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; *every essential feature found in standard typewriters!*

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With your Remington No. 5 you get ABSOLUTELY FREE a 19-page typing course. Teaches the Touch System. It is simply written and well illustrated. Even a child can understand it. During the 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER you should dash off letters faster than with pen and ink.



FREE CARRYING CASE

With every Remington No. 5, a FREE Carrying Case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. Covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base. Can be used anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains.



ACT NOW WHILE LOW PRICE HOLDS GOOD

New wage scales point definitely to higher prices. Machines on hand make possible the present unbelievably low cash price on this machine. We don't believe we can maintain the present 25% price reduction for long.

You can try this machine for 10 days without risking one penny of your money. *Not even shipping charges.* Send for complete details on this most liberal offer. Get attractive new catalog illustrating and describing the many Remington models available on unusually low terms. Clip coupon today!

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Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable Typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

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*City*_____ *State*_____

INFORMATION DESK



DORIS VIRGINIA, Waxahachie, Texas—The leading roles in "Private Lives" were taken by Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel and Reginald Denny. Lionel Barrymore, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable and Leslie Howard played the starring roles in "A Free Soul." And in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," Constance Cummings, Russ Columbo, Paul Kelly, Texas Guinan and Blossom Seeley did the honors. You certainly picked three good pictures to ask about. The following stars were born in the following years: John Gilbert, 1897; Warner Baxter, 1893; Gloria Swanson, 1899; and Ralph Bellamy, 1904.

MARY JOHNSON, Pittsburgh, Pa.; PATSY PICERNO, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. A. MARONEY, Pittsburgh, Pa.; TOBY LANG, Huntington Park, Cal., CHARLOTTE BOSTETTER, Chicago, Ill.; ELEANOR M. ARTHABER, Philadelphia, Pa.; MARION JONES, Meadville, Pa.; W. ADAMS, Hendersonville, N. C.; ERMA ROWAN, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.; R. SMYTH; MICHAEL ARSON, Linden, N. J.; L. M. R., Youngstown, Ohio; EDITH BROWN, Rocky Mount, N. C.—Whew! What a list of names! Hope I can satisfy you all as to what you want to know about Bing Crosby. Of course, you know "Bing" is only a nickname. He acquired it at an early age while playing his favorite game of "Cowboys and Indians" when he used to shout "Bing! Bing!" at the top of his lungs. He thinks Bing is much more distinctive than Harry L. He was born in Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904, and received his early schooling in Spokane. Bing's family wanted him to become a lawyer, so they sent him to Gonzaga College. He made the Freshman football team, sang in the college glee club, and with another boy organized a seven-piece orchestra. This orchestral venture was so successful, that the two boys left college to try their hand in the entertainment field. Paul Whiteman heard them when they were playing at the Metropolitan Theatre in Los Angeles and signed them to go East with him. In New York, another vocalist joined Bing and Al Rinker. His name was Harry Barris. This was the beginning of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. From that time on, Bing's popularity grew in leaps and bounds, until he is now one of the most popular young singers in the country. He has been married to Dixie Lee, motion picture actress, about four years, and is the father of three sons—Gary Evan, who was born June 27, 1933, and twins, Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael, who were born this July. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. Detective stories fascinate him. His taste in clothes runs to browns and blues, with heavy emphasis on sports apparel. He dislikes garters so much that he never wears them except with evening clothes, and likes a hat so much that he wears one all the time, except on the stage. He has light blue eyes and light brown hair. And I'm not stringing you when I say that he wears a toupee. He is not bald, but his hair is thin and grows far back on his temples. Although Bing has said many times that he wants to retire, I don't believe he will for some time to come. He croons every Tuesday night over the radio. He has played in the following pictures: "The Big Broadcast," "College Humor," "Too Much Harmony," "We're Not Dressing," and "She Loves Me Not," which is his latest. His next picture for Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. (where you can write him and he may answer) is "Here Is My Heart" with Kitty Carlisle.

MARIAN BLACK, Vancouver, B. C., Canada—In "We're Rich Again," Gloria Shea took the part of Victoria, and Lenita Lane that of Charmion. The three Marshes, Joan, Mae and Marion, are not sisters. Yes, it was Martha Sleeper who took the part of Robert Young's wife in "Spitfire." Fifi Dorsay has not been in a movie for some time and is not scheduled to appear in any.

DORA KARIS, Chicago, Ill.; GENEVA MANN, Sidney, Ohio; SHIRLEY STEARNS, Prineville, Ore.—Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on October 6, 1907, and began her education in that city at the A. C. Harmer School for Girls. She finished her grammar grades in Chicago, attended high school in Melbourne, Fla., and San Francisco, where she graduated with honors. She obtained office work, then moved to Hollywood to try her luck. She rose from extra to star in an amazingly short time. She likes to shop, and loves to dance and swim. She is interested in music and sings very well. She loathes cigarettes and doesn't smoke them. Her pet superstition is putting the right shoe on first. She is a trifle over 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds, has golden brown (almost red) hair and wonderfully expressive big brown eyes. She is divorced from Lydell Peck. You can write her at Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, Calif. After "Servant's Entrance" she will be in "One More Spring" with Warner Baxter.

M. WATTS, Verona, N. J.—Robert Gleckler played the part of Mositer in "Now I'll Tell." Joan Bennett is 23, Claudette Colbert is 29, Madge Evans is 25, Joel McCrea 29, and Charles Farrell 32.

BETTY BRIGHT, Jacksonville, Ill.; BETTY LOU BROWN, Pontiac, Ill.; HELEN BUSSEY, Troy, N. Y.—So you want to know about Margaret Lindsay? Well, I don't blame you. She's somepin to know about! First of all, she is not Judge Ben Lindsey's daughter. Note the difference in spelling. Anyway, her real name is Margaret Kies and she was born in Dubuque, Iowa, on September 19, 1910. She attended the National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C., where she studied dramatics and carried off all sorts of honors. Then she went to England where she played in several stage productions and acquired a perfect English accent. And it was through this experience and a lot of grit that she obtained a part in "Cavalcade," the picture in which she scored such a hit. Outside of the drama, she is interested in literature, music and dancing. Her favorite sports are riding, swimming, tennis and golf, and she is mad about greyhound racing. She doesn't think much about marriage and domesticity. In other words, she's not married and doesn't want to be until after she has reached the peak of her career. Margaret is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has hazel eyes and dark brown hair. She is under contract to Warner Brothers-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif., where you can write her.

EDDIE BYRNE, Chicago, Ill.—The song, "This Little Piggy Went to Market," was not introduced in a picture, to my knowledge. Etienne Giradot was the eccentric gentleman who pasted stickers all over "Twentieth Century." And Baby LeRoy reached the ripe old age of two on his last birthday, May 12.

MISS J. SIMMS, Los Angeles, Calif.—Yes, Jackie Coogan has grown up, although it doesn't seem possible. He is now a freshman at the University of Southern California, is 19 years old, and the possessor of a large fortune. He steps out quite a bit with the younger actresses such as Ida Lupino and Toby Wing. In fact, he's quite the man about town. His last picture was made in 1931. This was "Huckleberry Finn." He is going to come back in "Code of the West," with Evelyn Brent and Randolph Scott. It will be good to see him again.

MRS. L. CLARK and FAMILY; JOE BLOW, Alameda, Calif.—The biography of Dorothy Dell, the 19-year-old actress, who met her death in that most tragic accident not so long ago, recounts a life spent in the public eye. She was born on her father's plantation near Hattiesburg, Miss., on January 30th, where she resided until she was eight years of age. Then she was taken to New Orleans where she attended the Sophie Wright School for Girls. At the age of 13 she launched Wesley Lord's famous song, "Louisana Moon," in the Saenger Theatre in New Orleans with such success that she was offered, and accepted, a radio contract. In 1930 she secured the title of "Miss Universe," previous to which she had been "Miss America." She signed a vaudeville contract for 32 weeks which ended when she was in New York. Then Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., featured her in the 1931 Follies for 42 weeks. After this she was in several New York musicals, had night club engagements, and radio programs and played in several musical shorts. She went to Hollywood in November, 1933, to begin her screen career. In less than a year she was well on her way to the top when her career was so pitifully and abruptly cut short. She had appeared in "Wharf Angel," "Little Miss Marker" and "Shoot the Works," her last picture. She was 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weighed 125 pounds—the same dimensions which she made famous three years ago as the "model" young woman of the world. Her hair was blonde and her eyes gray. Her low contralto singing was a thing of beauty, which will be sorely missed by her many admirers.

SIDNEY LERNER, Philadelphia, Pa.—"Belle of the Nineties" is the final name for "It Ain't No Sin." "Belle of New Orleans," and "That St. Louis Woman." That's only four names for the same picture. Myrna Loy's next picture is "Broadway Bill" with Warner Baxter, after which she will be with Bill Powell again in "The Casino Murder Case." Jean Harlow has naturally

Your questions will be answered in this magazine. Please do not ask questions which require too much research or which infringe upon good taste. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

platinum blonde hair, so she says. Anyway she is the original platinumite. Dolores Del Rio appeared in her first picture in 1925. It was "Joanna," in which Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall were starred. Miss Del Rio was the vampire. "The Bad One," with Edmund Lowe, was her first all-talking picture. Some of her best known films include "Ramona," "Evangeline," "The Red Dance," "Resurrection" and the "Loves of Carmen." Her most recent work includes "Flying Down to Rio," "Wonder Bar," "Madame Du Barry," and her next will probably be "In Caliente."

GRACE TOTH, Pueblo, Colo.—William (Bill or Willie) Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on a particularly hot July 29th. His first role was as the villain in "Sherlock Holmes" with John Barrymore. A most propitious beginning, don't you think?

M. E. C., Nashville, Tenn.—I wouldn't be sure about the eyes, but here are a number of actresses who have red hair. They are: Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Katharine Hepburn, Elissa Landi, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Barbara Stanwyck, Sheila Mannors, and Ginger Rogers. Now for Joan Crawford. She was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1908, and was baptised Lucille LeSueur. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has blue eyes along with her titian locks. She left home against her family's wishes and made her debut as a dancer in a Chicago revue. She was successful in the Midwest and in New York. In 1925 she made her picture debut as an extra in "Pretty Ladies." From that time on, her rise was steady and unimpeded. After "Chained," she will be in "Forsaking All Others" with Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery. You might be interested to know that she has just bought a new car. Fact is, she probably had it especially made, for it's as white as the proverbial snow, and must be a striking background for our heroine.

MISS V. E. LAMKIN, Cleveland, Ohio; G. A. N., San Francisco, Calif.—That promising actor, Russell Hardie, was born May 20, in Buffalo, N. Y. He enjoys swimming and reading books on psychology. For relaxation, he plays the piano and goes to the theatre. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is not married. You might be interested to know that the Associate Editor of Modern Screen was indirectly responsible for Mr. Hardie's obtaining a motion picture contract. Having seen Russell in a Broadway play she suggested to Peggy Fears that she cast him as the juvenile lead in "Saint Wench" with Helen Mencken. While he was in this production, he received an offer from M-G-M to appear in a picture. He has been in the movies ever since. He's working in "Hell in the Heavens" for Fox. You can write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Why I Hate Women

(*Continued from page 27*)

sex has taught me that they are, to a great extent, deadly with hypocricy and dishonesty.

In the most impressionable years of my life, my childhood, I learned how cruel and ruthless the so-called gentle sex can be. I didn't hear it or read about it, I saw it.

I've never told this story before. I hardly know why I'm telling it now, except that I want Ruth to know. I hope this woman named Ruth has seen me in the role of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." I hope she has seen the picture because I want her to know that it was really she who was the inspiration behind all the grasping, selfish, destructive, ignorant and contemptible cheapness of the character, Mildred.

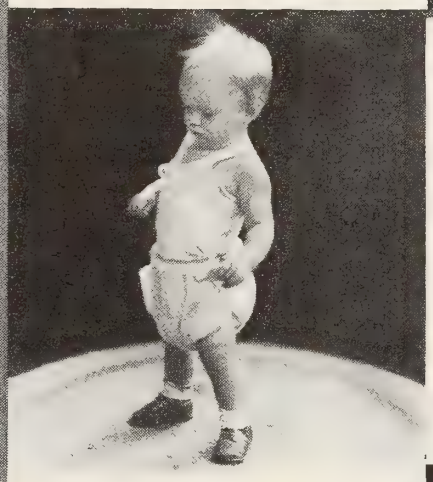
If she knows this, I have—perhaps in a small way—evened the score between us, a very old score. You see, it happened when I was twelve years old.

A WOMAN named Ruth, by stealing a man from his wife, tore down the very walls of my happiness, destroyed a great faith in someone very near and dear to me and crushed the very heart out of three innocent people, not because she really wanted this man for herself, but because, at the moment, she was bored with her own husband and there was nothing else for her idle hands to do.

In telling this story, I don't want to bring any more unhappiness to innocent people than has already been visited upon them. Will it be enough to say that this terrible thing happened to someone very near and dear to me, someone who, until this "other woman" came along, had been an inspiration to all who knew him, someone to whom I'd turned in trust when my own little family was torn asunder by divorce and my bewildered mother was left to manage and struggle as best she could with two girls to bring up?

● *"Let's see—how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other—but what do I do after that?... Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours—"*





● *"Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub—and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder!... Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once—the more the merrier—"*



● *"Oops! Something wrong with that idea! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there, too—I remember it from last time! Well, look out below—I'm coming..."*



● *"... Everything's O. K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder... Just test that powder between your thumb and finger—it's so smooth! Not gritty, like some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root in it either."*

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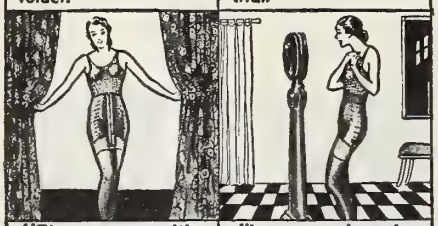
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I was then living with this marvelous couple. I had learned to look with respect toward the man and with love toward the woman. They had been married a number of years and appeared to be utterly happy.

And though I was a child of twelve, I think I realized long before the wife did. I knew what was happening to the man we both adored and all about the "other woman" who was slowly and surely getting him in her grasp. I try, in looking back on it, to excuse my lack of action by my age.

My first indication came one evening when I happened to answer the telephone. I say happened because I am sure the man tried to get to the telephone first. But when I answered it, he didn't dare show too much concern. It was a woman's voice inquiring for a man. I gave him the phone and he talked for a moment—softly, guardedly—so that his wife in the kitchen might not hear him.

"Who was that calling, dear?" she asked when he had replaced the receiver. It was then that my tower of inspiration and faith began tumbling, as this man whom I believed to be fine and honest, turned to her with a sweet voice and lied, "Oh, that was Charlie. He wants me to come downtown and meet him for a little game of cards —poker."

I knew, even after what I had just heard, that he was still a fine man, that something had happened, something that he found himself unable to cope with.

I SHALL never forget that moment. I shall never forget when our eyes met and we stared at one another in that darkened hall. I think I grew up then. I'd never been a "childish child," anyway, everyone said that I was "beyond my years." But something cold and terrifying crept over me in that awful moment, a feeling of helplessness in the face of impending danger, a feeling of fright that shouldn't come to children until Life has prepared them a little more thoroughly. Yes, I think I grew up then.

He didn't say a word to me. He got his hat and walked out the door, a liar, a hypocrite, a cheat. I don't suppose he had the least idea that I knew. I was "too young."

Oh yes, I found out who the woman was. In the year that followed, that wasn't particularly difficult. The town was small and in his wild infatuation, he threw discretion to the winds. Everyone knew about them, that is, everyone but his unsuspecting wife.

I wish I could say that Ruth was the ugly type of grasping woman such as Mildred was in Maugham's great story, but she wasn't. She was beautiful, that is, she was beautiful to look at. Surely, she must have been anything but beautiful down deep inside. I often saw them driving together toward some secret rendezvous. Yes, and many kids in town saw them, too, and with the naive cruelty of children (don't let anyone ever tell you that children can't be cruel) they would come running to me and tell of their secret meeting places. They would say, "I heard my father and mother talking last night and they said it was a shame, a disgrace."

I'd try to toss it off and laugh and say that it wasn't true, that the man loved his wife, that he was home lots of times. But I knew it wasn't true. Many times I had to rush to my room to hide the tears that I couldn't hold back. You see, with it all, I had come to look with sympathy toward the wife who slaved over hot ironing boards and kitchen stoves, and the feeling that she meant no more to this man than a maid in the house was what brought the flood of angry tears when I realized that she didn't know and there was no way for me to tell her. It made me miserable.

THEN, one day, the man told her, told her bluntly, unkindly. It was like striking a blind person in the face. If she had only had some inkling, some hint of what was about to happen, it might not have been so bad. But she hadn't guessed. That is what impressed it so vividly upon my memory. I knew she hadn't guessed. She was the old-fashioned type that believed marriage was for always, that men with responsibilities did not become involved with other women. I heard what he said. Without any preamble or warning he walked into the kitchen and said he was leaving. He said he had found his happiness elsewhere with another woman.

Nor shall I ever forget the way the wife looked. She just stood there staring at him with a blank, expressionless face. She stood like a person who has been struck a blow that has left her dazed. If she had cried or stormed or heaped abuse upon his head, it would have broken the tension that gripped the room. But she just stood there, that bewildered look on her face, drying her hands over and over again. When she spoke, her voice was thin, toneless, almost unrecognizable. She said, "When will you be going?"

I couldn't stand any more of it. I suppose it was almost as hard for me to bear as it was for her, yet I had been expecting it. I threw myself on the floor, screaming and kicking. This seemed to bring some degree of action to her. She gathered me in her arms, comforting me, telling me not to cry any more, telling me that everything was going to be all right.

Upstairs the man packed his things. Then he left.

But in less than a year the sequel to that bitter little story was written. It was ironical—even comical.

You see, Ruth didn't really want the man. She never had wanted him. She wanted more clothes and spending money than her husband could give her. The man was fool enough to give them to her, so she let him. I wonder what tragedy must have filled his soul (after he had divorced his wife and lavished every cent of his income on this other woman) when he asked her to marry him and got his answer?

She laughed in his face!

Of course the story got around. The wife heard and, of all people in the world, she might have gloated. But she didn't gloat. She pitied him and hated the woman. She didn't say much, not even to me, but she once remarked, "I could forgive that woman if she had loved him and wrecked him. But she didn't love him. She has left him nothing. His life is empty. She was just as much a thief for stealing his love as she would have been had she stolen his belongings. She is worse than a criminal. She didn't want what she had stolen."

I remember saying, "I hate her. Some day I'll get even with her."

"You won't have to bother," his former wife said slowly. "Women like that always get even with themselves."

But I've never been able to forget. I've thought about Ruth a lot. I thought of her constantly while I was playing that dirty-souled, ignorant, cheap little waitress in "Of Human Bondage." I tried to make Mildred just as despicable as my memory of Ruth could make her. Every mean gesture, every contemptible word was hers.

I hope Ruth sees "Of Human Bondage" and recognizes her own cheap soul, her own hypocritical words.

I hope Ruth reads this story!

Give Me One Year

(*Continued from page 31*)

appeared between her eyes. Finally, she spoke again.

"I suppose I shall be laying myself open to criticism. So much was said when I quit to bring little Mary into the world. But I'm really free. I'm not breaking or abusing any ethical rule in resting for a year."

I knew then, that she was really talking to herself. Some small voice in her conscience was smiting her for her decision.

"The Guild expects me to go out on the road with 'Mary of Scotland,'" she explained, "but there is one nice thing about it. The Guild never stars any of its players. The play is the thing with them. So there is no stipulation that I shall be seen in the play. Rather it is billed that 'Mary of Scotland' will be given at such and such a theatre. That leaves me wholly free. Someone else can carry on in my place."

I asked her about "What Every Woman Knows." Was she satisfied with the finished picture? Had she enjoyed making it?

"It has been horrible." She threw the words out into the room and they hung there.

I felt as if she had suffered and crawled and squirmed under a lash. The fire that makes her pictures live and breathe was in her voice and in her eyes.

"I wish I could tell you how perfectly terrible it has been, how much I have suffered in making this picture. I don't say that anyone except myself was to blame. I have learned the technique of the stage, have used it over and over until it is as much a part of me as eating or sleeping. When I bring that technique into pictures, I find it is too exaggerated. I have to watch myself all the time.

I GET into a scene. Get to feeling it and I forget. Then, it has to be done over and over and over again, until all the beauty has gone out of it for me. I feel like a piece of wood.

"You won't believe it perhaps, but I had to have thirty-seven retakes for one of my big scenes in 'What Every Woman Knows.' I felt as green as a new extra, before we were through.

"Then, too, I feel my lack of beauty. I never knew I had a face until I came to Hollywood. All the girls are so beautiful and I am so ugly."

Silence again and then, in a subdued hurt voice, "I love beauty so. I wish I could have been pretty. I always felt so bad about being tiny. All of the great stage actresses are beautiful and tall. Emotional roles demand height. I overcame that handicap. In some way, I succeeded in giving an illusion of height on the stage. But what can you do when you have no beauty of face or figure?"

Useless to tell her that she succeeds in giving an illusion of beauty, that she has a glamor and appeal that mere beauty can never give, that there isn't a beautiful woman on stage or screen today who would not trade her loveliness for that inner fire and greatness that makes Helen Hayes completely irresistible.

"I never want to make another picture from any of my stage plays," she was very firm about this. "I had many offers to play in pictures before I finally signed to make 'Lullaby,' which was released as 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet,' but I didn't think I would be any good for pictures. I was not even interested until M-G-M promised to let me make 'What Every

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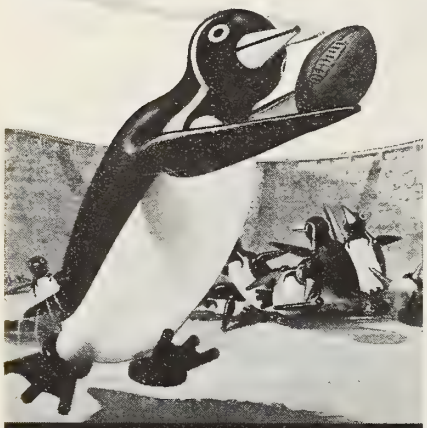
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Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



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Woman Knows.' That is why I signed my contract with them in the first place. Now, I am so disappointed that I don't ever want to make another picture. I didn't even go to see the rushes on the last retakes for it hurts me to look at them."

I could hardly keep from smiling, for I remembered that she went through this same period of regret when she made "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." She experienced the same despair when she finished "The White Sister." She waded through a morass of bitterness when she saw the preview of "Farewell to Arms." It will always be so with her.

She cannot see the perfect beauty she gives to her performances. Instead, she sees shadows under her eyes and lines about her mouth, that are lost to those who are thrilling to the poignant reality of her shadow self.

Sitting there in the half-dusk, she drew a wrap around her shoulders, as if to protect herself from a sudden chill.

"I am so afraid of getting old," she whispered. She didn't say any more, but I understood.

EVERY woman knows those moments of fear when life begins to etch faint lines around the corners of the mouth, when telltale wrinkles begin to show beneath the eyes. I knew that Helen Hayes had been staring too long into her mirror, looking for those first, sad tracings.

They are discernible now, because she is utterly worn and tired. She has given everything she has to this last picture and it has taken something out of her that only rest and play can return.

"Even if I weren't selfish enough to want to be with my baby, I know that I simply must quit for a while and rest." She curled up on the couch and put her hands under her chin. "I have reached a spot in my life where I am beginning to realize that I must not use up all of my reserve strength. I have got to take stock of myself, take things a little easy. I know that if I should go out on the road and try to play in 'Mary of Scotland' on this twenty-four-weeks' tour, as they expect me to do, I will be heading straight for a nervous breakdown. I feel shaky and tired. I need rest and I am going to have it."

Then she talked of her baby. And just talking about her made her forget her worries. Her face shone, happily.

"I can hardly wait to get home. Baby always has an apartment near me when I am playing in New York and I see her as much as possible every day. But how wonderful it will be just to be able to play with her, talk to her, ride with her, spend every waking minute with her! I can't tell you what it means to me."

"Haven't you signed to make another picture?" I asked her.

"Yes. But I won't." This, defiantly. "I am, first of all, a woman. I have given up four years of my baby's life to others. Now I am going to care for her myself. I miss Charlie, too. We have never been able to live like other married people do. But when I stay home, we can. He can drive back and forth to the studio and we can be together every evening of every day. Life is very short, too short to spend it foolishly, apart."

I wondered then, if there were not another reason behind her temporary retirement. I asked her if there were—if she were going to have another child. She answered evasively. It would be nice for Mary. She had not thought a lot about it, although she doesn't think children should be too far apart. She doesn't intend to let Mary grow up as an "only" child.

HELEN HAYES has a fine reserve and dignity that makes it impossible for her to "let down her hair" like so many actresses do, and tell her innermost thoughts and hopes.

I suspected, but I knew no more about her maternal plans when she had finished, than when I first asked her.

She gave out a story last year when she was leaving Hollywood. Said that she intended to retire permanently when Mary becomes ten years old and spend the remainder of her life being merely her mother. I reminded her of it.

"I'll never retire permanently," she assured me solemnly. "The stage is in my blood. Right now, I am fed up with work because I have worked too hard and much too long without rest. But when my year is up, I'll come back. I want to continue to work as long as I live."

She changed the subject then, and we talked about babies. She showed me some pictures of little Mary and told of the funny childish things she said and did when they were together on her last visit.

She was a little happy when I left her.

I was happy, too, to know that she has reconsidered her earlier decision, that her rare artistry is only going to be withheld from us for a season.



That versatile actress of stage and screen, Miriam Hopkins, recently agreed to appear in Sam Goldwyn's pictures to the tune of a four-year contract, though she's still an RKO star. Eddie Cantor put his John Hancock on the papers as a witness, making it all very legal.



Queenie Smith, armed with her pet pooch and a Paramount contract, arrived in Hollywood recently to appear in "Mississippi."

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page* 66)

me and I'll tell you about it.

DO you use a make-up foundation? Well, if you don't, perhaps you should. Whether you use one of the new greaseless creams or a lotion, it will leave your face satin-smooth and act as a protection to the skin as well. Your rouge and powder will adhere better and longer and you'll find that you have a smooth basis to work on.

Pat on powder, do not rub it on—it's sure to streak if you do. With a soft brush, those lovely feathery things that none of the movie actresses is without, go lightly and carefully over your face. If, by chance, your nose is inclined to be biggish, keep the powder puff away from it almost altogether, and concentrate on your cheeks. That is what Dick Willis calls one of the first steps to "building" a face.

"The first thing a woman goes for is her nose," he said. "I've watched them in studios, in subways and in restaurants. And the larger her nose, the more gusto and powder she applies, until it is so coated it stands out like a porcelain door knob." A knock-out for you, Mr. Willis!

Now for decorations. Begin with your eyebrows. If you are a plucker, let's hope you have merely cleaned up the straggling hairs, and left a good part of nature's original intent upon your brow. With your pencil follow the natural line. Remember, you are not the glamorous Garbo doing a Mata Hari nor yet Joan Crawford as Sadie Thompson. If you have a round face, don't point the eyebrows perpendicularly. Don't have them at an angle of forty-five degrees upward from your cheek bones if you don't want to look like a surprised owl. This, too, detracts from the largeness of the eyes. Obviously you won't permit your eyebrows to grow together as in a perpetual scowl. But don't pluck them so far from your nose that you have a stupid, vacant expression.

"For pictures and street wear," Dick went on, "a mixture of both black and brown mascara is preferable for the average woman, unless she is exceptionally dark, or exceptionally blonde. For most,

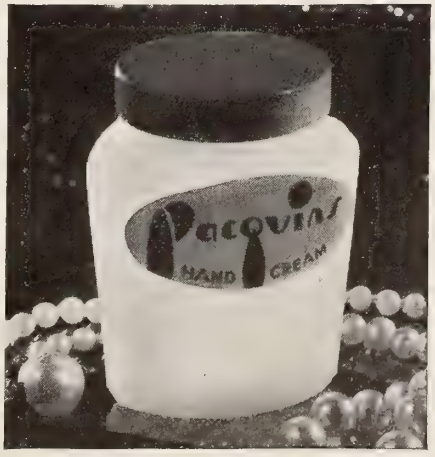
"I can't be bothered with sticky hand lotions"

Mrs. Frank Buck



Even in the jungle, helping "Bring 'em Back Alive," she keeps her hands beautiful this quick, modern way

"WHEN I check supplies for one of our trips," says Mrs. Buck, "I make sure that I have plenty of Pacquin's Hand Cream. Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. My hands would be leathery and wrinkled if I didn't care for them with Pacquin's. It is so quick, so sure, the skin absorbs it at once...and I don't have to wait for my hands to dry as you do with those sticky lotions. I can use it anywhere, any time. I advise any woman with busy hands to use Pacquin's."



Women who use their hands a lot do find Pacquin's a blessing. It takes literally no time to dry—your skin seems to absorb this soothing cream instantly. Pacquin's *feeds* the skin because it goes into the underlayers. So different from old-fashioned lotions that stay on the *surface* of your hands and keep you waiting until they evaporate. Send for the introductory jar of Pacquin's.

PACQUIN LABORATORIES CORPORATION
Dept. 4-B, 101 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your generous trial jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream for which I enclose 10¢.

Name.....

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City.....*State*.....

Pacquin's *Hand Cream*



FREE TEST

"until a "scrap of paper" led me to loveliness

Night after night I used to sit home alone. Nobody called... nobody cared for me. I couldn't seem to make friends or attract men at all. Then one lucky day I visited the 10¢ store and a "scrap of paper" changed my whole life and led me to loveliness.

I accepted from the girl at the cosmetic counter a sample card sprayed from the giant atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What exquisite fragrance! It made me think of music... moonlight... romance. Quickly I bought this enchanting perfume and the other Blue Waltz Cosmetics, too, because the salesgirl told me they were wonderful for my skin and as pure and fine as $1 or $2 preparations. Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume.

When I looked in the mirror, I hardly dared believe my eyes. How fresh and radiant my skin looked! How temptingly red my lips were! And others noticed my glorious new charm. Everybody was friendlier and men began to ask me for dates. At last my dreams of romance are coming true... and it's Blue Waltz Perfume that made me glamorous and alluring.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store. Get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer... you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and all the wonderful Blue Waltz Cosmetics...certified to be pure and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Seize this opportunity to ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brillaintine, Cold Cream, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

this mixture is soft and far less trying." (Apply first a coat of black, then one of brown.) "Most types will find black eyebrow pencil, judiciously used, the best. Brown pencils are apt to leave a reddish cast."

Depending on his star, and her role, Dick can go as exotic as he pleases, and sometimes has to, but he repeats again and again, the plea for softness and delicacy in women's faces. Furthermore, remember that the dewy effect is to be desired this season—if you want to be right up to the minute.

If your eyelashes are scanty and short, and you wish to use false ones, take this tip from Dick, who says: "Instead of placing the false lashes from end to end of the eyelid, use them from the middle of the eye only, outwards. This gives a softness and blending that is quite different and far lovelier than the old way."

This is what you do. Take one regular strip of the false eyelashes and cut it in half. Place one half on the eyelid, beginning at the temple and pasting towards the middle of the eye. Then dip into your mascara and apply to your own and the artificial lashes equally. After that, brush off all the excess mascara with a clean, tiny eyelash brush. This not only tends to take away the hard effect of heavily applied mascara, but blends your own lashes with the false indistinguishably.

IN using eye shadow for evening, apply it from the middle of the lid towards the temple, accenting it more heavily at the middle and shading it softly to the end of the brow. Never use it close to your nose. Blue-gray is considered the best shade now, in most cases, even for brown eyes. For the very blue-eyed, there is a most flattering silver-mauve shadow on the market which has just a tinge of violet. Men love that effect as long as they don't know what it is. If you would like to know the name of some excellent beauty aids for the eyes, write me, and I will be glad to tell you.

The eyes finished, you will see that your eyebrows, the eye-shadowing and the lashes are all one line, one motion of color and shading.

More and more women nowadays are asking questions about rouge. What shade? How much? Cream, dry or liquid? Well the first rule is this: use it delicately and follow what would be nature's path if you had naturally rosy cheeks. Match the color to your lipstick, but in a more delicate tone. And use much less rouge than lipstick. And you mustn't have color on the end of your chin, nor up to the eyebrows or to the lobes of your ears.

Cream rouge gives a soft, natural illusion. Use it under powder. For an oily skin, liquid rouge is preferred by some. Use it under powder, too. Dry rouge is easiest to apply. It should never be used under powder, but over it. And last of all, blend the color so there won't be a sharp line of distinction between red and white. That's all. Use rouge if it becomes you, and remember that this year it's fashionable to be healthy, but that at the same time, this product must be applied with a light touch.

Now the lips. They should be tempting, not repelling. Therefore, don't coat your lips. Even the actresses don't do that for everyday wear, and those ladies know a thing or four about how to make the most of their looks. With the point of your lipstick, mark off the exact center of the upper lip and with a backward motion, color first one side and then the other. Next, press both upper and lower lips tightly together, and if you have followed the natural mouth line, you'll find the whole mouth is evenly painted and in proportion. Of course, color the inside of the lip as far as can be seen when you smile or laugh. And don't, don't, don't try to make full lips thin or thin lips full. You're not fooling anybody but yourself.

Of course, both lipstick and face rouge should be chosen to harmonize with your individual coloring and the costume you're wearing. As a useful hint, be sure to dry your lips thoroughly before applying your lipstick. You might even dust a little powder over them first. This drying process tends to make the lipstick adhere more evenly and more permanently. Try it.

WITH the application of the mouth, ends the "building" of the face. And after Dick had reached this point in his discourse, he called a passing chorine into his busy office, saying, "Look, now I'll show you."

She was very young and blonde, with large round blue eyes which were her best features. She had a round face, but not the kind for which Troy was sacked by any means—until Dick got to work on her.

To emphasize the do's and don'ts of make-up, Dick used on one side of her face, the steps which I have written down for you to follow. On the other he applied what he called "The Garbo" make-up—using precisely the methods I have warned you against using. I might add that there was never a girl more completely opposite in type to the magnificent Garbo.

And in fifteen minutes, there sat the model, part of her face natural and truly glorified. The other part was grotesque, completely out of keeping with her true type. Looking at her from this side, it utterly spoiled a face which nature in its own way had constructed with such care to line and rhythm. It was, indeed, a revelation.

Now, if you will take a lesson from the above, and follow the directions and hints which Dick has given you, you should be quite the other extreme from the woman to whom your attention was drawn by Joe or Bob or Louis. In fact, you should closely resemble the woman about whom he would say, "That girl is a wow! I've got to meet her."

But just as a final bit of advice and as a final warning, I'm going to give you a list of do's and don'ts which Dick gives the stars who step from his chair in quest of fame and fortune.

DON'TS

1. Don't rouge your lips over the natural mouth line.
2. Don't pencil your eyebrows in any other shape than nature intended them to be.
3. Don't use mascara or lipstick heavily.

DO'S

1. Preserve the natural structure of your face.
2. Make up your good points to advantage and shade the bad ones.
3. Daytime make-up is soft and light. Evening allows you to dip the paint brush more heavily, but remember, you are not a movie star playing a siren part.

Of course, Mary Biddle will be glad to advise you about any beauty problems that you may want to discuss with her, if you will drop her a note. The address is: Miss Mary Biddle, Modern Screen Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply.

Son of Tragedy

(*Continued from page 34*)

an old duelling pistol had put an end to what promised to be one of the most successful careers in pictures, and left a dying mother listening for a voice she would never hear again.

So sudden and unexpected were the blazing headlines, "Columbo Is Dead!" that even blasé Hollywood was shocked—and a trifle frightened. The boulevard punsters and gagmen were silent, and the wise ones offered no inside facts, but merely shook their heads in numb confusion.

RUSS COLUMBO was so young, so handsome, so friendly, and so unselfishly devoted to his family. It just didn't seem possible that he could be lying cold and still. He had had, too, a rather unhappy life up until the day he called the beginning of Chapter Three. His first love affair went smash. His first promising success in radio petered out after a brilliant start. A cherished brother had been killed in an automobile accident. And then, when everything seemed bright and happy once more, his young life was cut short.

A wonder and fear reached every studio, and was evident in the attitude of the great mass of men, women and children who stood so silently and so orderly outside the Blessed Sacrament Church where, five days before his crowning triumph, Russ Columbo's soul was consigned to his Maker.

No movie cameras or autograph hunters blasphemed the simple solemnity of the occasion, and as the pallbearers, headed by Bing Crosby, carried the casket, covered with a blanket of gardenias from Carole Lombard, only the sobs of hundreds of friends broke the stillness. Carole, supported by Russ's brother, John, and Dr. Harry Martin, was spared the stares and crowding of the curious.

In some manner, this death hit home in Hollywood and caused the village of make-believe to cast an apprehensive glance over its shoulder. If so happy and clean a life, and so promising a career, could be struck cold without a whisper of warning, just who can tell what will happen tomorrow. Or even today, so unexpected was this blow.

And yet, in one sense, not altogether unexpected.

Two days before Russ started making "Wake Up and Dream," he and this writer were driving through the hills of Hollywood, looking for a home for his family.

"I'm not satisfied with the place we just left," referring to the house he was leasing in Beverly Hills, "because I know mother would be happier where it is quieter, and a little more off the main road. So let's take a look up in Outpost."

"Aren't you planning to build for the family?" I asked. "Why not stay where you are till then—especially when you have the worry and work of just starting a picture."

"Maybe I'm funny about it," he replied, "but I want to grab some of the nicest things for mother right now. You know how it is. The old fellow with the scythe is always just around the corner.

"I am planning to build—but I don't want to wait—because you never know what might happen.

"For example," as he swung his car about an exceptionally sharp and steep turn, "suppose one of Hollywood's famous damphool drivers happened to be coming



"Peter, what has gotten into you? You're acting like a spoiled baby."

"Can't you tell Mother where to find the happy little boy she used to have?"





Peter can't answer, Mother, but we can. When a happy child suddenly becomes cross, contrary, sulky, he is usually constipated. Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

- A child's little symptoms should be taken seriously. A naughty child is often a child who is not well. His system is clogged with waste.
- At the first sign of trouble give Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. It acts gently but thoroughly. It is safe . . . contains no narcotics. And children love its taste.
- It's a grand first-aid, too, for the beginning of a cold. Look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton. Buy the family-size bottle and save money!

Chas. H. Fletcher.

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative from Babyhood to 11 years



News for Radio Fans!—*"Roxy" and his big new show, the Roxy Revue, are on the air for Fletcher's Castoria now. Don't miss it! It's grand fun, Saturdays, 8—8:45, Eastern Standard Time. Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network.*

down here just now, wide open. I'd have a great chance to build a house after that, wouldn't I?

"No. I have a hunch it's a good idea to get your living in today. Tomorrow is so absolutely uncertain."

Russ was the last person in the world to borrow trouble or to fear tomorrow—and on the day of his death he had talked excitedly of his new plans—but he did have this feeling, where his beloved family was concerned, against putting things off.

Not that trouble had overlooked him—for he had been caused considerable loss of time and money through lawsuits and misplaced confidence. So much so, that in business he was becoming extremely cautious, and skeptical of the promises of others.

Having heard startling rumors of what Hollywood usually does to radio stars who storm its citadel, he came to the screen not grandly confident as came Rudy Vallee, nor trustingly simple as came Kate Smith, nor yet boyishly eager as came Lanny Ross, but wary, alert for Hollywood's vicious left to the jaw that has sent so many of his contemporaries wobbling to the ropes.

IT was an over-developed eagerness to share everything he owned that caused Russ so much of his trouble during his first broadcasting days, and that resulted in his paying off several thousands of dollars in debts his friends and business associates had contracted.

The first time I called on Russ, he was laid up at home with an arm crippled from too much tennis, and was eager to talk about his first picture.

He was enthused, and anxious to start it, as he felt that the grim misfortune that had dogged him and his family for years (and that had recently taken his brother, Fiore in an automobile accident) had finally released its crushing grip.

"I'm mighty anxious to make good here," Russ explained, "because this town is my Alma Mater, so to speak. I came here from San Francisco when I was nine, and stayed until we stormed New York and radioland. I was the twelfth son of a family that was not too well off, and that gave me the feeling that it was up to me to look out for myself.

"Between playing concerts, studying voice, doing bits in the movies and doubling voice for some of the best known stars in the early days of the talkies, I managed to keep busy.

"Then I joined up with Gus Arnheim, and along with Bing Crosby, sang at the Cocoanut Grove—which brings us to about four years ago, when one of my brothers got the idea of turning an automobile salon into a club where I could fill in my spare time as an entertainer."

It is at this point that Russ Columbo's life story was picked up and made into the motion picture, "Twenty Million Sweethearts." Jerry Wald learned Russ's story, wrote it for a magazine and then, at Dick Powell's suggestion, rewrote it into a motion picture for Warner Brothers.

It was Con Conrad, the famous composer, who discovered Russ singing at the Columbo Brothers' Pyramid Club on Hollywood Boulevard, and talked him into making a flying trip to New York to storm radio—and then helped him skyrocket to fame.

"I'll never forget that Saturday we struck New York," smiled Russ, shifting his arm to a more comfortable position. "Once we were there Con didn't let any grass grow under his feet. I had a lot of confidence in him, but, being a big kid who had been taken in before, I was a little skeptical when he announced, casually, that inasmuch as he had to make some money for us to eat on, he would give Flo Ziegfeld a buzz and have him come over and hear some of his new songs.

"But when Ziegfeld received Con's phone call, he came over, bringing Harry Richman, Jack Pearl and Mark Hellinger with him."

How Con Conrad next took him to see Earl Carroll (who instantly wanted to put him in his show and write a special part for him) and then on to the midnight audition at the National Broadcasting Company is well known now, as is also the story of his rapid climb to fame, and the popularity of his "caressing" voice.

He started singing for the broadcasting company at no salary at all, but within two weeks' time his fan mail had grown to such volume that he was signed on a "commercial."



Marlene Dietrich, Rudolph Seiber, Josef Von Sternberg and Tamara Matul made a kinda sad-looking foursome, or maybe they were just terribly interested in Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream."



Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using ColoRinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for **Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.**

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NEW YORK



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Russ's fan following soon became so enormous and so partial to his voice that a national tour of personal appearances was decided upon—and after breaking box office records in theatres all over the country, he was sent on a second tour, this time appearing in the largest dance halls, and other public buildings available.

About this time the famous Columbo-Crosby feud was being exploited by the different radio broadcasting chains. Bing and Russ had worked together in the same orchestra and, because of the similarity of their voices, a good hot feud looked like excellent publicity copy.

Whenever he was asked about this feud, Russ used to merely grin and wink. He knew it was nonsense and Bing Crosby knew it was nonsense. But it so happened that, just a day before Russ Columbo's death, a newspaper ran a synthetic photograph showing Bing Crosby shooting Columbo—to illustrate the bitter feud that existed between them. One of those silly, but nevertheless harmful, things that misguided publicity does.

"I hope no one took that seriously," says Bing. "I tell you it gave me an awful shock. A creepy feeling.

"Everybody who knew either of us intimately knew there was nothing to that feud idea at all. It was started back east, by the radio people.

"After both of us settled in California we were together many times at my house and at Carole's.

"Russ and I were always chummy. Way back when he played a violin in Gus Arnheim's orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove and sang in one trio, while I sang in another, Russ and I used to go around together, sometimes alone and sometimes with Dixie, my wife, and Sally Blane.

"We often laughed over this so-called feud of late years—and figured it would die out when we appeared in pictures, and proved to be such entirely different types.

"Russ sent a christening present to my first baby, and flowers for my twins. During Dixie's long confinement, he sent flowers often.

"Few people felt Russ's loss more than I did—because, somehow, it seemed we should be sailing along together, as we had been the last three months of his life.

"I was proud when asked to officiate at his funeral as a pallbearer, and to play some small part in his last rites."

Thank you, Bing Crosby, for this friendly and fitting tribute.

What Adrienne Fears

(*Continued from page 55*)

was in New York on a visit. Yet, as though the fates had planned all this, Radio Pictures did loan Bruce out for one picture at Paramount, "Disgraced," believing that Claudette Colbert would be in it. When they learned that she couldn't, they tried to withdraw permission. But it was too late. Adrienne was hastily summoned to Hollywood for this picture.

When she met Bruce she didn't give him much thought. Oh, he was a nice boy, she figured, but that was all.

In Hollywood the conventions that govern most of us are calmly disregarded. In Hollywood married women separated from their husbands often go out with other men, and there is no scandal. So Adrienne Ames went about with various men, with Maurice Chevalier and David



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Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids . . . each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure melts into your lips leaving no trace of paste or film . . . just soft, warm, ripe, red, indelible color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it absolutely hides small blemishes and gives you a skin that invites caresses.

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New Charm
with this amazing
NAIL POLISH



New shades LADY LILLIAN Nail Polish — transparent or creme — made to harmonize with your natural coloring

—See Special Offer Below*

● A great many women believe that the first consideration in the choice of nail polish shades is the colors in their wardrobes. Beauty experts advise quite differently—say that nail polish shades should first of all match natural coloring for only then will nail polish help you attain the true charm of your color type.

No wonder the new shades of Lady Lillian Nail Polish first announced in Vogue are creating such a sensation. They include a full series of nine colors, based on the true colors of the artist's palette, in both transparent and creme type polishes.

The new Lady Lillian Polish shades flow on smoothly, leaving an unbroken surface without bubble or crumb. They dry rapidly, leaving no odor to collide with your perfume. They last and last because they do not chip and do not fade.

Individual bottles of Lady Lillian Nail Polish, Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil, cost but 25c at Department Stores and Drug Stores. There are 10c sizes at "five-and-tens." And you can buy complete Lady Lillian Manicure Sets at prices that will surprise you. Lady Lillian Products are approved by *Good Housekeeping*. Booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring" comes with polish and sets.

***TRIAL OFFER**—One daytime and one evening shade of Lady Lillian Nail Polish—made especially for your color type—with Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Oil, Nail White, Emery Board, Manicure Stick and Cotton—and valuable booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring"—*All for 12c.*

I enclose 12c for the new Lady Lillian Manicure Set described above. I prefer Transparent...or Creme Polish... I am True Blonde....Ash Blonde....Light Brunette.... Chestnut Brunette....Dark Brunette....Titian Red.... Silver Hair.....Black Hair.....Black with Silver.... Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

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Manners, for instance, and thought nothing of it. Nor did she think anything of it when she turned to Bruce Cabot one day and asked if he'd like to accompany her and Earl Kenton, the director, and his wife to the fights at the Olympic Stadium. And then fate began to arrange the strange threads that wove the pattern of her love for Bruce Cabot. Florence, Earl Kenton's wife, was ill, and Bruce and Adrienne went with Adrienne's sister.

"I never thought I'd fall in love," Adrienne says today. "Never did I dream what was in store for us. Then I found myself suddenly in the midst of a whirlpool of emotion. When you're caught in a whirlpool, what can you do? Fight against it? Struggle? You know you can't. When Bruce and I discovered ourselves to be in love, all I could think of was how I could tell Stephen, how I could soften the blow so it would not hurt him so much. I knew then that there could be no going back."

You know something of what happened, of how Stephen came to Hollywood and of how Adrienne told him of her love for Bruce. Stephen at first refused to believe her, insisted that this was merely a temporary infatuation. "You can't be in love with Bruce," he told her, for he could not believe that any woman in her right mind could prefer a struggling young actor to an established business man.

"Stephen," Adrienne said in a stunned voice, "don't you know that wealth has never meant very much to me?"

But Stephen would not understand. His pride was too deeply wounded.

Sincerely believing that all this was temporary, he asked Adrienne Ames to test her love for Bruce by a "trial separation." And in Mike Levee's office, Adrienne said, "I'll do it since you ask it, Stephen. But only because you want me to. In my heart there is no doubt, I know."

WHEN Mr. Ames knew that they had to face divorce, he insisted that his adoption of Adrienne's daughter be cancelled immediately. And Adrienne, proudly standing beside Cabot, whom she loved, agreed. For there was only one thing they wanted in the world, and that was each other. But they wanted each other as husband and wife, not in some sordid affair. If it had been a cheap little love and Adrienne had been that sort of person, she could have lied to and deceived Stephen. But she wasn't like that and her love wasn't like that. It was the greatest, most compelling thing that had ever happened to her, and for it she was willing to sacrifice security and even the life of ease that Stephen could offer her child. Bruce adopted Adrienne's daughter.

"Together, I thought Bruce and I could lick the world," Adrienne told me. "Bruce has so many qualities that I lack and I have some that he needs. Together I thought that we would complement each other and win happiness."

Well, are they winning happiness together? The answer to that isn't so simple. They are fighting desperately hard to hold their happiness, and I hope that they are not fighting a losing battle.

When Bruce met Adrienne he had been bitterly hurt by life, and so he was sullen and unhappy. In his unhappiness, he became sarcastic and impatient with people. Never had he known what it was to have a meaning and purpose to his life, though he had once been married. When he was four, his mother had died, and he had been brought up by a stepmother. When he was fourteen, he ran away from school and fought his way in the world alone. Women disillusioned him. He wasn't surprised. Friends betrayed him. He began to expect those things to happen.

Then Adrienne came along and held out the shining torch of faith to him, gave him something, someone to believe in. Women just couldn't love sincerely, he knew. And then Adrienne, by sacrificing everything that Stephen Ames could offer, proved that there were women who could. Gradually, he began to believe in Adrienne, in himself, in the self she showed him, the finer qualities that made her fall in love with him, in his ability to conquer the arrogance and cynicism that had made people in Hollywood dislike him.

He fought a desperate battle with himself and, to a great extent, won. Adrienne knows how to be a wife. She works, actually works at it, by which I mean that she gives a man faith in his ability and powers.

BUT she is, alas, an idealist and a perfectionist. Perhaps she works too hard at bringing out the best in the man she loves. And there comes a time, I'm afraid, when male vanity can stand no more, when the effort to rise above oneself becomes tinged with bitterness.

Whether or not their marriage succeeds, they have done a great deal for each other. People who knew Bruce before his marriage, remark on how much he's changed. He even looks better. Two years ago, his mouth was bitter and he appeared terribly unhappy. Today there's radiant health bubbling up in him, and you can recognize the boyish qualities that Adrienne fell in love with and helped to bring out.

As for Adrienne, Bruce has taught her how to play. Always too intense about her work, she had a tendency to worry about it ceaselessly. He has taught her to laugh things off. And he has also made her as self-reliant as life had made her before she met Stephen Ames. While she was married to Stephen, she ran to him with every problem and asked his advice before she made any decision. Stephen, an astute business man, loved to thrash things out for hours. But Bruce doesn't believe in that. He encourages Adrienne to make her decisions first, and tell him about them afterwards.

For instance, when Adrienne was in doubt as to whether to continue with Paramount or to free-lance, it was she who decided in favor of free-lancing, and not until she had made up her mind, did she tell Bruce about it. It isn't easy, when you've gotten into the habit of asking advice, to win back the self-reliance you started with.

When he is aroused, Bruce has a terrible temper, and Adrienne claims that when she is angry, hers is still worse. But for Bruce's sake, because she loves him, she has learned to curb that temper. For she knows he loves her, too, and is trying to live up to the best in himself.

And yet for all that, I think their marriage is a great big question mark. If you have ever been married to someone or been in love with someone who had faults you tried to change, you'll understand why. Adrienne and Bruce are trying to convince themselves and each other that what they're going through is a difficult period of readjustment, and that everything will come out all right. For their sakes, I hope they're right.

But it is not easy, when you have gone through years of doubting people, to change the habit of those years. And Bruce finds it hard to cling to the faith Adrienne tried to instill in him. Again and again he slips back into the habit of doubting others, doubting himself, doubt-

ing her, doubting his power to hold her. And that is always a losing battle. For when you doubt the strength of the bond that holds you to another, by your very doubt, you loosen that bond.

THERE was, for instance, the time when a columnist said that Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot had been planning a divorce, but had torn up the time-tables to Reno. The story was published two days after Adrienne arrived in New York to make "Gigolette" at the Biograph Studios.

"Did Bruce say anything about that?" I asked Adrienne.

"Yes," she admitted, "he called me up and asked if I had been giving interviews that I was going to leave him."

"Bruce," I told him, "I read that story, too, and I might just as well have believed that you'd given out that story, but I didn't. Why can't you believe in me?"

The tragedy of it is that Adrienne is a woman at war with herself. She is deeply maternal and, therefore, is attracted by the very weaknesses that she tries so hard to change. She is at war with herself, too, because of her sensitiveness and her fine pride. On one hand, she could forgive Bruce almost anything because she loves him so deeply, and on the other, she suffers cruelly from every slight, from every hastily-spoken word.

Rarely, has she known real happiness. Perhaps only once, just before her marriage to Bruce, when they were caught in the tide of their love and swept along by it. Then, he was at her home often, and her two sisters were there, Jane and Linda, and their home was full of laughter and joy. Never before had she been so happy, and some instinct warned her that never again would she be.

Her younger sister was trying to get into the movies. Adrienne named her Linda March and proudly took her to the studios. This young sister worshipped Adrienne and Adrienne in turn adored her.

"She looked like me," she told me, her voice breaking. "Isn't it strange how someone's features can be altogether different from yours and yet that person look just like you? Linda looked up to me. She tried to wear her hair like mine, to dress like me, to be like me in so many ways. People used to joke about it.

"So blissfully happy were we that summer that I felt as if we'd reached a climax, and that we could never stay on that pinnacle of happiness. Somehow, I think, we all felt that.

"We were right. Our whole little world collapsed. While Bruce and I were on our honeymoon in Honolulu, Linda went to Stanford to see the football game. She came back from the game in a little car, and a car full of drunken people crashed into it. Linda was instantly killed, and with her went half my heart.

"There was a time then, when I thought I'd lose everything, myself, our love. It was summer, and Bruce was away most of the day playing golf. I had more time to myself than I had ever had in my life. I was alone in the house, brooding. I grew more and more morbid, until luckily I got a chance to play in a picture with W. C. Fields. It was a life-saver, for I can't bear idleness.

"I think this separation, while I am working in the East, may be the best thing in the world for Bruce and myself. Now that we have had a chance to find out how much we miss each other, perhaps everything will be all right and we will be able to straighten out our lives again. Because with all my heart, with all my soul, I want to make this marriage last."



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World's Standard



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Hollywood Thinks He's Nutty

(*Continued from page 41*)

thinks he's mad, but when you understand his background, when you realize the depth of his ideals, you may not agree with Hollywood.

As a boy in Czechoslovakia, he was lured by the stage, but his very strict parents warned him, "If you become an actor, you are no son of ours. We disown you."

BUT Lederer was more determined than they. The theatre was his goal, until one day he saw a theatrical performance in which the hero smoked a cigarette. Even at that time Francis was an ascetic. His parents had taught him the benefits of abstemiousness. "I cannot go on the stage if I must smoke," Francis said and he put the theatre out of his mind and got himself a job selling—of all things—women's dress goods. Honest.

The call of the theatre, however, was too great. "Ambition slept in me," he said. "It woke again and I began to look for work in the theatre."

Unbeknownst to his parents he got a job as a super in the opera, "Lohengrin." And he acted even in the mob scene, where there was no need for acting. One of the real actors noticed this intense, eager boy and offered to give him lessons. When Francis at last got the courage to read lines to his father, the father waived his objections and gave the son his blessing for a theatrical career.

Francis threw himself into his work to the exclusion of all other interests—except one. At seventeen he became a violent pacifist. Even now, as you know, he is an ardent worker in the peace movement.

This, in brief, is Lederer's background: A son of strict, poor, proud people, a lad with the burning desire to create, with tremendously high ideals and the will to put these ideals into practice. In Europe, such a young man is not unusual. In Hollywood, he is a curious sport of nature. Lederer is handsome and romantic, yet he behaves not at all like a glamorous matinée idol. So weird stories about him are constantly being circulated. He's got Hollywood wondering.

Let me tell you more anecdotes of his Hollywood career. You'll realize that he is not cut to any pattern.

When he first arrived in Hollywood, he registered at the Athletic Club. The first night he stood on Sunset Boulevard and engaged himself in his pet stunt—gazing at the stars. He stood so long that he darn near got taken to the police station by a cop who thought he must be a lookout for a burglar.

Francis decided that he should have a home in Hollywood. But none of the big showy places interested him. Instead, he found a farm house, made of stone, on a hill above Ventura Boulevard. It suited him exactly and when people suggested various Hollywood interior decorators to furnish the house, he refused to meet them and set to work to design his own furniture and have it made. So eager was he to be in the new place that he could not wait for the carpenters to finish. He moved into the servants' quarters and lived there all alone.

IN this strange house, there is one room in which he keeps nothing but good luck charms and gifts that friends have given him. He is very superstitious. When someone presents him with a gift, he insists that the giver spit on it six times. (It looks sort of odd if the present is made of white velvet. The best thing to give Francis Lederer is something dark with a smooth surface.)

Women adore him. He is a romantic-looking man. But this is how the romantic actor behaves. Once on his way home from the studio he saw, advertised at a neighborhood theatre, a film he had wanted to see for a long time. He was tired. He knew he had to get up early the next morning, but he wanted to see the picture.



SCOTT PHOTO

Francis Lederer, the man who would rather gaze at stars than go to Hollywood parties, finds himself at the testimonial dinner tendered Max Reinhardt at the Biltmore. Steffi Duna is the girl friend.

So, in order to save time, he bought a bag of sandwiches and went into the theatre to eat them. When he had finished, he was still hungry and the picture wasn't finished. So, completely without embarrassment, he sent the usher out to buy more sandwiches.

He says he is too busy to eat regularly. And why is he so busy? His time away from the studio is given to his plan for world peace. He maintains a busy office on Hollywood Boulevard, where stenographers and secretaries—whose salaries he pays out of his own pocket—send out literature. His idea is that the people should be allowed to vote for or against war. He thinks that would stop all wars.

He is constantly making speeches about and holding meetings for world peace and sometimes his faulty English immeasurably brightens the meetings. In San Francisco, in front of a group of clubwomen, he said, "I want you to know that I have no *posterior* motive in this campaign."

He admires beautiful and intelligent women tremendously. Steffi Duna is a friend of years' standing. But when she came to Hollywood, Lederer would not help her to acquire film fame. He insisted that she prove her own talents. His friendship for Steffi comes close to being a romance. The Joan Crawford-Francis Lederer gossip is bunk. They admire each other, but there just isn't any romance. Anna May Wong he declares to be the most intelligent woman he ever met. Gail Patrick and Kay Francis he thinks are two of the most beautiful women in Hollywood. He kisses the hand of every woman he meets. Hollywood tried to kid him out of that, but Francis wouldn't be kidded. He goes right ahead kissing hands.

He goes right ahead doing as he pleases in spite of what Hollywood thinks. His spirit cannot be broken. His terrific idealism is a part of him and he will always give of himself in an attempt to make the world a better place in which to live.

This is your introduction to Francis Lederer. Hollywood thinks he's nutty. And now that you have all the evidence, what do you think?

The Great Laughton Mystery

(*Continued from page 54*)

training. That might have been necessary in the beginning but, with the advance in films, it no longer applies. Adolphe Menjou learned all he knows from the screen. Yet he is as competent as any actor from the stage. Norma Shearer is an actress of real emotional feeling.

"You've got a very intelligent man in films. His name is Irving Thalberg. He possesses a balance that is rare in producers. He never knows it all. I talked with him by telephone from London for the part of Papa Barrett in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.' He said it was a putrid part for me. He said people would continue to hate me for portraying that demoniacal old man. I answered that I didn't believe people associated players with the parts they portrayed and that I wasn't afraid of risking it. I won him over. I like working with Thalberg because he combines the action of the executive with a sensitiveness rarely found in producers. He really likes actors whereas most producers distrust and mis-

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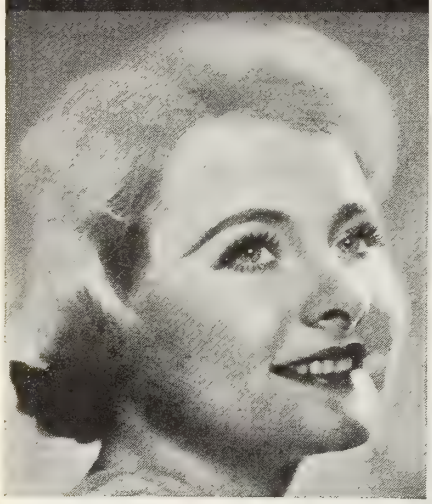
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understand them. He is always ready to talk over disputed points." He hadn't as nice things to say "off the record" about certain other film executives. "Look now," he pleaded, "you won't print what I ask you not to, will you? No use making enemies, you know."

"Money means nothing to you, does it?" I asked, remembering how he had turned down movie thousands for a chance to do Shakespeare at $100 a week at the Victoria Theatre in London.

"Oh, come now," he answered irritably. "I won't say that. Of course money means something to me. I should be snobbish to say otherwise."

"Just what?"

He thought. "It means security against the days when I might not have any. It means peace and freedom from worry and (here was what I'd waited to hear) a chance to play the old 'Vic' again. I don't like luxury. I don't want money for the mere spending. Let the others have their extravagant cars and homes.

"All I want out of Hollywood is a chance to keep working. I want to be acting five, ten years from now. I don't want to be typed, pigeon-holed and killed as was Emil Jannings. I want to do all kinds of parts, especially comedy. I do that best."

HE finished his hearty luncheon of liver and bacon and we started for the dressing-room. Outside the restaurant, we met Fred Datig, Paramount's casting chief and another executive. Laughton spying them, instantly became another person. Tossing aside his serious role, he threw wide his arms and, assuming the characteristics of an effeminate man, rushed toward them exclaiming, "Darlings," embracing them.

Then followed some delicious horseplay when Laughton, Academy Award winner, might have been taken for Fatty Arbuckle in one of his noisier and more ludicrous moments. Wisecrack followed wisecrack. Laughton was another man! Datig offered that a dressing-room would soon be ready for him, he thought. "You *think* so, do you?" mocked Laughton. "Oh you do, do you? You think you're finally going to break down and give ol' Massa Laughton a dressin'-room. Okay boss, ef dats de sitchiashun—" And he broke into a negro shuffle, kicking out his feet in rhythmic undulations.

I stopped short, gasping. This quiet, sensitive, over-intelligent artist, Laughton, had suddenly turned clown. The man I thought I was getting to know had up and kicked over the applecart. He giggled, running a delicate hand through his stringy long hair, strands of which were still bleached from his part in "Barretts."

I trailed along bewildered. We stopped at a set en route to the dressing-room. It was an Italian bedroom on a raised stage. Through its windows could be seen a Venice canal and buildings in miniature. Laughton couldn't pass it. We entered and he stood spellbound with admiration. The mystery of his theatre took hold of him. "My God, isn't that wonderful?" he muttered to himself. He shuffled onto the stage and, unconcerned, allowed a laborer to sweep dust from a rug of the waist-high set directly into his face. "Would you please tell me what picture this set is for?" he asked, exactly as a little boy would ask. The laborer paid no attention to him and I repeated his question. The answer was, "Dunno the name of the picture. It's Number 166."

"My God," again breathed Laughton, staring at the set, "he doesn't even know the name of the picture." For one to have so little interest in such a magic thing as that set seemed, very apparently, blasphemous to Laughton. He walked behind the platform to examine the miniatures. Then, awed, he sauntered up onto the set to see how the miniatures looked through the windows. To no one at all he muttered, "Wonderful, simply wonderful!"

WE continued to the buildings containing the dressing-rooms. Number 240, which they said was to be ours for the remainder of the interview, hadn't been opened as ordered. "Charlie's got the key and he's upstairs," drawled the floor-man disinterestedly. Laughton waited awhile then, suddenly, bounded up the stairs crying, "Charlie, oh, *Chaw*-lee. Yoo-hoo! *Chawles!*"

After awhile he reappeared in the wake of a puzzled man who viewed him, it was evident, as plain nuts. We entered and Laughton sprawled on the couch, pulled a pillow over his face. There he lay, one leg dangling to the floor, silent and quite oblivious to anyone or anything.

I asked him about "Henry VIII."

"We had the dickens of a time," emerged from beneath the pillow. A pause. "In the beginning," he continued, "we had Hollywood money behind us, but when they learned we were going to do an historical drama, they withdrew every penny of it. They said it wouldn't pull. We didn't know from one day to the next where we'd get money for the extras. I worked on a percentage basis, thank God." Quickly he got tired of talking of that. He squirmed, throwing one leg in one direction and another in the other. His arms flailed wildly, finally coming to rest underneath his head.

"You know," he offered quietly, "I don't know why they go to see me in pictures. I'm so ugly! Why would they want to see me when there's Bing Crosby, a perfectly delightful fellow. And with such a voice. I'm fat and dull. Only good for comedy —low comedy at that."

It doesn't seem exactly consistent that Charles Laughton, with his intelligence, would ask why people go to see him when they can see Bing Crosby. I, who can take my Crosbys or leave them, but who wouldn't miss a Laughton film if hell froze, can hardly believe that Laughton was serious when he popped that question. It all added to the great Laughton riddle.

Or maybe Laughton *was* serious about Crosby. Does this man consider the Crosbys of the screen have something he hasn't? Is this strange combination of aesthete and buffoon, this baffling possessor of exquisite wit and low comedy, actually a little envious of his less-gifted, earthier brothers? Laughton alone can tell you.

Charles Laughton—wine in a coffee mug—six-gaiter hitched to a dump-wagon —rare lace on a street-walker's peek-a-boo waist—

I'd give anything to know what Laughton was thinking as he put up with my interview. I'd give anything for his thoughts as he allows our super-super directors to tell him what to do and how to do it.

This article probably won't please him, but that's all right. He'll never see it. He has no interest in reading about himself. One of the finest pieces of reporting on record was a story on Laughton by a New York writer. I told him about it. He yawned. As I remember, he didn't even answer. I know of no one else in Hollywood who would react so.

You'll never know Charles Laughton. You won't know him now that you've read this article and after you've read a hundred better ones. Don't let anyone in Hollywood tell you he knows Charles Laughton. Tell him I said he doesn't.

Charles Laughton is alone.

The Most Romantic Story Ever Told

(*Continued from page 29*)

times a day in different costumes, so that the "Indians" who were being attacked by the "cowboys" were also the cowboys who were doing the attacking. And the placid "squaws" seated around the campfire with their backs to it, were often his own wife, Linda, a friend of hers, the wardrobe woman, or anyone who happened to be handy.

Griffith did not know that one day his genius was to flash from the screen across that far-flung battlefield in "Birth of a Nation." He did not know that when he engaged, for three dollars a day, a girl who told him she had been a stage actress, that she was to become "America's Sweetheart," and that when she brought to the studio two frightened girls and asked "Mr. Griffith" to give them work, too, that one of them—Lillian Gish—was to be proclaimed the greatest movie actress of her day and the inspiration for reams of encomium from the intelligentsia of America.

If Griffith could not even foresee greatness for the Pickfords and the Gishes—and to him they were simply fluttery girls with emotion—how could anyone have looked far enough into the future to prophesy Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford, Mae West, Jean Harlow—these latter-day artists who make Hollywood what it is? How could even a part of the Hollywood that is today be imagined by these pioneers?

And, going even farther back than D. W. Griffith, do you suppose that Leland Stanford knew that he was starting the sixth largest industry in America when, after a good dinner one evening, he advanced the theory that a horse at full gallop lifts all four feet off the ground. A friend disagreed. An argument started. A bet was made. And that, you motion picture fans, is the way the movies began.

LELAND STANFORD was a wealthy man and a sportsman. He set about to collect his bet by proving that he was right about the horse's feet. For years various photographs were taken and the results were unsatisfactory, but at last a photographer assured Stanford that he knew a way to prove or disprove the theory. John D. Isaacs placed a number of cameras in a row and concocted some electrical device whereby the shutter of each camera would open and shut as the horse galloped past. The result was a series of pictures each showing the horse in a different position.

Stanford looked at them, saw that he was right about the horse's feet, showed them to his friend, collected the bet and, in 1882, published a book of the pictures. Undoubtedly he thought no more about it. But these were the first action photographs, the very first pictures to show a living thing in motion. In all probability, had it not been for this sportsman's bet, you and I would not today, be able to see Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn upon the screen. And if that isn't an industrial romance, then I wish you would tell me what it is.

I shall not bore you with all the details of the invention of motion pictures from the time that Stanford's horse ran past Isaac's cameras until perfection was reached. Suffice it to say that inventors began to work madly, but soon realized



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The Beerys—Wally, with daughter Ann, and brother Noah—pose for a snapshot on Hollywood Boulevard.

Scott Photo



And I had to be Scolded into trying it

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Many users of these remarkable tablets have given them endorsement as strong as that! Many are grateful enough to spread the word at every opportunity. For Midol *does* bring definite relief, and prompt relief from periodic pain even to those who have always suffered severely. You can go through this trying time without those severe pains if you use Midol. At least, many women do—and find they can be quite as active as usual.

The best way to use these tablets is, of course, to anticipate the time for any expected pain—or at least, take a tablet the first moment there is the slightest indication of the pain coming on. There is no need to postpone the comfort of this special medicine, for there is no harmful effect from its use—no after-effects.

That's the beauty of this discovery; Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. All drugstores have these tablets.

that a series of cameras would not do and one camera, able to photograph a series of pictures, was necessary.

At this point Thomas A. Edison stepped in and—just as a little side line—decided that he would toss off a motion picture camera in a spare moment. He was busy with such boons to humanity as the incandescent lamp. He did not realize that when he decided to look into action pictures he was giving humanity as great a boon as electric light. But here is a strange and romantic thing. Away back there in 1886 Edison's idea was to make talking pictures. He began to experiment with a camera to photograph movement only as a subsidiary of the "talking machine" which he had just invented. He thought it would be an amusing idea for those who listened to the phonograph to be able to see the singer singing.

It was in reality "talkies" that Edison had in mind, but somewhere in an inventor's laboratory the talking machine and the motion picture were divorced, silent films resulted, and it was not until thirty years later that the two devices were re-wed.

Ask your father to tell you about Edison's, or rather Dickson's (for W. K. L. Dickson, one of Edison's assistants, was put in charge of the invention), "kinetoscope." Your father can tell you how he used to drop a penny in the slot of a cumbersome machine, glue his eyes to a hole and watch tiny human beings dance or box. These little peep shows, which nobody took very seriously, are what you can thank for the wonderful and elaborate movies you enjoy today. These were the first actual movies, the tiny heralds of the glory of today's cinema.

WE can skip lightly over the years when the peep show became a room where a hundred or more people could sit and watch, not miniature men and women, but life-size ones moving across a screen. Dozens of men invested their money in the new "novelty"—pictures that moved. Most of these men are now multi-millionaires and you know them as the leading executives of the studios of today.

Almost any moving picture was interesting. There was no thought of telling a story in film. It was not until 1903 that Edwin S. Porter got together a group of second-rate actors, went to New Jersey, borrowed a railroad train and proceeded to film "The Great Train Robbery." This was a wild and woolly melodrama and it ran for seven hundred and forty feet of film. In order to get an idea of its length—or, rather, its shortness—one must remember that today a reel of film is 1,000 feet. Most feature pictures are seven or eight reels long.

"The Great Train Robbery" was a sensation. The movies were real entertainment, just like the stage. It is true that the characters all rushed through their parts faster than the train coming down the track. There were no close-ups—that was to come later; no subtleties of emotion—that must wait for many, many years. The villain was bad, the hero was good, but everybody moved and moved and moved.

In those days there were no studios. All scenes were taken outdoors and the natural background used. A scenario could be bought for ten or fifteen dollars. If a producer paid twenty-five dollars for a story he demanded an epic. The players—there were no stars, since the audience did not even know the names or faces of the actors they saw—received from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week. And you know all about the fabulous sums actors and actresses receive today.

When you think of the enormous salaries paid to scenario writers today, you pity these early writers. But when you see some of their efforts, you think they were overpaid. Benjamin Hampton, in



Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, dance team de luxe, do "The Continental," a new version of the popular "Carioca," in RKO's grand musical comedy "The Gay Divorcee."

his "A History of the Movies," gives a typical example of the stories of that time. Here it is:

"A poor but proud maiden, reduced to poverty by misfortune, unable to secure work, is forced to beg in order to supply nourishment for her sick mother. At a resort she resents the familiarity of a man who has offered alms and is struck by the beauty of the maiden. She attempts suicide by asphyxiation, but the young man, overcome with remorse, follows her and is able to intercede in time to save her life. He leaves some coin with the mother and departs. The sincere repentence of the man wins the respect of the maid, and in the conclusion we see all the principals of the story united in a happy home."

And that, oh so gentle readers, is what your mothers and fathers loved. They wept over just such a film plot—pitied the poor girl, hissed the villain who, in this case, suddenly turned hero. But the point is that it was because your mothers and fathers did weep over these early films that the films you see today became possible.

Supposedly shrewd business men called movies "flickering atrocities." They dubbed them "novelties" that could last but a short time. They refused to lend money to promote them. But the public saw and was conquered. The public demanded films, flocked to see them, and that is why I say that the movies belong to you. In later chapters of this story you will see that when the public voiced its disapproval of certain entertainment, the producers jumped through hoops to give the public what it wanted.

Thus were pictures born. Next month I am going to tell you stories of the first stars of the movies—those hard-working, underpaid stars who paved the way for the sleek, glamorous, wealthy men and women you worship today.

How To Become an Orchid

(*Continued from page 40*)

I have changed, matured. I am sincerely glad to hear you say that. When you met me, seven years ago, I was commencing work in 'The Wedding March.' It was my first interview. *I was* a different girl. I was so shy that I went through agonies during our conversation.

WHEN you left, you turned to another writer and said, 'She is good copy.' I have remembered that all these years. I didn't know whether you were complimenting me or poking fun at me. After I reached home, I thought to myself, 'What can she mean, "good copy"?'

"You can imagine the naiveté of a girl so inexperienced that she doesn't even know the catch phrases of her profession. You can imagine the long way she has come to have you tell her that she has poise and that you notice a marked change in her.

"You are not the only one who has noticed a change in me. Electricians, cameramen, wardrobe women, studio workers, who knew me when I was making Westerns for Universal, tell me the same thing now, when I meet them on various sets. Just the other day, Ernest Bachrach, the photographer, stopped me and said, 'Fay what a change! When you were at Paramount you walked with your nose in the air, speaking to no one. I knew that it wasn't because you were high-hat, but because you were shy. I used to want to figure out some way to tell you to be less



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formidable, more friendly. Now you have just that quality.'"

Actually, the story of Fay's transition from a modest violet to a high-powered orchid, mistress of one of Hollywood's most beautiful homes, hostess and conversationalist, should be entitled "life begins at marriage." It was Fay's marriage, after a hasty, impetuous romance, in the manner approved by fiction writers, to John Monk Saunders at Easton, Maryland, in June, 1928, that brought about the evolution of Fay from maid to matron, from violet to orchid.

Saunders, Minnesota-born, is a Rhodes scholar, and that speaks for itself. As an honor student from a university in the state of Washington, the high grade of his credits won him the privilege of attending England's time-honored Oxford University, all expenses paid by the Rhodes scholarship.

Beyond his very good looks, young Saunders' writing talent has brought him considerable attention. He has written, among other noteworthies, "Wings," "Dawn Patrol," "The Last Flight" and "The Legion of the Condemned." It was in this last picture that Fay met him (she was doing the feminine lead opposite Gary Cooper), and their romance flourished, culminating in marriage.

CONSCIOUSLY and unconsciously, in the first and only love of her young life, Fay admired the mental agility of the man she had married. She admired his vast resources of intellect, his proficiency in languages, his ready estimate of good and bad in current fiction. Consciously, too, she realized her own limitations. She knew that she could not compete with his beautifully finished education.

"The result is," said Fay, "that I read the best of the current fiction before John has an opportunity to read his copies of the books and then I am prepared to discuss plot, motivation and characterization, when he happens to make some mention of the newest best-seller. Of course, I don't rush around and let him know that I'm reading it for that purpose. I let my comments come forth spontaneously.

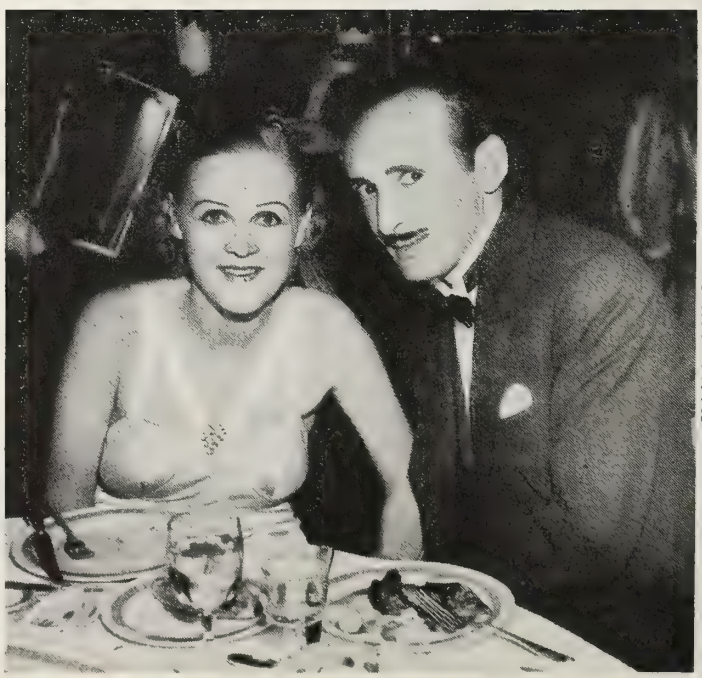
"A woman's development comes from evolution, from the things with which she surrounds herself. I have always liked the better things, not always the expensive things. Naturally, I gravitated towards them. Marriage seems to have cemented them more permanently in my life. John likes the better things, of course. John has an amazing flair for appreciating what is smart, and what is becoming to a woman, in feminine clothes. Some husbands, I am sure, have a 'dead spot' as far as women's clothes are concerned.

I CAN always be sure that if a dress is particularly attractive, John will comment on it. Being, probably, an adoring wife, I remember the type of gown he prefers and plan my wardrobe accordingly. Simple lines are good for me, I think. I know the days when I wore plaid taffetas and tight velvet bodices and black-and-white checked silk dresses with bright red hats. Today I buy many of my clothes from Irene Jones, who now designs for a local shop. Irene was, at various times, a studio designer, and owner of her own salon. She knows what looks well on me; plain, simple things, frequently of solid color—black, white, blue. But in back of this clothes thing is the unerring clothes sense that John has and which I follow."

John Monk Saunders seems to be the motivating spirit to which we always return in placing the responsibility for the evolution of Fay Wray. Lacking a John Monk Saunders, however, there is still considerable assistance, in Fay's words, for the culture and poise seeker. The better things of life are available to all. The public libraries are crowded with the classics, popular biographies, and late fiction.

Even though we do not live in the eucalyptus-flanked English house with its broad, green lawn, its tennis courts, its patio for tea-serving, its shiny ping-pong room overlooking the gardens, its long, home-like living room with a rough brick fireplace at one end, its mullioned windows, its grand piano and chaise longues and silver-brocaded curtains, the music that pours in through Fay and John Monk Saunders' mammoth radio is the same music that pours in through smaller and less pretentious radios throughout the land. It depends, merely, on whether you tune in to the syncopating strains of a jazz orchestra or the fine phrases of a symphony.

Rules for a happy marriage, Fay refuses to give out. Not usually superstitious, she simply refuses to tempt the fates. For



Gloria Stuart had a nice role in Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and husband Arthur Sheekman is right proud of Gloria.

six years their married life has flowed smoothly, quietly, serenely, unmarked by whirlpools. It has been aided and abetted, she thinks, by her utter silence about her marriage, and an almost complete silence about her husband. She has talked more, she said, about John Saunders in our present conversation, than she has ever talked before.

Many persons have asked her what makes her marriage successful. She refuses to discuss the question. When they press her further for a statement, she says, quietly, serenely, "I am married to John Monk Saunders." It works like an amulet against evil. Then and there the conversation on marriage and Fay languishes and dies. This day it was different. At every mention of a mental or spiritual development in Fay, the answer always was John. The only growth in which he had not aided was an added inch to her height since our last professional meeting seven years ago. Fay's development into the charming, poised woman she is today, is the natural evolution of a soul, surrounded by love, contentment and happiness.

THE keynote of Fay's personality is quietness and serenity, and yet, conversely, these are the very things that Fay seeks to discard along with her old "Wedding March" personality.

Although Fay's outward development may come from inner growth, she is always on the alert for outward blemishes. In the last year she has managed to erase one that caused her considerable chagrin when she discovered she was guilty of it. This happened to be the habit of moistening her lips with her tongue—often before speaking—frequently on the screen.

Fay cured herself in a week by constant vigilance. And it was worth it. Some years ago she set about curing herself of the habit that made her Mitzi of "The Wedding March" a memorable characterization. Director-Actor Eric von Stroheim noticed she had a shy, timid way of catching her lower lip partly under her teeth. "Do that every time you meet me in the picture," he advised. "It will do more to characterize Mitzi than anything else." So successfully did it record in the film that Fay found herself using it on other occasions. It was one of the first mannerisms that she did away with when she began to take stock of herself.

Her two desires are to go abroad with John and to be a truly great actress. The latter she has cherished since she was a little girl with two sisters and three brothers in mountainous Alberta, Canada. Then she dreamed of Broadway. Fame, and even that elusive quality called happiness, discovered her in Hollywood.

Today one of Hollywood's busiest actresses, with "commitments" (her word for contracts) to Columbia Pictures and United Artists, plus a handful of free-lance engagements to other studios, finds her receiving letters from young twelve-year-olds complimenting her for her "helpless but brave" attitude all through the cinema thriller "King Kong." Adults are beginning to write flattering letters about her Dulcie-like rôle in "The Affairs of Cellini," a United Artists' super-special. Her most recent effort is in "The Richest Girl in the World" for RKO.

Quiet, serene—these words fit into a description of the person that is Fay Wray. But I like to think of her as being a beautifully poised young woman who has cured herself of shyness and timidity, by the very simple expedient of following the dictates of her heart and surrounding herself with the things she loves best—books, music and intelligent people. She could so easily have fallen into the bright, hard, familiar pattern of Hollywood successes.



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The Report Card

(*Continued from page 10*)

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN (Paramount).
Very amusing. Cary Grant, Frances Drake and Edward Everett Horton.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (20th Century).
George Arliss, Edna May Oliver, Janet Beecher and Ralph Morgan.

LET'S TALK IT OVER (Universal).
A comedy with Chester Morris and Mae Clarke.

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG (Monogram).
Dixie Lee.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M-G-M).
Full of action and suspense is this Gable-Loy-Powell film.

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES (Warners).
Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez in a mystery you'll enjoy.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS (Paramount).
A Burns and Allen starring vehicle.

MELODY IN SPRING (Paramount).
Some nice music here. Lanny Ross, Mary Boland and Ann Sothern.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
You won't forget Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan in this thrilling hospital story.

THE MERRY FRINKS (Warners).
The funniest picture in months. Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Allen Jenkins.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess in a gangster role. Ann Dvorak and Helen Chandler.

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM (Universal).
Plenty of action in this tale about a fellow who wants to say goodbye to his prison days and go straight. Edward Arnold, Phillips Holmes, Mary Carlisle and Andy Devine.

THE MOONSTONE (Monogram).
David Manners and Gustav von Seyffertitz in a better-than-average mystery.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (Paramount).
Pauline Lord, as Mrs. Wiggs, Donald Meek, as Mr. Wiggs, and ZaSu Pitts, as Miss Hazy, are all worthy of much praise.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR (M-G-M).
Charlie Ruggles, Mary Carlisle and Una Merkel will keep you amused.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD (RKO).
A murder-mystery with those two funsters, Edna May Oliver and Jimmy Gleason.

THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG (Paramount).
Paul Cavanagh and Gertrude Michael as a couple of jewel thieves. With Alison Skipworth.

NOW AND FOREVER (Paramount).
Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple.

NOW I'LL TELL, BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN (Fox).
Spencer Tracy in a gambler role.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY (Paramount).
W. C. Fields being as funny as ever.

ORDERS IS ORDERS (Gaumont-British).
Burlesquing Hollywood. James Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood.

OUR DAILY BREAD (Viking-United Artists).
Tom Keene and Karen Morley.

PECK'S BAD BOY (Sol Lesser-Fox).
Jackie Cooper in the title role and Thomas Meighan as "Mr. Peck." A picture that the whole family will enjoy.

THE PERSONALITY KID (Warners).
About a prizefighter. Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount).
Mystery-comedy with Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts.

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (RKO-Radio).
Perfectly elegant entertainment. The cast could not have been better: Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Henry Stephenson, Fay Wray and Reginald Denny.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox).
A Gaynor picture that should please the fans. Lew Ayres does nicely, too.

SHE HAD TO CHOOSE (Majestic).
Not much plot here, but Regis Toomey, Isabel Jewell, Sally Blane and Larry Crabbe are fine.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS (Fox).
Alice Faye and Lew Ayres.

SHOOT THE WORKS (Paramount).
Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie in a musical.

SIDE STREETS (Warners).
Aline MacMahon and Paul Kelly.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia).
Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan and Joseph Schildkraut are splendid.

SMARTY (Warners).
Joan Blondell, Warren William and Edward Everett Horton in a real laugh-getter.

SORRELL AND SON (United Artists).
H. B. Warner and Hugh Williams.

SPITFIRE (RKO).
Katharine Hepburn.

STAMBOUL QUEST (M-G-M).
Wow spy tale. With Myrna Loy, George Brent, Lionel Atwill.

STUDENT TOUR (M-G-M).
Durante and Butterworth provide lots of laughs. Maxine Doyle and Phil Regan make a nice romantic team and sing some swell songs, too.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox).
Young poetess, Rochelle Hudson, falls in love with famous novelist, Warner Baxter. Good entertainment.

THIS MAN IS MINE (RKO).
Very enjoyable. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings and Kay Johnson.

WE LIVE AGAIN (Sam Goldwyn).
Based on "Resurrection," with Anna Sten and Fredric March.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount).
A musical you'll like. Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard and Burns-Allen.

WE'RE RICH AGAIN (RKO).
In which Marian Nixon proves that little girls from the country aren't so dumb. Edna May Oliver, Billie Burke, Joan Marsh, Reginald Denny and Grant Mitchell make it very lively.

WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO).
A story that's different and some grand acting by Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray.

WHIRLPOOL (Columbia).
Jack Holt and Jean Arthur.

WILD CARGO (RKO).
A Frank Buck animal picture.

THE WITCHING HOUR (Paramount).
About hypnotism. John Halliday, Tom Brown and Sir Guy Standing are exceptionally good.

WOMAN'S MAN (Monogram).
Marguerite de la Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford in an authentic Hollywood tale.

THE WORLD MOVES ON (Fox).
A beautiful story. Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone and Raul Roulien.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY (Columbia).
Walter Connolly turns in his usual good performance.

YOU BELONG TO ME (Paramount).
A poor story handicaps Lee Tracy and Helen Mack. But the six-year-old David Holt is a sensation.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

ADVENTURE GIRL (Van Beuren-RKO).
Joan Lowell is the girl.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox).
Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams do their best.

THE BLACK CAT (Universal).
Karloff and Lugosi in one picture!

BRITISH AGENT (Warners).
Another best-seller that didn't go over in the movies. Leslie Howard and Kay Francis save it.

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE (Fox).
Warner Oland, Drue Leyton and Donald Woods in another of the "Chan" series.

CITY PARK (Chesterfield).
Sally Blane, H. B. Walthall and Hale Hamilton.

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (Paramount).
Claude Rains.

CRIMSON ROMANCE (Mascot).
Ben Lyon, Sari Maritza, Erich Von Stroheim in a war picture.

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND (M-G-M).
Baseball fans will like it. With Robert Young, Madge Evans, Nat Pendleton, Paul Kelly and Ted Healy.

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE (Warners).
Very dull mystery. Warren William and Lyle Talbot.

THE DUDE RANGER (Fox).
A Western that's just average. George O'Brien and Irene Hervey.

ELMER AND ELSIE (Paramount).
Much ado about who is the head of the family, the wife or the husband. With George Bancroft and Frances Fuller.

FINISHING SCHOOL (RKO).
Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers and Billie Burke do some good acting.

THE FOUNTAIN (RKO).
Rather heavy. But the performances of Ann Harding, Jean Hersholt and Paul Lukas make the film worth while.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY (Warners).
Some amusing situations here. Charlie Ruggles, Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak, and Robert Barrat do nice work.

GAMBLING LADY (Warners).
Barbara Stanwyck.

GIFT OF GAB (Universal).
A huge cast—Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Ruth Etting, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, The Downey Sisters, Paul Lukas, Alice White, Graham McNamee, Karloff, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor.

GRAND CANARY (Fox).
Not so good. Warner Baxter and Madge Evans.

HAROLD TEEN (Warners).
Hal LeRoy and Rochelle Hudson as Harold and Lillums.

HELL BENT FOR LOVE (Columbia).
Tim McCoy and Lillian Bond.

HE WAS HER MAN (Warners).
Not up to the usual Cagney standard.

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE (RKO).
Very slow. Richard Dix and Dorothy Wilson head the cast.

HOUSEWIFE (Warners).
Weak story. George Brent, Bette Davis and Ann Dvorak.

I HATE WOMEN (Monogram).
Wallace Ford as a newspaperman.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).
Ruth Chatterton's latest film. With Adolphe Menjou.

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS (Warners).
Pretty poor yarn. With Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell.

LAUGHING BOY (M-G-M).
Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez.

THE LEMON DROP KID (Paramount).
Lee Tracy disappoints us again. Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy, William Frawley, Minna Gombell and Kitty Kelly here, too.

LOVE TIME (Fox).
Nils Asther in the Franz Schubert role. With Pat Paterson

MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warners).
There are a couple of laughs here but not sufficient to pull it out of the dull class. With Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods.

A MODERN HERO (Warners).
Dick Barthelmess and Jean Muir. About circus life.

MURDER IN TRINIDAD (Fox).
A dull mystery with Heather Angel and Nigel Bruce.

ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia).
Shirley Grey and Ralph Bellamy.

OUTCAST LADY (formerly called "Iris March") (M-G-M).
Suffers from censorship trouble. Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allan and Ralph Forbes do their best.

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia).
Very slow. With Stu Erwin, Ann Sothern and Arline Judge.

RETURN OF THE TERROR (Warners).
Lyle Talbot and Mary Astor.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount).
Marlene Dietrich's latest.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS (Liberty).
About a reform school. Sidney Fox, Lucille La Verne, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly and Toby Wing are in the cast.

SHE WAS A LADY (Fox).
Just too, too slow and heavy. Helen Twelvetrees, Ralph Morgan and Doris Lloyd.

STINGAREE (RKO).
Richard Dix and Irene Dunne do their best with a weak yarn.

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY (M-G-M).
Franchot Tone, Karen Morley and Jack LaRue can't do much with this.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO).
Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez.

THEIR BIG MOMENT (RKO).
ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville. You'll be disappointed in them this time.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS (Paramount).
George Raft and Frances Drake.

WAGON WHEELS (Paramount).
Randolph Scott, Gail Patrick, Raymond Hatton and Monte Blue are the principals in this Western.

WAKE UP AND DREAM (Universal).
A musical. With Russ Columbo, June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta.

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD (RKO).
Edward Arnold, Frankie Thomas and Karen Morley in a tale about divorce and its effect on children.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).
Excellent performances by Lewis Stone, Jean Parker and May Robson save it.

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL (Mascot).
William Haines is back again, with Judith Allen, Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Ted Fiorito and the Wampas Baby Stars.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BEGGARS HOLIDAY (Tower).
Hardie Albright, Sally O'Neill and Barbara Barondess.

BLACK MOON (Columbia).
The story is very poor. Jack Holt and Fay Wray are wasted.

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT (RKO-Radio).
Unsuccessful musical. A large cast gone to waste: Sidney Fox, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Sterling Holloway and Ned Sparks.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST (Monogram).
Very slow. Marian Marsh, Ralph Morgan, Louise Dresser and H. B. Walthall.

I GIVE MY LOVE (Universal).
Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and Eric Linden fail to make this interesting.

THE LADY IS WILLING (Columbia).
Leslie Howard, Binnie Barnes and Nigel Bruce in a slow-moving tale.

LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis.

MANDALAY (First National).
Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot. Not worth your time.

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE (Columbia).
This doesn't jell despite the presence of Jean Arthur, Richard Cromwell, Anita Louise and Donald Cook.

NO RANSOM (Liberty).
Leila Hyams, Phillips Holmes and Jack LaRue in an impossible story.

PARIS INTERLUDE (M-G-M).
Based on the play "All Good Americans." With Madge Evans, Robert Young, Una Merkel and Otto Kruger. Dull.

SECRET OF THE CHATEAU (Universal).
Inexcusably poor. Claire Dodd, Jack LaRue, Alice White, George E. Stone and Ferdinand Gottschalk are wasted.

STOLEN SWEETS (Chesterfield).
Charles Starrett and Sally Blane in a dull yarn.

UNCERTAIN LADY (Universal).
Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin.

WILD GOLD (Fox).
John Boles and Claire Trevor. Not worth while.

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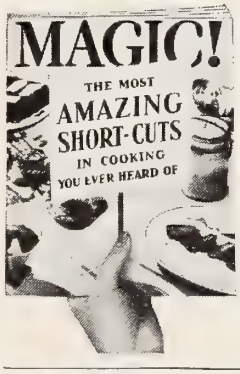
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½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup chopped nut meats

Mix brown sugar and water in a large saucepan and bring to a boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (230°F.—235°F.) Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire. Add chopped nut meats. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

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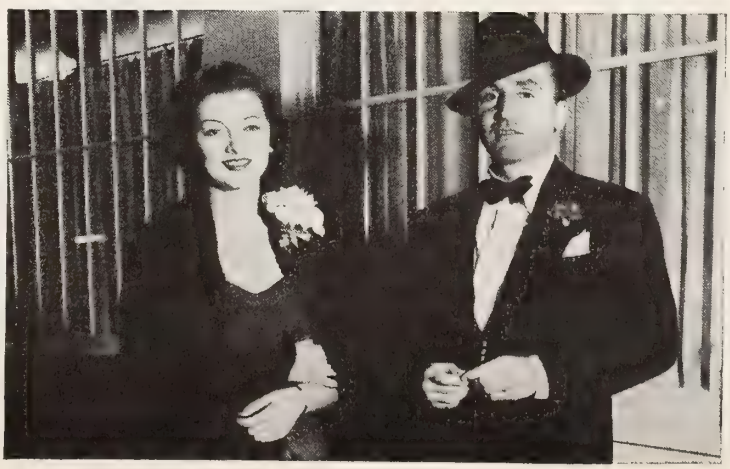
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Everybody who is anybody turned out for the opening of the Trocadero, Hollywood's newest dine-and-dance spot. Myrna Loy, looking particularly lovely, was there with Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

Scott Photo



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SOME women are "finished" at sixty. Some girls are "finished" at thirty. Then there's the type who never suffers defeat. At any age she's able to attract and hold men. Is it because she's so beautiful? Not always. At least half of these women are not beautiful. But they do breathe romance. They're glamorous. They know the art of being a woman . . . of *flattering* themselves.

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On Trial

(*Continued from page 35*)

American picture.

The Hollywood press was curious, of course. Expecting something in the nature of a cross between the Sphinx-y Garbo, or the pampered Dietrich, they found, instead (to quote one writer), "A patient soul, who sits in the outer offices of the studio waiting for her daily instructions, when she is not sitting quietly at home accepting the advice of her husband, Dr. Frenke."

Hollywood, long accustomed to the artificiality of its own glamorous women, looked on the strong modeled face of Anna Sten and labeled it "plain." Her careless wardrobe was nothing short of a scandal to the fashion editors, just as the simplicity of her private life was a blow to the gossip columnists. By the time "Nana" was ready for production, Hollywood was in a definitely "show me" frame of mind about Goldwyn's protégée.

Even more serious were the story and directorial difficulties that developed as "Nana" went along in production. The picture was half completed with George Fitzmaurice at the helm, when Goldwyn suddenly scrapped it, called in director Dorothy Arzner, and a new cast headed by Phillips Holmes. It was a discouraging and nerve-racking start for the new star, especially as she did not work well with several members of the new cast.

IN view of all this, it was only fair that judgment of Sten on the strength of "Nana" should have been withheld. Her second film, not the first, is to prove her real test as an outstanding screen star—or a flash in the pan. The answer will be found at the box office about six months after the release of "We Live Again."

But if, in the meantime, Hollywood is in a problematical frame of mind about Anna's future, I've reached the conclusion after a two-hour talk with her, that Anna, herself, is managing to remain surprisingly collected about the whole thing.

When I skirted the subject, asking if she would be terribly disappointed if anything happened to retard her Hollywood career, she turned her unusual eyes upon me, and said with a slight shrug:

"Why? I am happy where my work is. If I did not work in Hollywood, I would work in Berlin, or Hong Kong, or at the end of the earth, it does not matter. Places mean nothing to me. Only my work is important!"

"But you have built your home here!"

She said: "Oh, but that does not mean so much. We have built homes many places. We have one in Berlin, and one in Russia. We do not like to rent. We like to live in our own places, fixed just the way we like. We want lots of sunshine, and windows and plenty of room." Then, too, there is Anna's little ten-year-old step-daughter to be considered, Dr. Frenke's child by a former marriage. Not to forget nine dogs of various breeds that are part of the Sten-Frenke ménage.

Was this artistic nonchalance an "act?" In Dietrich it would be. I think it would be even in Garbo. But if Anna Sten really cares two snaps of her fingers about the pomp and glitter of off-screen Hollywood, then she has staged the most successful and realistic act of the entire school of "I don't care" stars, including Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan.

For instance; for the occasion of this interview in her dressing-room on the United Artists lot, she was wearing what is humorously referred to by the Hollywood press as her "uniform." With the exception of her screen costumes, she is seldom seen in anything else. The uniform consists of a pair of slightly faded gray-blue slacks, an inexpensive short sleeved-white sweater and a blue scarf tied indifferently about her neck. No beauty parlor expert was responsible for the unruly effect of the hair that fell carelessly about her face. And make no mistake about it, no matter what you hear, or read, of Anna's off-screen "plainness," hers is a beautiful face—strong in contour and as freshly scrubbed as a child's.

WHEN reporters come to talk to me they ask what I do with my spare time, and why it is I do not like Hollywood parties. They want to know why I do not go to the premières and ride around in a big car with a chauffeur. They ask if I am putting on an act because I live so quietly and drive my own Ford coupé to the studio. When I explain to them that I have never lived any other way than I do here, that even in Europe I was a prosaic, uninteresting person, I suppose they do not believe it.

"If my private life were interesting, I should be glad to talk of it. But what is there to say? I eat. I have a very good appetite and I like American dishes; I sleep; I play with my dogs; I have my husband and my young step-daughter for companions. Now and then I go on a little vacation, somewhere where we can stay out doors all day. And at night I read. Yet I hesitate to tell this, because these things are very funny in Hollywood. They make jokes about movie stars and their books, do they not?"

How much a part of this "retreat routine" can be layed to Anna, and how much to her philosophic husband, Dr. Frenke, is a moot question in Hollywood. Not since John McCormick was such a dominant force in control of Colleen Moore, has the husbandly influence been more prominent in a star's career than Dr. Frenke's over Sten's. It was he who said of Anna: "It does not much matter what she plays on the screen, so long as she is in the mud!" He meant, as long as the characters she portrayed were of the earthy, peasant type. And there is little doubt but that Anna listens and heeds his words of wisdom in regard to her career, as well as in her private life. It is no particular secret in Hollywood, that away from the studio, Dr. Frenke is decidedly boss in his family group.

"Perhaps it is too bad," she continued, snuffing out a cigarette, "that I am not a glamorous person with great jewels and beautiful gowns and many love stories to write up in the newspapers. But I am not. And that is why I say this part of Hollywood could never mean anything to me."

She was standing now looking out over the bustle of the busy lot as workmen wended their way to the various stages.

We will soon know whether or not she was looking out over the scene of her great American triumph, hailed as a real queen of the movie world; or whether Anna Sten will eventually build her next home in "Hong Kong or the end of the world. It does not matter as long as my work is there!"

Cantor's Recipe for Happiness

(*Continued from page 39*)

young ladies on earth try to yell me down, I'll go on believing it. *The clever woman who has what she wants, and wants to keep it, will go on letting her husband believe that he's smarter than she is.*

"Domination of husband over wife? Wife submerging personality to superior husband?" I suggested.

"Put it in that way if you care to. But I'll say it my way!" Eddie was being forceful. And he can be.

"Take Ida, for instance. I've known her since I was thirteen years old. She was the first person in the world who made me feel important.

"I was a lonely little runt, brought up by an iron-willed grandmother on the East Side of New York. Both my parents died when I was two years old, and Grandma Esther so poor she didn't have time, at the end of a day's fighting the big, bad wolf, to waste in cuddling an unimportant shaver like me. Maybe she didn't think it was good for me. So about all I knew in those days were poverty, work, loneliness, and a big inferiority complex.

"Then, when I met Ida, and she started right out making me feel I was a great guy, something happened to me. I began to believe that maybe I could amount to something in this world, y'know.

"Maybe she was smart that way; smart enough to know she was appealing to my vanity. But that didn't make any difference. She never let me know that she knew. If more women in Hollywood used a little of those tactics on their husbands, the divorce lawyers would have to look for another happy hunting ground."

AS he spoke, I had a mental picture of a typical Cantor family dinner described to me by a good friend of that large and flourishing clan. A long table piled with good, home-cooked food. Eddie at the head, all bright and shiny, and contriving to look more like a college sophomore home for a vacation than the dignified man of family which he most certainly is. At the other end, Ida. Between them, about a dozen relatives from both sides of the family. And ranged like a regiment, proud Eddie's "five tests of true love" (that's what he calls the Cantor girls), Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn, and Janet.

But after one moment in that group, no one could possibly doubt who was head man. It was that fellow at the head of the table with the snappy black eyes. Ida sees to that.

When Eddie starts to tell a story—and contrary to what one hears about comedians off duty, Eddie keeps his family amused with a great store of humor—there is hushed silence around the table. *Ida sees to that.* If any one is so indiscreet as to butt in, he is mercilessly rebuked by a stabbing glance from Ida.

What's more, Ida doesn't care a tinker's dam if, time after time, she is mistaken for Eddie's older sister. Placidly, she goes on knitting, while the other Hollywood non-professional wives spend endless hours with cosmeticians trying to be made as beautiful as the luscious "temptations" who surround their starring husbands in the studios.

Nor does she eat out her heart over real or imaginary infidelities. *She doesn't have to.*

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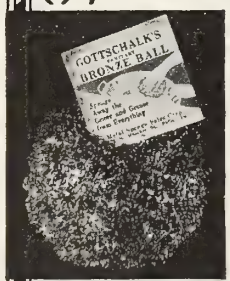
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"Why do they worry about such things?" she seems to be saying, as her ample motherly figure rocks back and forth, back and forth, to her knitting, in a kind of comforting lullaby rhythm.

PONDERING over this, I asked Ida's Eddie whether she was never upset by his lengthy absences. Whether she hadn't had a qualm or two about those beautiful Goldwyn girls who surround him in "Kid Millions," when they'd been separated for several months.

He gave me that look of chronic surprise from his beetle-black eyes. "She knows I'll come back," he said.

"But suppose you shouldn't some day? It's happened to the staidest married man."

"Have you ever been to the circus—when they shoot those guys out of cannons?" asked Eddie.

"Now, you know, they've been shot out of those cannons thousands of times before. So when you watch the performance, you expect to see them come out, don't you? Just before they pop out of the mouth of the cannon, though, the audience holds its breath. There's that one chance in a thousand that *this time* there'll be a hitch. But everybody knows that it's only one chance in a thousand.

"It's the same idea with a happy marriage. Ida takes that chance with me. Maybe I won't come back. But it's not a dangerous gamble for her. For she knows that when a man reaches a certain age, and has been going along a certain path contentedly and happily, it's dangerous to detour. Nature always takes care of that."

"But there are men who make that dangerous detour." I was egging him on. "What do you say about them?"

"I say they're nutty," answered Eddie. "That kind of thing is as much insanity as the brand which makes a man think he's Napoleon. The man who leaves a wife with whom he's been comfortable for so long—a wife who understands him and all his funny ways—the middle-aged man who leaves her for the uncertainty of life with a young girl who doesn't know the meaning of the words 'forbear' and 'sacrifice'—that man deserves what he gets. Take it from me, he usually gets it. Maybe it works out in some few cases, but those are freaks that defy the law of averages and the laws of nature."

When I suggested that the landslide of divorces in Hollywood might be used as circumstantial evidence against the case he was trying to prove, he just shook his head.

"Not at all," he replied. "Just look around at the successful actors who are still living with the same wife. Will Rogers, George Arliss, Warner Baxter, Joe E. Brown, Leslie Howard, Lionel Barrymore, the Morgan brothers, Jimmy Cagney, Warren William. Still faithful to the women who were faithful to them when they were poor, bewildered nobodys, miles removed from the main chance. Those guys long ago learned to appreciate the affection their wives gave them. And they've also learned to appreciate the value of stability.

"Neither their marriage nor their successes were over-night, flash-in-the-pan affairs. They didn't want any premature buildup of themselves as romantic heroes. Their success in both cases was the result of struggle and slow growth. They weren't tossed to the heights and then pushed over the cliff. What their wives gave them in thanks for their sincere effort to make a go of things is not brief, mad passion. It's solid, permanent affection—a steady, glowing warmth that will last to the final pay-off.

"Now figure out the bust-ups. Where do you find them? Among that group who made a success too quickly.

"They bring a fellow out from Kansas or Iowa, make him a star in ten days—and what usually happens? The too-sudden success goes to his head. Right away he buys a big, expensive automobile. He rents a stucco palace. Then he looks around for the girl.

"But, when he considers marriage, he reckons on the same principle as when he buys a new car. He can trade in his old car for a new model. And he decides he can trade in his wife in the same way, if he gets tired of her.

"People shouldn't expect that kind of marriage to turn out any different than it usually does. You can't take a baby out of the cradle and expect him to walk around the block, can you? Well, the same principle applies to getting married."

APROPOS of that, I remembered another story which seemed to help explain what—according to Hollywood standards—is an incongruously happy marriage. It was something Eddie himself had told me when I first met him some time ago.

"I've never refused Ida anything since we were married," he said. "I'm not trying to boast. She's never asked for anything I couldn't give her!

"I'll never forget how she took the stock market crash. When it was all over and I came up from under with an awful headache, I didn't own a red cent outright. And I owed the banks $225,000!

"What do you suppose she said? She just laughed and told me I was a fool to worry. 'You're still a funny man, aren't you, Eddie? Well, your funny business made plenty of money for us before the crash, and it's going to be the same again. I know you'll come back bigger than ever.'

"Here's another sample of what Ida's always doing. Some time ago, she had to go to the hospital for a very serious operation. I was away from her at the time. But she wouldn't let the girls write me anything about it until she'd come out of the ether.

"After they let me talk to her long distance, and I knew everything was all right, I wrote her a letter, inclosing a check for $500; and I told her to pin it on herself as a medal for being a brave soldier. She knew that was my way of saying: 'Buy some clothes for yourself.' But what did she do? Well, I subsequently received a letter from my oldest daughter describing the wonderful new clothes Ida had bought for all of them. Of course, with the money I wanted her to spend on herself. That's my Ida!"

I can't finish this story of an old-fashioned marriage without letting you in on a secret. That is, if you don't already know it.

In these hard-boiled '30's, when it's chic to hide your emotions, Eddie wears his on his sleeve. He's a terrible sentimentalist.

Do you recall the song-hit of his first broadcast a season ago? It was "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking? Well I Did."

Eddie sang that song very well. But when he came to the "I Did" part, it sounded like "Ida" instead. I didn't trust my ears, so insisted that two of my friends listen in to verify my suspicion. Eddie was fervently singing "Ida" instead of "I Did," as plainly as if he were calling her name!

Sort of a wonderful tribute from sort of a wonderful man, don't you think? *I do.* (Pronounced "Ida.")

Adding Common Sense to Glamor

(*Continued from page 58*)

when the handsomest Hollywood males were tumbling over one another to date her. Francis Lucas is one hero who lived up to the dream.

I have a suspicion it was for him she planned her best-beloved frock, a chiffon with a quaint 1860 off-the-shoulder treatment and of the gentlest color imaginable, a delicate turquoise blue in one light and a green in another. But it's grown "tired" she says, what with double duty as a graduation frock and dance dress. She was looking for something that "carried out the same mood only in a different way."

We found it quite unexpectedly. And it "clicked" from the minute she spied it. A supper suit of black chiffon velvet with a waist of sea-green metal cloth shot through with silver. It was terribly 1935-ish, but it still managed to be disturbingly quaint. Jean never wears a straight primary color. You never see her in a determined blue or green or brown. Everything's in half or two-tones like this green and silver, for instance. You know why? It's her eyes, my dear. She asserts that if you want to dress with a flair, you have to play up to them.

For example, if your eyes are a warm brown you can wear "straight" shades, especially those that accent them like red and yellow and brown itself. Supposing you're blue-eyed. Then of course, if you want to do the dazzling, you wear an entire outfit of the blue nearest your eyes, or gold, or white. But if you have those mesmeric orbs like the petite Parker, your cue is to wear the in-between shades, too, like aquamarine and apricot and amber.

In the studio a "color test" is for the camera. In every day life, it's for charm.

BUT to return to the supper suit. It's a gem really. Because it starts out to be a regular slinky princess model and winds up with the most youthful neck possible—a square one. Moreover, it's square in back just as it is in front, which is something of a departure these days when everything is slit. And it has fetching black velvet bows to make it even more demure.

The hip-length jacket is long-sleeved and has a scarf neck. The hat Jean selected is one of those ridiculously adorable mushrooms of black velvet with a horsehair band.

"Hats are traitors to the face sometimes," she murmured, glancing at a tiny, thin-faced girl who was trying on broad-brimmed models. It was astounding how completely they wiped all expression from her face. But when she put on a cute Continental model—presto, another personality.

"I've always thought it was the tricorn hat that won the Revolutionary War," said Jean. "Anyway, they're my favorites." No wonder. When they made her look as sprightly as the dawning. She bought one to go with a suit that fairly speaks of football games and campus glory. It's a tweed in a dark, shadow-blue check against a light blue background. Yes, and it's flecked with red and there's a black stripe running through it. Sounds exciting, doesn't it? Well, it is. Particularly with that matching red velveteen blouse—velveteen, mind you. It's the latest, maddest craze in film fashions. Mary Pickford's wearing it in indelible blue, and Norma Shearer has it in pigeon gray. But it remained for young Jean to get it in a red version that looks as if it might belong to Peter Pan himself, considering that collar.

It's surprising how these chickie little creatures, who look like a man's day dream in floating tulle, manage to look so well. Jean dotes on 'em. If she isn't a wistful enchantress in a period costume, she's a tantalizing imp in slacks, or in some other slim, semi-masculine outfit, like the one we christened her "racetrack ensemble" because it consists of a derby, a bold shepherd's plaid and a bolder red belt.

Oh, but it's cute and clever. That white and black coat has a very high, stand-up collar fastened with two Chinese red buttons and metal bars. Instead of the straight-up-the-front closing, it has a diagonal one, and just try *that* on your figure if you want to look slimmer. But don't make it a shepherd's plaid. That is

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,
of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1934.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Mary Burgum, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are more, so state.) None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1934.
MAY KELLEY,
Notary Public, N. Y. County.
N. Y. County Clerk's No. 85.
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(My commission expires March 30, 1935.)

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for slender youngsters of the Parker variety.

"It's the unexpected touches that put the dramatic note in clothes," she observed. "Will you gaze upon these sleeves?" I gazed. In place of the usual tailored sleeves that such coats have, these were rather full and caught by a wrist band, the kind you see on shirtwaists. And to top the outfit off still more dramatically she selected the derby—a delightful feminine version of the original. Incidentally, turned-up small brims always offset a high collar best. The hat, of course, is black like the wool skirt.

"Where does the 'starring' process really begin in clothes?" I wanted to know.

"Right with the foundation garment," Jean assured me. "The whole idea, you see, is to make your shoulders seem broader than your hips. One of these pull-on rubber girdles helps tremendously.

"Personally, I like contrasting colors in clothes—and it's often wise to contrast them a bit with your special type. Here's what I mean. If you're a very athletic, sure-of-yourself person, wear gentle clothes. Something that softens you, such as shiny brown crepe with gold touches made in a very feminine manner. Don't feel you must wear strictly tailored things and sport togs all the time.

"And if you're a quiet, every day sort of person, do the unusual in dressing. Wear a hat that's decidedly impish, or an exotic piece of jewelry with a plain, beautifully cut gown.

"I think if you concentrate on daytime dresses you get a lot more pleasure out of it, for after all they are what you live in mostly, and they all ought to have a different mood."

Which is why, perhaps, she chose that "artist's" model before you could wink an eye. It made her look like an irresistible bit of Bohemia right from the start. The last word in fashions, the tunic dress, is in this case disguised as an art smock in a check of earth brown and verdant green. "And doesn't it make me look taller?" she enthused.

There was a fringed scarf of golden brown to blend with the wool skirt and enormous brown leather buttons and a big patch pocket. To further carry out the idea, Jean completed it with an oversized pancake beret, stitched across the top. "Now where are my paints and brushes?" I didn't know. She was a picture enough as it was!

Maybe it has already occurred to you—not a speck of fur on a single thing Jean's selected. There is a reason. She hates cheap fur, says it has spoiled many a good-looking coat or suit, and doesn't feel she can yet afford the kind of fur she wants. "If you're going to get it at all, I believe it's best to buy a lovely separate fur collar and then have it to wear with various costumes." If that isn't being very sensible, I'd like to know what is.

Everyone these days is on the lookout for an afternoon-through-dinner dress. Something that will carry you on through a sorority tea and into a dinner date. Jean found hers in a heavy black satin that is distinctly an advocate of the "pencil" silhouette. It follows the glamorous princess style and combines the excitement of a slit skirt with the meekness of a round neck. A very pretty neck that has a knife-pleated trim of the black satin which also edges the dolman sleeves. The pleating swoops down on either side of the slit waist in back, too, and it's held together by two rhinestone buttons. White satin flowers are the highlight. A black velvet hat has two ornaments repeating the rhinestone note.

For her "formal," Jean did the unusual. Just as I was wondering whether she'd pick out something fluffy, possibly white, she walked straight up to a love of a suede crepe in smoky leaf brown. "Does that mean anything to you?" she questioned.

"It does! It spells youth with-a-charming-new-dignity."

"Heavens, I think I'll take it," chuckled Jean. As if there had ever been a doubt of it! The fascination of it was in the line. A ruffle forms the collar, the cape sleeves, and cascades down the back to the waist, right to the point where the fantail train starts. What that does to a girl's figure is something to write in the bride's book! Two metal flowers, one in bronze and gold, the other in green and silver, are the only elaboration on the whole gown.

"There, that completes my particular clothes 'test,'" she said with a tired droopy, very happy smile. A "test," if you ask us, that would win style stardom for any girl!



Dick is all excited about his new Toluca Lake home (left, Dick examining blueprints), and his screen public is simply thrilled over the "new" Dick Powell in "Happiness Ahead," his latest effort for Warner Bros., which is breaking box-office records all over the country.

Have You Changed in the Last Five Years?

(*Continued from page 53*)

It didn't happen suddenly—psychological changes seldom do—but now, as you look at Gable's face, you can see in his eyes a great peace instead of glowering storm clouds. What had actually happened to him was that he had seen himself in relationship to a great industry—as a man stands in a crowded street and looks heavenwards at the planet Mars to realize, for the first time, how small and ineffectual he is in comparison to the great universe.

Clark saw the picture business as a sort of universe and himself just a small part in it. And, gradually, as this idea took possession of him, he worked out his salvation until now he says, "The producers were right. Why should they have given me a job when I wasn't any good? It was just an accident that I had something which caught on, and why should they be blamed for not prophesying this accident, when there were so many begging for the same thing I wanted?

"Every morning as I come to the studio I see myself standing outside the casting office waiting to 'get a break.' Every day people ask me to help them get a job—and I am helpless. Now that I actually see how complicated the picture business is, now that I'm on the other side of that great fence, I realize how lucky I am to be inside at all."

And thus has Gable changed from bitterness to humility. I think his present attitude might teach us all a lesson or two.

GARY COOPER has undergone a change, too, but in a very different way. When he got his first part in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," he was so terrified that he disappeared from the set for days and had to be found and brought back, so sure was he of his own inadequacy. He felt the enormity of the industry at once. It is an actual fact that he was so frightened and nervous that he would be physically ill after doing an emotional scene before the camera. He knew he wasn't an actor and was tremendously impressed by those who had proven their ability.

The psychological change happened to Gary rather suddenly. He was watching a well-known actor doing a scene. Gary had the most profound respect for the man. The fellow had been laughing and joking with some friends on the set when the director called him. Instantly he did an emotional scene of such intensity that real tears came to his eyes, he simulated real hysterics.

The director called, "Cut!" The actor stepped outside of camera range and finished the story he had begun. The stage shook with laughter.

The young Gary, watching, was amazed. Gary, who had been ill after his big scenes, Gary who had so respected the camera that he had run away from it out of sheer terror. And now this Gary said to himself, "Well! So that's all there is to it, this acting business. You laugh and kid and then you cry before a black box. Why, it's a big joke and I've been letting it get me down. What a fool I've been!"

The change began that moment. His new attitude took entire possession of him when he came on his set one day and saw five men who had once been great stars, playing extra parts.

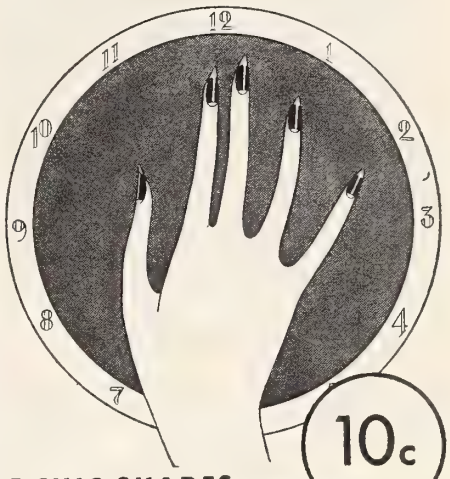
Now his attitude is cynical. He says, "Nuts to this business. I'm smart enough to know that it lasts—this fame—for five years and then they kick you out and get another boy. And I was the goof who took it seriously. Well, I don't take it seriously any more. I do my stunt and take my money and when my time's up, I call it a day!"



Scott Photo

Just a few of the 200 or more friends who dropped in to give the Fredric Marches' new home in Bel Air the once-over. The hostess, herself, Mary Astor, Jeanette MacDonald, Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders were among the "house warmers."

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AND now let's turn to some of the girl stars. I am habitually amazed that those kids who arrive in Hollywood as young immature, unsophisticated, badly groomed, shy little creatures, emerge, a year or so later, as glamorous, gorgeous, worldly women. Women? They're still under twenty, most of them. No matter how many times it is pointed out to me, I never fail to get a kick out of Loretta Young—divorcee, a pet of Hollywood's intelligentsia, a woman with views on life, love and marriage, a woman whom you could not imagine being caught in a situation which she couldn't handle. And she is at the age when most girls are graduating from college.

There are so many like her—Jean Parker, Patricia Ellis, Maureen O'Sullivan, Rochelle Hudson, Thelma Todd, Bette Davis, to name but a very few. To tell of them all would be repetitious. Ann Dvorak will, I think, illustrate my point. In a way, her experience has been identical with them all.

I remember Ann when she was a little extra girl around the M-G-M lot. Joan Crawford saw her and made a sort of protégée of her and tried, I recall, to promote a romance between Ann and Marshall Duffield, the University of Southern California's football player. The match didn't promote because Ann was too shy.

She was sixteen, then, inordinately ambitious but without the slightest idea of how to go about achieving that ambition. She had about as much poise as the heroine in the high school play. And yet, there was within her the knowledge that she had talent. But they told her her nose wouldn't photograph. And she tightened up whenever she made a test. She couldn't talk to people and she suffered a thousand torments when she went to a director to ask for a part.

Today she is just past twenty, but she has the manner of a woman of the world. The once shy kid has glamor dripping from the tips of her fingers. And she says things like, "There is nothing in life worth while but being free."

She became mature enough to give up her career after her marriage to Leslie Fenton, because she realized how fleeting is Hollywood fame, and went around the world with her sophisticated husband, with whom half the women in Hollywood had been in love.

But what brought about this truly remarkable change? The actual occurrence happened suddenly. The change, itself, with all its ramifications, came slowly.

Howard Hawks was looking for a girl to play the role of Paul Muni's sister in "Scarface." Karen Morley, a friend, got Ann the interview. It was the first time she had been off the M-G-M lot to look for work. Hawks didn't know that she suffered acutely from embarrassment. Hawks didn't know that her nose wouldn't photograph or that she tightened up before the camera. And when she talked to him she felt that he had confidence in her.

AS a matter of fact, Hawks was desperate. He had tested hundreds of girls for the part. He was tired of the search and it was pre-determined that he would like Ann. But that, she didn't know. All she saw was that he seemed to believe in her. She made a grand test and got the part. After that, it was easy.

Nothing succeeds like success. She was a success, and the poise, the assurance which she now has came to her so quickly that it is as if there were two Ann Dvoraks, the shy kid and the present worldly woman.

And that's how the ugly ducklings invariably change into the beautiful swans. They lose their fear when a producer or a director becomes interested in them, buoys up their self esteem, gives them confidence. This confidence changes these girls so radically that they do not even look the same, as you can see for yourself by comparing any "before and after" photographs.

JOHN BARRYMORE. Has ever anyone changed more completely than he? Once the stormy petrel of the Barrymore tribe—the man who could always be counted upon to make the bizarre, the fantastic, the startling gesture—has settled down into being one of Hollywood's best citizens, a family man, a devoted husband and father.

Recently I was shopping in a department store and I saw a plump, matronly woman followed by a brow-beaten looking husband with his hat smashed down on his head. He was carrying an arm load of parcels, following docilely, a few paces after his wife.

And that was John Barrymore, the Barrymore of the flashing profile, the man who used to shock young girls into a state beyond recognition, who obeyed no man, woman or law, who was affectionately called "the kid" by his brother and sister who, although they never conformed in their lives, were paragons of respectability compared to John.

And this same John carries parcels for his wife. What has changed him? Well, sigh a sigh for fleeting youth. It is surely a better life he leads now, a more satisfactory one. No outside influence, no remarkable chain of circumstances has caused this change. He has grown older, that's all. The fires of daring, rebellious youth are out. It happens to the best of good fellows in Podunk or Hollywood.

What fate led Ramon Novarro away from his life of spiritual hermithood and made him into a gay, laughing, party boy? The answer is simple and has happened many times. The death of his beloved brother, for whom he had sacrificed so much, for whom he had such high hopes and ambitions, showed him how fleeting is life and made him start upon a campaign of rose-gathering while ye may. Ramon has changed more drastically than almost anyone in pictures.

COLLEEN MOORE, once the most docile girl in pictures, waited a solid year under contract to M-G-M for a screen role that never materialized. She was embroiled in a political mess that kept her off the screen all that time—drawing a salary, but in no way furthering her expected "comeback." It was during that miserable year of waiting that she turned rebel and began demanding the favors she saw other stars demand and get, when they screamed loud enough!

I could name dozens more who have changed completely. This is how those I have mentioned are now. But tomorrow? Who knows what they will be tomorrow. No city is so kaleidoscopic as is Hollywood. One turn of the little cylinder and there is a new, a fascinating, a colorful pattern. Its people change with the changing pattern.

And they are right, for there is little virtue in remaining the same. We may make mistakes. We may take the wrong path. But that is better than standing still. And the more personality phases we pass through, the richer our lives become.

Have you changed radically in the last five years? If so, why? Bring the secrets of your mind and your heart into the light. It will do you good. Knowing yourself, analyzing your own mind will make the world a more handsome place for you. It is the basis of all personal psychology, and a pretty darn good basis!

I Have Been Kept by a Movie Star

(*Continued from page 43*)

and that I must not let my nerves get the better of me.

When we entered our host's drawing-room, he cried, "Here is Gloria Gay, our newest and one of our brightest stars!"

Gloria smiled and remarked, "And this is my husband, Mr. Blank."

I realized presently that while there were genuine and amiable people in the room, who appeared really to like me, I didn't mean anything to anyone present. Unless you mean something, stand for something in Hollywood, there is no reason for your being at a party at all. No one invites you merely because he likes you. As we accepted or regretted invitations for subsequent gatherings, I told myself again and again that I shouldn't be invited if it weren't for Gloria. I also told myself that I was being morbid and ridiculous and determined that I *should* mean something soon.

Later at home Gloria said, "Darling, I could have killed that man when he failed to introduce you to his other guests. We shall never, never go there again." She cried and I kissed her and was comforted a little.

But in the aching hours of that sleepless night I kept hearing Gloria's remark, "Every woman wants to be proud of her man." She was so dear, so terribly dear.

THE days went on in that empty, useless, shiny office. Once or twice I fell so low as to dictate fictitious letters to the red-haired secretary, letters to mythical New York brokers. I was invited to attend conferences upon Gloria's next picture. These took place around a long table in a large and impressive office. But when I offered a suggestion, they listened to me with impatient politeness and then proceeded with their own plans and arguments. I went only once.

I wrote, painstakingly, the synopsis of an original story which I offered to Armheimer. He received it with thanks and enthusiasm, but I never heard any more about it. I spent more and more time at the polo field. I enjoyed the exercise, liked the chaps who played, enjoyed the gatherings at the clubhouse afterward. I swam in our pool every morning and I took up tennis again. Some days I did not go to the office at all.

One of the papers mentioned me as, "Gloria Gay's husband, capitalist and sportsman." My smile at that was pretty bitter. I had no money of my own except the small salary which went with the office. And that wouldn't begin to pay our butler. Gloria was insistent that I buy new clothes and opened accounts for me with expensive tailors. Well, I couldn't disgrace the girl in public by my clothes.

Gloria made another picture and then another, with growing acclaim. Even the hard-boiled New York critics liked her, and in "the sticks," those middle western sections which are the back-bone of the box office, she was just what the doctor had ordered. Armheimer tore up her contract and gave her another with a large increase in salary.

I lapsed into a curious lethargy. There was plenty of money, I told myself, and even if no one else realized it, both Gloria and I knew that I had helped to earn it. Why shouldn't I be comfortable and luxurious?

I knew that there was gossip in the colony about Gloria and Armheimer, but it never occurred to me to doubt her for an instant. She had long since ceased to ask my advice about matters pertaining to her career. But I couldn't blame her. I had no faith in my own judgment.

At last we had—*she* had—a vacation. Six weeks in the summer, between pictures. We would, she decided, go abroad.

I demurred. Armheimer had condescended to say that he wanted me to "help" him on a certain production. Some of my energy came back to me. I thought that perhaps this was my opportunity to make her proud of me—to do something. Gloria did more than pout now.

"It's a small thing to do for me," she cried. "I can't go without you because the gossip writers will ruin me. I should think you'd be glad to go to Europe with all your expenses paid. Your job, indeed! Your silly old job. What have you ever done?"

I LEFT her, tearful and sulky, and went to the office. As I sat at my wide, empty desk, a visitor to the lot passed my window, escorted by an office boy.

"What," she was inquiring, "does Gloria Gay's husband do?"

The boy hesitated. "Well, they call him a supervisor," he admitted, "but I guess that's just to please Miss Gay."

I reached for the telephone and called Gloria. "Darling," I said, "I have changed my mind. The job doesn't matter a bean in comparison with your pleasure. Certainly we shall go abroad and I shall strive to give the best performance, as a movie star's husband, that the capitals of Europe have ever seen."

I typed my resignation and sent it to Armheimer. Then I left that shiny office forever.

The trip to New York and Europe was a triumphant and ecstatic experience for Gloria. I began to drink pretty heavily on that trip and, although I did not disgrace us—or Mr. Armheimer—at any point, my memory of the journey is mostly concerned with wine and food and a conglomeration of celebrities, all cooing at and admiring my wife.

We returned and re-entered the whirl. We met, at small and select gatherings, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer. How would it feel, I wondered, to be an important executive on the lot upon which your wife was a star? Once I had had dreams. We met Mary Pickford. She was always so shy at parties, until she had found a group of intimates, after which she would sparkle and glow and make a bright and shiny little note in the gathering. How could her romance with Doug have struck a shoal, I wondered, when they were both so successful?

The non-professional wives of Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery seemed contented. But non-movie husbands of successful women—Irene Dunne's husband, Colleen Moore's, Aline McMahon's, Elissa Landi's—all these gentlemen appeared to be engaged in profitable pursuits elsewhere.

I saw less and less of Gloria. Diet had become important to her. And massage. She was constantly trying new food fads and new aids to beauty. We had always had such fun, bounding off on mad excursions. A picnic. A trip to the beach to ride on roller coasters and win silly

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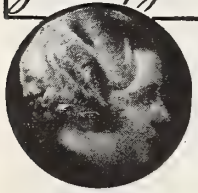
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dolls at games. The discovery of a new, foreign restaurant in an odd corner of town had been an event. Concerts. Puppet shows. Now, if Gloria was working, she must have her massage and then dinner in bed, from a tray. Between pictures she must go only to important homes and entertain only important people.

I sighed a little for the days in which we had brought home an itinerant accordion player to dinner, when we had discovered a starving poet, when we had gone to the Hollywood Bowl concerts and sat high on the hills, hand-in-hand, listening to divine symphonies.

ONE day Gloria and I were having tea on the terrace. Or, rather, Gloria was having tea and I was having several whiskeys. It occurred to me suddenly that she had had something done to her hair. That spun-silk, taffy-gold hair, which I had loved so much, was shinier now and lighter. It made her look older and hard. I asked her about it.

"It was very expensive," she said. "But it photographs more flatteringly than it did the old way. For my next picture I am going to have it a very light red."

"You didn't consult me," I said.

She looked at me, blankly. "Well, why should I?" she inquired, with real bewilderment. "It photographs better. I was just telling you."

A few moments later she said, "My next picture calls for me to go on location for about a month."

I said, "Is that so? When do we start?"

She looked at me and hesitated. "Well, darling," she admitted, at last, "I'm afraid that they don't plan for you to go. They told me that it would be better if you didn't. I don't know how to tell you. But if anything comes up to which I object, they always say that you have put me up to complaining. That it is your advice which is causing the trouble. It weakens my position. Do you see? Oh, please see, dear. It isn't that I don't love you and that I don't want your advice." She hadn't asked my advice in months.

I looked at her for a long, long moment. I tried to recall the shining little creature I had glimpsed that first day on the street of that small, southern town. She was gone. Here was a sleek, groomed, carefully dressed woman of the world. She wasn't worshiping me as a magic, fairy-tale Prince Charming now. She was appraising me and finding me wanting. She had found that I "weakened her position," even though I had effaced myself, I thought, as far as a man could. I was a drawback, and an expensive one, too.

"My dear," I said, "I shall go away. I shan't stand in your way, 'weaken your position' any longer."

I went to my room and wondered what I could put into a bag which would belong to me. There was nothing. But Gloria would have small use for men's shirts and pyjamas, which had been tailored to fit me. I decided that I might take a quota of those. I would take nothing in the way of suits excepting what I had on. My clothes fitted the second footman nicely.

WHEN I went downstairs, Armheimer was there. Gloria was weeping, softly. "Miss Gay thinks that she should give you some money," said the brisk little man. "You can't go away like this. The publicity would be so bad."

I hit him. I hit him rather neatly on the chin—just hard enough to knock him out temporarily, but not hard enough to do him any permanent damage. Having accomplished that to my satisfaction, I seized Gloria, who had stood there looking rather dazed, kissed her once and went away.

Sitting on a park bench yesterday in a dusty, middle western town, I picked up a paper which someone had abandoned. "What becomes of movie stars' abandoned husbands?" a caption asked. "Where are the erstwhile husbands of Gloria Gay and . . ."

I can't go home to the little southern town. My family will have none of me. I have no money. I have abandoned my name. I am about to start over in this little, hot, dusty town, not because I have chosen and prefer it, but because this was as far as I could travel with the change I had in my pocket.

Even from my park bench, I could see that this was a clean, wholesome, decent little town, populated by hard working people who earn their money. Today I answered an ad in the small, local paper and secured a job as a clerk in a hardware store, at fifteen dollars a week.

I shall work very hard and hope some day to become a stockholder or a junior partner. But I shall hope and pray that never, never shall these people learn that —I have been kept by a movie star!

* * *

Is that the end of the story, you ask? Do you want to know if he ever saw Gloria again? We can't blame you for asking but, you see, it's a story without an end, really. What difference would it make if he *did* see Gloria again? She wouldn't give up her career. He wouldn't go back to the humiliating life of "being kept by a movie star." And so, you can see, in a heart-breakingly truthful Hollywood story (with fictitious names, of course, for obvious reasons) one of the answers to that perpetual question, "Why can't those Hollywood folks stay married?"

My Big Sister Ruby

(*Continued from page 44*)

dress and a blue sash and hair-ribbon. I don't think I realized what an occasion it was until I saw Ruby on the stage. Then I got so surprised and excited that I jumped up and yelled, "Hello, Ruby!"

N. T. G., who was master of ceremonies, asked, "Who's that, Ruby?"

"That's my kid sister," she replied.

"Does she dance?" he asked.

"You bet! Just like me."

"Just like you!" he repeated. "Well have her come down."

And before I knew what had happened there I was on the stage with Ruby.

At the end of the dance N. T. G. kissed me and then, because I just about came up to his knees, he kicked me for good measure. The audience laughed and so did N. T. G. as he called, "I'll see you later, Kick-in-The-Pants."

WELL that's how I got my nickname and it stuck because Ruby and I repeated our impromptu performance as long as she was with N. T. G. and later when she was at the El Fey Club with

Texas Guinan. The kick used to get so much laughter and applause that it became part of the act. I didn't get paid for it (the act, I mean) but it was fun.

In spite of the nine years' difference between us, I think I'm closer to Ruby than any of the others are. That's because when Ruby began to go on tour, Mother went with her and because I was the baby she took me, too. The rest of the family was left home with Dad and a housekeeper.

But I was practically raised on the road. I had the benefit of Mother's training and Ruby's experience in show business. Ruby seldom went out after the show. When she did, Mother went along until she was eighteen. But usually Ruby would come back to the hotel and the three of us would have a swell time playing poker. Ruby taught me how when I was a little tot and we'd play for hours. And she taught me each step as she'd invent it. You know, that outside of the fundamentals, Ruby makes up her own routines.

When Ruby was back in New York and we moved to Jackson Heights, she had Dad build a long board down in the cellar for us to practice tapping on. She'd have the whole family lined up at one time and when there wasn't room for us all, it didn't matter, we'd go right on dancing on the cement. We're a family with dancing feet, all right. Neither Mother nor Dad knows where we got them—I mean where Ruby got them. We seemed to have picked them up from her, but no one in our family before was ever in show business. Anyway we'd all rather dance than eat. We all hated school.

Mother used to shake her head sadly, but she says she learned not to force us to do anything. After giving Gertrude piano lessons and Helen the violin, neither of them ever touches an instrument. But they're still dancing.

As a result of Ruby's training, Gertrude and Bill went out in an act and then Gertrude went out with Helen. Now Bill has married and settled down to business, but Gertrude and Helen are always in Ruby's and Al's pictures. Whenever Al is making a new one, they're sure to ask, "Do you think there'll be a place for us?"

And he'll always answer, "Well, I guess we can squeeze you in somewhere."

In Ruby's pictures they have to be careful. Only recently when some rushes of one were being run off the director yelled, "What's Ruby doing coming out of that door?"

IT turned out to be Gertrude and they had to make the scene over and put Gertrude and Helen in 'phone booths—they look so much like Ruby. People say I do, too. I'm glad if I do for I'd rather look like her than anybody else in the world. Anna dances too, only she's been ill and so Ruby's been letting her handle her fan mail.

I know you wanted me to tell you about Ruby, but I can't mention her without bringing in the rest of the family. Ruby's been one grand sister to us and a grand daughter to Mother and Dad. Even before she was married, she used to turn over her whole salary to mother and she still does. Next to Al, we come first with her and she's been showering us with gifts since she began to make money. We don't dare admire a thing in a store window while Ruby's with us, because if she's anywhere within hearing distance we're sure to have it the next day.

And Al Jolson is just the same. He set Bill up in business in Wall Street several years ago and he's always doing nice things for us, but besides that, he takes a personal interest in each one of us—asks us all about our boy friends and what we're doing. He's just like one of us and Mother's crazy about him.

Ruby and Al have the loveliest home in Scarsdale. I think if I had one like it, I'd want to be in it all the time, but maybe I wouldn't want to give up my career if I were as famous as Ruby. For all of her fame and her mixing with the stars, she's still as shy as she was when she first began to dance—in fact, we're all shy and I don't believe any of us has ever danced or sung for company at home. We get actual stage fright except when we're on a stage or are practicing by ourselves. And right here I ought to tell you that Ruby is a hard task mistress when it comes to dancing. No matter how good other people may say we are, Ruby always says, "Don't think you're perfect. You've got a lot to learn."

I guess none of us is spoiled because Ruby isn't and she'd have no use for us if we were. In fact, she takes good care to see that we don't get spoiled. She likes to arrange my hair but you see how plain I wear it and Ruby says it suits me best that way. She won't let me use any make-up either—not even powder.

"Keep the way you are now—wholesome," she tells me. "There are enough painted dolls in Hollywood."

SHE'S always been right, so I guess she's right in this, too. She's made me finish school because even though she didn't have much education and got along all right, she insisted that I must have it because it gives me a good background. I've just graduated from the Professional School in Los Angeles. I liked it because I never had to do homework.

I've sung over the American Broadcasting System and I hope to be a "hot" blues singer one of these days. I'm still studying voice and I like it almost better than dancing. I guess that's because dancing comes so naturally to me. In the fall I'm going to Hollywood and start a picture career if I can. I've appeared in "Harold Teen." They chose me because they said I looked like a schoolgirl.

It's nice to have all the comforts that we enjoy now, but we weren't ever as poor as the sob sisters like to have you believe. They've written that we were in desperate circumstances before Ruby was famous, but that isn't so. Mother and Dad came from Nova Scotia when Ruby was a kid.

Dad was a sausage maker there and earned good money. When he got to New York, the method of making sausage was different from that used at home so poor Dad was out of luck. Someone offered him a job driving an ice wagon. Dad took it. He made a good living—enough to bring six children up comfortably.

We lived on the East Side because none of the apartment houses on the West Side wanted a family with children, especially when all of us were always tap dancing. You can't blame the landlords for not wanting their ceilings caving in on them. On the East Side, though, they weren't so particular.

It's a far cry from those days, but none of us has changed very much. Ruby, who has had more opportunity to change, has perhaps changed least of us all. She's still as sweet as she always was and just as natural. Now she and Al want to smooth the path for me, but I told them I want to succeed the way she did without anyone's help.

If I do succeed, though, it will be thanks to Ruby anyhow because she taught me everything she learned herself, through training and experience. She's wonderful. I wish everyone could have a sister like her.

The Doctor said

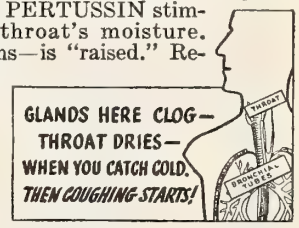
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(Continued from page 7)

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HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Paramount.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HOBSON, VALERIE: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Columbia.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: RKO-Radio.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Universal.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Fox.
HULL, HENRY: Universal.
HUNTLEY, G. P. JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: Universal.
JARRETT, ARTHUR: RKO-Radio.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JORDON, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.

KEATON, BUSTER: Fox.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: 20th Century.
KELTON, PERT: RKO-Radio.
KENYON, DORIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Universal.
KNIGHT, JUNE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
KRUGER, OTTO: M-G-M.
LALLY, HOWARD: Fox.
LANDI, ELISSA: Columbia.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Mascot.
LANG, JUNE: Fox.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
LEROY, HAL: Warner Bros.
LEYTON, DRUE: Fox.
LIGHTNER, WINNIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
LINDEN, ERIC: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Write him at Fox.
LODGE, JOHN: Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Paramount.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOVE, MONTAGU: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOWE, EDMUND: Columbia.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: Universal.
LUND, LUCILLE: Mascot.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: Paramount.
MacMAHON, ALINE: Warner Bros.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century.
MARGO: Paramount.
MARITZA, SARI: Free lance. Write her at Mascot.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Monogram.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: M-G-M.
MAYNARD, KEN: Mascot.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: RKO-Radio.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: M-G-M.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
MEIGHAN, THOMAS: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Warner Bros.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Paramount.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Monogram.
MITCHELL, FRANK: Fox.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Universal.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MOORE, ERIN O'BRIEN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: Universal.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORGAN, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
MORGAN, HELEN: Warners.
MORLEY, KAREN: M-G-M.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Universal
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warners.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Columbia.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NEAGLE, ANNA: United Artists.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Fox.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Universal.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Monogram.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PATTERSON, PAT: Fox.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: Paramount.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PINE, VIRGINIA: Columbia.
PITTS, ZASU: Universal.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRINGLE, AILEEN: Free lance. Write her at Monogram.
PRYOR, ROGER: Universal.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: Universal.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Universal.
RALSTON, ESTHER: M-G-M.
RAND, SALLY: Paramount.
RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
RAY, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAYMOND, GENE: Columbia.
REED, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
ROBBINS, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ROGERS, WILL: Fox.
ROLAND, GILBERT: Fox.
ROSS, LANNY: Paramount.
ROULIEN, RAUL: Fox.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
SABIN, CHARLES: Columbia.
SAVO, JIMMY: Paramount.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHEA, GLORIA: Monogram.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Paramount.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Paramount.
SOTHERN, ANN: Columbia.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: Warner Bros.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Warner Bros.
STEN, ANNA: Samuel Goldwyn.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STUART, GLORIA: Universal.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SULLIVAN, FRANCIS L.: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Universal.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
TALBOT, LYLE: Warner Bros.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Warner Bros.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: Fox.
THOMAS, FRANKIE: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Monogram.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TODD, THELMA, RKO-Radio.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TORRENCE, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Paramount.
TRACY, SPENCER: Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: Fox.
TURPIN, BEN: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Paramount.
VINSON, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
WALTHALL, H. B.: Monogram.
WALTERS, POLLY: Universal.
WARE, IRENE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WATERS, ETHEL: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WAYNE, JOHN: Monogram.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Monogram.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTCOTT, GORDON: Warner Bros.



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WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Universal.
WIECK, DOROTHEA: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WING, PAT: Warner Bros.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WONG, ANNA MAY: Paramount.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
WYNYARD, DIANA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: Paramount.
YOUNG, TAMMANY: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page* 51)

In fact, the finished picture seems to prove that there are too many people to handle. Story concerns a racketeer, Eddie Lowe, who becomes a famous radio commentator. He muffs his big chance with a phony broadcast and Gloria Stuart rescues him from overdrinking and eventual suicide in time for a happy ending. In the meantime, the idea allows for a lot of radio personalities to be introduced: Ruth Etting, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, The Downey Sisters, Graham McNamee and Gus Arnheim's music. The comedy was furnished by Henry Armetta and a terrifically funny sequence with Karloff, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor and Paul Lukas. But, with it all, it leaves something to be desired. Just pleasant enough, that's all.

B: DANGEROUS CORNER (RKO-Radio)

Unusually interesting picture. In spite of the fact that there is little or no action —the entire story takes place in one room —this film is so "different" that we think you will enjoy it. About a group of people, whose conversation gets around to a robbery and suicide of three years before. Gradually, one after another the characters involve themselves in bits of hitherto unrevealed evidence and the story becomes exciting and tense. Conrad Nagel comes back with a fine performance and Virginia Bruce and Erin O'Brien Moore are well cast. Ian Keith, Melvyn Douglas and Doris Lloyd contribute to the picture in no small way. It is difficult to place this picture in a particular category, possibly a drawing-room mystery is close enough. Not sensational, but entertaining all the way.

C: THE LEMON DROP KID (Paramount)

Poor ol' Tracy, still giving us those time-worn "double-takes" and vaudeville eyebrows to get over his drammer. If this didn't make two bad ones in a row for Lee Tracy, we might think that some of the credit for this disappointing picture should fall on Mr. Neilan, the director, but we can't. And there was nothing wrong with Damon Runyon's story so we're even more taken aback than usual. Little Helen Mack was badly photographed and she's so thin, it's pitiful. The only credible performance is turned in by William Frawley as the Professor—he even sings! Baby LeRoy just walks through it; he must have realized the result wouldn't do him any good. We can't honestly say much for this one.

C: DEATH ON THE DIAMOND (M-G-M)

If you are a baseball fan, you might like it from that angle; if you aren't, there isn't much in the way of entertainment for you. Love on the diamond, murders, big gamblers, betting the wrong way. Through all this wanders Bob Young as a baseball pitcher who falls in love with Madge Evans, the daughter of the manager. Some of the situations are farfetched and the results are not very satisfying. The love story fails to be convincing and the mystery is not overloaded with suspense. In spite of a good cast, including Nat Pendleton, Paul Kelly and Ted Healy, the picture falls into the "average entertainment" class. Let your sporting-blood guide you.

C: WAGON WHEELS (Paramount)

The old wagon-trail stuff, comedy guides, Indian attacks, the hero and a beautiful widow with her small son. You can just see the wagons tipping over into the river, can't you? Well, they do, you can be sure. Gail Patrick is swell as the widow; she puts a real punch into her role. Randolph Scott does his usual stuff and hints a bit at love-making with Gail. The remainder of the cast, including Monte Blue and Raymond Hatton, does pretty well. Nothing new, but you Western fans may get a kick out of it.

C: THE DUDE RANGER (Fox)

An average Western. There is nothing new and nothing startling about this picture. This time, the young eastern lad, George O'Brien, inherits the ranch and comes west to find that all his cattle are disappearing. It's the first time George has had to come so far to find out. Irene Hervey is the gal and she's okay, too. If you like Westerns and aren't too fussy about having seen and read the plot many times before, this might be all right for you. Even for a Western, though, this is no rave. Better think twice.

C: CRIMSON ROMANCE (Mascot)

Outdated war picture. The theme is too time-worn and the idea too gruesome and bloody to suit us. Ben Lyon joins the German army with his buddy, James Bush, and they both fall for a little ambulance driver, Sari Maritza. Of course, when the United States enters the war, Ben refuses to fight on the German side and is about to face the firing squad when his buddy helps him escape. A rather unnecessary picture, we thought.

D: DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT (RKO-Radio)

It looks as if the studio had originally

planned to make a musical-to-end-all-musicals—and they succeeded in ending their own even before the first reel was over. Such a jumbled-up mess deserves mention if for no other reason than to warn our good friends to save their money. The casting is almost a matter of genius, they didn't get a single character in the right role. The story wanders around until it gets lost and then the actors and the director kick it around for the remainder of the seven reels. Ned Sparks tried to make unfunny dialogue sound funny. Sidney Fox, Mary Boland, Polly Moran and Sterling Holloway also ran. Skip it.

D: A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST (Monogram)

The picture is lost, too! All the censors should see this little dittie—it would serve them right. It's just too, too "clean and wholesome" and so painfully dull and lethargic that we could hardly sit through it. Marian Marsh looks even better than usual and Ralph Morgan tries his best, but the tempo of the piece is too slow to allow for any opportunity to build the interest very high. Maybe this is what the reformers want us to see but, I, for one, couldn't take it and I don't think the average fan is going to go for it either.

B: WE LIVE AGAIN (Sam Goldwyn)

Co-starring Anna Sten and Fredric March in a talkie version of the successful silent picture, "Resurrection." Sten is really beautiful and especially in the later sequences shows a dramatic intensity that is astonishing. There's much more than beauty and sex appeal to this girl. March, of course, contributes his usual sincere performance. While the photography is excellent, the picture, in general, suffers from the fact that the story is too familiar. Then there is the failure to produce an authentic atmosphere, an unforgivable failure in a production as lavish as this. However, it will give you an opportunity to see Anna Sten once more and judge for yourself. When is Goldwyn going to let the girl wear some smart and glamorous clothes in a picture? She's lovely enough to be a favorite, given the proper setting.

C: WEDNESDAY'S CHILD (RKO-Radio)

The story concerns the trials and tribulations of a youngster when his parents divorce. Karen Morley and Edward Arnold have the difficult and unsympathetic task of playing the papa and mama to the bewildered little Frankie Thomas and they do as well as possible. Arnold's characterization is something you don't want to miss. The young boy uses too much of his stage technique and suffers by comparison with another lad in the cast, David Durand. Altogether, it's a bit slow and uninteresting.

C: LOVE TIME (Fox)

About Franz Schubert. While Nils Asther tries his level best to raise the character to one consistent level and keep it there, the picture jumps around to such an extent that he doesn't have a chance. Pat Paterson, as the gal who loves him even after she finds out she's a Princess, is interesting but the story holds her back, too. The surrounding cast is well chosen and capably directed, with Henry Kolker, H. B. Walthall, Lucien Littlefield and James Burke doing nice work. The resulting picture, though, is not as good as its component parts and we hesitate to recommend it with more than a polite "Well, maybe." It won't bore you, exactly, but you'll never rave.

B: STUDENT TOUR (M-G-M)

With Durante and Butterworth conducting. Yes, and believe you me, it wouldn't be worth much without those two comedy experts, either. The picture is about a summer cruise with a professor, Charlie Butterworth, on board to get the backward lads and lassies in trim for exams. The romantic interest is well carried by Maxine Doyle and Phil Regan, who put over their songs beautifully. "I See the Moon Over Your Shoulder" is probably the best one. The comedy situations are not of the belly-laugh type but the fact that you do have that kind of a laugh once or twice is a pat on the back for Butterworth and Durante.

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(*Continued from page* 64)

are said correctly, don't ever let me catch you using them incorrectly.

Drama. The first "a" should be the same as in father.

Water. The "a" is pronounced as "or." It is never pronounced with a short "a."

Absolutely. Give that "u" its full, long value. Never say "absoolotly."

Generally. Each syllable is pronounced. Don't slight the "er" and say "genrally."

Genuine. Short "i," as in "it." Never "genu-eye-ne."

Abdomen. The second syllable is accented like this: ab-*do'*-men. It is never *ab'*domen. Other words which follow this rule are ac*u*men, horizon, dic*ta*tor, spec*ta*tor.

Caramel. Pronounce each syllable distinctly, accent on the first syllable, and first "a" short. Never "carmel."

Khaki. The "a" as in "ah."

Aunt. The "au" sound is like "ah."

Abhor. Long "o," accent on second syllable.

Absent. This word brings up a rule you must remember. When the same word serves duty as noun, adjective or verb, accent the noun and adjective on the first syllable. The verb on the last. For instance: "My brother is *ab*sent." But (when the word is a verb) "He ab*sent*ed himself from class."

Theatre. Accent on first syllable: *the*atre. Never, never "the-ay-ter!"

Acts. Sound both the "c" and the "t." "Akts." Not "ax."

Asked. Be sure to get the "k" sound into this one.

Adventure. Like education. Keep the "t" a true sound. Don't say "advenshure."

Advertisement. This can be pronounced either way: Adv*er*tisement (with a short "i") or adver*tise*ment (with a long "i"). The first way is preferred.

Mischievous. Accent on first syllable: *mis*chievous. It is never pronounced any other way. So watch out.

Pantomime. Be sure the last "m" is an "m," and not an "n."

Mock. Short "o." Never "mawk."

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Lu Anne Meredith, 1934 Wampas Baby Star

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June. As in blue, give the "u" what it should have. Never "Joon."

Jewel. Pronounce both syllables. Never "jool."

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Docile. The "o" may be either short or long.

Idea. Accent on second syllable.

Humor and humble. The "h" in both of these may be either pronounced or silent.

Chic. "Sheek." Not "chick."

Either and neither, take your choice—"eether" or "eyether."

THERE! That's a pretty hard lesson, but a very important one and I hope you'll profit by it. But remember that if there are any words which I've failed to include here that trouble you, please write me. I'm only too glad to tell you the correct pronunciation of any word as well as to answer any question concerning dramatic art that you care to ask me. And now before this lesson is finished I want to give you some advice that Claudette Colbert gave me to give you.

You all know what a grand actress she is and I think it was terribly sweet of her to send you dramatic students this message. Here it is:

"I am an exponent of natural acting. I think that most people try either to imitate some other actor or to dramatize themselves the minute they are on the stage or screen. They try to be different from what they are in real life.

"There are probably little mannerisms of your own which people like. You know, in your own heart, when you are pleasing others. Retain these little mannerisms, if it is at all possible, when you're enacting a role. This, of course, does not apply to character parts, but very seldom do young people play character roles.

"Do not clip your words when you speak. Read your lines before a mirror, studying yourself carefully to see that you are not exaggerating the part or obviously 'acting.' Do this over and over until you are satisfied that you are interpreting the lines in exactly the way you would in everyday life.

"The mirror, incidentally, will really surprise you, if you actually study your face in it. You will no doubt find many little mannerisms of which you are totally unconscious. Some of them will be pleasing and others you will want to correct, once you realize that people see you on the stage or screen as you see yourself in the mirror.

"Don't, for heaven's sake, try to exaggerate any of these mannerisms. If you find them becoming unnatural discard them entirely. There is nothing quite so obvious as an acquired trick of the hands or face and nothing so tiresome to see repeated over and over again in an actor or actress.

"Try to remember, when and if you are selected to play a role, that there is something about you that is different and pleasing, or you wouldn't have been chosen. Don't try to change the personality that has given you the chance.

"When I went on the stage I made up my mind that whether I succeeded or not I would always be natural."

I know you all will remember and appreciate Claudette's fine advice.

Now, I'm going to suggest something: Why not organize a dramatic society?

A group of young people in Sudbury, Ontario, Canada, have just formed the Young People's Dramatic Association and are having a swell time producing dramas and operettas. The president and director of dramatics, Michael Menexis, tells us that MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School is their dramatic teacher and that in this department they find the best instruction. From just such organizations will the great actors of the future come. Why don't you form a group in your home town? MODERN SCREEN will tell you how to go about it and will give you personal guidance.

Don't forget—this department belongs to you. Write to me—MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City—and ask me anything you need to know about dramatic art. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, no letters answered without that. Also tell me what you want me to discuss next month. All this month watch your diction, make a promise to yourself that you are going to speak correctly from now on. You must have a lovely, cultured voice to succeed.



Leslie Howard is back in his native England again and is busy at work, of course. Here he is with Merle Oberon in a scene from "The Scarlet Pimpernel," a London Films-United Artists production.

Biography of a Bachelor Girl

(*Continued from page 37*)

everyone. Anyway, we'll skip it. The point is I'm the editor of a magazine called 'Every Week.' I want you to write your biography to run serially for us."

Miss Forsyth was truly amazed.

"Don't misunderstand me. The reason I'd like you to do this is simply because of the celebrity of your subjects and your—'friendships' with them."

Instead anger was followed by amusement insofar as Marion was concerned.

"The money is pretty good," reminded Kurt, "an advance of two thousand."

"Wait a minute," she considered. And then, "No, I'll let you know."

NOBODY, it seems, wanted his portrait done, nor Nobody's wife either, so things became slightly worse than bad for Marion Forsyth. So bad, in fact, that the landlord decided he could no longer afford her as a non-paying tenant. And so, the moving men were taking furniture from her apartment while Kurt waited and Leander Nolan entered.

Leander was part of Marion's past, a very definite part, alas, for his present peace of mind and his senatorial aspirations. He had known her a long time ago —too unwisely and too well.

"Beg pardon," he essayed to Kurt, noting the state of the room, "are you a sheriff's deputy?"

"No," returned the young man, "just an innocent bystander here to offer the lady a job."

"Oh, I haven't seen little Marion in many years," reminisced Leander. "We were very close then."

Richard, scenting material for the biography, became at once interested. "You must have been in at the beginning of her career," he ventured.

And then Marion appeared, beautifully gowned, drenched with orchids and looking not at all like a young woman being dispossessed.

"Mr. Kurt," she said cheerily, and, turning to Leander, "who may this be?"

Nolan, with no little embarrassment, explained his position in her past life and, Miss Forsyth, undaunted, exclaimed, "Why, of course, Bunny darling. I should have known you anywhere."

Leander, it seemed, had business to discuss too, and so Kurt agreed to withdraw to the kitchen. Bunny, who had his unselfish moments, pulled out his wallet. He deplored the fact that Marion was to lose her apartment and offered financial aid, which, of course, she refused.

"Bunny," she said, "let's not waste time talking about money. Let's talk about you. You look grand—like a senator or something."

And it was then that Leander, feigning a modesty he far from felt, replied, "In a few months I may be a senator."

And so, Leander took his departure and Kurt proceeded to wax strongly against men of his type being put in power.

Meanwhile the moving men continued to lift the furniture, piece by piece, from the apartment, which jerked Richard suddenly back to the business at hand.

"So," he said, "you've decided to do the biography, to sell out those precious memories? Well, here's your first check. We'll announce the first installment next month."

It was then that Marion truly became scared. The time was at hand to do a little first-class revealing and, even though she had only to put down the facts, they made a primrose path in themselves. And the men who had tread that path with her were important, had plenty to lose by a Past suddenly rearing its hectic head. But Richard departed, self-satisfied and triumphant, as Marion took a sheet of paper and a pencil and wrote, "I am born," on the first line and, "I meet Richard Kurt" on the last. Then she said to herself, "Now, all I have to do is fill in.

"Oh, Bunny," kidded Marion, "then maybe I can paint you, toga, ferrule, tribune of the people." It was all very funny to her, and funnier still because the man opposite took it all so very seriously. Life was a problem to him and he worried more about the possibility of solving it than anything else. And now, there was patently something else on his mind. And presently, with a little coaxing, he sprung it.

"I'm engaged," he said rather pompously, "to Slade Kinnicott, daughter of Orrin Kinnicott, the big publisher.

"Ah-ha," said Marion, "not the man with the chest-expansion, not the gentleman who publishes 'The Body Beautiful,' not the man with the biceps?"

Of course Mr. Nolan was annoyed, very much annoyed. He felt he was being poked fun at and anything he couldn't stand was lightness where heaviness would do as well. He became curt and hesitantly remarked that Marion had been on his conscience all these years, that he should have done right by her in a matrimonial way, perhaps, but now of course it was too late for all that. He would, however, like to commission her to paint the portrait. It was one method of keeping the wolf from the door and, as Marion, impulsive, kissed the dignified man, Richard Kurt appeared.

"Looks like that big one-time romance is starting to sizzle again," he proffered, which of course, made no hit with him who got kissed. A certain enmity between the men at once came into being and that enmity was to endure.

There was nothing of the hypocrite about Orrin Kinnicott. No, indeed. Mr. Kinnicott practiced what he preached and preached what he published. So, if he advised a waiting world to dine on nuts and raisins and exercise on an electric horse, he was the first to do the same.

Mr. Kinnicott did everything thoroughly and his present job was to make his future son-in-law a senator. He was lunching on oats and contemplating Leander's glory when Mr. Nolan, very much harassed, appeared with a copy of the magazine announcing Marion's biography.

"Darn good stunt," enthused the innocent Orrin. And then suddenly the light broke. "Are you in this?" he demanded. And poor Leander was afraid he was. "Well," continued the irate physical culturist, "there's nothing to do but see the woman and talk her out of this. You better go to it." And Leander departed.

Meanwhile, Marion was entertaining Feydak, who played the piano and Kurt who was busy editing her biography. Feydak had news. They wanted him in Hollywood to write music for pictures. It was his chance to make money and to ask Marion once more to marry him.

"Feydie," she said, "you are sweet. But you know, I believe I'm in love. I think this time I know it's so. I cannot live without the man."

And so Leander found them.

"Marion," he cried, as he entered, "you can't do this to me! This could make a rift between me and Kinnicott and inter-

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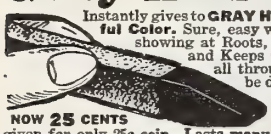
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fere, not only with my candidacy for the senate, but with my marriage."

"Dickie," called Marion to Kurt, who was in the next room blue-penciling the biography. "Bunny claims my story is going to ruin him with the voters of Tennessee."

"Tell that old windbag—"

And then it was on. Nolan and Kurt told each other what was what and in no uncertain terms. One promised that the biography would not be run and the other promised it would. And Leander finally departed feeling that pretty much was lost. It was then that Marion attempted to call the whole thing off.

"Dickie," she pleaded, "why should we do this? I've always hated women who aired their private lives. Let's not."

"Let's not?" stormed Kurt. "Why, do you know that old bird Kinnicott sent for me and offered me a job if I'd call this off? Tried to bribe me! Nothing can stop this, absolutely nothing! Even if I have to kidnap you. Say, there's an idea. Us for a cabin in the woods until this yarn is finished! How about it?"

And Marion, who was at that point more in love than she ever dreamed she could be, weakly consented.

A few days later, the selected cabin in the mountains boasted little more privacy than the Grand Central Station. Everybody invaded it; that is, everybody to whom the suppression of the offending biography was important.

Kinnicott and Nolan arrived by motor, but not before Miss Slade Kinnicott, bride to be, had appeared on the scene. She had come to see the woman who had played so important a part in her fiancé's past. She was anxious to get a first-hand glimpse of Leander's early "love life." Leander had always been cool and unapproachable to her, but then that, she figured, was before he got ambition. And so, under the guise of wanting her portrait done, she had come to the cabin, only to find it vacant, save for the maid, until her irate father and downtrodden sweetheart arrived.

Mr. Kinnicott was angry at her being there and Leander was annoyed to the point of exasperation.

Then Kurt appeared on the scene. Which of course was a signal for the three men to get together in a good, old-fashioned row. Nolan threatened to sue for libel if the biography were published, and Kurt suggested he go right ahead. So when Marion arrived things were in a fine mess.

Miss Kinnicott explained their mission and Richard threw in the line about the libel, so that in case Marion had planned to be cordial, she would change her mind.

But that young woman was gracious under all circumstances, which was cause for great exasperation with Richard. Indeed, she invited Orrin out into the summer house to talk things over, and there it was she learned, to her amusement, that the great physical culturist was interested in her. Indeed he even suggested a dinner date.

He told her about Slade, what a flighty kid she was and how, if she married Leander, she would become stabilized. If the biography were published, the marriage would never take place and Slade would probably go ahead with her useless career of drinking highballs and staying up nights.

It made Marion suddenly feel responsible, responsible for the well-being and happiness of several people and she saw more clearly how futile the publishing of the story would be and how little it would actually mean to her. And so she promised Orrin Kinnicott she would do what she could to stop it.

They returned to the cabin, where she assured the inquisitive Slade that she no longer was in love with Leander. Hadn't been for years. And then, as the group were about to leave, Leander called her aside. He wanted her to do what she thought was right about the biography, but, first of all, he wanted to marry her.

Marion was touched beyond words at this proposal as she sent him away.

It was then time to face Kurt, which moment she steeled herself against, for she knew it would be no simple matter to explain her promise to this vindictive young man.

"I've promised not to finish the story," she told him simply.

"You've what? Well, my dear young lady, you will finish it. I'll hold you to our contract if it's the last thing I do!"

And then Marion suddenly saw red, she who had always been able to see the amusing side of a situation.

"Well, here it is!" she cried. "You can have it to do what you like with. All the rights are yours. I'm through. I'm going to California, to Hollywood to see Feydie. I'm tired of vindictiveness and get-evenness. I've had enough!"

And Marion Forsyth left the cabin and New York. She went to Hollywood, as threatened or promised, and there Feydie waited. He was about to lease a home if she would marry him. But Marion's thoughts were of Richard and so, one day when he phoned from New York to tell her he was coming west to do a series of articles, she was beside herself with joy.

"And Dickie," she said, "how about the biography?"

"I've torn it up, dear, because I love you. I'm not vindictive any more. I'm not vengeful. I'll show you. Why, I'm coming out to Hollywood to rip those morons inside out. I'll be seein' you, darling."

And Marion laughed and was happy.

They Visit New York

(*Continued from page 17*)

romance. However, the well-known clam was never tighter shut when it comes to giving out information than this same Maurice. Our guess is that he'll never get into trouble through talking.

Chevalier is the Tom Meighan of the talkies. Personality put him there and has kept him there. Acting, not so good; age, not so young; charm, plenty potent. How is that for rating? Fair? We think so.

Phillips Holmes, too, is across the sea. He breezed into town for a day en route to England, where he will make a picture called "Ten Minute Alibi." He spent the best part of his twenty-four hours here talking to the gents who deal in the passport business and so, recreation and shopping were strictly taboo.

Holmes is one of the busiest of the younger featured players. He's attractive, better than capable and possesses a goodly share of intelligence, and so undoubtedly will continue to do all right for himself.

We asked him about his—ahem—"love life" and he declared there just wasn't any. It seems Florence Rice, the famous Grantland's daughter, is a good friend, a very good friend indeed but, as Ethel Barrymore once said, "That's all there is, there isn't any more."

This younger generation is getting cagier and cagier. Probably the columnists have made them so.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 6*)

sordid things of life and the misery and sorrow which invariably accompany them.

This crusade, or whatever you want to call it, is threatening the greatest educational structure since the dawn of time. Are we going to sit quietly by and let the puritanical minority gleefully destroy such a source of recreation? Are we going to aid them in this destructive campaign, or as democratic and free thinking people, politely tell them to mind their business.

If the people think some of the pictures are too smutty, why not ask the Federal Government to appoint a national board of censors? I'm sure this would be a much better solution than appointing a few hermits who, because of their religious training, abominate all things of the flesh.—P. B. Buchans, Newfoundland.

(*The fight is on and it is an interesting battle, to say the least. But don't be too alarmed, my dears, we have a feeling that this "censorship crusade" won't last much longer.*)

Goggles for Mr. Pogany

Mr. Pogany should consult an oculist. Nils Asther is the handsomest man on the screen.—L. Anderson, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

An Up and Coming Starlet

I saw Jean Parker in a picture for the first time and I have never been impressed by an actress before as I was by her. She simply swept me off my feet. She is so young and so sweet that she makes you glad you're alive. And she's so pretty, too.

Let's have a story about her soon.—L. D. Bulloch, La Grange, Ga.

(*You'll find oodles of stunning pictures of this gal Jean and some interesting comments from her on how she goes about gathering a new wardrobe, on page 56.*)

Mae West and a Sixteen-Year-Old

Re: Mrs. W. Franklin's letter in the August "Between You and Me" column.

I, too, am sixteen, have an average intelligence, and have not missed one of Mae West's pictures. As far as I can observe it has done nothing to spoil my naïveté. After all, at sixteen one's character is fairly well molded, or should be. If Mrs. Franklin feels that Mae West's pictures will harm her daughter, it seems to me that she realizes that she hasn't been able to teach her daughter to discriminate between right and wrong. She is really rebelling against her inability to train her child, and not against Mae West.

The reason I enjoy Mae is because she is refreshing after the "weak" women so often portrayed by the Janet Gaynors and the "strong, silent" women as portrayed by the Garbos. Here's to Mae and her further success on the screen!—Catharine Jones, Lincoln, Nebraska.

(*And three cheers for you, Kate, for taking such an intelligent viewpoint.*)

Gone but Not Forgotten

You'll never know how much the Russ Columbo fans appreciated that perfectly grand picture of him that you had in your October issue. Russ was not only a fine singer, he was an actor with everything it takes to be a great star. I saw "Broadway Thru A Keyhole" three times. It was a fine picture and Russ put over the finest piece of acting I've ever seen.

I'd like to shake Sally Blane's hand long and hard for being at the hospital when Russ died, even though he didn't know it.

You're gone, Russ, and it hurts to realize we won't be seeing you, except when we gaze long and tearfully at the photos you've sent us.—E. D., Scarsdale, N. Y.

(*Don't fail to read "Son of Tragedy" in this issue.*)

Someone to Reckon With

I've just given up in despair. For a long, long time, I've been looking for a picture starring Robert Barrat. Why is he given only minor roles when he has such talent? His acting is real and down-to-earth. There's nothing "put on" about him. I think it is a shame for such wonderful talent to be wasted in minor roles when he is capable of doing something bigger. His name isn't even listed in the studio addresses of players. Please place him on top where he belongs.—Ova Hunt, Huntsville, Ala.

(*If you saw him in "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" as the wild Communist you must have howled, as we did. He is a fine actor, perhaps the studios will wake up and give him larger roles.*)

Mystery De Luxe

"The Thin Man" is without doubt the most sensational mystery picture of the year. Gay, humorous, yet deeply intriguing, it keeps you laughing and guessing to the rather unexpected end. The entire cast was aptly chosen, but the honors go unquestionably to William Powell and Myrna Loy. They are a splendid stellar team and I hope we shall see them together again.—M. L. Zebroe, Pasadena, Calif.

(*Right you are, my lady.*)

Such Popularity!

The only thing I find wrong with MODERN SCREEN is its evident lack of interest in Ralph Bellamy. I have been watching him for some time now and if MODERN SCREEN can't see the steady rise in popularity of this charming gentleman then one of us is blind—and I don't think it's me.

So come on, the rest of you Bellamy fans and let's give him a great big hand. And MODERN SCREEN, will you give us an interview, with a full-page photo of him? Is the order too big, or can you take it? —Mrs. John Hill, Loyall, Kentucky.

(*No, 'tisn't a-tall. We promise you a grand Bellamy story, with pictures galore, very, very soon. Watch for it.*)

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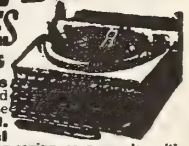
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Just shampoo with TINTZ Hair Tinting Shampoo and your hair is transformed into entrancing loveliness. It seems richer, thicker and fairly gleams with tiny dancing lights so envied and so admired. TINTZ softens the hair and makes it easier to manage. It rinses out quick and easy as it removes the dirt and dandruff. There are four popular shades—Blonde, Brown, Titian and Brunette. Mail coupon for free test. State shade desired.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

TINTZ CO., 400 W. ERIE ST. DEPT. M-60, CHICAGO, ILL.

I enclose 10c to cover mailing cost on FREE TRIAL package TINTZ in.....Shade.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Good News

(Continued from page 72)

DICK ARLEN seems to hate actors with temperament. The other dawning, after Dick and the rest of the crowd had listened for hours to a newly imported actress tell about her troubles and her inability to "feel" her role on the cold sound stages, Dick said: "It seems to me that making pictures is a question of remembering lines and making faces. If I remember the lines, I forget to make the faces, and if I make faces I always forget the lines. If I ever do the two together I'll be a sensashun."

OH, MISS SULLAVAN!

SOCIETY note: Margaret Sullavan arrived at a grand party the other evening chewing gum for all she was worth. When dinner was served, La Sullavan couldn't find a spot to park the leftover gum and finally sneaked it into a flower pot that happened to be situated directly behind her chair.

Get out the incense and crystal ball, girls. A local Hollywood soothsayer has succeeded in predicting almost every Hollywood birth, death, accident and any other calamity you can think of.

Yesterday, three hours after predicting that a certain writer would have an accident and that great trouble would follow, one of the better known scenario writers in Hollywood found himself tangled up in his wrecked automobile and a hundred-dollar bail bond staring him in the face.

It kind of scares the moom pitcher actors to know the "worst" in advance, but they are standing in line already.

SELECTED SHORT SUBJECTS

JOEL McCREA turned down a chance to make a picture in England and, just as Hollywood began to wonder, it was announced that Joel will play the lead opposite Dietrich in "Carnival in Spain". . . . The extras sure do get a break in "The President Vanishes." The director placed a call for 2000 of them. . . . Jeanette MacDonald left here to spend a month in New York right after the preview of "The Merry Widow." . . . The new continental cafe, Trocadero, has $8,000 worth of kitchen equipment alone. . . . Phillips Holmes embarked for London on the same boat that brought Maureen O'Sullivan back from Ireland (without Johnny Farrow!) . . . James Cagney changed the title to read: "The Sea Hates the Captain" after the boom on his new boat swung around and cracked him on the skull. . . . Charlie Laughton is almost ready to leave the hospital after his operation. . . . Will Hays' own church in Sullivan, Indiana has asked him to defend his work to clean up the films (!) . . .They now tell us that Colin Clive is a relative of the famous Lord Clive of India. This information has leaked out since Mr. Clive has been cast with Ronnie Colman in "Clive Of India". . . . Wonder what's happened to Lee Tracy, his last two pictures have been awful. . . . Billie Burke may have to pay the estate of her late husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, for the title "Ziegfeld Follies" before she can use it.

Bill Howard, one of Hollywood's ace directors, will make his first appearance in pictures in his latest, "Evelyn Prentice," but not even his best friends will recognize him. The story calls for one scene in which X-rays of the spine are shown and Director Howard has offered his personal services in this regard.

Watch for this scene closely. It may be the hit of the picture.

SPENCER TRACY spent about a week (and plenty of shekels) buying out most of the Beverly Hills' flower shops and keeping the telegraph operators working overtime trying to impress Virginia Bruce (ex-Mrs. John Gilbert) with his ardent affection.

No sale!

After the seventh course of a dinner which Carl Brisson gave recently, Bill Fields was heard to say, "No more food for me." But one hour later he was still eating!

Mr. Brisson, it seems, serves his food in the same manner he serves his personality—in big doses. It was said by a close observer (one of the survivors) that 30 courses were served.

If Mr. Brisson has succeeded in catching up with Hollywood slang, we presume he ushered his guests to the door with: "It serves you right!"

THOSE close to Carole Lombard say no one will ever know how deeply she suffered over Russ Columbo's death. But how different were her actions from the hysterical theatricalism with which Pola Negri mourned Valentino! In fact, another girl, a former friend of poor Russ, occupied most of the newspaper space, while Carole was confined to her home with a doctor and a nurse in attendance.

The minute she was able to travel, Carole fled from Hollywood to try and forget. She left for New York accompanied by her mother. William Powell was at the station to see her off.

Several days after her departure, a close friend received a letter from the unhappy girl. She wrote: "I don't know why I came away. I can't run away from myself."

They also say it was Carole who was responsible for the fact that Russ did not cancel his twenty-five-thousand-dollar insurance policy as he planned to about a week before his tragic death. Because of a very large income tax, Russ found himself strapped for ready cash and the policy would have been cancelled if Carole hadn't advised him to borrow the money to meet it. The policy will pay $50,000 to Columbo's mother.

It's really sumpin'! We're talking about that new Joan Crawford limousine—snowy white inside and out.

The upholstery in the Crawford creation is of white satin!

No sooner had Joan Crawford copped the automobile spotlight with her "all white, satin upholstered" car, than Joe E. Brown pushed his new gas buggy out onto the Boulevard and the natives gasped at its brilliance: baby blue, it is!

When these two jobs hit the Boulevard at the same time and meet Carl Brisson's cream colored import (the one with the trap door in the roof), it makes for a gala event.

NEWSREEL

FRANCHOT TONE has been traded to Warners for the lead opposite Del Rio in "Caliente," while M-G-M gets George Brent in the deal. Which would you rather have? . . . Johnny Weissmuller and Joel McCrea have a new system for catching fish: they take three or four lines in their mouths and swim from a barge to the shore. . . . It cost one of your famous actor friends over 50 G's to get back in the good graces of the studio after he had held up production ten days with a walkout. . . . Mary Lou is calling on Lanny Ross in Hollywood this month and all their radio fans will get a look-see. . . . Ramon Novarro will help dedicate the $25,000,000 theatre in Mexico City this week, a boyhood ambition fulfilled. . . . Bette Davis wants everyone to know that she isn't jealous of her little sister Barbara and that she will really help the newcomer get a good break in films. . . . 'Tis reported that Greta Garbo has taken up tap dancing (quite a tap, sez you?).

Bette Davis is plenty burned up about the printed story that she "took" her husband shopping and bought him a twenty-eight-dollar suit of clothes. If she ever finds out who started the story, the unlucky person had better look out. Bette has battle in her eye.

This money business is a very sore point with the Harmon O. Nelsons. "Ham" has a job in a local orchestra that pays him well and he is perfectly capable of paying for his own twenty-eight-dollar suits . . . if he ever bought one at that price.

DO you know the deep dark secret in the past life of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr?

He was once a student in the Hollywood School For Girls! The horrible news leaked out last week when a former principal of the school gave out an interview about famous movie stars who had attended the school. It seems that Doug had been admitted during a brief spell when the academy for girls had decided to lift the sex ban and permit boys, too.

LITERARY NOTES

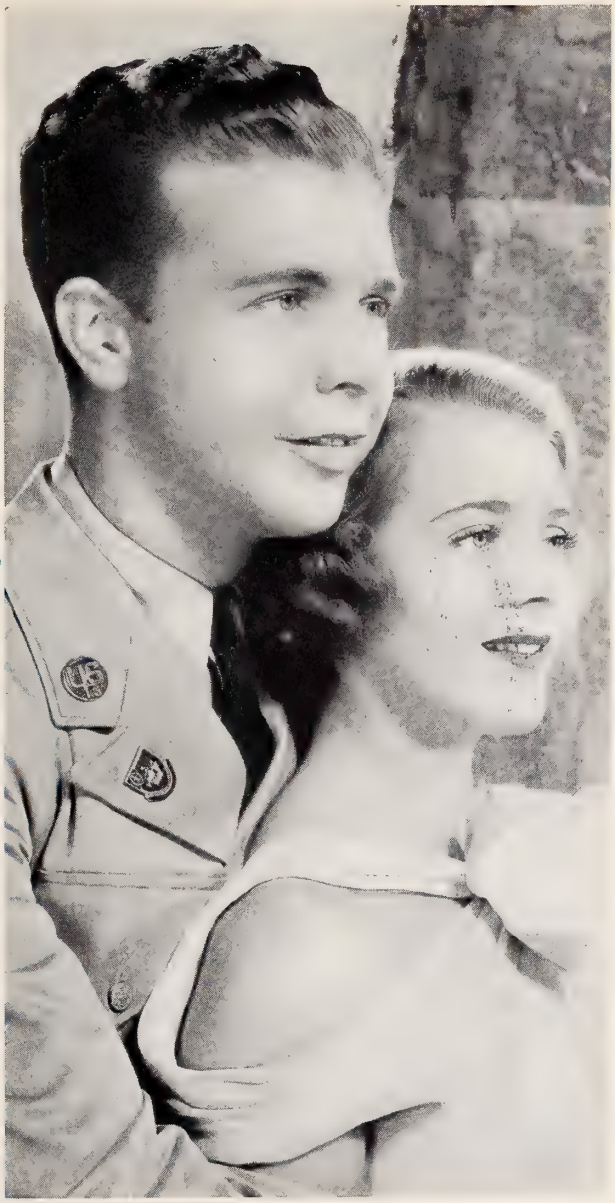
Jean Harlow isn't the only stellar lady who has gone literary, of late. Mary Astor has just completed the final chapter of her first novel. By the time you read this Jean's story will probably be running serially in a national magazine. Mary is expecting to bring her's out in book form.

Genevieve Tobin has turned author, too. Whether Genevieve felt the need for better stories, more money, or a release for her pent-up genius, we are unable to figure out. At any rate, she has given birth to a little epic entitled, "Give Up," and will star in it for Warner Bros.

OTTO KRUGER will think twice before he parks his car at the theatre again. Last night, after the show, Otto returned to the lot where he had left his car to find it gone. After some questioning, he learned that he had picked a "Used Car Lot" for his parking and that his car had been sold about an hour before he returned.

After running all over town, Kruger got his car back, but the "buyer" was certainly hopping mad. He had made a "good buy."

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



COURT MARTIALED FOR *Love*

To young lovers, Hawaii is a land of flowers drenched in perfume, of steel guitars played softly in rhythm to Tropical seas, of moonlight and romance. To the gay army set at the Post there, it is a land of fun, of long drives through languorous country drowsing under a hot sun, of bridge played on verandahs cooled by breezes from the Pacific.

But to young Dick Dorcy it was a land of work and plenty of it. He had not thought it would be like that when he enlisted. "Join the army and see the world" . . . that was what the army posters had said, but so far there had not been so much to see. At least, not until the general's daughter arrived.

Her face was lovelier than any of the flowers tangled together in the leis swinging in pace to her happy feet, Dick couldn't help looking at her as if she were the first girl he had ever seen, couldn't help knowing he was head over heels in love with this beautiful creature . . . but she was the general's daughter, and he was only a private.

How Dick Dorcy woos and finally wins Kit is one of the most exciting love stories ever told. You'll thrill to it from beginning to end.

Read this love story complete in the December issue now on sale. Then see it in Warner Brothers film production, "Flirtation Walk."

14 Complete Stories in This Issue:

FLIRTATION WALK with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell; THE PAINTED VEIL with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, George Brent; BELLE OF THE NINETIES with Mae West, Roger Pryor; WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS with Helen Hayes, Brian Ahearne; PART TIME LADY with Carole Lombard; PERFECT WEEKEND with James Cagney, Patricia Ellis; THE FIREBIRD with Verree Teasdale, Ricardo Cortez; GAMBLING with George M. Cohan, Wynne Gibson, WEDNESDAY'S CHILD with Frankie Thomas, Edward Arnold, Karen Morley; CHU CHIN CHOW with Anna May Wong; THE LEMON DROP KID with Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy; I'LL SELL ANYTHING with Pat O'Brien, Ann Dvorak; TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW with Neil Hamilton, Miriam Jordan; GIRL OF MY DREAMS with Eddie Nugent, Mary Carlisle.

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen on sale at all newsstands


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
The Cream of the Crop
The clean center leaves are the mildest lea
They Taste Better!
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LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

anuary 35

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DEC 27 1934

Earl Christy

Anna Sten

eginning in This Issue

THE TRUE LOVE STORIES OF FOUR FAMOUS STARS

Snap out of it..!





WHAT you need is a glass of Ballantine's Ale. It will make you feel like a new person as it takes away that squeamish feeling you've had ever since breakfast. Did you know that ale is good for the digestive system? Well, it is. Ale contains natural carbonic gas. Carbonic gas—in natural form—is an aid to digestion and this is why a glass of Ballantine's Ale will help put you right back in the running when you've had too much of the wrong food or drink the night before. The next time you thirst for a really great drink—order Ballantine's Ale.

Snap out of it with this finest of American ales. Have a case sent home today from your grocers, delicatessen or dealer.

"America's Finest Ale" since 1840

BALLANTINE'S ALE

TRADE MARK

P. BALLANTINE & SONS, NEWARK, N. J.

Why is one of these girls winning and the other losing this private BEAUTY CONTEST



BOTH GIRLS have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, *your skin.*

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help *you* win *your* beauty contests.

Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY

Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for *your* skin. See how much it can improve *your* complexion.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

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Modern Screen

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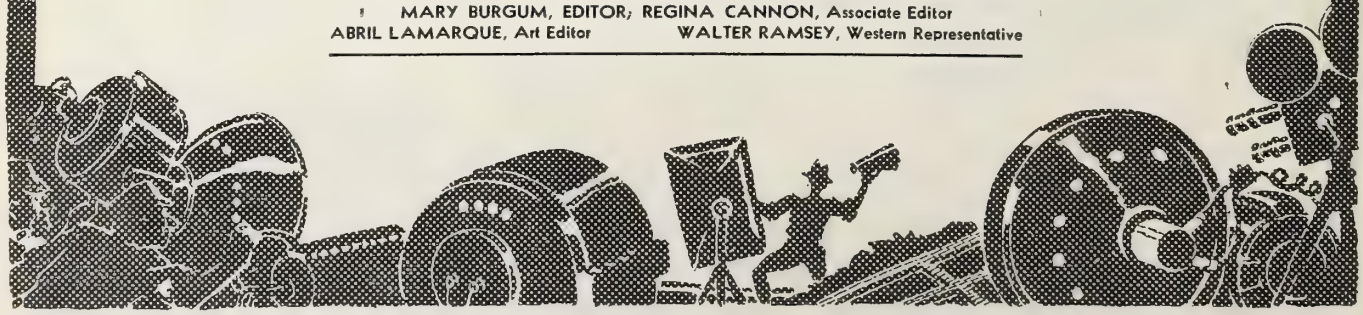
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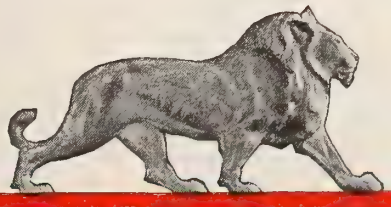
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DAVID COPPERFIELD



ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!



METRO-Goldwyn-MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK



When people drop in during the Christmas holidays, give them a real treat and serve your own delicious cookies and cakes

By Marjorie Deen

(Left) The Krugers—Otto, Sue and little Ottilie—plan for the Christmas holidays. And Mrs. Kruger knows just what pleases little kiddies' tummies and grown-ups' as well. (Right) First of all, there is her Applesauce Cake, which is deevine when served à la mode. (Below) Fruit Cakes made of Mince Meat are everyone's delight.



Courtesy Borden's None Such Mince Meat

The Modern Hostess

DO you remember the tragic day when you were told that Santa Claus was a myth? I can assure you that the knowledge that Santa did not exist came to me as life's first major disillusionment. Why, I remember crying bitterly and thinking that Christmas would never, never be the same again. And for that matter, it never was.

I was reminded of it the other day while I listened to Otto Kruger discussing little Ottilie's Christmas list with his attractive wife, Sue. Ottilie, their only child, is a charming, well mannered youngster of eight. And you can just imagine the kind of things she had written down for Santa Claus to bring.

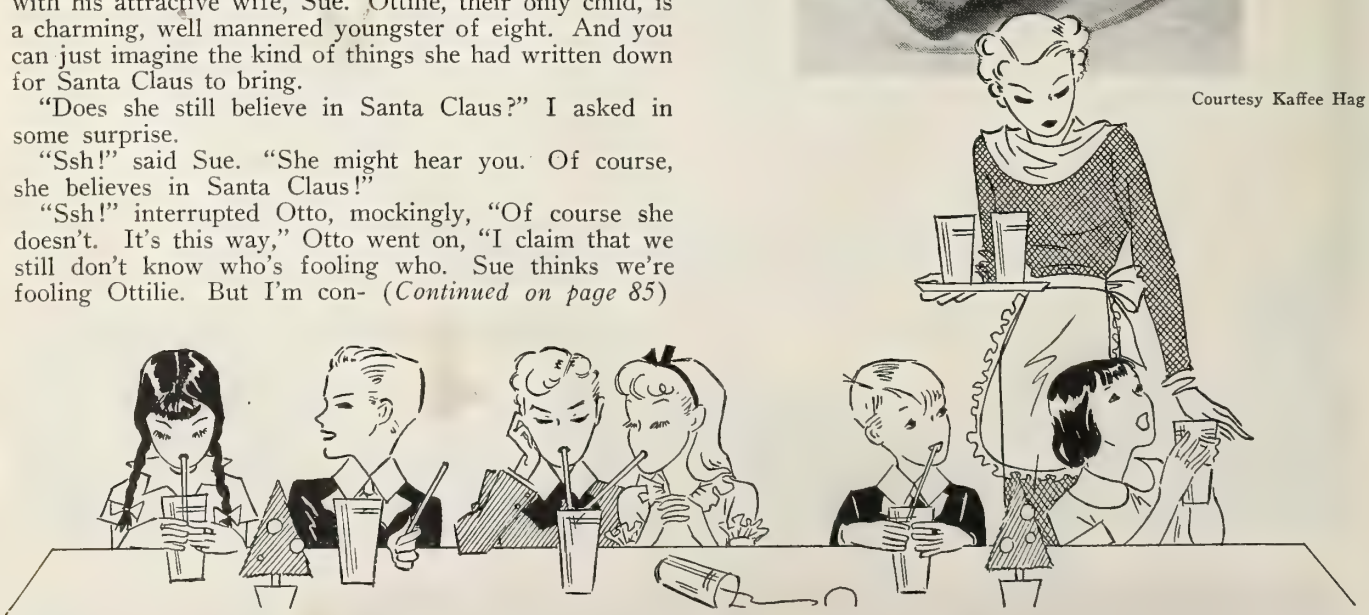
"Does she still believe in Santa Claus?" I asked in some surprise.

"Ssh!" said Sue. "She might hear you. Of course, she believes in Santa Claus!"

"Ssh!" interrupted Otto, mockingly, "Of course she doesn't. It's this way," Otto went on, "I claim that we still don't know who's fooling who. Sue thinks we're fooling Ottilie. But I'm con- (*Continued on page 85*)



Courtesy Kaffee Hag



THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Never has a story brought back so gloriously the good old days when flaming youth went to town on a bicycle-built-for-two—or more. That's Papa in the rumble-seat...but where's his shot-gun?



For the Christmas Stockings of a Hundred Million Film Fans, We Give You Warner Bros.' Magnificent Picturization of the Stage Triumph That Made America Young Again—

IRENE DUNNE in "SWEET ADELINE"

Brought to the Screen After 63 Weeks — Count 'em, 63—on Broadway, With Its Immortal Melodies and Romance That Take Us Happily Down Memory Lane, Dashingly Guided by Director MERVYN LEROY



We'd like to take up the merrie olde custom of slipper-drinking ourselves—just to toast that grand trio of fun-makers—Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn—and all the delicious dancing girls who are too numerous to name—but too sweet *not* to mention.

Ever whistle "Why Was I Born?", "Here Am I", and "Don't Ever Leave Me"? Well, this is the show that made them famous! Now you'll hear these and other great Jerome Kern hits sung and danced as never before—all because Warner Bros. finally lured dance-director Bobby Connolly of "Ziegfeld Follies" fame to Hollywood.



And while the orchids last, let's toss a load of them to irresistible Irene Dunne, and Donald Woods and Louis Calhern for their brilliant telling of a great love story; to Mervyn LeRoy for his superb direction; to Phil Regan for his delightful tenor; and to Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II for authoring December's grandest show!

Beauty Advice

By Mary Biddle



This year, make your gifts useful ones. And what will give your friends more pleasure than a tastefully selected perfume, a new lipstick or an attractive compact?

LIVE way beyond your means . . . in spirit! That is the code of the woman whose hours are filled to the brim with happiness, friendships, and love. It is your code for the New Year if you want to develop your personality, and radiate charm and magnetism.

A famous woman of many years ago once said, "Only a great beauty can afford to look unhappy." Perhaps you are looking unhappy and worried right now about your Christmas-giving problems. Maybe you're trying to eke out gifts for a difficult Christmas list on an aggravatingly limited budget, and you're finding it hard to be very joyous-spirited about it. Well, so are we all! I have some gift suggestions, however, that I know will prove both budget and worry savers to you . . . so do write me. I don't know of any better way to achieve a lot by giving a little than to give a beauty aid and to put as much wealth of thought and originality into it as you can. There is no greater aid to a woman's inward spirit, to send it soaring upward in joyous confidence, than the knowledge that she is looking her loveliest. It is one of the greatest blessings of modern times that manufacturers of beauty products have given us products that the nickels and dimes and quarters are equal to purchasing. And it should prove an especial blessing around Christmas time, too.

Already I can hear you protesting that you don't know the shade of powder or rouge or lipstick that Virginia or Jane or Gertrude should use. Maybe they don't either. That's where the fun and the skill of choosing your gifts comes in.

Let's take a few examples of people I know, and perhaps you'll find duplicates of their types among your friends. There's colorless, mousey little Jane, who comes first to my mind when I think of people my fingers simply itch to get at with a satisfying shade of rouge and lipstick. She really needs some sort of a stimulating gift to inspire her to "get out of herself." She needs a bright coral shade of rouge and lipstick instead of the medium-dark shade she wears (her skin is very nice, so she can afford to call attention to its fine texture with vivid make-up); and a luscious peach-blossom shade of powder; and I think I'll venture several shades of eyeshadow, too, probably in green and violet, as her eyes are a gray-green. Maybe she'll blossom out like a new person.

Then there's Virginia, who has had such heartbreakingly tough sledding this past year, and hasn't been able to keep up on the beauty end of things at all. Think what a complete beauty kit would mean to her, with creams to smooth away her worry wrinkles, and skin tonic to tone up her pores; powder the right shade for her freshened skin, and rouge to put the proper bloom in her cheeks. We know of several kits most attractively made up and priced for the Christmas season. You can, of course, assemble your own complete kit, if you prefer, from among the excellent products available in economical sizes, and pack it in a gay Christmas box with a cheery sprig of holly. Whether you've a "Virginia" on your list or not, this makes an acceptable gift to any or all of the feminine contingent you are remembering this year.

Incidentally, I'm going to tuck in Virginia's gift kit a small bottle of exciting perfume (maybe a couple of bottles. . . . I've found such alluring perfumes at such really alluring prices). It is a recognized fact that perfume has tremendous power over the mind and emotions. Even a case of the doldrums may be cured by it. What better little "uplift" gift for the spirits than that?

Let's see, now, Margie is on my list, too. She works such terribly long hours, and has an apartment to keep spic and span besides. As she aptly describes it, she is "dead on her feet" by the end of the day. I can't think of anything that she would love more than all the accessories for a luxurious, relaxing, soul-revivifying bath; fragrant water softener, lavish (*Continued on page* 81)

Change your beauty code for a Merrier Christmas

RKO - Radio's Christmas Gift to the World





Katharine
HEPBURN
in "THE LITTLE MINISTER"
by SIR JAMES M. BARRIE
With JOHN BEALE and ALAN HALE
An RKO-Radio Picture
Directed by Richard Wallace • A Pandro S. Berman Production

Another glorious Hepburn romance to share your treasured memories of "Little Women". Another beautiful RKO picture from one of the great love stories of the ages. Another radiant acting triumph by the year's outstanding star, as she brings you a role endearingly different—the fire and wistful tenderness of Barrie's immortal Gypsy "Babbie". Really something more than a motion picture—a Christmas gift for your heart!

All of life's gladness . . . all its pain . . . blended in love's old sweet song!



"I Purchased a Perfolastic Girdle . . . wore it for 10 days on trial, and in a very short time I reduced my hips 9 inches, and my weight 20 Pounds!"

Reduce . . .

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . or it will cost you nothing!

"I REDUCED from 43 inches to 34½ inches"...says Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll ..."The fat seems to have melted away"... says Mrs. Mc Sorley.

■ Such enthusiastic comments as these from so many Perfolastic wearers assure us that YOU, too, would be delighted with the wonderful results obtained with a Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere. Therefore, we want you to try them for 10 days *at our expense!*

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days...at no cost!

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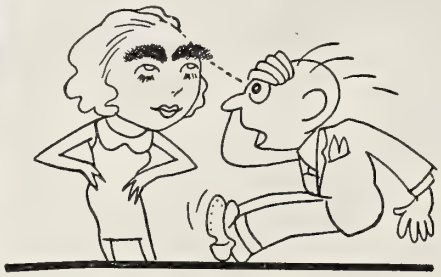
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

between you and me

Friendly Advice

Will someone please tell me what is happening to Ruby Keeler's eyebrows? They look like a couple of misplaced moustaches. There is such a thing as being too natural, you know. Won't someone tip her off?—A Kind Friend, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Wassa matter with Ruby Keeler's eyebrows?

If . . .

Things I'd do if I were the "it" man of Hollywood:

Take that painful expression off Anna Sten's face.

Give Bing Crosby a good leading lady.

Show Katharine Hepburn how to comb her hair.

Let Garbo go home.

Make a habit of co-starring Crawford and Gable. They give us thrills we can't forget and thrills are what we want. They've got what it takes to make our emotions bubble. And nuts to you censors who tried to wreck "Chained" for us but couldn't.—Movie Fan, Iowa.

Outspoken

If you ask me, the censors are nothing but an ignorant bunch of dried-up crab apples. Just look at what they've done to "The Green Hat" (now called "Outcast Lady"). At one time it was a wonderful story but now it's just another rotten picture since the reformers started chewing on it. The reformers seem to be cleaning up pictures for the benefit of children. But pictures are not made exclusively for children. After all, the theatres are not supposed to be nurseries.—Franklin Davis, Charlottesville, Va.



Hepburn's coiffure doesn't suit him.

A Bit of Praise

I can't contain myself any longer—I simply must tell you how enthusiastic I am about your magazine.

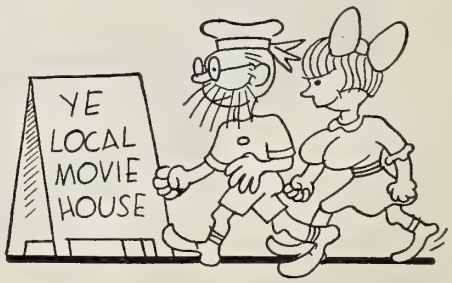
Especially big, fat compliments are in order on your fashion department which is different from any other and much more interesting. I particularly enjoyed Maureen O'Sullivan in the November issue, possibly because I'm about the same type. We've been rather slighted lately in favor of the glamor girls. Tough when you're less than 5 feet tall and look about as exotic as a ham sandwich.

Would it be possible to have Dareos do a little "future-squinting" for David Manners? He must have a future of some sort, but most of the seers seem to overlook it. Won't you have an interview with Manners soon?—Frances Shelton, Oakland, Calif.

(*Thank you, thank you. A Manners story? Why not. We'll try to do that little thing for you right soon.*)

Impressed

After all the heavy, sexy pictures of recent years, it is indeed a rare pleasure to see one like "One Night of Love." Its wholesome, clean romance, its humor and wonderful music, and the marvelous voice of Grace Moore make us forget the dreary lives many of us lead. Truthfully, I was never so impressed nor have I ever experienced such a feeling of ecstatic joy as I did when I heard the divine voice of Miss Moore.—Mrs. V. Orloff, Stratford, Conn.



Are the movies exclusively for kiddies?

Neither Angel Nor Hoyden—Ginger Rogers

I'm for Ginger Rogers because I think she is primarily an actress. What I mean is that she is never the same in any two pictures. When one has seen some of these muchly extolled ladies of the screen in one picture, one has seen them as they will be in all pictures—they are types. One goes to see, say, Miss G. and one knows that one will see "sweetness, nobility, girlish candour *et al*, personified, no matter what the theme of the picture. Or we go to see Miss H., and here again one can be certain

Your chance to tell US a thing or two

that archness, devil-may-care and general nuttiness will run rampant throughout the whole film. But to my mind, one never knows beforehand what Ginger will do because she acts her part and doesn't live up to any prescribed formula. We should certainly see her at the top before long.

Well, here's to Ginger, a relief from all the sweet darlings and blood-and-thunder females. She seems to strike a sane, happy medium that is refreshing and wholesome.—Ina Vernon, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

(*And thank goodness the public is beginning to recognize her marvelous talent, for she is fast coming into her own on the screen.*)

What About Lew Ayres?

I want to take up the case of Lew Ayres. Remember how excellent he was in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Common Clay"? Lately he has been in such mediocre vehicles as "Cross Country Cruise" and "Let's Be Ritzy." In the past two years the only really good role he had was in "State Fair." And now I have just witnessed him as a Janet Gaynor hero in "Servants' Entrance." To my notion, a hero of a Janet Gaynor picture is about as useful as a hero in a Mae West film, which is nil.

Lew Ayres deserves better breaks than that. I thought when Fox took him over, it would mean something worth while; but I can well imagine what the forthcoming "Lottery Lover" will be like, as the very cutey-cute "Pat" Paterson is in it. It seems horrible to think that a personality can be killed like that, but three or four such pictures will definitely end Lew Ayres' career.—J. David Brandt, Wellington, Kansas.

(*There's lotsa truth in what you say.*)

In Praise of Ann Harding

I sincerely feel that Ann Harding is the greatest actress on the screen today. "Vergie Winters" has been called indecent by the clean-up societies, which to me, is absurd. There could be no more beautiful love than that of Vergie and John Shadwell. The critics should learn to tell the difference between real indecencies and the art which prompts an actress to portray life as it really is.

Miss Harding is never cheap or tawdry in her portrayals. Her emotional scenes are always fine and sincere. I predict a lifelong career on the screen for Ann, for she is truly a "Gallant Lady."—Mrs. G. Kemp, Erie, Pa.

What About LaRue?

Every department in MODERN SCREEN is interesting. Every story is expertly written with a deep understanding of human emotions. Every portrait is a thing of rare beauty. It surpasses costlier movie magazines from every point of view.

But . . .

If MODERN SCREEN knew that every time yours truly buys a copy of the magazine, she turns its pages and actually prays and hopes that the next page brings a portrait or a story, or even some news of her favorite, Jack La Rue, it would make sure that its fan would get her wish.

For Jack La Rue, the actor whose brutality made us shiver in "Temple Drake," who was so sweet and kind and gentle in "A Farewell to Arms" and so dashing and romantic in "Terror Aboard" has a million dollars worth of talent.—Rose Liggio, Bronx, New York.

(*We've been deluged with letters from a great many of Jack's faithful friends and admirers who want stories and pictures on him. We'll try awfully hard to do something about it.*)

(*Continued on page 95*)

TWO BRILLIANT STARS IN A HEAVENLY PICTURE!

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" charmed you! "LADY FOR A DAY" won your acclaim! "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" gave you happiness! The same producers now give you the charm and joyousness of all in this grand and glorious romantic comedy!



WARNER BAXTER

MYRNA LOY

IN "Broadway Bill"

A FRANK CAPRA Production

By ROBERT RISKIN Based on the story by MARK HELLINGER

with WALTER CONNOLLY—HELEN VINSON

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown

They Visit New York

By Regina Cannon

THIS department went, clankety-clank in New York's oldest taxi, to the opening of "The Merry Widow." Truthfully speaking, we went as close as said oldest taxi could get to the Astor Theatre, in whose plush-and-gilt interior the opening took place. And then we pushed our way into the lobby, and used a shoehorn at that. For Broadway was packed tight with "dreat bid" limousines bearing celebrities, officials from two broadcasting chains, Mr. and Mrs. John Public, hanger-onners and starer-atters. From which hectic paragraph you probably gather that the opening of "The Merry Widow" was the biggest event of the month. And the swankiest.

You gathers right, Amos. It was not only big, it was beautiful. The star herself was there in person—Miss Jeanette MacDonald—looking almost as if she had stepped out of one of the scenes in the picture. Her ensemble for the evening is best described by the word quaint, which style the now-very-slender MacDonald carried off effectively enough. Helen Hayes was there with her very brilliant and slightly mad husband, Charlie MacArthur. Ernst Lubitsch (with ceegar) was there. Major Edward Bowes of the famous Capitol Family. Colleen Moore. Your old friend, Mae Murray. All these celebs were, each in his turn, hidden under swarms of autograph hounds and more whom we didn't see at the time because we neglected to bring our stilts.

The picture? Oh yes, we finally saw the picture. And we must say that Herr Lubitsch hasn't lost his touch. We also must say that, as a star, Chevalier is a swell leading man. It's Miss MacDonald's show, everybody, in spite of satisfactory work by Monsieur Chevalier and excellent bits by Una Merkel, Edward Everett Horton, Sterling Holloway and Minna (*Continued on page 96*)



(Left) Major Edward Bowes, Jeanette MacDonald and Colleen Moore attend "The Merry Widow" premiere in New York. (Right) Kay Francis arrives from a European vacation, looking particularly gay and charming.



Their Studio Addresses

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Hollywood, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Mascot Studios, 6001 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Monogram Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Twentieth Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Warner Bros.—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

AHERNE, BRIAN: RKO-Radio.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, TAD: M-G-M.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: Fox.
ANGEL, HEATHER: Universal.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ARLISS, GEORGE: 20th Century.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Monogram.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTHER, NILS: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Warner Bros.
ATES, ROSCOE: Free lance. Write him at Warners.
ATWILL, LIONEL: Monogram.
AYRES, LEW: Fox.
BAER, MAX: Paramount.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: Fox.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BAXTER, JANE: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BEECHER, JANET: 20th Century.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century.
BENNETT, JOAN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BERGNER, ELIZABETH: United Artists.
BEST, EDNA: Free lance. Write her at Warners.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BIRELL, TALA: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLUE, MONTE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: Fox.
BOURNE, WHITNEY: Paramount.
BOW, CLARA: Fox.
BOYER, CHARLES: Fox.

(*Continued on page 84*)

Very Important IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN



It must be Gentle!

STRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women... they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. *Madam, you must avoid them!*

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

good news . . . ?

Could He Manage Her?

THE reported romance between Margaret Sullavan and John McCormick is intriguing Hollywood for a couple of reasons.

First because the tie-up is bringing Margaret out into the open. 'Tis even rumored that she is willing to give interviews to the panting press. Just as important is the fact that it was John McCormick's marvelous business ability that sky-rocketed Colleen Moore to dizzy heights when Colleen and John were married. If he should take over the management of Miss Sullavan, there is no telling *what* might happen to the gal.



Because an actor lighted his beard in place of his cigarette (almost ruining said beard, to say nothing of said actor) the Hollywood prop boys are trying to discover a way to make asbestos beards that will *look* hot but not *get* hot. Some fun.



All the little youngsters who fought for the chance to work in the final Technicolor ice cream sequence of Eddie Cantor's newest, "Kid Millions," are now confirmed cynics. When it came time to eat the ice cream, the kids found that the delectable looking dish set before them contained colored mashed potatoes, instead of ice cream. It wasn't that Eddie or Sam Goldwyn pictures begrudged the cost of the ice cream. But you can imagine what the studio lights would do to a frozen dessert.

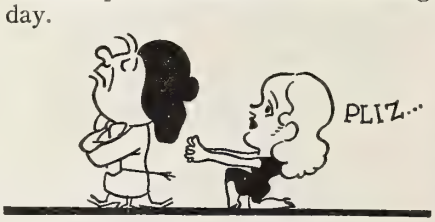
However, the noisy protests that ensued, following the discovery, almost stopped production on the lot. The sound stages are built sound proof, but nothing could withstand such a racket. The kids finally won and real frozen dessert was passed.

OF course you're read about the break-up between Gary Grant and Virginia Cherrill—but we have a hunch you don't know the reason. Most of the Hollywood columnists have been sending out flashes with the real "lowdown," but so far, none has given out with the right dope.

The actual cause for the split was the fact that the couple couldn't come to any decision as to just how they would fix the budget—how much Gary was to give Virginia for "pin money" and a few more such bits of trivia. Sound like home?

Ending the Depression

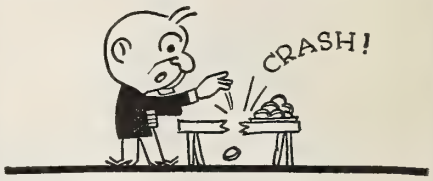
C. Aubrey Smith showed Hollywood the way last week. It seems that C. Aubrey has had his chauffeur since the first day of his arrival and the other evening he heard that the driver was about to lose his home for failure to pay a $3,000 mortgage. The actor dug deep and paid off the pesky bill so that his cap-and-goggles would have a spot to rest in after the long day.



When Carole Lombard moved over to M-G-M studios for "Repeal" she expected, of course, to have some marvelous clothes designed by Adrian. Imagine her surprise to receive a note the first day telling her that Adrian would be unable to design Miss Lombard's clothes on account of so many productions in work.

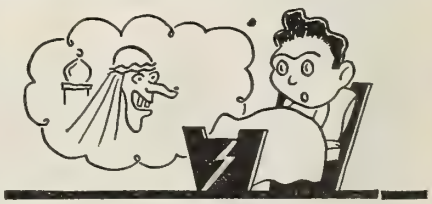
Many and varied are the reasons rumored: (1) that he is *actually* too busy. (2) That some of the regular stars on the lot went to the designer and begged him not to work for Lombard.

Whatever the reason, Adrian hasn't put foot on the Lombard set and she has another designer working on her clothes. Wouldn't it be funny if she should gain the reputation of starting a flock of new styles as a result?



Joe Morrison, who introduced "The Last Round-up" and hit the movies as a result, pulled the prize dodge of the week. After a bridge game at the home of a friend, the host rushed to the stove and threw together a batch of biscuits which proceeded to "fall" with a thud. Joe, upon seeing the result, decided he hadn't had any dinner and must not eat any of the biscuits else his meal would be spoiled. As he left he smiled, "I hate to eat and run. So I won't have any, thanks."

THE gent who designed the swell looking dressing rooms over at Paramount must have got an earful when they found this out: the new quarters were built, primarily, because of the need for more room. When the building was almost ready for the stars, someone discovered that the designer had completely forgotten to build in closets. They had to be added after completion and now the big rooms are just as small as the old ones were.



Francis Lederer is worried. Some gal in Turkey, whose family for centuries have sold their women into harems, wrote him to offer to become his "slave" for one hundred pieces of silver!

"I will be a perfect slave for you," wrote the lady. "I have been trained in all the graces and virtues . . . I will be faithful and obedient . . . I can

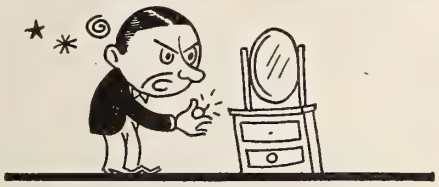
Nice hot news! Come and get it! Come and get it!

good news . . . !

dance like the flames and I will bathe your feet in perfume water. 100 pieces of silver is my purchase price." Mr. Lederer is scared. He says, "If she will come for that price—maybe she'll just come anyway!"

MRS COLUMBO is still too ill to be told of the tragic death of her son, Russ. Every day she receives a beautiful box of flowers with a card: "From Carole and Russ with love."

Carole Lombard was much in love with Russ Columbo and she is doing everything possible to help the family in preventing his mother from hearing of his death while there is yet danger such a shock would be fatal.

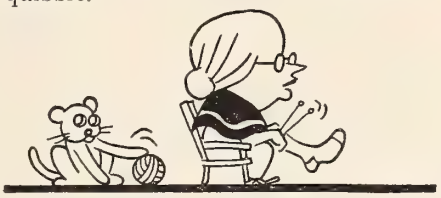


The most conspicuous thing about George Raft's dressing room at the studio is a huge picture of Virginia Pine. We looked real close and found the following writing at the bottom: "To George Darling, with all my love, always." The face in the photograph is beautiful, but Virginia has her finger in her mouth and Georgie says it reminds him of Baby LeRoy.

The dressing room is brand new and George has been wondering how such a swell room was passed up by the rest of the gang so long. The secret is out. Every time Raft pulls a door knob or a dresser drawer, the knob comes off in his hand. We're guessing the gang put Georgie on the spot. That's why the dressing room was still vacant when he got around to make his choice.



Rumor has it that Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur are expecting. There is much clapping of hands. 'Tis said that Helen will refuse any further picture assignments until the little one arrives. If the studio remembers their first (Act-of-God) baby, we have a strong hunch they will allow her the vacation without a quibble.



Cora Sue Collins reads all the newspapers and, what's more, remembers what she reads. The other dinner hour, she pulled the following to prove it:

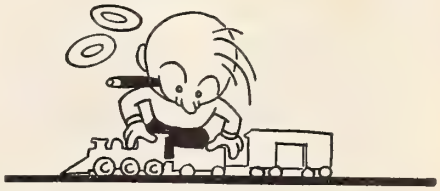
"Mama, I'm getting worried abuot Greta Garbo."

"And why is this?" smiled mama.

"Well," sighed little Cora Sue, "I see in the papers where she is having her twenty-eighth birthday today and she isn't married yet. You know, I think maybe Greta Garbo will be an old maid!"



Bing Crosby wishes, now, that he hadn't had the twin's nursery built right next to his and Dixie's room. They take turns at yelling . . . Terrible news for Harlow: a European camera artist arrives to say that the new color-pictures will do away with platinum blondes, because they look too artificial . . . Dietrich's daughter, Maria, has learned the tricks. When the news cameramen try to snap them, now, Maria covers *her* face, too . . . Leo Carrillo caught a 300-pound fish and sent it to a food station for the unemployed . . . Fred Perry, tennis champ, made some cracks (aside) to the audience during the tennis match that didn't help his local standing any . . . 'Tis said that Kay Francis' new heart is an Italian count, which should count out Chevalier. Sorry! . . . The dog house being built for Dick Powell's new home will be an exact replica of the main house . . . Helen Mack, Maureen O'Sullivan and Mary Doran all at the hospital for tonsils . . . Director Mervyn LeRoy is getting a nursery ready for next spring . . . Hal Rosson, ex of Jean Harlow, is seeing the sights of London with the Countess Gargen . . . Hollywood is watching with interest the fact that Gilbert Roland has been palling around with Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall. It should have *some* result.



Jack Oakie was sore. Here he was, one of the most invited guys in Hollywood and he had yet to see the inside of the gorgeous $250,000 Lubitsch mansion. He asked the director why he never invited any of the "younger set." Lubitsch replied: "I should be delighted to have you come over and bring some of your young friends." He then promptly forgot all about it.

Jack didn't. A few nights later he rounded up Mary Brian and Helen Mack, got them all togged out in kids clothes, bought a flock of toys and descended upon Herr Lubitsch for the evening. "We kept him up almost all night, too," smiled Oakie. "We had him trying to learn how to run a toy train."



Wonder what Connie Bennett thought when the judge in that famous scandal case in New York made the remark: "Who is the Constance Bennett who has been mentioned? I never heard of her."

Our ear-to-the-ground department has been mighty busy

And Contents Noted

Remember a grand story called "William, Bill and Willie" which ran in MODERN SCREEN a few issues back? It was about William Powell and it was written by Walter Ramsey. Well, when Bill saw the story, here's what he did:

At 12:38 p. m. on a certain day, he sent Walter Ramsey a wire:

SANS REPROCHE
William

At 12:41 p. m. on the same day, he sent another wire:

SPLENDID
Bill

And at 2:38 p. m., also on the same day, he sent still another wire:

SWELL
Willie.

Arlen Plays Cop

Dick Arlen, the "mayor" of Toluca Lake, is going to draw up some new rules to handle the traffic. I mean, since the public heard the rumor that Garbo was playing tennis and swimming out at George Brent's place, the whole district has been over-run with autograph hounds.

'Tis said that Mr. Brent is up in arms at the "silly rumors" to the effect that he and Greta are like this . . . but we-uns is takin' all that with a bit of a pinch of salt.

Venable Still Fancy Free

Evelyn Venable's papa won't have to worry about his little darter getting married for a spell yet. Ever since Evelyn came to Hollywood, Papa has been fretting about her stepping off the deep end before he has a chance to make a great Shakespearean actress out of her.

Her romance with Cameraman Hal Mohr has been going hot and heavy for weeks (with Papa on edge) but Evelyn has broken it off for good now and has wired home to say that "all's well." Ho hum.

Good Trouper

The "Evelyn Prentice" company had been rehearsing one particular scene for hours. Just as they started with the camera grinding, however, Isabel Jewell brushed a lighted cigarette against the wall and the lighted end flicked off on her shoulder.

The scene was a long one but Isabel didn't say a word to spoil it until the director called "Cut." It was found, then, that she had suffered a terrific burn and blisters had already developed! That's the kind of courage that prompted the phrase: "The show must go on."

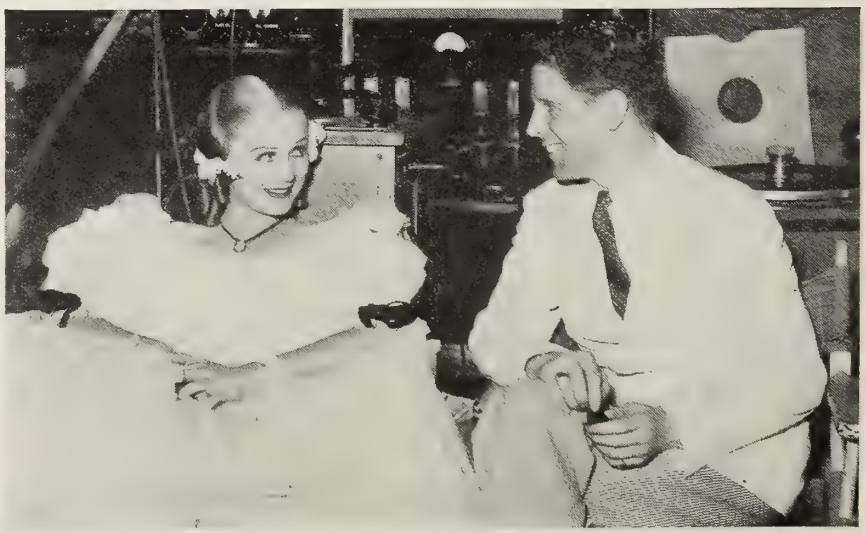
Sweet Alice

When Rudy Vallee first came to Hollywood he wanted most to meet Alice White, his favorite on the screen. Alice would not hear of it at that time for she was much in love with her present husband, Cy Bartlett. Now Alice is going to appear in Vallee's new flicker, "Sweet Music," and they have forgotten all about those early days. Besides, Rudy is probably thinking of Alice *Faye* now.

good news



Hollywood always seems to be giving a party for Emanuel Cohen of Paramount. Here he is again, celebrating with Mae West (wotta celebration!) and Gary Cooper, who apparently is looking for wife Sandra Shaw among the guests. (Below) Rudy Vallee, who is busy on one Warner lot making "Sweet Music," visits another Warner set where Gloria Stuart is at work on "Golddiggers of 1935."



Reunion for Bruce-Gilbert?

John Gilbert is still hoping, according to the very latest reports, that he and his fourth wife, Virginia Bruce, will get together before divorce separates them for good and all. They had three "secret meetings" last week to talk the thing over and reporters finally got a statement out of Virginia, the estranged wife: "Yes, we did get together . . . sort of . . . but don't ask me any more questions. I met him at his request and we talked a while. As for the future, you never know."

Hollywood is hoping they do reconsider and try again. If Gilbert would be a real good boy, the general opinion is that they should live

happily ever after. Personally, we'd cheer for it.

"Annerring"

"The President Vanishes," which promises to be a very swell moom picture, is going to cost a flock of dollars more than the studio planned. This is how: when the script was okayed some weeks ago, everything was fine, but since the picture was finished, the happenings in Europe have actually paralleled some of the fiction and all those scenes have to be re-shot! The author must have played a hunch.

Around Hollywood

The same day that Nat Pendleton fired his bodyguard, Jack Oakie hired one . . . One of the sensational dresses Carole Lombard will wear for "Repeal" is made of cellophane and it's driving her crazy. Did I say driving *her* crazy? . . . Bette Davis and her husband are driving east for a rest . . . Ann Harding has the whitest skin of any star in Hollywood . . . Mary Pickford gave a party to welcome Harriet Hoctor, the dancer.

Brave Man

Believe it or not, an assistant director was the one who finally tamed La Hepburn. The other day, while on location, our little "Spitfire" was holding up production by dallying with her lunch. Everyone stood around waiting . . . no one able to muster the courage to step up and tell Hepburn off.

At last the assistant took his life in his hands and, oddly enough, Katie took it with a grin and went right to work.

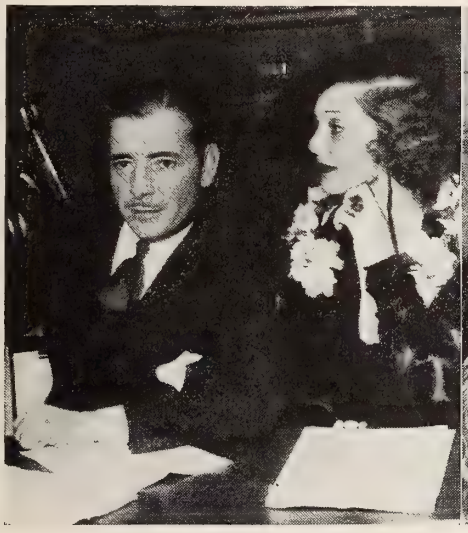
Beware Sinclair

Bill Powell, who is spending a fortune on his new house, refers to it consistently as "Upton Sinclair's Summer Home" . . . and Hollywood seems to think he's kidding. But it's not so funny! More like "half kidding, whole earnest."

Bye, Bye Party

Loretta Young gave a swell bon voyage party for Fred Perry, the tennis champ, before he boarded the boat for Australia. Loretta used her whole family to help make the party a success and see that her reported "heart" got a grand send-off. Both Polly Ann and Sally were there and the Clover Club rang to the rafters with the laughter and fun they all had.

The very next night, Loretta made her first appearance over the radio. And was she scared! She and Ronnie Colman did a scene from their "Clive Of India" and it went over great. Not (*Continued on page* 59)







Ronald Colman and Loretta Young, stars-to-be of "Clive of India," take part in a "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast. (Below) Still going together—and going strong. Bill Powell and Jean Harlow at Wrigley Field wrestling matches.

Little David Jack Holt, staying up late for the Emanuel Cohen party, asks Mary Boland to help him read the menu. (Below) The gossips haven't caught up with this romance yet—Helen Mack and Charles Irwin, at a preview.

Look who's back in Hollywood! None other than Pola Negri, looking grand. She's with Henry Wilcoxon, at a Cocoanut Grove party. (Below) Our own associate editor, Regina Cannon, leaves on the Century for Hollywood.







Modern Screen Dramatic School

Katherine Albert tells how to overcome self-consciousness

HOW can I overcome self-consciousness?

What can I do when stage-fright possesses me, my hands get hot and my mouth goes dry?

These are the questions that all of you with theatrical ambitions want answered. Even if you are minus those ambitions you probably will be interested. Honestly, I've lain awake nights wondering what I could tell you that would satisfactorily answer those questions. For I, like you, perhaps, have read those very profound books on the subject and found them, for the most part, sheer, unadulterated bunk!

Then I began talking to stars, directors and casting directors about you self-conscious ones, and I think that I have some specific, workable advice to give. It was a famous executive who put me on the right track. "How can I teach my MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School pupils to get rid of embarrassment," I asked. "How can they rid themselves of stage-fright, self-consciousness—call it what you will? Surely, they can't succeed unless they're free from these bugaboos."

"Why not?" he answered. "Do you call Joan Crawford a success? Norma Shearer? Garbo?"

And then a great light dawned upon me. By golly, Joan Crawford is one of the most self-conscious girls I know. She suffers agonies every time she meets a stranger. In reality she is much more frightened of adoring little fans who beg for her autograph than they are of the Joan Crawford they worship. And Norma Shearer! Such stage-fright as the poised, self-assured, apparently dignified Shearer suffers. Every time she starts a new picture she is tortured by doubts and fears. She won't do it well, she argues with herself. The part doesn't suit her. Another actress would have been much better. Thus go her thoughts until, before she knows it, she is in the executive's office weeping hysterically and begging him to call off the film. She does this about every new picture. Now the M-G-M execs are superstitious about it and feel if Norma doesn't go through a certain amount of terrific stage-fright, the film won't be any good at all.

I could go on and on telling you how nervous the stars are when they are working before the camera or meeting new people. I'll bet that you won't find ten men and women in Hollywood who are completely free from self-consciousness.

"But how," you ask me, "will all this help me? Misery loves company. Very well, but can that help me overcome my self-consciousness?"

No, it cannot, but it will teach you a great truth. Most of the stars are terribly self-conscious and they have succeeded. So, first of all, don't consider self-consciousness such a formidable foe. It isn't nearly so bad as you think it is. Unless someone told you, could you possibly imagine that Joan is self-conscious? Shearer? Garbo? Gloria Swanson? Clark Gable? Carole Lombard? Gary Cooper? Ricardo Cortez? Una Merkel? Isn't it true that these people have fooled you for years? That they all seem to be the essence of poise and assurance? Very well, then, if they can fool you, you can fool other people. If they can hide their self-consciousness so can you, once you get it into your head that you do not appear to be as self-conscious as you actually are! Try, too, to realize that when (*Continued on page 88*)

I should like to organize a dramatic society in my home town. Please tell me how to go about it.

Name .....

Address ..... City .....

State .....

(Please print name and address and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply)



Famous actresses and prima donnas are subject to stage-fright, too. Remember how nervous and frightened Grace Moore was in "One Night of Love" when she made her operatic debut? Tullio Carminati and Jesse Ralph had all they could do to calm her.



Ever-Glamorous

Will Garbo the Great, who reached new histrionic heights in "The Painted Veil," sign a new contract with M-G-M? Hollywood is debating the question and the affirmatives seem to be winning. It is said that the mysterious star greatly enjoyed making her latest picture due to working with George Brent, her leading man, whom she found so attractive. If La Garbo signs a new contract her next will be a talking version of Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina." She and John Gilbert appeared in the silent interpretation of the Russian tragedy when it was called "Love." We could stand seeing a new version, what?



Thoroughbred

The lovely Ann is now doing "Enchanted April," an ambitious piece for which she is singularly suited. Along with her other high aims she has a yen for writing, is no slouch of a linguist and is a thoroughly accomplished pianist. She knows no fear and consequently will drive anything with a motor attached. Her complete devotion to her home is due, no doubt, to the fact that her childhood was lived in various army posts. You know, of course, that her father was General George Grant Gatley. Fort Sam Houston, Texas, is her birthplace.



Charming

A quiet life and hard work is what Gene craves at the moment. He's had a hectic summer and possibly that explains his yearning for solitude. So with a book in hand and a lot more on his shelves, he's settling down to enjoy a period of seclusion. His friends have dubbed him "The Hermit," but that matters not to Gene. He has finished "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round," and is now doing "Behold My Wife," with Sylvia Sidney. A busy man, indeed. What, no romance? Guess not. His career seems to be the thing these days.



Blonde Menace

Did you know that independently wealthy Claire Dodd had no intention of pursuing a film career? The truth is she took a screen test for fun while visiting a friend in Hollywood. Result: a contract. So alluring does she find filmdom that she's been in pictures ever since. She preserves her gorgeousness by sleeping twelve hours a day and living quietly. She never uses make-up off the screen, never diets and is a fresh air fiend. Happily married to a successful realtor, she finds life good. You saw her last in "I Sell Anything."



Imp

He portrays mean kids but is really a very sweet youngster. He's unspoiled, too, thanks to his mother, who says thumbs down on anything that might swell his head, such as reading his own fan mail and going to a swanky private school. No, indeed, Jackie goes to public school and is a regular fellow. He's captain of his class baseball team, and vows he will be a star pitcher on a professional team when he grows up. His latest picture is "Peck's Bad Boy," in which he scored a tremendous hit, notwithstanding the good work of Jackie Cooper.



Britisher

It must have been a trick of fate that brought to the American screen this young Britisher, for it was by sheer accident that De Mille discovered him. The director's chance glimpse through a peephole in the room where Wilcoxon's test was being made decided his choice of an Antony for "Cleopatra." His next picture is "The Crusades." A recent exhibition of his paintings in London attests to the fact that he is an artist of no little ability.

A touch of HANDS — A change of HEART!



1 Frigid

2 Temperate



3 Melting

4 Hot!

IF you were a man, could you get a thrill out of touching a dry, chapped hand? You know you couldn't—it's the dear-little-smooth-little hand that gives *him* a romantic feeling. . . .

This winter, keep your hands thrillingly smooth! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will help you. Hinds *soaks* the skin with rich soothing oils—quickly relieves chapping and gives velvety texture! This is because Hinds is much more than a "jelly." It is the *penetrating* liquid cream—it lubricates deeply with quick-working balms.

Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream after you've "washed things out," also at bedtime! See how *quickly* Hinds gives you silken-smooth hands!

As fragrant . . . rich . . . as the liquid creams costing $2 at expensive beauty salons. But Hinds Honey and Almond Cream costs only 25¢ and 50¢ at your druggist, or 10¢ at the dime store.



Hinds
Honey and Almond Cream

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Men...!

(Below) Ann Sothern, Sylvia Sidney, Myrna Loy and Miriam Hopkins are the four girls who confess to you certain secret love episodes in their lives. Myrna, Miriam, Sylvia and Ann. One is the Girl with Flyaway Hair. Another is the Girl with Lovely Eyes. The third is the Girl with the Strange Beauty. And the fourth is the Girl of the Orchids. But which is which—you'll have to discover.

What do women talk about when they get together? Men! Men who have loved them. Men whom they have loved. Men who have made unpleasant advances toward them. In two revealing articles, four beautiful stars confess—without disclosing names, of course, for the sake of good taste—certain episodes with certain men.



THAT new man. . . .

For weeks Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood had been in a dither. The feminine part of Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood, anyway. The new man in town, come to play in pictures, of course, was *something!* Everything in fact! He laughed with his eyes. And, as if that wasn't enough, his personal history proved him gallant and brave. Interesting looking, rather than out-and-out handsome. Darn well-made. With an easy manner of wearing expensively casual clothes.

The men of Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood were stymied. They couldn't laugh this newcomer off as they would have liked to do. He was no sleek, hand-kissing gigolo. He had their instinctive approval. At the club. Over backgammon and bridge tables. On the tennis courts. At dinner parties.

A new man in any suburb causes excitement, affords a social impetus, inspires loads of parties, and sets fathers —and husbands—to wrinkling their foreheads over bills for new dinner dresses.

In Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood life follows the suburban pattern. To a T. Except that here the advent of a new man is likely to cause even more commotion than it does anywhere else. The girls in the movie suburbs largely outnumber the eligible men.

When the Girl With Flyaway Hair returned to the film colony after a holiday she found the chase well on.

"My dear," fairly screamed a friend who spied her coming into the hairdresser's, "wait until you see him! You won't be any calmer than the rest of us!"

That evening in the Beverly-Wilshire dressing-room, between dances, the girl met another of the new man's admirers. A somewhat older woman. On the screen she played society matrons and smart divorcées. A quick, frank, discerning woman.

"Well," she sighed, dropping into a chair, "you did pick an unfortunate time to be away, I must say. You've never known such dinner parties as we've been having, angel! For the new man, of course. I don't mind telling you, I'm exhausted. If he wasn't starting work on his picture and hadn't announced he wouldn't go out again until it was finished, I'd leave for Arrowhead or La Quinta. In self-defense. Because I'd never in this world have the will power to stay home from a party if he was to be there. And an old girl like me has to think about rings under her eyes.

"Come to think of it, maybe it's just as well you aren't likely to meet him until things have calmed down somewhat. He'd fall for you. Men always do. You look so . . . oh, so innocent and wicked all at once. As if you didn't know it, angel! And I do believe, without a doubt, the other girls would start a pogrom against you!"

The Girl with Flyaway Hair was pleased. Her little hands went fluttering among the curls at the back of her head.

"We'll see. I have an engagement with this marvellous creature. Tomorrow morning. At nine o'clock."

The older woman pursed her lips. "Angel!" she exclaimed, but with an incredulous note. She knew, you see, that he had been out on the desert ever since the girl returned and that the following morning he started work on his new picture.

"You don't believe me?" the girl taxed her.

"Why, Angel. . . ."

The girl laughed. "We're to be in the same picture," she explained. "That's why I came back."

The attractive matron snuffed out her cigarette. "Of all the lucky girls! Of *all* the lucky girls!" She sighed. For her lately departed youth. And others things, too, no doubt. "Imagine Angel, you'll have him *making love* to you!"

Angel shook her head. "You sound like a visitor from Dubuque. You know perfectly well love scenes aren't any more exciting or romantic than any other scenes. Part of the day's work. Nothing more."

"Not always. . . ." A little excitement beat in the matron's voice. Some memory lit tiny flames in her wide gray eyes. "Not always, angel. . . ."

THE opening sequence of that picture—a very gay, sophisticated and successful picture which appeared on neighborhood screens about a year ago—was laid in a smart and ultra-modern drawing-room. One entire side of that room, overlooking a flagged terrace, was windows. White predominated. There were sofas and deep low chairs complemented by glass smoking tables. And all about there were great crystal bowls of lovely garden flowers.

It was a beautiful background (*Continued on page 90*)







What will happen



MAE WEST



CLARK GABLE

By Harry Lang

Dareos, famous Hollywood seer, tells

What Dareos Prophesied	What Happened
Two famous stars, blonde and brunette, will divorce, despite vigorous denials.	True in every detail. Harlow and Kay Francis.
Unprecedented number of divorces, among them three famous female stars and two male stars.	Correct. Landi, Hepburn, Chatterton and Colman and Gilbert. Others include Laura LaPlante, Sue Carol, Adolphe Menjou, Gloria Stuart and countless others.
Babies (he even specified twins) will be born to many stars.	Right again. Twins in the Crosby family and babies to Sally Eilers, Frances Dee, Dorothy Jordan, Jack Dempsey, Joan Bennett, Robert Young; Joan Blondell and Clara Bow "expecting" as this is written.
Scandal looms hugely.	One might say that the entire motion picture industry was scandalized in the vigorous censorship campaign which blazed headlines throughout the entire world. Organization heads were severely criticized, pictures were banned in wholesale numbers, many stories lost all entertainment value in an effort to purify the movies, some of our best loved stars were practically ostracized because of past pictures and severely warned about future films, and many writers who had offended the powers that be were denied all studio coöperation.
Death will come to three of the screen's best-loved players.	Very, very true. Marie Dressler, Lilyan Tashman and Lew Cody.
Serious injury to Gary Cooper, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe in a plane crash.	Death for Lilyan Tashman. The rest untrue, as this is written.
The return of prosperity to the movies. New companies and new stars.	Correct. Box-office receipts prove the truth of this statement. The old Biograph Studios in New York have started life anew. Hecht-MacArthur and Walter Wanger have begun new producing units. While Grace

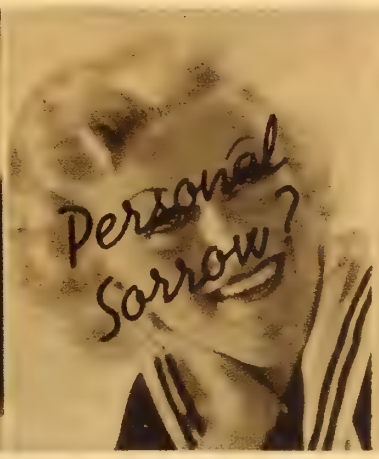
(Continued on page 83)

SUMMARY: In Dareos' predictions for 1934, there were 61 items. Of these, 47 came true. 2 were incorrect. And 12 are inconclusive as this is written. Dareos' score: 77% correct; 3% wrong; 20% inconclusive.

to them in 1935 . . . ?



CLAUDETTE COLBERT



JEAN HARLOW



HERBERT MARSHALL



BING CROSBY

you what "the stars hold in store for the stars"

ONCE again, Dareos, Hollywood's fortune-teller-to-the-stars, makes his annual predictions for MODERN SCREEN.

Readers who have followed his forecasts for the past four years have learned the amazing accuracy of his prophecies. He has predicted marriages, births, deaths, and divorces. He has foretold, with uncanny accuracy, the fortunes of the screen's great and near-great, with respect to their professional as well as to their private lives.

For many years, he has been a confidante of some of the screen's most glamorous figures. There are certain producers in Hollywood who will not make a major business move without first consulting him. There are stars —both men and women—who go to him regularly, and in whose homes he is treated as "one of the family."

AS a result, he knows the real truth about these people—their hopes, their plans, their dreams, and their secrets. On this knowledge, as well as on what the stars and his crystal tell him, he has based these annual forecasts for MODERN SCREEN. You have only to read the box on the opposite page to realize how remarkably successful his last year's predictions proved to be.

And so this year, he delves once again into his bag of secrets and tells us these things:

That 1935 will bring movie fans the triple tragedy of the deaths of three more of their most beloved players.

That both England and television will give Hollywood great competition. That television will make amazing strides and inroads into the motion picture industry, and that England, as a movie-producing country, will go skyrocketing to such an extent as to give Hollywood many a headache. Furthermore, many American stars will go there to make pictures.

That Myrna Loy will be 1935's outstanding screen sensation. That Joan Crawford will marry; also Janet Gaynor, Bill Powell and Carole Lombard. That Garbo will be called to Sweden by the illness of her mother, which will end in death. That Clark Gable will be the target for an overambitious mother's love-plot. Here's a list of the screen's most outstanding people and some of the things Dareos says will happen to them during 1935 —or within the first few months of 1936:

Garbo will leave M-G-M to make independent productions. She will be called home to Sweden by the fatal illness of her mother. Her own health will suffer. There is no great picture for her and her career will show definite signs of decline. There is no love affair and no marriage.

FOR John and Dolores Barrymore, the year is beset by accident and robbery. The stars indicate a serious accident to John, either aboard his yacht or at the wheel of an automobile. John will make one big English production. There is continued serenity and happiness in their domestic life.

Lionel Barrymore's wife faces the most serious illness of her life in 1935. Lionel himself is threatened with physical collapse.

Either in the early spring or late fall, Claudette Colbert will be the victim of some occurrence of personal violence—either accidental or a deliberate attempt to harm her. Threat of scandal overhangs her. Profession- (*Continued on page 82*)

He was a Problem

By Harry Brundidge

Fredric March says, "I might have been a gangster!" He stole. He was a hellion. Mothers who weep and pray over bad children—read this



March as the noble-looking Browning of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

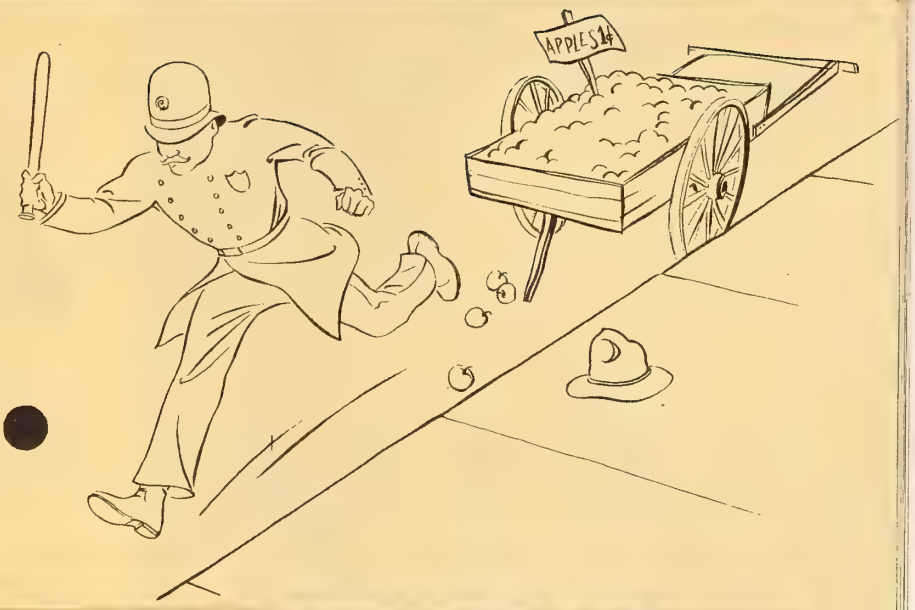
FREDRIC MARCH was what we call, nowadays, a problem child. He was considerably worse than mischievous. The neighbors weren't fooling when they opined that he'd never escape hanging. Nowadays, if parents have a problem child and enough money, they call in a psychiatrist and have the child's mental innards overhauled. But if they haven't enough money or cannot get hold of one of these mind-doctors, the father usually administers lickings and the mother sheds bitter tears and prays pathetic prayers and wonders whatever will become of her boy. Or, perhaps, if they are really sensible about it, they summon their faith in the good Lord and the potent influence of a good home to set the young divil on the right path. Look back upon your own youth. Perhaps you did some pretty terrible things. So do most young people—especially boys. Listen to Fred's story, as he told it to me.

Fredric March crumpled the motion picture section of a newspaper, crushed it into a ball with strong, bronzed hands, and pitched it into a convenient waste basket. Freddie's face was flushed, his eyes were flashing fire. He reached for and obtained a drink.

"Hell's bells!" he ejaculated. "I'm damn well sick of these sissy stories about little Freddie March.

Child . .







Fred—about eleven—with his father, an understanding and kind gentleman.



In the earlier sequences of "We Live Again" with the beautiful Anna Sten.

"That paper had another one. It related how I used to speak pieces and make weekly trips to the bank 'to deposit twenty-five or fifty cents, or whatever he managed to save from his small allowance.' Allowance, my eye! What dough I got my hands on in my boyhood I obtained from picking rags, bottles, iron and paper out of ash pits, alleys, and back yards and hauling the plunder in a home-made wagon to the junk dealer, where I sold it.

"I was a tough kid, back in Racine, Wis.

"I stole chickens, vegetables and canned goods. From the age of seven I did *all* of the things for which boys are now dragged into the juvenile courts. One day I stole a complete stove from a junk dealer, for installation in a club house our gang had constructed from stolen lumber. I recall that I congratulated myself on having graduated from petit to grand larceny.

"Had it not been for circumstances, and the environment of a good home, I, too, might have been a gangster —and a good one!

"I say 'I too' because some of my boyhood pals turned out to be thugs and yeggmen.

"Stories of my life have always pictured me as a sort of gutless wonder," he continued. "In every instance, the rough spots have been glossed over. The old theory that truth is stranger than fiction, and a darned sight more interesting, seems to have been forgotten. The truth is that I've lived an interesting life. I've tasted the bitter and the sweet. I've starved. I've walked the soles off my shoes looking for work. I'm going to tell you the truth—all of it—and I hope you get it published. I'm sick and tired of the nonsensical stuff that's been printed."

(*Continued on page 100*)



In the garden of Blunderstone Rookery, David and Dora speak of love.

David

Cast

David (as a boy).FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
David.....FRANK LAWTON
Mrs. Copperfield.....ELIZABETH ALLAN
Mr. Murdstone.....BASIL RATHBONE
Barkis.....HERBERT MUNDIN
Mrs. Gummidge.....UNA O'CONNOR
Micawber.....W. C. FIELDS
Uriah Heep.....ROLAND YOUNG
Agnes.....MADGE EVANS
Dora.....MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
Aunt Betsy.....EDNA MAY OLIVER
Mr. Wickfield.....LEWIS STONE
Nurse Peggotty.....JESSIE RALPH
Dan Peggotty.....LIONEL BARRYMORE
Steerforth.....HUGH WILLIAMS

From the M-G-M *picture.* DIRECTOR GEORGE CUKOR *and* PRODUCER DAVID D. SELZNICK. *From the novel by* CHARLES DICKENS. *Screen play by* HOWARD ESTABROOK *and adaptation by* HUGH WALPOLE. *Fictionized by* KATHERINE ALBERT.

"Mr. Murdstone, sir, don't," David cried piteously. "Pray don't beat me. I've tried to learn, sir."



Copperfield

Wherein the shattered fragments of a tortured childhood are slowly healed by the mending threads of true love

DAVID COPPERFIELD saw Mr. Murdstone for the first time in church. Later it occurred to him how ironic was this righteous background. It was a lazy summer Sunday. He and his beloved widowed mother and the good Peggotty, their one servant, were happy together in the little English church. David felt quite pleased with life until he saw Mr. Murdstone looking at his mother and, small boy though he was, he recognized a repellent quality about the man. He shuddered and drew close to his mother's fluffy skirts.

"That man," he whispered, "he's like the black panther in my animal book, Mummy."

"Hush!" she whispered, "that's a friend of Mama's."

Forever afterwards, every time he looked at Mr. Murdstone he saw only the sneaking, slinking black panther whose likeness on the picture-book page terrified him. But he soon realized that he did not know what real fear was until Mr. Murdstone came to live at his and his dear Mama's home. The man terrified him.

It was all very confusing and he did not know at the time why he was being hustled off in a cart, driven by a certain very willing Mr. Barkis, to visit Peggotty's relatives in Yarmouth. David couldn't see why his mother stayed behind but Peggotty told him that she was going to visit friends of hers. David accepted this explanation and made the most of his trip, without knowing that it was to be his last real happiness for years and years.

But he was happy with Peggotty, Ham (Peggotty's nephew, a redoubtable fisherman), Mrs. Gummidge (always complaining), Dan Peggotty (Peggotty's brother), and, best of all, Little Emily, the sweet small girl who showed David the wonders of the beach and, more wonderful still, the house in which they lived. Only it wasn't a house at all. It was an old barge, high and dry on the beach, turned bottom side up with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney (*Continued on page 61*)

It was all very confusing to David. Why was he being hustled off to Yarmouth? Why must he leave his mother?



"That man! He's like the black panther in my animal book, Mummy." "Hush, David, that's a friend of Mama's."



ZaSu Pitts' "hidden" personality may surprise you



(Left) W. C. Fields and ZaSu Pitts, a pair of picture-stealers at their trade, on the set of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Sad, Shy and Meek (OH YEAH?)

By Carter Bruce

YOU know ZaSu Pitts' personality on the screen—shy and school-marmish, highly moral, completely bewildered by life, so much so that the least upset throws her out of stride and leaves her feebly wringing her hands and whimpering, "Oh, dear, oh, dear."

Perhaps you've heard, too, how different she is off the screen—a highly attractive woman, dignified and well-dressed, much in love with her new tennis-champion husband, Thomas Woody, and simply mad about her home and friends.

I've often wondered why nobody has written about another side of ZaSu Pitts that I know. The only reason why it remains such a deep, dark secret, it seems to me, is her dread of publicity. Even if she only meets a newspaper or magazine writer on the street, she lies awake nights for a week wondering what he is going to print about her. It's a mania with her. She is actually terrified of print.

THAT'S the only explanation, so far as I can see, for her never having been painted for you in her true colors. As for me, I think she's the worst hell-raiser in Hollywood. How they ever finish a picture at all, when she's working in it, is a mystery (*Continued on page 80*)

What's Wrong with the Man?

Has love put Franchot on the spot—personally and professionally?

By Martha Kerr



(Above) Portrait of a young man whose name has become inseparable from the name of a glamorous person named Joan Crawford. (Below) Gary Cooper and Dick Cromwell with Franchot Tone in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."



UNTIL yesterday, I had never met Franchot Tone. But I had a couple of very definite impressions of him: the first, gleaned from his appearances on the screen, was that he was the most consistently inconsistent actor in the movies, with a tendency to alternate four-star performances with very mediocre ones. My second impression came from his publicity which, intentionally or unintentionally, presented him as probably the dullest young man in Hollywood.

It is one of my duties to keep abreast of the prominent players. Yet I have never been able to get past the first few paragraphs of a Tone interview, whether it concerned his life or his personality.

When he first came to Hollywood, the best the writers seemed to be able to "angle" out of him was a play on his name. I remember one or two of the stories were titled: "Now We Have the Right Tone in Pictures" or "Tone-ing In on a New Screen Lover!"

Immediately following the title, the reader was quickly assured that nothing sensational or dramatic would be forthcoming on the subject of Mr. Tone. He was a gentleman and, as such, did not discuss his intimate affairs. So, in place of the popular, human-interest slant, those curious about Franchot were treated to a set of facts about his birthplace (Niagara Falls), his excellent family tree, his Cornell University education and a list of several Broadway hits in which he had appeared in pre-Hollywood days.

The second Tone publicity cycle began and has, apparently, ended with Joan Crawford.

NO sooner had it become apparent, following her divorce from Doug, Jr., that Joan was interested in Franchot, that his name was coupled constantly with hers. Ham 'n' eggs, Amos 'n' Andy, Mike and Ike, Joan and Tone were all in the same category of related thought, absolutely inseparable. (*Continued on page 76*)

Claudette's Favorite Fan

How one fan won a spot in Claudette Colbert's heart

By T. B. Fithian

IS such a thing possible? Can a star have a favorite fan? People all over the world are constantly writing letters to their screen favorites. How about the other side of the picture? Out of this host of more or less regular correspondents does a star ever have an outstanding favorite? Someone whose letters set him apart from the crowd. Letters which command attention. Which win, for him or for her, first place in the star's affection and esteem.

In general the stars will tell you that there is no fan in whom they are particularly interested. But Claudette Colbert is an exception. She really has a favorite.

As we talked about it her manner was puzzling. At one moment she was eager to tell me all about it. At the next she shook her head. She couldn't!

Then Claudette did a startling thing. She threw back her head and laughed. When she caught her breath she apologized.

"Excuse me," she said. "But I can never think of how it started without laughing. It wasn't funny at the time, I assure you. I was furious."

"What is his name?"



CLAUDETTE glanced at me sharply. Her face clouded. Then mischief began to dance in her eyes. She jumped up and hurried from the room. In a few minutes she returned with a packet of letters. She winked at me slyly as she untied the blue ribbon.

"I know the other person so well," she said, "that I'm sure it will be all right. He won't mind my showing them to you."

I read the first one:

Watonga, Okla.,
Sept. 9, 1933.

MY DEAR MISS COLBERT,

Enclosed is a story which will suit you perfectly. I, of course, am the author. I am also one of your fans. Quite accomplished, what?

Well, anyway, I never miss any of your pictures. But I'm weakening. The record is about to topple. If you appear in any more stories like the last two, it shall definitely topple. Would you like that? No, my dear lady, neither should I.

And this is not all. Your acting is slowly becoming affected with the mediocrity of your yarns. It misses. Would you mind, for instance, stopping that annoying little habit of wiggling your little finger every now and then, please?

Poor, indeed, is the man who can only criticize. I come to the rescue. The enclosed manuscript is your salvation. If you fail to read it what will I think? I'll think that you think it is impossible for a man of letters to be also one of your fans. Your pride quivers at the thought.

Therefore, I remain.
Devotedly yours,
DANIEL KECK.

Claudette was scrutinizing my face when I looked up after reading it.

"Of course," she smiled grimly, "it was impossible to read that manuscript. I have an ironclad rule never to read stories sent to me by strangers. If I didn't I'd be simply swamped. My secretary has her instructions. Return all manuscripts with the suggestion that they be sent directly to the studio. Also a word of thanks. But this time she broke the rule.

"I had just crawled home from the studio. When I say crawled, I mean crawled. I was nervous, irritable, exhausted. All afternoon we had to do a heavy emotional scene over and over again. I came in, kicked off my shoes, and sank on the divan. My secretary showed me that letter from dear Mr. Keck. I glanced at it. You can guess my reaction. It wasn't designed especially to soothe one's jagged nerves. I forget exactly what I said but my secretary turned pale. She replied, of course, that she'd answer the letter in the same tone in which it was written, but she didn't budge. She stood there. Timidly, she held out her other hand. It was the manuscript. 'It's good,' she offered lamely. 'Really, Miss Colbert, it's awfully good. You should read it.'

"I flew into a tantrum. 'For Heaven's sake,' I raged, 'leave me alone. I'm not going to read the gibberish of that smart-aleck.' I had the article in my hand. After glancing at the title I turned to the last page. After the final paragraph the author had written, 'I wonder if Miss Colbert will read this? Who knows?'

"Such a cheap trick. Authors are constantly using such devices, sticking pages (*Continued on page 71*)

Rough, Ready and Regular

Unactor-like Vic McLaglen —his life reads like fiction

By Cyril Vandour



ONE of eight brothers known as the "Fighting Macs," Victor McLaglen has worked and scrapped his way around the world.

Born in London, this burly son of the late Right Reverend Dr. Andrew McLaglen, an English bishop, was the toughest kid in school and the despair of his gentle parents. Not being what teachers call a bright boy, he ran away from home and school at the age of fourteen to join the Life Guards, passing for nineteen.

The herculean mould of his physique determined his long career as a bruiser. His son Andrew, aged thirteen, is a chip off the old block, and already towers six feet one, within two inches of Vic's own height. Vic's brothers are all hefty fellows, each one well over six feet. The old bishop who sired this restless brood of giants was six feet four.

Life with Vic began at fourteen. While his schoolmates were still cramming for their exams in Latin and trigonometry, he was a swaggering man of the world, knocking around with troopers who had seen active service, smoking strong tobacco, and at nights, after the day's back-breaking drill, bawling lusty regimental songs over tall mugs when, as he says, "beer was beer." In a company noted for its scrappers, he won a reputation as a two-fisted guy of slam-bang action, one whom it was dangerous to provoke. And somehow, contradiction though it seems, retained a certain boyishness which he has to this day.

His boyishness struck me as the most attractive of his traits during the time I spent with him on the set of his recent starring vehicle, "The Captain Hates the Sea," at his manorial estate in Flintridge, and on the drill ground of his colorful Light Horse, in trying to pick up the material for this yarn. *(Continued on page 68)*

WANTED: A

By Katharine Hartley

for Kay



Her remedy: Will it be leisure?

• To Europe sailed Kay seeking a panacea for heartbreak and loneliness

IT was while Kay Francis was married to Kenneth MacKenna that I asked her what was her most sincere ambition. And it wasn't one of those thought-out, "well-let-me-see" answers that she gave me. Her eyes lighted up, and the answer sprang from her heart.

"I want to be a good wife. That's all. That's the thing that's important. What do personal ambitions, material successes mean compared to the happiness of loving and being loved? Nothing. At least they mean nothing to my kind of woman."

And then, in less than a month, Kay was divorcing Kenneth MacKenna. It was the most surprising divorce of 1934, just as it had been the most surprising marriage, when, three years ago, Mr. MacKenna abducted Kay from her hospital bed. Everyone had agreed that it was a marvelous marriage. How sensible and sane those two were about it. Hollywood just didn't touch them. Kay had been married twice before, but the third one worked like a charm, and was charming. And then it had ended quickly and quietly and without much fuss in a divorce court!

Kay refused to talk about it. No writer ever really got the true story. There weren't very many lines printed about it because there was nothing to print. The world shrugged its shoulders and said, "Oh, just another one of those Hollywood divorces. It doesn't mean anything. That was her third, wasn't it? Kay Francis will be married again before the year is over."

And, indeed, it looked as though she would be. Kay was going places with Maurice Chevalier. And she was smiling and acting as gay as usual. A few of us who didn't look very closely thought that she looked even happier than ever! Then Chevalier went to Europe, and a few weeks later Kay sailed for the same destination. The marriage will be any day now, the gossipers said. What an attractive couple! What a thrill for the American press! Kay denied it all, but she laughed and looked happy even when she said, "That's (*Continued on page 77*)

Remedy for Heartbreak

By Juliette Laine

for Virginia

● To work rushes Virginia crushing memories of an ill-starred marriage



Her cure: Will it be a new career?

"I'M working because I want to. Work is the only cure for heartache, the only intelligent, civilized thing to do. Life nowadays is too big, too wonderful, for any normal woman to collapse in the midst of the debris and confusion of a shattered romance or a broken marriage. In our grandmother's day a woman dramatized her broken heart. In fact, it was expected of her. She either pined away and died, or else she lived on and became a nuisance to everyone around her. It wasn't ladylike to do anything else!"

Virginia Bruce looked like a little girl as she sat there on the chaise longue in her dressing-room, confiding in me. The deep garnet tone of her swank Charvet lounging pyjamas accentuated the camellia-like whiteness of her skin and the soft, deep blue of her eyes. Her hair, long and uncurled, hung down her back in quaint Alice-in-Wonderland fashion.

As I sat there, silently admiring her, I remembered a conversation I had had with John Gilbert, just before their marriage. How thoroughly happy he was then.

"She is marvelous!" he had said again and again. "There's no one like Virginia in all the world! Her temperament, her strength of character, are magnificent! Above all, Virginia personifies peace and tranquillity; a contentment of heart and soul that is a wholly new experience for me. I have been through all the turmoil, all the fire and fury of love and marriage, but never until I met Virginia did I know the happiness of peace! I feel like a shipwrecked man who has been clinging to a spar, and then suddenly finds himself washed ashore in a beautiful, sheltered haven. Virginia's sweetness, her sympathy and understanding, are beyond belief!"

AS I looked across the room at this girl who had meant so much to the Great Lover of the screen, yet whom he had lost after so brief a while of happiness, my heart ached for him. What, after all, was it that had come into the midst of their (*Continued on page 86*)

Three famous stars and an equally famous director worked together in "Forsaking All Others!" How did they get along, or did they? Read what happened

By Walter Ramsey



BEHIND THE SCENES WITH Joan, Clark and Bob

WHEN Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery were announced as the stars of "Forsaking All Others," under the ace direction of "Woody" Van Dyke, the local gossip columnists assumed their favorite cat-that-ate-the-canary expression, and sat back and waited for the worst to happen.

Everybody was going around asking everybody else if he'd heard what Van Dyke (of "Thin Man" direction fame) had said about Joan Crawford's penchant for playing Bing Crosby's records on the set? Of course, everybody had. Mr. Van Dyke, who fears neither man, beast nor glamorous movie star, had said he'd be a blank-blank if any star of his was going to play that so-and-so gramophone on the set while he was trying to concentrate. And it was also whispered that Mr. Van Dyke had intimated to close friends that he would go through life just as happily if he never directed a Joan Crawford picture.

The Crawford camp wasn't taking all this lying down either. Someone who had a friend who knew Joan quite well reported that Joan had said Mr. Van Dyke was probably a very nice man, who had never slapped his grandmother or stepped on a flower in his life, but he wasn't the only director in Hollywood, even if "Thin Man" had broken all box-office records for a program picture.

AND then, of course, there was that fascinating angle of Mr. Clark (star) Gable and Mr. Robert (equally-starry) Montgomery doing their stuff in the same picture. For some time now, the Hollywood commentators have been debating the pros and cons as to whether Clark upset Bob's apple cart when he came along on the M-G-M lot, or whether Bob had taken the edge off Clark's popularity.

And who was to get the girl? The most important male in the picture always gets the girl and, obviously (see Hays' morality rulings), Clark and Bob both



All Hollywood hummed with excitement the day artists Crawford, Gable and Montgomery started work in "Forsaking All Others." Would Director Van Dyke approve of Joan's ceaseless gramophone-playing? And what about the old billing problem? You'll be surprised. (Extreme left) Crawford and Gable do a love scene. (Above, right) Bob Montgomery arrives on the scene. (Below) Clark, Joan, Charlie Butterworth and Billie Burke.

couldn't have Joan. That just wouldn't do.

And what about the billing? It is stipulated in Joan Crawford's contract that her name shall always precede the title of any picture in which she appears. And Bob and Clark both have star billing clauses, too. Of course, Bob and Clark had always appeared to be very good friends, but then they'd never been together in the same picture with a woman star before. Some of the best friendships in Hollywood have been broken up over less strained conditions than this.

Yes, take it any way you want to, it looked like a gossip's Roman Holiday on the "Forsaking All Others" set, when and if the exciting experiment ever got under way. Believe it or not, but the scent of excitement was so keen that three local newspapers and plenty of magazine writers put in requests to be present on the initial day of shooting—or the shooting of anything else that happened to come up, like Miss Crawford picking up her gramophone and throwing it at Mr. Van Dyke's head, or Bob and Clark amusing themselves by slinging Joan's Bing Crosby records at each other.

The first shock was the arrival of Mr. Van Dyke himself at the studio gate. Now "Woody" usually shows up in an old sweat-shirt with nothing more formal than a cap atop his artistic head. But this day he was all dressed up in a brand new gray sports suit, a jaunty fedora and a handkerchief protruding fashionably from his pocket. It was the handkerchief that got them. Someone observed: "Maybe 'Woody' thinks it would make a better press note to say: 'The corpse was nattily attired when the body was discovered!'"

THE second shock came when the gateman reported that Joan Crawford in her brand new white Ford, Clark Gable in his roadster and Robert Montgomery in his sports model phaeton, had arrived on the lot almost simultaneously—all a good half hour before they were expected. Oh, well, the cynics (*Continued on page 74*)

Life Begins At 50

Is it too late to attempt a career

By Beth Brown

THE AUTHOR TALKS ABOUT HERSELF

I am small, brunette, and do not look like an author. I wanted more than anything else of life to be an author. This, I had heard, required a variety of experiences. So I up and joined a carnival show and wrote *Ballyhoo,* joined a burlesque troupe and wrote *Applause*, went to New Orleans and wrote *For Men Only,* went abroad and wrote *Wedding Ring,* went to Hollywood and wrote for the movies, and hoboed across the continent, with only a dog for a companion, to write *Lady Hobo.*

I love my work. I love red hats, seamy faces, ten-cent stores, smart clothes, watermelon, swimming, my red-haired mother, Broadway, fine etchings, midnight movies, polo, and corn on the cob.



When Guy Kibbee was forty, he was making only $37.50 per week, playing character roles in a Lincoln, Nebraska, stock company. Today, at fifty, he has the starring role in Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt," with Aline MacMahon as his co-star — a fine team.





(Above, left) It was long after she had passed the fifty-year mark that May Robson was a success—in "Lady for a Day." Her latest film with Carole Lombard is "Lady By Choice." (Directly above) W. C. Fields suffered terrific financial losses at fifty and turned to the movies in despair. He made good. His latest film is "It's A Gift," with Baby Leroy. (Above, right) At fifty-five, Alison Skipworth doesn't have any desire to retire. She loves her work and wants to keep right on with it. She's in "Here Is My Heart." (Extreme right) Sir Guy Standing, another exponent of the work-as-long-as-you-can theory, in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

YOU read about the copper king who shot himself. You read about the big fight promoter who couldn't take it. You read about the rich realtor who walked out on his secretary—straight through a window forty stories above the street.

But you didn't read about the actor going dramatic.

The Depression had brought business to its knees—and show business was included. But you didn't hear a murmur from the show folk themselves.

As you walked down Broadway past the Palace Theatre, you couldn't fail to notice the empty curb, where, for years, vaudeville artists had congregated in excited clusters. As you wandered up Theatre Row, you couldn't fail to notice how many of the legitimate theatres were dark.

You weren't so concerned about the younger players. They could become dress models and soda jerkers. But what about the veterans? How were they breasting the storm? Well, maybe they had money in the bank or a snug annuity for life or a house out in the country.

Sometimes, Nature, in order to make a human being stop spinning, provides an illness as a brake. The dark page of the past is turned forever. The patient emerges to the bright page of the future. So it was with Fields. Paramount was waiting with a contract. His brand of humor caught the public fancy.

Now he tells the world that "any idea I may have had of retiring at fifty must have been a mistake. The bank closed to punish me for wanting to be idle. And when I wept over that misfortune, Fate broke my neck. I want Fate to know that I don't regret the bank failure or the broken neck and that no further accidents will be necessary."

MAY ROBSON accepts the challenge from glamorous and alluring competitors to take from her the popularity which has only come to her in her later years.

"I'm packing," she said hurriedly, "so I really haven't very much time to talk on the subject. I came East to attend the christening of my great-grandchild and I've





at 50? Of course not. These troupers prove it isn't

THEN, all at once, you heard the inside story of W. C. Fields.

W. C. Fields had just reached the half century mark. He could retire. He would retire. He had $250,000 cold cash in the Harriman Bank. You read what happened to the Harriman Bank. There was nothing else for Fields to do but start all over again.

He made three motion picture attempts. None of the producers called out the fire engines. He tried his hand at a series of comedies for Mack Sennett. Just as the dark horizon was brightening, Fields met with an accident on the set. They rushed him to the hospital. It was serious. He had broken his neck.

At the hospital, they placed his head in a brace. They placed his neck in a cast. They took the calendar down from the wall.

For months, he lay in bed. But he almost never slept.

got to get back to the Coast. Tired? Not a bit. I'm going back to make another picture. Retire? Are you in earnest? I hope not, really. Why, I'm only getting my second wind now. That's what my dear Marie Dressler would have said. It was her wish to die in harness and she did. No one knew how much she suffered, but she never quit. That's my spirit, too. I'm glad I have it. I'm kept pretty busy out Hollywood way jumping from one picture to the other. There's a demand for old ladies now, and being an old lady, I happen to be in luck.

"I've had fifty years of trouping, you know. So it's quite up my alley to go back and forth across the continent. I feel as young and as strong as I did fifty years ago in London. And certainly I take life less seriously than I did at that time. Maturity teaches patience and develops a sense of humor. One's nerves are never wracked at my age. *(Continued on page 66)*

The Most Romantic

You'll find many interesting and startling facts in this colorful biography of the movies

IN the December issue of MODERN SCREEN I told you that the reason I was writing this story was because I thought you should know the background of the industry whose destinies you, the public, have guided and will always guide. The movies belong to you. Your will has always been law. I was amazed during the recent censorship crisis that you did not stop the voice of the small minority, who have been trying to choke unreasonable censorship down your throats. However, a knowledge of the history of motion pictures reveals that it takes you a little time to speak your piece, but once you get the ear of the producer he gives you what you want.

There was a day when the word "star" referred only to a heavenly body. The little business men who invested their money in nickelodeons saw no relationship between the cheap "jitney circus" and the well-established, dignified art of the theatre. The stage had its "stars." People dressed themselves in opera capes and top hats and paid fancy prices to watch Maude Adams, Mrs. Fiske and Edward H. Sothern. That these same people might be lured into the dingy places where moving pictures were shown did not occur to the men who presented the novelty. It was enough, they felt, that pictures moved, that people walked, and that trains whizzed past the startled on-looker.

THE people who did the "moving" in these early pictures were secondary in importance when compared with the sheer mechanics of the nickelodeon. So the producers—a very dignified term for the poor little men who made movies—picked whoever was at hand and shoved them before the wondrous camera, never dreaming that these boys and girls were to become more important than the machine.

Because a woman named Charlotte Smith was left a penniless widow in Toronto, Canada, she and her three children, Gladys, Jack and Lottie, tried to earn a living in cheap stage shows. And because that living was meagre, Gladys, who had taken the stage name of Mary Pickford, applied for work at the Biograph Studio in New York, hoping that she might pick up a few extra dollars.

Because she needed money badly, Norma Talmadge posed for illustrated song slides and later worked at the little Vitagraph Studio. Alice Joyce was a stock clerk in a shoe store. She earned something like four dollars a week. Hers was a pitiful existence, so she sought work in the old Kalem Company and got it.

Stage stars were hard to get in the early days. The mighty ones of the theatre looked down upon the cheap "canned" drama. It was considered a disgrace to work in the motion picture studios, and only if he needed money very badly, did any real actor consent to do so. Even then he kept it quiet and lived in dread lest his fellow actors learn of his despised employment. One of these



Story Ever Told [PART 2]

By Katherine Albert



In the early days a star thought nothing of entering a lion's cage, simply because it was called for in the story. Poor Gloria Swanson was one of the victims—she had to do it, not once, but twice!

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

troupers who did picture work during a dull stage season was Edward M. Kimball. Clara Kimball Young was his daughter.

BUT in those early days, as I have said, actors were less important than the costumes they wore. It was not until *you* discovered them that they were given credit. So, in reality, you fans are actually responsible for the Garbos, Crawfords, Hepburns and Mae Wests. You paved the way for them. And this is how you did it.

After the novelty of films wore off, you soon became tired of movement simply for movement's sake and looked for something else to hold your interest. What you discovered were not camera angles or mechanical devices, but the people who moved—the personalities of the films. At that time you did not even know their names and when you asked for "the girl with the long curls" (Mary Pickford) week after week, the producers at last realized that there was but one way to hold you and that was to give you personalities. And that is how the indispensable "star system" began.

Throughout the years many executives have tried to do away with it. They have maintained that the director was the thing and tried to publicize him. The director is, in a large measure, responsible for making good pictures, but when you shop for a picture to see you choose your favorite star without much thought of the director. Once they tried featuring the story; the best books and plays were bought and the greatest authors were hired. If the picture turned out well it was worth the expense, but always and inevitably the personality of the players dominated the story.

Having at last realized what you really wanted, the companies told you the names of the actors who moved before you and presently Florence Turner, Maurice Costello, John Bunny, Tom Mix, Broncho Billy Anderson and others elicited your interest and you became their "fans."

By 1910 the star system flourished. But it was a long time before the great stage stars would deign to ally themselves with what they con- *(Continued on page 64)*

Sorrow brought priceless gifts to six Hollywood women—

Out of their

By Elizabeth Mac Donald

Her own name is Elizabeth Petersen. She was born in Norway. She is married to a Scotsman, an artist. Her stories in the better fiction magazines have made her well known. She's about five foot nothing, very pink-and-white-and-blonde, has a huge tiger cat named Malarkey, and doesn't look a bit like a writer. We are introducing her to you for the first time in this magazine—and we know you'll like her as much as we do.

NIGHT comes quickly in Hollywood. There is no long twilight hour to temper the bright sunlight of a California day before darkness closes over it. And sometimes sorrow comes that way, too, swiftly and without warning.

It has come like that to so many beautiful women in that town.

Carole Lombard. . . .

Life began for her again when she and Russ Columbo first became aware of each other. Life that had lost a little of its sparkle, a little of its meaning, a little of its security when she and Bill Powell came to the parting of their ways. Then spring and all lost, lovely things came rushing back into her emptied heart again. Stars no longer mocked her loneliness.

Everyone who saw them together in that brief time that was given them felt their happiness. When they quarreled—when did lovers fail to quarrel?—and met to



Sorrow brought Frances Marion, Hollywood's best known and best loved writer, freedom. To Joan Crawford, to whom fleeting thrills once meant everything, it brought poignancy.

gifts which money nor fame nor love could bring to them

forgive each other after the shortest absence, Carole's heart went rushing to meet his. It was always like that with them, always as if they were meeting for the first time again and realizing in that moment how much they loved each other.

Even parting brought no fugitive sadness to their hearts. It was always for such a little time and they felt so secure in that deep happiness of theirs. So that last time, Carole laughed when she kissed him goodbye . . . he loved that deep-throated chuckle of hers . . . and her hand flipped upwards in a gay little gesture of farewell.

Only a day between that day and the next. But death came on that day between, striking so swiftly, so tragically at the boy who had sung of love to her.

Again Carole faces desolation . . . a sorrow so sudden, so tragic that sometimes it must seem impossible to face the waiting years. The years that will hold no sight of him, the sound of his voice or the touch of his hand on hers again.

What will they do to Carole Lombard, those years . . . will they touch her with bitterness, threaten that bright youth of hers with their tragedy? Or will they give her the things sorrow has given to so many of her friends in Hollywood, the things that have helped them carry on . . . the things that have made them great?

SORROW brought maturity to Mary Astor.

Yes, for all her loveliness, her perfection of face, her glory of hair, there was something lacking in her. It was as if one saw the soul of a child imprisoned in the voluptuous body of a woman. She had not done the things the studios had expected of her. Something was lacking . . . a woman's feeling and understanding and warmth. And her public felt (*Continued on page 97*)



Sorrow brought a new career to Mary Pickford. Her writing, her radio work, have in some way compensated for the loss of her loved ones. To Mary Astor, sorrow brought maturity.

Sorrows . . .









Can a Nice Girl be a Big Success?

To take the world by storm WE must storm! Make ourselves heard!

By Kay Hartley

Four of filmdom's beauties who display varying degrees of temperament or temper, as you choose. At the top is Joan Bennett, who possesses a temper, but unlike Connie, conceals it. Next, Katharine Hepburn, the spitfire of the screen. Below her is Constance Bennett, the aloof and proud Marquise, and at the bottom is Heather Angel, just a nice girl.

BEFORE I go a single line further, I suppose I must stop and explain and qualify my use of the word "nice." It has nothing to do with anyone's morals, I assure you. I use it strictly in the same sense of so-and-so's being nice to someone, and what's-her-name's not being nice to anyone!

For months I've been sitting around this town, listening—a writer learns to listen and not to talk—and I have been astounded to discover who is talked about and who isn't. At a party, recently, a small group in the corner began on Constance Bennett. Each person, in turn, told his or her experiences with the Marquise—and I might as well 'fess up that most of the experiences left these people pretty well griped on the subject of Connie. But their Connie-gripes were so much more vital and interesting than were any of their views on her more amiable younger sister, Joan, who, everyone agreed, when pressed on the subject, was "all right—at least she has been very nice to me." I say, "pressed on the subject," because Joan, as a topic of conversation, just never would come up of its own accord. Nobody ever thinks of Connie and Joan in the same breath despite the fact that they are sisters.

"Oh, well," said one actor who has played with Constance in a number of her pictures, "all I can say is that her disagreeable manners have certainly done her no harm. In fact, I think that she has even prospered because of them. Have we ever known a big star to be meek and docile as a lamb? Lambs just don't excite the public's imagination. Lions are the thing that make good copy. Let a lion roar, and though you shudder, you must admit that you do sit up and take notice!"

I'M afraid I must agree with him. The other day I was sitting in an office at RKO when, just outside the window, I heard a familiar high-pitched, squeaky voice squawking.

"You pig!" the lady shouted. "You *are* a pig! Yes, you heard me . . . p-i-g—pig! Don't you ever come near me again! I don't like you . . . you *Pig!*"

And even long after the Pig—I have no idea who he was—had retreated out of earshot, Miss Katharine Hepburn went on shouting!

I was there to do a story on Ginger Rogers, but somehow or other I couldn't get interested in Ginger after that, and I soon packed up my pad and pencil and went home to write a story on Katharine Hepburn. Miss Hepburn had probably made an enemy for life out of the Pig. She had been nasty and had shouted her scorn from the housetops. But suppose she had been nice to him . . . I would have had no inspiration for a story! I, for one, would rather endure Hepburn's ire than be soothed by a more pleasant star's smile.

What is it? Why is it? Is it possible that we like our idols to lord it over us, to browbeat us, to show off their greatness a bit? There is an old idea which has been done to death in novels, stories and on the screen. A man is wooing (*Continued on page 72*)

Modern Screen Previews



Here is my Heart

A Bing Crosby picture! 'Nuff said? (Left) Lovely Kitty Carlisle is a very grand Russian princess and Bing is a mere waiter. However, Bing's plate-juggling is all an act, for he's actually a famous radio star who takes this lowly job to be near the one he loves. (Above, right) Fortunately for Bing, Roland Young, the Princess' brother, is in on his scheme.



Sweet Adeline

Warner's new musical, with Irene Dunne, borrowed from RKO, to sing and act in the title role. She is seen (above, left) in the arms of Donald Woods and (above, right) the romantic Woods is momentarily intrigued by the dark glance of Wini Shaw. (Below, left) you see the whole cast, which includes Hugh Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn, Ned Sparks, Nydia Westman and Dorothy Dare and (right) Irene in the speedy—hmm!—chariot of Louis Calhern.



Broadway Bill

Is Columbia going to give us another story as swell as "It Happened One Night?" They have such hopes of "Broadway Bill." Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, shown (above, left) in what seems to be a distressing situation with Helen Vinson. (Right) Baxter stakes everything on a fondly cherished horse and Myrna sticks by him, going so far as to dine with the help. (Below, left) Lovers. (Right) Myrna in a sadder mood.









You'll all admit without a moment's hesitation that RKO-Radio's treatment of "Little Women" was superb. And that Hepburn, in particular, was "very" superb. Now they've gone and done another story that we all love, Sir James Barrie's "The Little Minister." And Hepburn here, too, has the sort of role she does so well—that of the impish little gypsy gal, Babbie, who is continually stirring up trouble. (Center) Poor little Micah (Billy Watson) pleads with Babbie to intercede for his father and have him released from prison. (Bottom) John Beal, the Little Minister himself, who is bewitched by the mysterious but desirable Babbie.

The Little Minister



The Good Fairy



It's a good fairy, indeed, who brings to the screen for our delectation Ferenc Molnar's delightful whimsy, "The Good Fairy." None other than Margaret Sullavan will play the role of the little orphan who wanted feverishly to wave a wand and bring happiness to the world. Here you see her indulging in a chocolate ice cream pop during a lull in the filming of the picture. And below, you see the Orphanage on good behavior while Alan Hale, a kindly gentleman, inquires about the inmates and the institution. At the bottom, our Good Fairy holds the interest of the little group of orphans, possibly with a tale of her trips into Fairyland, while Beulah Bondi, the orphanage matron, looks on aghast. Herbert Marshall will play the leading male role. It's a Universal picture.



Reviews

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

Take it from us, this month's movie calendar is brim full of simply swell pictures

(For short reviews see page 93)

By Walter Ramsey



(Above) May Robson, star of "Lady for a Day," gives us another outstanding characterization in "Lady by Choice." Carole Lombard is the publicity-seeking fan dancer and Walter Connolly, the judge. (Below) Helen Hayes and Brian Aherne in "What Every Woman Knows."



A: THE GAY DIVORCÉE (RKO-Radio)

Musical entertainment de luxe. If you liked "Flying Down to Rio," you'll certainly go for this one because it's that much better. Not only does it excel in story—which concerns itself with the conspiracy of Edward Everett Horton and Alice Brady to secure a divorce for Ginger Rogers through the use of a professional co-respondent—but brings to the fore Fred Astaire, whose acting, singing and dancing are superb. How that boy can hoof! Ginger Rogers, as the divorcée, makes a lovely heroine and dancing partner for Astaire. And those two comics, Horton and Brady, as the befuddled lawyer and busy-body aunt respectively, account for much of the fun. Too, there's Erik Rhodes, the professional co-respondent and Eric Blore, the waiter, who brings down the house whenever he makes an appearance. All in all, it's a swell picture with plenty of good laughs, glorious music (the "Continental" is bound to be a hit) and Fred Astaire. Go, by all means!

A: KID MILLIONS (Sam Goldwyn)

Extra lavish entertainment. Eddie Cantor, a great many beautiful gals, spectacular settings, hot musical numbers and funny gags, make this another sure-fire musical hit. Eddie becomes heir to 77 millions and goes to Egypt where he gets involved with the Sheik's nitwit daughter, Eve Sully. The finale in technicolor is a thing of beauty and cleverness. Besides its inimitable star, several members of the supporting cast come in for a bow, including Ethel Merman, who poses as Eddie's Ma, Block and Sully, Warren Hymer and Ann Sothern, whose voice is quite pleasing. The dance ensembles are particularly gorgeous and there are several songs in it that are sure to be popular. It's another Cantor picture, folks, more spectacular and funnier than ever, so don't miss it.

A: GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Universal)

A beautiful production. Universal has done an almost flawless job in bringing Charles Dickens' immortal story to the screen. In its adaptation, the original flavor has been retained and therein lies most of the credit. Naturally, without the almost perfect performances of the actors, this success could not have been achieved. To Henry Hull and Florence Reed go most of the honors. Hull acts with a force and sincerity that is not easily forgotten and Florence Reed brings depth and conviction to her role of the loveless woman.



(Above) Trouble is Cagney's middle name in "The St. Louis Kid." And Allen Jenkins (left) and Patricia Ellis share it with him. (Below) "The Gay Divorcee," with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, stars of "Flying Down to Rio," will delight you with its lovely music, dancing and acting.



(Above) "Kid Millions," an Eddie Cantor special, featuring Ann Sothern, George Murphy, Ethel Merman and a galaxy of beautiful gals. (Below) "365 Nights in Hollywood," is a delightful little opus, concerning the acting-school racket, with Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye.





Phillips Holmes, as the apprentice, and Jane Wyatt, as the heroine, are both grand. George Breakstone and Ann Howard in the early sequences are splendid, too. The picture's mystery, drama, romance and comedy, plus dexterous direction and marvelous acting should result in an evening of sheer enjoyment for you.

A: LADY BY CHOICE (Columbia)

Another "Lady for a Day"—almost. With that grand actress, May Robson, giving another sterling performance, plus the presence of the gorgeous and capable Carole Lombard, this picture comes very close to hitting the same stride as the aforementioned hit. The only thing it falls short in, undoubtedly, is the story, which lacks the excitement, thrills and suspense that made the other tops. In this instance, May is a drunken old woman who reforms when Carole, a fan dancer, adopts her as her mother merely for a publicity stunt. A romantic touch is furnished by the presence of Roger Pryor. Although May reigns as queen of the ball, Carole is by no means to be overlooked. She is mighty convincing and sooooo beautiful. Walter Connolly makes his role of Judge shine plenty, but this man Pryor just doesn't click with me. Of course, you'll want to see this and when you do, be sure to take the whole family with you.

B: READY FOR LOVE (Paramount)

Neat little comedy. The locale for this pleasant, though unpretentious, movie is a small town into which comes Ida Lupino, the daughter of a New York actress. She is mistaken to be the former sweetheart of the town's most disreputable but wealthy citizen, recently deceased. A series of mishaps follow, including a "ducking" by the females of the town, which brings Ida into the headlines as well as into the arms of Dick Arlen, the good-looking newspaper editor. Ida and Dick turn in good performances, with Ida given most of the footage and close-ups. Marjorie Rambeau does her usual stuff and Trent Durkin is simply priceless as the lovesick youth with poetical inclinations. Not the world's best, but pretty good at that.

B: THE FIREBIRD (Warners)

High-class entertainment. Although this picture includes a murder and is therefore typed as a "murder (*Continued on page* 101)







Why Gloria always looks so Smart

(Left) Luscious fur cloth, otherwise known as clipped chiffon, is the slick material used to fashion this regal-looking formal gown and wrap. The color is a soft mauve. A trimming of fox dyed the same shade accents the wrap. (Center) Another evening ensemble designed to give height and dash to the wearer. It's a striking concoction of flame and silver, jewel-clipped and taffeta-lined. (Right) For jaunty moods this "Overseas" hat will serve the purpose. Gloria wears it in "Music in the Air," a Fox Film production.

By Virginia T. Lane

WOULDN'T you love to know how Gloria Swanson does it? How she wears those clothes, I mean, and simply glows with that fascinating thing called "glamour?"

For years I've been one of the women who wailed, "Oh, Heaven, please let me in on that Swanson lady's style secrets!" But it's only now that my plea has been answered, and I'm rushing the good news on to you. It's news to warm the cockles of your heart and start you right out with a wholly fresh lease of fashion life.

Now, don't think Gloria had everything to start with. She didn't. Most of us would have considered it a pretty mean trick of Fate to be given a tip-tilted nose like hers and green eyes that slanted and a mouth which certainly conformed to no set rule of beauty. She made them assets; the kind that fairly rocked the world and put a queen or two out of business.

But she was thoroughly mad about being so short.

Adjust your height by garbing yourself right. Glamorous



Scarf sleeves and long sash provide the interest in this unusual afternoon get-up. The kimono style, lipstick-red jacket half covers the long black frock. The material used is shirred georgette. Pert hat and tiny veil correctly complement the costume. If you would be individual wear something like this. And if you're short, it's especially good. Gloria is a little bit of a thing, but you'd never suspect it.

If you would be smart, be simple. Only a single jewelled clip adorns this ultra-chic afternoon gown. On line and good material depends its distinction. Interesting features are its tunic and pinch back, cowl-scarf neckline. This powder blue suede crepe frock is one of Miss Swanson's favorites.

She still is. Imagine being barely over five feet tall. No one can really carry clothes at that height. You can be cute, of course. But fashionable? Never! So Gloria went straight out under the very noses of the style authorities and became the best dressed woman on the screen.

That has always intrigued me—how she managed to look so tall and regal. "Hmp," she hmped, "I do everything but stand on stilts. I wear my evening clothes almost floor length and I usually manage to lift them in front a trifle so the line falls to the back. That adds valuable inches. I wear my daytime clothes as long as I dare and I never wear oxfords with them. The break there at the ankles is shortening, whereas if you have low-cut pumps you increase your apparent height by a full two inches.

"Furthermore, I cannot wear bulky materials such as tweeds, which I adore. They're for you taller people.

Gloria tells you many of her style secrets in this article



(Above, left) Metal velvet, a new fabric, went into the making of this good-looking evening gown of Empire influence. A tunic, longer in back than in front, tops a very long fitted skirt with half-length train. (Center) One can almost hear bugles blaring and guns roaring when Gloria wears this sports costume. Notice the clever use of cartridge pleating. (Right) For a busy day in shops and such this slate blue shadow striped woolen street or sports ensemble can be worn. The dress buttons down the back with large blue buttons. The neckline is high and is ornamented by a pair of clips of fire-engine red. And, of course, the rakish Tyrolean hat with red quill adds the last word in chic to the completed costume. (Right, below) From far-away Cambodia was borrowed the motif for this interesting hat. It is made of rich black velvet and is ornamented by a rhinestone clip.

And I can't 'divide' a dress by color; that is, have the waist of one shade and the skirt of another. With a suit, that's different. I seldom take off the coat anyway."

We were sitting there in her sunlit patio, under gaily striped umbrellas. Humming birds hovered over the roses near us. And Gloria looked exactly like a co-ed in her sorority house. She had on blue silk Chanel pajamas with flappy trousers, little tennis shoes (she takes size 2½), and her hair was brushed back in a long bob.

Yes, and she had bangs. *(Continued on page 75)*

Good News

(*Continued from page 17*)

a quiver in a carload. Loretta never sounded better.

Take a Bow, Jean Muir

Last week, the famous critic, George Jean Nathan, came out with: ". . . you can have your Garbo and your Dietrich. Give me Jean Muir! Her work in 'Desirable' is perfect."

We suppose there will be some yowls from the fans on George Jean's crack, but the fact remains that he made it and he's the sort of a chap that hands out fifty scallions to one orchid. So he really means what he says about Jean.

Dilemmah

The mid-night elopement of actor Onslow Stevens and Phyllis Cooper, Los Angeles socialite, lasted such a short time (two weeks) that the bride is undecided whether she should sue for divorce or an annulment!

Scandal!

Mae West sure starts 'em trying to come up and see her at an early age. Baby LeRoy took his first step in Mae's dressing-room yesterday. P. S. He was trying to reach her powder puff.

Things That Don't Worry Us Any More

Whether Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow are ever going to get married and (2) the same wondering about Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell. Both of them have taken so long to make up their minds that we've just about lost interest in the whole deal at this point.

Hollywood in Shorts

"Sweet Music," the new Rudy Vallee flicker, will have one sequence in which twelve ex-football players (all over 200 pounds) will disguise themselves as fan dancers . . . Jimmy Cagney did so much tap dancing over one week-end that he strained himself right into bed, and the picture is waiting . . . Clark Gable leaves for another hunting trip immediately after "Forsaking All Others" . . . Pola Negri seen again at the late spots and she's still gudjus . . . Almost no doubt, now, that Garbo will sign a new contract because M-G-M is planning a talkie version of her silent picture, "Anna Karenina"—cheers . . . Heard this? "Many a gal in Hollywood was promised a mansion to live in, only to find it was a stall" . . . Howard Hughes, millionaire play-boy

(*Continued on page 104*)



Constipation, Indigestion and related Skin Troubles corrected much sooner. (New Vitamin A checks colds!)

THINK OF IT! . . . a *new* yeast so much quicker acting it astounds doctors. If you have any questions, read these answers by Dr. Lee:—

Why does "XR" Yeast act quicker?
Because it's a stronger "*strain*" of fresh yeast, much more vigorous, and so...*faster!* It's rich in hormone-like* substances.

***What are Hormone-like Substances?**
They are "activators" (like natural body stimulants) which speed the flow of your digestive juices and strengthen digestive muscles *from the stomach right on down.*

Will it correct Constipation and Indigestion very much faster?
Positively! By making juices flow fast and muscles work harder inside you, "XR" Yeast makes your foods softer—better "churned," digested. Indigestion, constipation should soon stop. "XR" Yeast really "normalizes" you.



Do Skin troubles stop much Sooner?
The most common skin blemishes come from self-poisoning caused by your digestive system not working properly. "XR" Yeast corrects this condition. Pimples, boils, etc., disappear sooner!

What new Vitamin does it contain?
Vitamin A, newly added, to help combat colds. "XR" Yeast also builds resistance to colds by cleansing your body. With Vitamins B, D and G, Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast now contains 4 vitamins.

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast every day—plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before meals. Keep on *after* you've got quick results. Get a supply today!

● "'XR' Yeast is *much* faster," writes Mrs. Helen Van Pelt, Stapleton, N. Y. "My whole system was sluggish . . . I had headaches, no appetite. I started eating the new 'XR' Yeast and in just a few days felt grand."
(*As good as ever for baking!*)

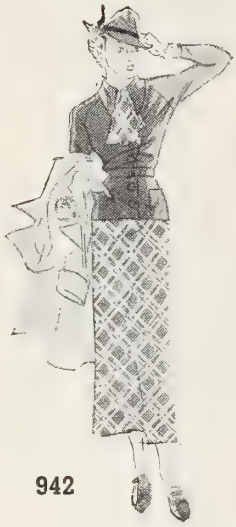


Fleischmann's XR Yeast

AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

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Modern Screen Patterns



942



946

942—Peggy Conklin, Paramount player, wears this skirt of brown and beige plaid with cardigan jacket of brown velveteen. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40. 946—(Center) Helen Mack's black crepe dress is very swanky and chic. In sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.







954

954—(Above) Anita Louise's Russian tunic is youthful and gay. Its full blouse, dropped shoulder and unusual sleeve are particularly enhancing. Anita wears it in marine blue, with tabs of gray yarn decorating the Peter Pan collar and belt. In sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38, 40.

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David Copperfield

(*Continued from page 33*)

and with a beautiful little door and windows cut in the side. How exciting, David thought, to live in a boat on land.

Although Peggotty told him that he must not ask questions he discovered that windswept, burly, kindly Dan was a bachelor who had adopted Ham, his brother's son, Emily, his sister's daughter and Mrs. Gummidge, the wife of his partner, whose respective fathers and husband had been drowned in the insistent and greedy ocean that rolled and crashed against the shore.

But these old disasters did not dampen the spirits of David and Emily as they romped across the sand and Emily told David of her wonderful dream of becoming a lady and buying Dan Peggotty a blue coat with diamond buttons.

But at last the visit was over and he and Peggotty must return to his mother. Eagerly he jumped out of the cart and rushed into the house to greet his mother but at the threshold of the room he stopped short. His mother was there, seated in her usual corner by the fireplace but at the other corner sat the black panther, the man he had seen at church, Mr. Murdstone.

Questioningly, David looked at Peggotty. She whispered, "That's your new Pa."

DAVID wanted to run away, back to Dan and Ham and Emily, or anywhere out of the house that had once been so jolly and so full of love, for, young as he was, he sensed the curiously changed atmosphere. His mother, once so loving, so tender, so gay, instead of gathering David in her arms, looked timidly at Mr. Murdstone.

"Now, Clara my dear," he said, "recollect! Control yourself. Davy, boy, how do you do?"

Nor was the situation relieved when another stranger entered the room, a gloomy-looking woman dressed in black. Her heavy black eyebrows met across her nose. David's mother told the boys that this was Miss Murdstone, his new aunt. The stranger gave David a hard, appraising glance.

"Generally speaking, I don't like boys," she said. "How-de-do, boy?"

He answered her curtly, for youthful anger welled in his breast. Miss Murdstone tossed him aside with a word, "Wants manners!" and turned to Mrs. Copperfield.

"Now, Clara, you're much too pretty and thoughtless to manage a house properly. If you'll be so good as to give me the keys."

David could stand no more. His mother, his sweet, gentle mother, to see her with these people—like this. The house was different. Laughter was in it no longer.

He was soon to discover that everything was changed. He could not sleep in his mother's room any longer. He could be with her very little during the day and he must recite his lessons not to her alone, but before Mr. and Miss Murdstone as well. And he couldn't, with those cold eyes upon him, he simply couldn't remember the lessons, so they always ended in tears with his mother pleading hysterically that Mr. Murdstone spare the boy anguish.

But he did not spare him. Instead he took him into his room and beat him with a cane as if he had been a disobedient dog.

"Mr. Murdstone, sir, don't!" David cried piteously. "Pray don't beat me. I've tried to learn, sir. I think I could do it with my mother alone, but I can't with you and Miss Murdstone staring at me. I can't indeed."

OVENSERVE dishes



make a big hit as Christmas gifts

OVENSERVE dishes are the gay, attractive TABLE dishes you can also use for oven baking! You can buy them by the piece, or in complete table services.

There are meat platters, for instance, on which you bake meat loaf or fish and pop right from oven to table. The shirred egg dishes are another suggestion. Look at the cute one-handled French casseroles, too, or the round baking dishes, bean pots and all the other pieces. Every single OvenServe dish stands full oven heat, even to the cups, saucers and plates.

Nice for the refrigerator, also. For they don't mind cold any more than they do heat.

Cost a lot? No indeed! They're economical gifts, the kind a woman can use every day of the year. And every time she does she'll call down blessings on your devoted head for giving her something that's so useful and so attractive.

MEAT LOAF BAKED ON SERVING PLATTER

1 pound round steak ground
2 tbsps. melted butter
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 tbsps. onion chopped
¼ tsp. pepper . . . 1 tsp. salt
1 cup bread crumbs moistened with water
2 slices bacon . . . water

Combine all ingredients except bacon and water. Shape into loaf. Lay slices of bacon across the top. Place on OvenServe Meat Platter. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) about 1¼ hours. Add a little water at a time and baste occasionally. Serve with well-seasoned hot tomato sauce. (A can of tomato soup, seasoned and heated, makes a fine sauce.) Makes six servings.

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"Can't you, David?" said Mr. Murdstone brandishing the cane. "We'll see about that." But suddenly the pain and the indignity were more than David could bear. His little heart flamed with rage. He whirled upon Mr. Murdstone and dug his teeth into his tormentor's hand, while outside the locked door he heard the sound of his mother's voice imploring leniency for him.

David was locked in his room and allowed to see no one. He could hear curious, muffled noises in the house and it was Peggotty who at last crept to the door and whispered that he was to have a little brother or sister soon. He beat on the door. He begged to be released. But no one paid him the slightest attention now. And then, at last, the door was opened. He crept miserably downstairs to a quiet, hushed, ominous room.

IT was Peggotty who told him, when he found her at last, "Your mamma, the precious, the darling—she's—"

"She's dead," David said quietly.

"And your little brother, the innocent, he's dead, too."

David's heart was broken so it did not matter much what became of him. His heart and his brain were numb and he answered only in monosyllables when Mr. Murdstone told him that he was to be sent away to London to work at the firm of Murdstone and Grindby, wine merchants, where he would earn his food and pocket money and his lodging would be provided.

Over enormous tubs he bent his small back, washing bottles all day long while a crowd of uncouth, older boys who resented his gentlemanly ways, jeered at him.

There was only one faint flicker of pleasure for him in all of London and that and his friendship with the Micawber family with whom he lodged. He bore a real affection for Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and their four squalling, screaming, fighting children and their one inefficient servant, Clickett, the "orfing" from St. Luke's Orphanage.

David had never before seen anything like the Micawber household. Nor had he ever known any creature like Mr. Micawber, whose long legs he saw first. Micawber was letting himself in by the sky-light to avoid a horde of creditors who were swarming outside the house threatening, unpleasantly, to take him off to the debtor's prison. Yet he greeted David in the best of spirits, extending to him a stubby fat hand and beaming as he turned to his wife and told her that he had just "terminated his connections" with the haberdashery firm for which he had been trying, unsuccessfully, to get commissions.

"But my dear Wilkins," Mrs. Micawber almost sobbed. "What of the future? Am I wrong in saying that we must live?"

"The silver lining, my love," said Mr. Micawber. "I have cast my eye over the entire world of business and I have selected the brewing business. In brief, I have dispatched lengthy epistles to several of the more important brewers describing my qualifications and offering my services. The details are not as yet precisely settled, but, nevertheless, I am confidently waiting for something to turn up."

OUTSIDE, the creditors howled for money and Micawber's blood. Inside the children screamed and fought and Clickett tried to feed them from an empty larder. Yet always and forever, Micawber, the perpetual optimist, beamed expansively upon his family and his friend and lodger, David Cooperfield, and waited for something to turn up.

David was happy with the Micawbers for many months. They brightened, in their peculiarly zestful way, his drab existence, for he hated his work. But then, at last, even the Micawbers were taken from him. Clickett brought him the sad tidings one noon. And that evening David found them all in the debtor's prison.

But if he expected tears and anguish he was wrong. He found Mr. and Mrs. Micawber celebrating with a bowl of punch. Celebrating? Indeed! For not long after their incarceration, Mrs. Micawber's family had come valiantly to the rescue, paid off their debts and promised to find work for Mr. Micawber in the Custom House at Plymouth, where he was breezily confident that something of a very sensational nature would turn up.

Happy it made Mr. Micawber, but the move robbed David of his only friends in London and as he waved the family "good-bye" his heart was filled with sadness and he realized that he was alone, completely, utterly alone.

As his tears dried he began to formulate a plan for escape.

David remembered that his mother and Peggotty had told him of his strange old Aunt, Betsy Trotwood, who had visited his mother during the stormy night of his birth. She lived in Dover and was, he had heard, a cross, gruff old thing, but after all she was his blood kin and she could not possibly be worse to him than others had been.

And so a young boy traveled alone to Dover, but the adventures of that trip he could never forget. He was robbed and beaten. He had no bed in which to sleep and no food to eat, and when, after days of misery, he arrived in Dover, he staggered, weak from exhaustion and hunger, upon the green by Aunt Betsy's house. Into her startled ears he poured the story of his short but unhappy life. She listened, amazed but sympathetic, as she and Mr. Dick, the eccentric distant relative who lived with her, tried to form some plan for David's future.

And now, for a brief spell at least, David was happy. Aunt Betsy's heart was softer than her manner. She terrified not only the boys who drove their donkeys across her green, but likewise she terrified Mr. and Miss Murdstone, David's ancient enemies, who came to her and tried to get David away from her. David was free of his stepfather at last. Free now to go, through Aunt Betsy's arrangements, to live with Mr. Wickfield, her friend and lawyer, in Canterbury.

At the Wickfield home David discovered not only a quiet, charming, pleasant house, but a little girl about his own age with whom he could play. She was Mr. Wickfield's child. Her mother had died. Agnes was lonely and she welcomed David as a companion.

The only unpleasant character in the Wickfield establishment was Uriah Heep. David did not know what a sinister rôle he was to play in all their lives. He was too young to see that Mr. Wickfield was a weak character and, since his wife's death, too fond of port wine, and that Uriah, who tried to hide his villainy behind a mask of studied humility, was slowly wresting Wickfield's business away from him. Supposedly, Uriah was reading law under the guidance of Wickfield. But this was not all he was doing.

Innocent of these Machiavellian plans, David knew instantly that he hated Uriah. The man's hand was soft and clammy. His manner was much too oily. His face tortured his dreams. His soft, wet hand seemed always to be upon his shoulder.

BUT the years passed. David was sent to school. He became a gracious, charming young man with a great ambition to write. The only thing he lacked, perhaps, was perception for he could not see that Agnes was in love with him. Had he known it then, he might have spared her a great deal of suffering. He was a man now and the world stretched before him. It was to London that his eyes turned and he missed seeing the happiness he might have found at home.

He was busy packing to take his holiday one morning when a letter was handed to him by the ever obsequious Uriah Heep, whom the years had not changed. Opening the letter, David discovered that it came from his old friend, Mr. Micawber, who, with his wife and family, as well as the inevitable Clickett, was at an Inn in Canterbury. They owed the landlord. They were being threatened with debtor's prison again, yet they were as gay and jolly as ever and it was through David that something actually did turn up for Mr. Micawber.

Uriah Heep gave him employment, for now he had charge of a great deal of Wickfield's business, in a confidential capacity.

David had helped an old friend so now he set forth to London to meet his new friend, Steerforth, whom he had hero-worshipped at school.

NEVER was a place so gay as London. Never was any performance so thrilling as the ballet to which Steerforth took David. Never were any two young men so fine as David and Steerforth in their evening suits, opera hats and capes.

David had been eagerly anticipating the ballet spectacle but just as they were shown into their box his eye wandered to the box next to theirs and he saw the most beautiful girl in the world. She was a bewitching girl, all smiles and curls and daintiness, but chaperoned by two, as Steerforth put it, "old dragons." Ah, if David could but speak to her. The stage was forgotten. She filled his eyes completely.

Steerforth, with a greater knowledge of the world and women than David, subtly attracted their attention by offering them opera glasses and, eventually, better places in his and David's box. The conquest seemed complete and before the evening was over the two old dragons—aunts, in disguise—had invited the young men to call and David was head over heels in love with Dora Spenlow.

And she, the most adorable and shy of all creatures, seemed to look upon him with favor. As the weeks advanced his love grew. Could anything be more wonderful than Dora twittering to her little canary birds? Dora shy. Dora saucy. Dora pleasantly scolding her little dog, Jip. Dora a bundle of frills and loveliness and soft baby talk.

She called him "Doady" and his heart melted. She kissed him tenderly, sweetly and he was her slave. And it broke his heart that this romantic idyll had to be interrupted because he had promised Steerforth to spend the summer with him at Yarmouth and, of course, to visit his old friends, the Peggottys.

The boat was there just as he had left it. His friends were the same. They were older, that was all, but all living together in peace and harmony—his own dear Peggotty, Dan, Ham, Mrs. Gummidge and Little Emily.

Steerforth and David arrived during an auspicious occasion. Sounds of merriment fairly rocked the tip-tilted boat and all of them talked at once announcing the news that this was the celebration of the betrothal of Ham and Little Emily. They welcomed David, their old friend, and Steerforth, the stranger, with equal heartiness.

And so the balmy summer lazed along. It should have been a happy summer for

David, in spite of his being away from Dora, had he not noticed, during his talks with Steerforth, that there was a side of his nature he had not known before, a cynical, rather patronizing side. And, although David tried to tell himself that he was imagining a situation that did not exist, he could not help but see that when Emily looked at Steerforth, as she so often did, there was a strange light in her eyes. No such light was there when she looked at Ham, the man she had promised to marry.

So it was as if David already knew what was going to happen when Ham brought the bitter tidings. He handed the letter to David and asked him to read it to them all. The young man's voice faltered. He could not even glance at Dan and Ham and Mrs. Gummidge and Peggotty as he spoke the written words:

"When you, who love me so much better than I ever have deserved, see this I shall be far away, never to come back unless he brings me back\a lady. You that I have wronged, love someone else that will be true to you and worthy of you. Try to think as if I'd died when I was little and was buried somewhere. Tell uncle that I never loved him half so dear as now."

The note fluttered from David's hands. Ham started to speak and then the gaze of all of them was pulled to Dan Peggotty who looked so wild and terrifying that they stood before him in awe.

"Who's the man? I want to know his name. Who's the man?" he repeated over and over in a low, inexorable voice.

David remembered his talks with his one-time friend and breathed the name. "Steerforth."

Dan turned and started for the door. "I'm a-going to seek my Emily," he said. "Through the world. I'm a-going to find her. No one can stop me."

And none could stop him. Dan Peggotty had begun the search which lasted for years.

There was nothing for David to do but to leave that once happy little home.

As the months passed he did not forget the sorrow of his friends but his life was filled with importance. His ambition to write was realized when there appeared a story from his pen in the *Monthly Magazine*. But even this triumph was overshadowed when Dora told him that she would marry him.

He hurried to Canterbury to tell Aunt Betsy and Mr. Wickfield and Agnes of his happiness and he was so absorbed in his own joys that he did not see the disappointment in Agnes' eyes.

Ah, poor Agnes. She had not been happy since David had left. Her father had taken Uriah Heep into partnership and the man seemed to have him completely under his thumb. Uriah slept in David's old room and although Wickfield assured them that it was his wish to have Uriah as his partner they knew that this was not so. But not even Micawber would tell David what sinister power Uriah had over Wickfield, a power which made him so drunk that he asked for Agnes' hand in marriage. For the first time in years Wickfield, enraged that Heep should think himself good enough for her, asserted himself and Uriah, the 'umble, realized that he had gone too far.

BUT even the Wickfields and their problems were forgotten when David married his beloved Dora.

Dora, the child wife, who could not keep her account books straight, who could neither learn to cook nor to manage her servant, who cluttered David's study with her guitar and her paintings and Jip's elaborate pagoda-like dog-house—ah, Dora. Yet he loved her most fondly, tenderly.

However, time and a most disastrous dinner party for Aunt Betsy and Mr. Dick with the cook drunk, the oysters unopened, the oyster knife lost, the leg of mutton under-done on one side and raw on the other, showed David that he had made a mistake. He brought the faithful Peggotty to take care of her and manage the house. But Dora was never, never in any sense of the word, a helpmate. The only task she could perform successfully was to dip his pens in ink and hand them to him as he wrote.

But he must love her. And he continued to love her as if she had been some dear child. And the passing years did not lessen his tenderness.

Dora was ill the night that Dan Peggotty came to tell David that Emily had been found. With the hope of vengeance in his heart, yet thanking God that she was returned, Dan told of Steerforth's leaving her in Naples and telling his servant that the servant was to marry her.

Devastated by having become something cast off for a servant's use, Emily tried to commit suicide. She was locked in by the servant. But at last she escaped. Dan found her and she threw herself at his feet, humbly begging for mercy. Dan's love was great and he took her to his heart and wept over the little orphaned girl she had been.

But now Dan had another worry. He had heard that Ham, not caring what became of his life since Emily left, was invariably the first to volunteer for the most dangerous rescue work at sea. So Dan begged David to go to Yarmouth quickly to tell Ham that Emily had been found and save him from the madness that prompted him to take such risks with his life.

When David arrived at Yarmouth he



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Says: MIMI RICHARDSON, Model and New York Debutante

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discovered a group of men talking excitedly upon the beach. Out from the shore a ship had been wrecked and a man was struggling for his life. David saw Ham shake off those who tried to stop him and he heard him shout:

"Whoever it is out there sinking—I'll try to save."

And before David could reach the group Ham had plunged into the churning water and was swimming with long, powerful strokes.

Closer he came to the struggling man. The waves beat him back. David called to him but he could not hear. He triumphed over one wave, then another and at last the face of the man for whose life he was risking his own became visible to him. He saw him now. It was Steerforth.

Ham shouted in horror. He raised his hand as if to strike him. But just at that moment the pounding wreck broke with a grinding roar and sank beneath the waves carrying both Ham and Steerforth into the boiling sea.

AT last the dead bodies were dragged onto the shore. David wept—tears of love and bitterness both upon his cheeks—that these two men should have gone down together.

When David returned to his home he found Aunt Betsy, Agnes and Peggotty attending Dora who lay pale and wan in her bed. When David came into the room Dora motioned the others to leave the room.

"Doady, dear," she said, after they had gone, "I'm afraid I was too young. I don't mean in years only but in experience and thoughts and everything. I was such a silly little creature. I am afraid it would have been better if we had only loved as a boy and girl and forgotten. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

"We've been very happy, my sweet Dora," he said, looking into her little white face.

"I was very happy, very. But because I am such a little goose and because you are so clever, as the years went on you would have wanted a real companion which I am not. It is better as it is."

She asked to speak to Agnes alone. David told Agnes to go to Dora and he waited downstairs amongst all of Dora's belongings. Idly his hand fell upon her account book—the figures obliterated by little drawings of flowers and birds that she had made. His eyes filled with tears and then there was Agnes standing by him, telling him with her eyes that Dora, the child-wife, was dead.

David must needs forget. A year of travel might give him the opiate of forgetfulness he needed, but eventually he returned to Canterbury to find the situation created by Uriah Heep grown worse and, in some curious way, Micawber mixed up in it. The once jovial Micawber was, according to his wife, on the verge of insanity. All his good temper was gone. He could think of nothing, talk of nothing but Heep. And at last David and Aunt Betsy persuaded him to tell the things he knew, no matter how involved he himself was, so that Uriah could be banished from their lives.

They confronted him one day—all of them, with a carefully prepared document which began:

"In denouncing the most consumate villain that has ever existed I ask no consideration for myself. Ignominy, want, despair, have ever been the attendants of my painful career. Even though prison should follow I declare that Heep and only Heep is the forger and the cheat."

The paper further pointed out that Uriah had tricked Wickfield into signing important papers which the poor old gentleman thought unimportant so that Uriah might draw out trust monies for himself, that he had forged Wickfield's name to other documents and that he had made false entries into the books with the intention of plundering and subjugating both Wickfield and Agnes.

CONFRONTED with these facts Uriah was at first wildly furious and then insolent when David demanded the partnership papers so that they might be destroyed. He insisted that Uriah return the bonds and monies he had appropriated. But when David threatened to call in officers who would have no hesitancy in taking him off to jail he became 'umble in earnest, did what was wanted of him and 'umbly begged to wish everyone a good morning.

And David, Agnes and Aunt Betsy kept this knowledge to themselves so that Micawber, without whose help Uriah would never have been denounced, was spared humiliation. And it was David, Aunt Betsy and Peggotty who appeared at the boat to bid them all adieu as they sailed for Australia.

Micawber was in the gayest of spirits. He strode about the dock with a bold, buccaneering air, clad completely in oilskins and carrying a mariner's telescope under his arm. Mrs. Micawber and the children were likewise garbed in outfits suitable for pioneering.

"The luxuries of the old country we abandon," shouted Micawber. "As pioneers in a new land—Australia!—denizens of the field and forest we are prepared."

"Kind friend and patron," he said turning to David, "thank you for your generous pecuniary assistance in enabling us to launch our frail canoe upon the ocean of enterprise."

And as they embarked he shouted back over his shoulder:

"I go to conquer a new country. In short, I am profoundly confident that in the not far distant future, something splendid will turn up."

The ship set sail bearing not only the gay and confident Micawbers but Dan Peggotty, Mrs. Gummidge and Emily as well, not so happy, perhaps, as the others but together at least.

"Good-bye. Good-bye, dear friends."

A few days later David and Agnes were walking on the cliffs on their way to visit Aunt Betsy and Mr. Dick. Suddenly David turned to her.

"Now in this silence, of this beautiful evening I must speak plainly, Agnes. I must tell you—I went away loving you, I stayed away loving you, I returned home loving you."

"David," said Agnes, her voice low, "that night Dora died—I was alone with her, you remember. The last thing that she asked me was that I should take her place in your heart. I've loved you all my life."

And thus they stood, just the two of them. For the moment all else was forgotten—all the figures who had so curiously colored David's life, all the misery and pain, all the loved ones who were gone. There were only himself and Agnes and the Dover cliffs and the sea pounding against them.

The Most Romantic Story Ever Told

(*Continued from page 45*)

sidered a cheap offshoot of their own indomitable art.

I will not trace each step of the tremendous rise of the motion picture industry, nor can I possibly include here mention of all the great and near-great stars. But in order to know the background of your industry you must know something of that tremendously exciting period between 1912 and 1918, and so let me tell you just a few stories of the stars of that day, before I show you how Hollywood was discovered and how the companies moved from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Los Angeles to Hollywood.

IN telling you the stories of the early stars I want to show you how different was the attitude of the public towards them from what it is now.

When Francis X. Bushman was a star, it was considered a bad policy to admit that any popular male player was married. Bushman was married. What's more, he had five children, but it was actually written into his contract that he must never divulge this fact. His family lived in his Maryland home, Bushmanor, and once when he brought them to Chicago where he was making pictures for the old Essanay Corporation, the studio heads scolded him roundly and instructed him to pack them all back home at once lest somehow this domesticity leak out.

This state of affairs led to disagreements between Bushman and his wife. But, as always with any movie star, his career was paramount. Besides he had fallen in love with his co-star, Beverly Bayne. A divorce was imminent. Both Francis and his studio knew that the story would break and they decided to let his worshipping feminine public have the two stories at once—the announcement of the divorce and his approaching marriage to Beverly Bayne.

Literally, the day after the newspapers appeared with these stories, Francis X. Bushman stopped being a star. Because he was unromantic enough to have had a wife and five children, the public did not want him.

Overnight, his popularity was gone. In desperation the studio sent a scout all over the United States to make an investigation. When he returned he walked into Bushman's dressing-room and put his head in his hands.

"Is it as bad as that?" Bushman asked.

"It's worse," the scout answered. "Bush, you're through."

Much later another great romantic star, John Gilbert, was to fail almost overnight, but for an entirely different reason. Only the essence of Hollywood history repeats itself. Details differ, for now it would be impossible for any star to keep anything secret, particularly a marriage and children, for longer than a few weeks. And now, of course, with the public educated to the acceptance of its screen idols as they are and not as their press agents paint them,

homes, husbands, wives and families are permissable.

BUSHMAN made one come-back years later in "Ben Hur," but too much had been lost. His chance had come too late and he could not open the door to the second knock of opportunity.

You need but glance through the pages of old fan magazines to discover how little the public knew about the stars for whose existence they were responsible. At that time all players were endowed with all the well-known virtues. All came from wealthy families. And all loved Shakespeare.

This period was so gummed up with press-agent hokum that it was years before the truth finally leaked out. For instance, that Theda Bara was really named Theadosia Goodman and that she was not born on the banks of the Nile. And, as always, the real stories were so much more colorful, vivid and vital than the imaginings of the publicity men. There were deeds of great courage enacted by the stars that were told only very, very much later. Alice Joyce, the stock clerk and artist's model, had some fantastic yarn invented about her entrance into pictures. Really she got her chance by deciding that she could ride a horse like a Kentucky jockey. She had never been on a horse's back in her life, but she was so eager to lift herself out of her poverty and earn a few dollars that she invented the lie. So they put her on a horse and set it running down a railroad track as fast as it would go. Why she wasn't killed no one will ever know.

Gloria Swanson was another who risked her life for the movies. In an early De Mille film there was a tableau from that famous old painting, "The Lion's Bride," and, although it would be only a flash in the picture, Gloria must go into the cage with the lion, lie down upon the floor and allow the beast not only to lie down beside her but to rest his paw upon her shoulder.

Precautions against danger were taken, of course. Men stood by with guns, but Gloria knew if the lion attacked her and the men fired, the bullets might miss their mark and hit her.

SHE got all her courage together. She was excited by praise and drunk with the knowledge that she was being a brave girl. On the tide of this hysteria, she was swept into the scene and, from a pictorial standpoint, all went well, but something went wrong with the camera and, when she came out of the cage, she was told she must do it all over again.

That was the hardest thing she ever had to do. The first excitement, which carried her through once, was gone. She could not key herself to such a high pitch again. She knew, now, what the danger was and this time cold terror walked into the lion's cage with her. As it happened all went well but Gloria left the stage to collapse in her dressing-room. On her shoulder where the lion's paw had rested the beads of her gown were crushed.

Such a thing could not happen in the movies today, of course. A double would have been used. But then they didn't know any better than to risk their lives if it were necessary for a certain shot. Kathleen Williams took chances with her life continually in the wild animal pictures she made. Because the industry was so young, it was bolder than it is now. It had, I believe, more courage.

But I am getting ahead of my story. I must go back a bit. In the February issue, I will tell you of the coming of the little motion picture industry to Hollywood and of what raw materials that incredible city was fashioned.

But—maybe she isn't "Crying over nothing"



WHEN a mild reproof brings a flood of tears . . . or a plucky child cries for a trifling hurt . . . take heed! Often such outbursts are little flags of warning!

One of several things may be to blame—acid stomach, flatulence . . . perhaps your child is catching cold. Or maybe it is constipation—a disorder so common that 90% of all children are affected by it.

Give your child Fletcher's Castoria

When a child is unusually "touchy" it is wise to give a laxative. But be sure to give a child's laxative . . . not a harsh, bad-tasting adult laxative that may upset digestion and cause griping pain.

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In more than 5,000,000 American homes, mothers of children of all ages—from babyhood to 11 years—give Fletcher's Castoria for constipation—and for all those little symtoms that point to incomplete elimination.

Next time you take your child to the doctor for a regular check-up, ask him about Fletcher's Castoria. He will tell you that it contains no harsh, irritating ingredients—only such ingredients as are mild, effective and suitable for children's tender systems.

Buy the family-size bottle of Fletcher's Castoria. It is more economical. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher is always right on the carton.

Roxy and his Gang—*Every Saturday night your radio is the ticket window to a grand new show—musical surprises presented by that master showman—Roxy. Tune in this Saturday. Let the children listen, too. Columbia Broadcasting System—8 o'clock E.S.T.*

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years

Life Begins at 50

(*Continued from page 43*)

"I've seen many changes in my time. The stage has always mirrored the world, and the world has evolved. I consider myself very fortunate to have been given the privilege to have lived to see it. Many more changes are coming and I want to see them, too. One never steps out of an arena while a fight is going on unless one is a quitter. I'm not going to be a quitter until Gabriel blows his horn."

Fifty years ago, an eighteen-year-old girl by the name of Mary Robison made her debut as Little Tillie in a play called "Hoop of Gold." The printer made two mistakes on the programme. He left out the letter "r" in Mary and the letter "i" in Robison. That left it "May Robson" and as "May Robson" she has lived.

Her beloved Marie Dressler sold May Robson to Hollywood, and a grateful Hollywood it must be since this veteran actress has given new life to the box office. Her picture "Lady For A Day" established her as an actress equal in popularity to her friend Marie. "Lady By Choice" should make audiences feel that here is a woman who can make up for them the loss of Marie Dressler.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN—the grand old lady in "Menace"—told me her story without any bitterness as we sat in the gathering dusk of her beautiful home in Beverly Hills.

Miss Crosman went on the stage in 1883. She played one night stands in all sorts of weather, falling into bed at two in the morning, falling out at five to make the next jump. Some of the time, there were no Pullmans. She married a Major Campbell. Her baby came. She kept right on working. Sarah, the nurse, in lieu of a screen, would hold aloft a steamer rug in the chilly publicity of a day coach so that the mother could take care of the baby.

The climb up the unstable ladder of success was slow. But finally, she stood at the top. Her glorious titian hair had turned gray. But she had made New York audiences rise and call her name. She was famous. She was rich. She had fifty years of stage life behind her when she took her last curtain call.

She bought a beautiful home in Pelham Manor. And she retired from public life.

The stock market crashed. It swept the solid earth from under her feet. It swept the fifty years away.

She sat down and said: "What shall I do?"

People answered: "Why don't you teach?"

She retorted: "I can't."

So she and her husband went on living in that big house in Pelham Manor—without anything to live on.

The house sat in a huge garden. Within this garden, was a little garden of her own, fenced all about with a tall wall. Here she would come—to be with God.

One day—and it was very black in spite of the sun that was shining and the birds that were singing and the flowers that were fragrant—she went to her garden. She was in the depths of despair. In her anguish, she called aloud to God. He answered.

Major Campbell called to her. He was shouting something or other from the doorway. It sounded like: "Would you go to Hollywood to make a picture? Fox is on the telephone."

And so for Henrietta Crosman life began again, fifteen years past fifty.

IT took misfortune in still another guise to give Guy Kibbee his lucky break.

At forty, he was earning $37.50 a week, playing character roles with a stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska, and convinced that he had reached the zenith of his theatrical career.

He lived comfortably enough in a rambling family hotel. Then, as now, he was rotund of figure and bald of pate. And he wasn't consumed with any driving ambition.

He married. The lady suggested Hollywood. He wasn't particularly interested. The lady repeated Hollywood. You know how those things end—it was Hollywood—or Hollywood.

But once he arrived, he could not get a job. The experience of years did not count. The family fortune dwindled.

One night, over an epochal dinner, a friend advised that the Kibbees go to New York in their search for laurels. They examined their car. They had christened it "Rabbit" not because it was fast but because its natural gait was a hop. With many false starts, they finally drove out of Hollywood.

The ups and downs of that transcontinental journey were not only of the landscape. The Kibbees subsisted on crusts and slept under the stars. They had thermoid trouble and three flats. But finally they reached New York on a rainy September morning and moved in on a chap who had a tiny apartment in Greenwich Village. They were dead broke.

The very next day, over the luncheon table at the Lambs' Club, a man rushed up to Kibbee. He was so excited that what he said made very little sense. It was something about a character part that had walked out of a sketch that was scheduled on the radio that night and would Kibbee do him a favor and play the radio that walked out for forty-five dollars and there wasn't much time so could Kibbee come right over.

One excited man led to one exciting night. The accidental assignment led to a part in "The Torch Song" and "The Torch Song" led back to Hollywood. And Hollywood, that would not send around the corner, sent all the way to New York for Kibbee.

FOR more than a quarter of a century, Alison Skipworth was a name to conjure with on Broadway. Daniel Frohman had seen her in London, heard her fine contralto voice, and signed her as a prima donna. She had many successes in those twenty-five years. But mostly she talks—and laughs—about the time she appeared in twenty successive failures.

She made a silent picture. The picture made little or no impression. Too bad that fine contralto voice of hers was silent. Much, much too bad, for at the moment, the Depression was closing down the legitimate theatre.

Skipworth decided to retire to her Long Island estate. She knew she would be unhappy out of the profession but what else was there to do?

Then, like an unexpected life preserver tossed out to the drowning, the talkies came into being. Paramount heard that fine contralto voice and placed it under contract.

"I'm fifty-five years old," says she, pointing toward leeward which in this case happens to mean her still far from white hair. (She wears a white wig, you know, in "Here Is My Heart.") "I'm proud to admit it. People ask me why I don't retire now that I've made enough money to live on comfortably, but as the stocking said to the needle that threatened to go through it, 'I'll be darned.' What would there be left for me to do? Who wants to sit back and think about being an old woman? You know, so many women I know have become old before their time by growing morbid about age. They sit in a rocker all day long and think and think and think. One woman I knew had a penchant for protesting that she'd never live long enough to see anything materialize. 'They are building subways?' she asked me twenty years ago. 'I'll never live to see them finished.' She's still going strong, by the way. Now if that woman had had some useful and creative occupation to keep her busy, she'd have stopped thinking about not living to see grand projects completed, but would have gone out and *helped* make them.

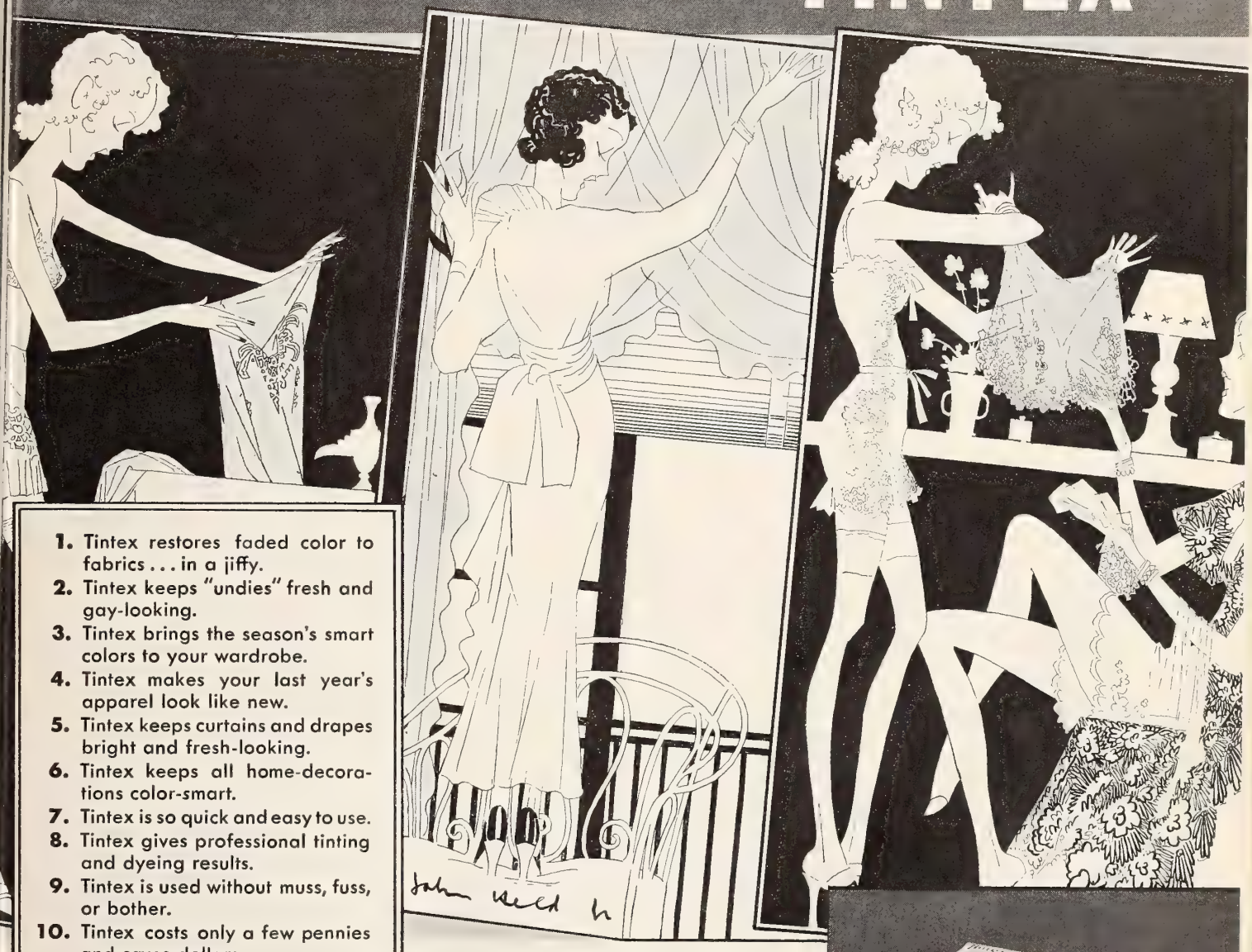
"I love work. Work keeps one's body young and one's mind active. Age isn't a matter of time, it's a matter of thought. Some people are young at sixty and others are old at twenty. I feel sorry for these people who have nothing to do all day long but think about themselves. Between you and me, we all have an ache once in awhile and I'm no different from the rest, but with my work and my bridge games and so many things to see and do, I refuse to give in to them. I'm not the sort, you see, that likes to waste time reminiscing about the past. I'm too busy thinking about the future. No, I'll stay around until no one wants me anymore."

AT whom would the audience laugh if we older people retired from active service?" asks Mrs. Captain Patrick Campbell, the grand and mighty queen of the theatre who for almost fifty years held first place in the hearts of young blades who saw her in the gay nineties. "Who would take the part of the old maiden aunt? Do you realize we furnish most of the comedy? Audiences like to laugh at old folks—they make them seem so superior and modern and sophisticated, but we don't mind. One of the grand recompenses that we have is the luxury of lost vanity. We don't have to worry about hiding our age and losing our sex appeal. We don't *have* to hide our age—people usually can guess it. You know, there usually is some octogenarian in the family who has a diabolical memory and takes sadistic delight in saying, 'Is that Mrs. Pat Campbell still alive? I saw her when I was just a little tike.' We older actors and actresses feel that when we are chosen for a part it's because the director knows that we'll be *good* in it. In that sense we are better off than is the younger player. Then why should we retire? If one has health, then one can go on working. As long as I feel that people want to see me on the screen, I shall never stop working. I suppose my friend, George Bernard Shaw, would say that I, who have hearkened to so many cues, should know the time to quit. Well, at the moment I don't feel that time has come."

I don't think it will ever come for Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Her sailing through the years has been a pretty easy one and she has held on to her trophies of popularity and affection by outdistancing any younger and faster clippers that have appeared on the horizon. Of all the famous stars of yesterday, I think it is her name which

(*Continued on page 68*)

10 REASONS WHY MILLIONS OF WOMEN USE TINTEX



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AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

(*Continued from page 66*)

means the most to veteran audiences. She was a noted beauty and wit, the toast of her generation and the most famous interpreter of Shakespearian roles. Her fame spread over the world. She was the friend and confidante of royalty. In 1888, she made her stage debut and has appeared in such favorite plays as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Masquerader," and "Electra."

"You know," she confessed, "at one time I actually did retire for several years. I felt my day was done. But I was restless and unhappy. I tried to fill my days with other pursuits but I kept thinking of my salad days constantly and wishing that I could live them all over again. Then a call came from Irving Thalberg who was in England at the time with his wife, Norma Shearer. He told me that his wife would start a picture upon their return to Hollywood to be called 'Riptide,' and asked me if I would care to play one of the leads. Would I? You could bet I would. I forgot all about my vow to retire, forgot about my salad days. I was still wanted, I could still play a featured role. Out of my retirement I came, and out of it I remained, for 'One More River.' I hope I shall continue to remain out of it. I'm happier now than I've been in years."

COMMANDER Helen Westley's philosophy is probably derived from the nautical signal, "Green to green, red to red, all is well, *go ahead.*" Steadfastly, surely, she has gone ahead until today she is one of the powers to be reckoned with in theatrical circles. Like the good commander she is, she has charted the course of the New York Theatre Guild and has brought it safely to port through choppy and uncertain seas. If you saw her performance in "The House of Rothschild," you will have recognized in her an actress of finish and style.

"For forty years I have been identified with the theatre," says Commander Helen, "and I hope to continue being identified with it for forty years more.

"To me age is the most beautiful time in life. We are *free,* free to be alone, free to think, free to rest. We are not cluttered by the emotions of early youth, we have grown more retrospective, we see with clearer eyes. Of course there are some silly women who remain emotionally young until the end, but I feel that these are in the minority, that most of us who have reached the age of fifty have grown mature in our emotions.

"I believe that the age of mankind is divided into three parts; the age of learning when we begin to read and write and understand the strangeness of the world, the emotional age which is purely tied up with sex, and lastly, the cosmic age when we can think of the world without our ideas being cluttered up by the demands of sex. Then a woman is free to know herself, to analyze herself and the people about her.

In 1919, the Theatre Guild was formed. Helen Westley was one of its founders and is today one of its six directors. She has appeared in some of its greatest successes including "Strange Interlude." The Guild to her is like a child and she nurtures it with hard work. What could it do without its Commander Helen? Despite her screen contract, she returns to it every few months to see how it is coming along.

LIVE your life to the fullest, doing as little harm to others as possible, but *live your life.* That's what it's for."

And the man who spoke those words spoke from the richness of experience. At sixty, Commander Sir Guy Standing, C.B.E., K. B. E., R.N.V.R., is still living his life to the fullest after having crammed enough successful adventure and romance into his three score years to exhaust half a dozen lesser men.

"Yes, I've been lucky," he said, never a sick day in my life. That makes a big difference. The other day I realized that I never got weary. It started me thinking. Maybe there was something wrong with me—glands or something."

Sir Guy's life really began when he was nine. To his home in Brighton, Sussex, came an uncle. The importance of this uncle was that he brought with him a sovereign. He gave the coin to Guy and a strange metamorphosis took place. The boy became a seafarer. He bought a boat for that sovereign and still feels that he was cheated. He and two other ambitious Britons of the same age turned to and in three weeks had remade the craft. Now all they needed was a sail. Young Standing was a stout fellow, not one to stop at trifles. There was a large family table cloth. . . . "Of course," says Sir Guy, "when it was reported among the missing, it caused a deal of comment. I maintained a diplomatic silence."

When he was fifteen his actor-father, Herbert Standing, called him into conference. Guy was given his choice of two things, working his way through the University or turning to and starting his career, whatever it was to be. He painted a little, played a little and acted a little—"and did all three badly." So he decided to act anyway.

In little or no time he strode into his father's study, the proud possessor of a contract to play juvenile leads with a stock company up among the coals of Newcastle. His father promptly snorted. At any rate he tried to discourage the venture, saying that Guy would probably not be paid off by such a cheap and inferior company and would have to wire home.

"But, hang it all! Sir, it's a fine company. They're going to pay me three pounds a week to play juveniles!"

"Yes, quite so! . . . That proves the company is no good!"

Sir Guy's only comment today is that his father was right—quite right. But the young actor didn't do as his father had predicted he would. He didn't telegraph home for money. Instead he got a job on a collier—a coal boat.

He acted whenever he could and sailed whenever he couldn't. He went to Australia and tried his hand at gold mining and sheep raising. But he could not forget the stage.

He came over to America. Between calls on agents and managers, he went from house to house selling water colors that he painted at odd moments. He had to eat. Finally, Frohman gave him a part. He skyrocketed to success. Paramount signed him.

Then came the war.

Graciously enough, Paramount released him with the understanding that when the war ended in a few months, the actor would return to pictures.

The war lasted five years. He was knighted. He came back to America with a munificent capital of $40. It meant beginning his career all over again. He played with Jane Cowl. The company went to Hollywood.

Sir Guy did not go on at fifty—as the others had—because of a bank failure, a stock crash, or a death. He actually began his career at fifty.

Now at sixty, his advice is: "Do a kind thing now and then. Have a hobby or two. Ride them hard. Keep busy. And, when you shave in the morning, look yourself squarely in the eye and say: "This is going to be a great day. Thank God for it. And thank God I'm here to enjoy it. And life at fifty—or sixty—or seventy—or any old age—will give you usefulness and happiness."

Rough, Ready and Regular

(*Continued from page 37*)

His he-mannish stuff on the screen, which has proved to be so enormously profitable to him, is no studied art. There is nothing affected or synthetic about his acting. He is simply himself before the camera, and lives over in his films, experiences from his own past life.

VIC has roamed over the face of the globe and fought nearly a thousand fights on the mat and in the ring. He has toured the rough towns of Canada, where he went to seek his fortune at nineteen, as a wrestler taking on all comers in one-night stands. He has withstood the terrific battering of Jack Johnson in a "no decision" match held at Vancouver shortly after that huge Negro won the world's heavyweight title. He has toiled on a farm and prospected for gold in the Canadian wilds. Has been a vaudeville actor in Australia. Has gone hunting lions in Africa. Fished pearls in the South Seas, surviving a typhoon. Taught calisthenics and boxing to a maharaja in India. Fought the Turks in the torrid wastes of Mesapotamia as a captain in the crack Cheshires. And finally, before returning to London in 1920, ruled in Bagdad as Assistant Provost Marshal, when the victorious Union Jack replaced the Ottoman crescent and star over the sacred domes of that legendary city.

"The last thing I ever expected was to be a movie star," he told me with that toothy grin of his.

"I had returned from the army in Mespot and had easily won my championship fight in the Aldershot finals, a boxing tournament conducted between the various theatres of the war. But an injury to my leg sealed my career as a boxer. I went through the two defeats in succession. My brothers realized as well as I did that the family's chances of winning the heavyweight title had gone forever. I was already thirty-three, and hadn't done any serious boxing for five years.

"It was on the night of my second inglorious fight that I. B. Davidson, a leading figure in the British film industry and a ringside fan, came into my dressing-room at the National Sporting Club in London and said to me:

" 'Victor, you have tried everything once. How would you like to be a film actor?'

"He might as well have suggested, 'How would you like to take the next rocket to the moon?'

" 'Don't be silly, man,' I replied. 'I don't know the first thing about acting, and I haven't got the looks.'

"But Davidson insisted that I was the fellow he wanted. Not a 'pretty boy,' but a rough and ready sort of chap to play the lead in 'The Call of the Road' which he was about to film.

"I jolly well knew that I was finished with boxing. I was out of a job, and appeared like a square peg in the round hole of London life. Here was a chance for me to make some easy money, so I submitted to a test, and was given the part.

"I worked six weeks in that picture at a salary of thirty pounds a week. It was big money for film actors in London.

THE film crowd I now associated with struck me as a perfectly crazy lot. I had been used to an atmosphere in which you showed your friendship for your pal by cursing him like a trooper. In this new world of cocktails, over-polite conversation, superlatives of praise, and disconcerting familiarity, every man was 'old boy' and every woman 'darling' or 'sweetheart.' Like Hollywood, it was a world apart, where the values of life as I knew them did not exist, and I had to adjust myself to an entirely new perspective. But once I got used to the change, I found the film crowd consisting in the main of very decent people, good pals, and square rivals.

"I worked in about twenty British films before I got an offer from Hollywood.

"America had knocked the bottom out of the British film industry and things were in a bad way for us actors over there. I eagerly wired my acceptance. The part offered me was the lead in Vitagraph's 'Beloved Brute.'

"After I gave up boxing and became a film actor, I married Edna Lamont. I had to leave her in London and make the journey to America alone, for I didn't know how things would turn out for me in that fantastic place called Hollywood. Even though its streets seemed to be paved in gold bricks, hundreds had failed there for every one who had succeeded.

"I arrived in Hollywood with only twenty dollars in my pocket, and wandered down the Boulevard with a jaunty feeling, not knowing exactly what to do or where to go.

"The first person to speak to me was an ex-pug. He readily recognized me as an Englishman just come over from the other side. Being very anxious to make a good impression on my new employers, I was dressed in the latest sartorial elegance of London, with kid gloves, spats, and walking cane. People stopped and looked at me as if I were a freak show.

"This ex-comrade of the ring touched me for a loan. I gave him one of the two ten-dollar bills I had with me. I asked him the way to the Vitagraph Studio, and he told me it was 'just along the road.'

"Well, I had to walk five miles along that accursed road to reach the studio. The weather was as hot as Bagdad in summertime. My old shirt was gummed to my back, my hands were clammy.

"The first person to meet me at Vitagraph was an Irish publicity man who hated all Englishmen at sight.

" 'Very few of you fellows make good over here,' he told me. Not exactly the kind of greeting to soothe my perspiring brow. He made it quite plain that any race as stupid, dishonest, and utterly lacking in initiative and decency as the English, would stand very little chance of getting on in God's Own Country.

"I liked him. I owe him a great deal. I will never forget the whirlwind publicity campaign he conducted to put me over when things looked pretty black to me.

"It was at his suggestion that I put aside my English reticence and reserve—three years of Shaftesbury Avenue had

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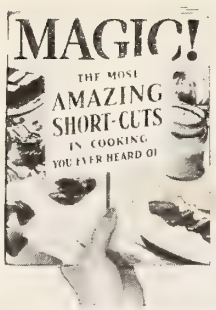
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or
3. Three Cups Coconut
or
4. Two Cups Bran Flakes
or
5. One Cup Nut Meats, Chopped

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup peanut butter
Any *one* of the five ingredients listed at left

Thoroughly blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, peanut butter and any one of the five ingredients listed at the left. Drop by spoonfuls onto buttered baking sheet. Bake 15 minutes or until brown, in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) Makes about 30 cookies.

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Anita Louise and Tom Brown, Hollywood's best loved juvenile players, are seldom seen without each other. In other words, they're going "steady."

worked wonders in me—and I did my darnedest to be a ' regular guy.' I slapped everybody on the back and laughed at jokes that were old before I had left London. Within a day or two they were all calling me Victor, then Vic, and accepted me as one of their own kind.

"To my great dismay I learned that my film was to be postponed for a month. That meant no pay checks for a month. I was at a loss and didn't know what to do. I didn't dare tell studio executives I had only ten dollars with me, that I had to have some money quickly to send to my wife in London.

"An assistant director came to my rescue. He found me an attic to live in. It was close by the studio and overlooked a sewage farm. Rats ran all over the place, and the loathsome smell was intolerable.

"Every morning I laid in a fresh supply of fruit, buying it from a Japanese peddler. Fruit was the cheapest food I could eat. For a quarter he gave me enough apples and oranges to open a grocery store of my own."

IT was from that smelly attic that Victor McLaglen, Esq., lately of Shaftesbury Avenue, London, launched forth to lick Hollywood.

The story of that licking would fill several pages. Suffice to say that his role as Captain Flagg in "What Price Glory?" established him as a new luminary in the unstable firmament of the screen.

"And here I am, still plugging away at the old game which I thought was to be merely a brief interlude in my life, just another episode," he said, as Director Lewis Milestone called him for another shot.

He said these last words as if he were ashamed of being an actor.

He does not like to talk about his pictures. "Wait until the preview," he said, when I asked him what he thought of "The Captain Hates the Sea," in which he plays the part of the detective, Schulte, aboard the romantic *San Capador*—a smart sleuth who is plenty tough, but is vulnerable to feminine charms. It's a role right in line with his experiences as a chief of railway police in a Canadian town, where he rounded up a most elusive gang of fur thieves, and as Assistant Provost Marshal of Bagdad, where he had to check the enemy espionage system behind the British lines.

Victor invited me to visit him at his home in Flintridge, half an hour's spin from Hollywood, to continue the interview and swap some reminiscences of war days.

He met me in his boxing trunks—a tower of beef with a battered nose.

"If I had my life to live over, it would be the canvas every time," he said. "The only thing that ever really thrilled me was boxing."

There is something pathetic about this man who was cut for the ring, yet couldn't reach the top in fistic honors, all because of a leg injury.

The two great sorrows of his life are his failure to win the British heavyweight title, and the death of his mother before American movies made it possible for her to loll in clover. With a pang deep down in his heart, he thinks how she would revel in his beautiful home—Fairhaven—and all the luxuries which he could shower upon her now.

There's a view of mountains and orange groves. Flower-banked paths that lead to unexpected and charming nooks. Clumps of magnolia, lemon, olive trees. Poplars clapping their hands in the breeze in ceaseless rapture. An outdoor swimming pool built of lovely Spanish tile and looking like a sheet of blue flame in the blazing sun. A "garden of memory" where friends, including many motion picture satellites, have planted valuable flowers and shrubs. Tennis court. Gymnasium. Riding track. Thoroughbreds in the stable. More than a hundred pheasants. Rows of dog houses. Deer and wild goats. Hundreds of singing birds in full-throated glee in their large cage-house.

There is even a butcher shop with modern refrigerator. Vic's parties are grand affairs, reminiscent of scenes from the novels of Sir Walter Scott. He likes to have a whole steer barbecued in honor of his guests.

HIS house is built in Tudor style, furnished in antiques. The stuffed heads of three deer look down over the dining-room. Mrs. McLaglen and her two children, Andrew and Sheila, were on a vacation. "Everything is upside down," he apologized. This former champion slugger of the British army in Iraq now takes things easy and reads Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary. An admirable father, he never figures in the gossip columns. Sheila, twelve, is an accomplished pianist. Andrew is the champion all-around athlete in his school and a good scholar to boot.

"I am proud of this kid of mine," he said, as we reached Andrew's bedroom. He fumbled in a drawer for a box, and spread out on the table eleven medals for me to behold, tokens of his son's physical prowess and scholarship.

"He is not a bit spoiled, and is as modest as can be. If I had asked him to show you his medals, he wouldn't have done it. Now and then he comes home with another medal, puts it in this drawer, and never tells me anything about it."

Two of Victor's younger brothers, Arthur and Cyril, now live with him. Arthur, dark and handsome with a sensitive face, is a sculptor versed also in landscape architecture. He is responsible for the present fair aspect of Vic's home. Cyril is an English screen actor, besides being a gay war dog.

Both brothers are of giant stature like Victor and have the bearing of officers and gentlemen. Cyril is a dashing lieutenant in the McLaglen Light Horse, which is branching out all over the country.

Two years ago Victor swore allegiance to the American flag. The stars and stripes always fly over Fairhaven. His famous Light Horse is organized primarily for the promotion of American ideals and standards.

On the grounds of the Breakfast Club on Riverside Drive—an institution of local big-wigs dedicated to the democracy of ham an' eggs and the riotous fêting of visiting celebrities—the McLaglen Light Horse drills on Monday and Thursday nights and on Sunday afternoons in lance and cavalry formations, equestrian sports and thunderous charges.

Your correspondent attended one of these drills as the Colonel's guest, and I can assure you it was an awe-inspiring spectacle.

On the drill ground even his brothers refer to him as "The Colonel." It's not a place to get familiar. Regular army discipline is in force.

Composed of over two hundred men, this colorful regiment of veteran troopers has been engaged by Paramount to appear in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

They wear nifty blue uniforms with gold stripes, and carry on their lances guidons of blue and gold. Their shoulder straps are of silver thread. The majority of them have seen service in the farflung corners of the British Empire, but there are also many Yankee doughboys, and all are 100 per cent American citizens. One trooper, Corp. D. G. Homsy, is an Arab gentleman from Jerusalem, a graduate of the Sorbonne in Paris, who put your correspondent's halting French to a severe test.

A Girl's Troop is attached to the regiment as its ambulance and first-aid corps. It is composed of about sixty girls. Pretty Florine Bale, titian-haired film chorine, is the captain. Most of the girls are dancers and motion picture actresses, and all are skilled riders. There is also a girls' polo team and a rooting section for Victor's latest acquisition, a soccer team.

"Thank God I am not like those film stars,' said Vic, "who think acting is the most important thing in the world and can't be interested in anything else. I get a great kick palling around with these buddies of mine. I like to share their joys and sorrows. They keep me close to earth. I can't go stale as an actor when I associate with men of this kind.



Elissa Landi, Lanny Ross and Sharon Lynne at Emanuel Cohen's testimonial dinner. Note the Landi's new hair-do. Tricky, what?

Claudette's Favorite Fan

(*Continued from page 36*)

together, etcetera, to see if their stories are read. This was too much. I pushed myself off the divan and rushed to my desk."

CLAUDETTE handed me some of her creamy white stationery. Her own letters had been returned and were kept in the same packet. I opened it to read:

Beverly Hills, Cal.,
Sept. 13, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,
Who knows?
Truthfully yours,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

"That," continued Claudette, "finished the matter as far as I was concerned. I forgot all about it. Ten days later this came:

Watonga, Okla.,
Sept. 18, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,
God knows.
Less devoutly yours,
DANIEL KECK

"Well, I said to myself, at least this fellow has a bump of humor. And he's brief. That intrigued me. I decided to answer it." She handed me her next letter. And at this point, not having the slightest idea just what to expect, I opened it.

Beverly Hills, Cal.,
Sept. 24, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,
If there is a God.
Still truthfully yours,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Claudette picked out the next letter and handed it over to me. "Look," she said. I looked.

Watonga, Okla.,
Oct. 1, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,
Skeptic
Not even cordially yours,
DANIEL KECK

"It was getting to be a game," laughed Claudette. "He was getting under my skin. I couldn't let him have the last word. But it seemed hopeless. You remember what Madame de Sévigné said, 'I'd write you a shorter letter if I had more time.' Well, I thought and thought. It spoiled my dinner party that night. While looking at his last letter again, I noticed something and wrote:

Beverly Hills, Cal.,
Oct. 7, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,
You a literary man? Shame! You forgot the period after "skeptic."
Punctiliously yours,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

We had to search for the next letter. It had fallen on the floor. I confess I was a bit bewildered. "What," I asked myself, "would come next?"

Watonga, Okla.,
Oct. 12, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,

Your welcome,
DANIEL KECK

TAKE CARE.. COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE!

AN EMINENT physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect of the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under *control.*

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"Can you beat that?" gasped Claudette. "Well, here was my answer to that epistle:

Malibu Beach, Cal.,
Oct. 20, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,

Penuriously,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

P.S. You seem to be so brilliant. Fill this in yourself!

Claudette picked out a letter which was a wee bit fatter than the others. "One week later I received this note with my letter enclosed.

Watonga, Okla.,
Oct. 24, 1933.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,

Herewith your missive as per instructions. Do you dare?

Dutifully,
DANIEL

"The nerve of him!" laughed Claudette. "Look how he changed my letter.

Malibu Beach, Cal.,
Oct. 20, 1933.

DEAR MR. KECK,

You, I feel sure, could be no more tedious than your letters. Won't you come to Los Angeles? We could have a date. If our correspondence is any criterion, we should become deaf with constant chatter. I await, with pounding heart, your arrival.

Penuriously and also affectionately,
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

P.S. You seem to be so brilliant. Fill this in yourself!

THAT stopped me! What to do? If I mailed it there was no reason why he shouldn't take me at my word. If I didn't I'd be a rather poor sport. Well, I carried that letter around in my bag for a week trying to decide. Then one day I said, 'Claudette, you're a fool,' and dropped it in the mail box. But I added another postscript. I wrote: 'I'll dare, but don't you dare!'

"Three weeks later the studio messenger boy brought me this note, while I was having lunch in my dressing-room.

DEAR MISS COLBERT,

Sorry to miss you for lunch. Hoped to surprise you. The officials seemed to frown on my credentials: Mr. Daniel Keck of Watonga, Okla. Ignoramuses! Would'st dine with me at the Ambassador tonight?

Daringly,
DANIEL

"I was petrified! It suddenly dawned on me that he might be black, white, old or young. This was really pretty terrible. I asked the messenger boy if he had seen him. He shook his head. I sent for a friend and explained my predicament. He went to the hotel to investigate. He returned, smiling. Mr. Keck, he assured me, was unquestionably a gentleman. Over six feet tall, dark, about thirty years old, he was one of the handsomest men he had ever seen. Relieved? I wanted to rush right down and kiss him. Instead, I sent him a note. After excusing myself, I invited him to my home to dinner the following Friday.

"Well, Friday came. And seven-thirty. And with it Mr. Daniel Keck. I was having my hair dressed when he arrived. The butler knocked on my door and announced: 'Mr. Keck, M'dam.'

"'Tell him I'll be right down,' I sang back. The butler seemed bewildered. He stood there. 'Mr. Keck,' he explained solemnly, 'is a lady.'

"I got downstairs in a perfect turmoil. There in the drawing-room . . ."

At that moment we were interrupted. Claudette was called to the phone. It was the studio. She came back to grumble that her call next morning was for seven instead of eight.

"There in the drawing-room was a darling old lady. She held out her hand as I advanced. Her hair was snow white. Except for tiny wrinkles about the eyes her face was like a girl's. It was her eyes that held me. They were the most mischievous I'd ever seen."

"'I am sorry,' she said, 'that my son couldn't meet you. He's on his way to China. I came out to the Coast with him. Yesterday he had to leave to join his wife in San Francisco. But you see, he didn't know about our little game until just the other day. I, you see, am your correspondent. It started off, really, as a dare. Permit me to introduce myself. Mrs. Lucy Pembroke. Daniel Keck is the name I use on some of my writings. It's better to have the pen name of a man, you know.'

"Well, I had the most enjoyable dinner I ever had in my life. She was charming. Bubbling over with fun."

Claudette dashed up to her bedroom and brought back a photograph of her friend in a large silver frame.

"Look at that face," she enthused. "Whenever I want to get into trouble I call her up. She's forgotten more innocent pranks than I'll ever know."

Can a Nice Girl Be a Big Success?

(*Continued from page 48*)

a girl. She is angry with him. She turns on him. She stamps her foot. She calls him names. She shakes her fists at him, she pounds on his chest. And he says:

"You are lovely when you're angry. Hit me again, you pretty little spitfire!"

Are we like that hero? Do we enjoy seeing our heroines rant and rave at us. Do they seem more beautiful with an angry flush on their faces? It certainly looks that way!

Let's view a few examples:

Now, for a nice girl. No one ever has anything but favorable things to say about Heather Angel. She's pretty, she's sweet, she's intelligent, she's shy, she's modest, she's sincere. So go the criticisms. To interviewers she's delightful. When signing autographs she's a model of patience. In a word, she's everything that a nice girl should be. But who in this town knows or cares (to be brutal), very much about her? Who talks of her? Who writes about her? She has only a few personal friends. She is never seen or heard about. Writers come away from interviews with their finger nails all but chewed off. In spite of all her bright, responsive ideas, her quaint charm, her desire to be helpful. Heather Angel is, as they say out here, "bad copy"—bad newspaper and magazine material.

A direct opposite to Heather is a little demon whose wild screechings are heard around the world. She not only throws valuable vases at anybody who happens to annoy her, but most especially at her husband. Her pretty little feet stamp in time with a refrain of:

"You old—blankety-blank! You nasty so-and-so . . . I will keel you!"

Need, I tell you that it's Lupe? Need I remind you that the whole world is Velez-conscious? That's what I mean when I say, I wonder if it pays to be nice in Hollywood. Lupe insults and endangers. She curses and yells. She stamps on our insteps with her high-spiked heels. And we love it. "Do it some more, Lupe!" we implore.

I SPOKE a few minutes ago of Connie and Joan Bennett. Joan, too, has quite a temper, but it's Connie who gets the credit for being the tyrant in that family. And when I say "gets the credit" I mean "gets the credit" for many people believe that Connie has profited tremendously by her tantrums. I'm sure they have helped her drive good bargains with her producers. A woman's wrath such as hers knoweth no "no's." And then, too, Connie is always good "copy." And the very fact that Connie is difficult to get to, makes a word with her, even a cross one, seem more desirable!

But Joan, as I started to say, also has a temper and a temperament, though she manages somehow to conceal them behind that pretty little face of hers, the side that she has chosen to show the world. Connie, on the other hand, has her sweet side, too. Her intimate friends tell us there is no one any "swell-er" than Connie. She's honest, frank and true-blue. She's intelligent, witty and really an extraordinary woman. But ever since she was a young girl, Connie has lifted her arrogant eyebrows to the outer world, and looked at us through her platinum-rimmed lorgnettes . . . patronizingly! She has always been superior, even during her prom-trotting days, when she led the social whirl of the younger Eastern debutantes.

There is a story I heard long ago from a Princeton boy about Connie. The incident occurred during a Princeton house-party at the end-of-the-season football prom. Wherever you saw a group of young men gathered about an object of interest, you could be sure that that object of interest was Constance Bennett, second daughter of Richard Bennett, and the loveliest of the clan. She was vivacious, ravishing, witty and provocative. The center of attention everywhere.

While she was dancing, a young man, football hero of the day, cut in on her. Connie was not having young men she didn't know cut in. She was most exacting in her social ideas. So she gave him an icy stare. Then admiring his daredevil charm, she changed her stare to a smile, and, looking at him bewitchingly, she said:

"Do you know whom you're dancing with?"

The football hero tossed his head and replied:

"No, does it matter?"

Still bewitching, still smiling, the elegant Miss Bennett said, "You're dancing with Connie Bennett, lucky boy!"

They danced on a few steps. The foot-

ball hero smiled ingratiatingly.

"Do you know whom *you're* dancing with?"

"No," answered Miss Bennett in a carefree tone.

The young man paused a moment. Looking defiantly into those intriguing Bennett eyes, he answered:

"You're dancing with Connie Bennett, lucky girl!"

And he left her, right in the middle of the floor!

Connie still has that manner. When you're with her, her eyes seem to be saying, "Do you know whom you're talking to?" The only difference is that now we don't leave Constance Bennett dancing with herself in the middle of the floor. We take it and like it! We rush by the millions to see her every picture. We try to modulate our voices to be more like hers. We kill ourselves with dieting so that we may have a figure like hers. We get our dressmakers to turn out something like that little gold lamé number that Connie wore in her last picture. In fact, we take it and like it so much that we support her to the tune of $30,000 per picture.

In Hollywood, as in no other place in the world, fame and success may be closely measured by the amount of money a person makes. Few actresses ever rise above the $3,000-a-week class. But Connie's fame has transcended the fame of the other members of her famous family. She has definitely lifted herself to the top of the Hollywood heap with a salary that's reported to be $30,000 for only a few weeks' work! And all that without giving a damn about anybody!

OVER at Warner Brothers I met one of the sweetest, nicest, and most delightful girls that I've met in a long time! She's only been in Hollywood about a year, and she's made great strides, but they've been measured, steady ones. Everyone speaks well of her and her work. She is friendly to talk to. She gives of herself, her experiences, her thoughts, while she talks to you. She goes into anything and everything thoroughly. She has talent and ambition. She is discreet. She has excellent taste. She loves music and art and good literature. You like her immensely, but you feel that there is something lacking. You go home and say in a calm voice, "I met Jean Muir today. She was awfully nice; she invited me to lunch." Your voice, however, carries no real enthusiasm.

But a friend came bursting into my house the other day and in a loud excited voice shouted, "Guess who I saw. Guess! And she was shooting crap with the bootblack over at RKO, yelling and laughing at the top of her lungs!"

I didn't have to guess. It was Katharine Hepburn, of course. And from then on I couldn't stop the barrage of questions which my friend fired at me.

"Does she really bully her maid so that she has her in tears half the time?" she asked. "Does she really fight with her director, her hairdresser, her stand-in, her script girl? Is she really as stubborn as they say? I hear she swears like a trooper." And so on and on. Well, since no nice girl swears, or shoots crap with colored boys, Miss Hepburn may not be a nice girl. But boy! is she successful! Do the magazines and newspapers tell you about the many nice things that Hepburn does? No. It's the hoydenish, harumscarum Katie Hepburn that you love to read about! Hepburn took the town and the world by *storming!*

Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton are another couple that invite comparison. Both of them do similar parts on the screen—and both of them are fine actresses. But Helen Hayes, with all her sweetness and charm, has never quite snatched for her own the title that Ruth Chatterton once wore:—"First Lady of the Screen."

Helen Hayes is loved by most everyone. Chatterton is feared by most. Her tantrums, her sullenness, and her wrath have made history in this town. Chatterton, like the temperamental artist that she is, had to rule the roost, and she did; lock, stock and barrel, even husband. Helen Hayes has always been nice to everyone. With the result that Helen Hayes is still just plain Helen Hayes, while we still speak of Ruth as "La Chatterton." And in that little "La" is a world of difference.

Sometimes it's just as successfully intriguing for a star to turn her back on Hollywood, as it is to fight it face to face. Another favorite who hasn't bothered to be particularly nice to anyone, and who has gotten away with it beautifully, is Margaret Sullavan. Hollywood likes Maggie in spite of the fact (or is it because of the fact?) that Maggie doesn't like Hollywood. I know you have read that she is Hollywood's Sore Spot, Hollywood's Pet Peeve, but you have to really like a girl to have her get under your skin like Maggie does. She doesn't scoff at Hollywood, or defy it, or even shout at it, like Hepburn does. She just ignores it!

She arrived here only a short time before she started working on her first picture, and she left immediately after the picture was finished. She did the same thing again on the occasion of her second picture. She shows no interest in meeting anyone, and she shows an equally nil interest when someone wants to meet her. No disdain, just indifference.

But Hollywood and the world isn't indifferent about her. Theatre managers claim she's the best "draw" of the day. Writers clamor for interviews. Fans want to know when she'll be making another picture, and hostesses ask their guests, "Do you know Margaret Sullavan?" I wonder if all this would have happened if Maggie had started out being nice to everyone.

ELISSA LANDI is charming. She is invited to more parties than she cares to attend. But, to be nice, she manages to spread her time around. She stops in for a chat here and there, and she bestows smiles and delightful friendliness everywhere. But even at the very parties that she attends, do you think *she* is the topic of conversation? Oh, no. More likely, Marlene Dietrich.

Marlene treats Hollywood badly in still a different manner than do the rest: Bennett, Hepburn, Chatterton, Sullavan and Velez. She turns a deaf ear to its every criticism of her.

Hollywood gasps because she is often escorted by a man who is not her husband, while her husband escorts another woman. Marlene continues to go her own way, and no divorce rumors accompany her. A code that's good enough for Europe is good enough for her!

When seen at a preview, Marlene, whether she is or not, looks like the most bored person there! Neither indifferent, nor amused, nor insulting, nor brazen, Marlene is just bored. And that's really being nasty to Hollywood!

Connie, Katharine, Margaret, Lupe and Marlene are talked about, wondered about and their stars are still plenty high in the heavens. And their more amiable girl friends seem fated to shine as lesser lights.

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Behind the Scenes with Joan, Clark and Bob

(*Continued from page 41*)

sighed, that didn't mean anything. You know, you can always tell the star of any picture by his apologetic but always slightly tardy arrival after everyone else has checked in. So that took care of *that*.

At exactly five minutes to nine Joan Crawford emerged from her brand new dressing-room and ran into her old pal and co-star, Clark Gable, who was just emerging from his new dressing-room. "Hi," called Joan. "Going to walk or ride over to the set?" "Let's walk," he said, taking Joan's arm.

They hadn't gone ten steps when a very hurried and slightly breathless young man overtook them. "What's the idea of trying to make me late?" demanded Mr. Robert Montgomery, who had never before in the memory of the oldest M-G-M native been observed to hurry.

Thus "Mary Clay," "Jeff Williams," and "Dill Todd," the chief romantic ingredients of "Forsaking All Others," arrived on the set arm in arm long before Billie Burke, Charlie Butterworth or Frances Drake, their supporting players, showed any signs of appearing.

BEFORE we go any further it might be well to explain something about "Mary" and "Jeff" and "Dill" in a little more detail. "Mary" is Joan Crawford who is loved by both "Jeff" (Clark) and "Dill" (Bob). She is giving a large party to celebrate her engagement to "Dill" when "Jeff" appears unexpectedly on the scene. "Jeff" has just returned from a long sojourn in Spain to ask "Mary" to marry him and he is broken-hearted when he learns she is going to marry "Dill." The story opens with the engagement party in full blast.

But the wedding never comes off, for who should appear at "Dill's" apartment the night of his stag dinner but an old sweetheart, "Connie" (Frances Drake). And "Dill" falls in love with "Connie" all over again.

But let's go back to our off-stage story of Joan, Clark and Bob—and that first day on the set. Before luncheon was announced, seven scenes had been shot and not a single Bing Crosby record had been played. You could have knocked over the collective press correspondents with a very small feather.

However, press spirits were miraculously revived when immediately after lunch a young man from the music department, who admitted that he had been personally recruited by Joan Crawford, presented himself on the "Forsaking All Others" set with a gramophone in his arms. Ah, the plot was really beginning to thicken. Joan had accepted Van Dyke's dare. Her machine and records had arrived.

For a minute you could have heard a pin drop. Van Dyke observed the arrival of the gramophone (out of the corner of his eye). So did Joan. Hurriedly, she went over to the young man and held a whispered conversation with him. "Take it over to a corner of the stage where it won't bother anyone," she said, "and put on a soft needle."

The moment had arrived. What was going to happen?

Mr. Van Dyke arose. He walked over to the little group of two, and every eye on that set was on him. "What records have you there?" he interestedly inquired.

"Oh, just some that I like," laughed Joan. "Some opera selections, and some popular ones—and some of Bing Crosby's and some of my own."

"Your own?" echoed the director in surprise. "I didn't know you sang for records."

I DON'T," replied Joan, "but I have some records of my voice from various pictures I've made. I play the old ones and compare them with the new ones and check to see if there is any improvement. It's a big help."

"Say," said the tall Mr. Van Dyke enthusiastically, "that's a swell idea. Let's listen to some of them."

And so Joan, Van Dyke, Gable and Montgomery gathered around the gramophone and listened to records for the rest of the luncheon hour. And what's more, they actually played some of Bing Crosby's, too! That's the way two of Hollywood's best scouts and most regular fellows settled that particular feud, with everybody happy except, perhaps, the press.

Before the picture was in production two



Have a seat, Mr. Montgomery. You're on the "Forsaking All Others" set, which boasts such illustrious names as Gable, Crawford, Montgomery and is directed by Van Dyke of "Thin Man" fame. The seat on the extreme right is yours.

weeks, the news was out that there were no stars in the picture and there was no stellar temperament. Three of M-G-M's biggest stars had put themselves completely in the hands of the director they so greatly admired. They believed in him implicitly and what he said was law. So far as we know, only one concession was made to artistic prerogatives and that was in the matter of lighting for the camera. As a rule, the star of a picture receives all and sundry benefits in the lighting, with the others coming in as best they can. But in this case three separate lighting experts were put to work on the three individual stars and not a single scene was shot until these experts had checked in an okay for his particular charge.

Bob Montgomery was favored at one point, however. A great deal of expense and time was given to installing a shower with hot and cold water for Bob's bath scene. "Know why?" grinned Bob the day I drifted on the set. "They were scared I'd catch cold and they're running through this picture so fast they haven't time to take care of me if I get the sniffles."

Things were going at such a fast pace that Clark Gable didn't have time to memorize his lines. Joan and Clark were at work on a very difficult scene before the camera when Joan realizes it is "Jeff" she loves and not "Dill" and she is trying to let him know. They kept shooting and re-shooting it because Clark just couldn't get his lines down pat. Seven times they started the cameras grinding and seven times Clark "blew up." Finally they started the eighth try. Everything was going well. Clark was over his worst hurdle. It was Joan's turn to speak. She went up to him, gazed deeply into his eyes in that Crawford-Gable way that is known only too well to the fans. Her line went something like this: "And now I know that it is someone else . . . not 'Dill' . . . I love." Instead, she went up to him, gazed deeply, as advertised, and calmly remarked: "And now I've forgotten the darn lines."

Everybody yelled with laughter. "Okay, folks," laughed Van Dyke, "let's take off a little time and learn these lines."

SO far, Saturday afternoons are the only vacations Joan, Clark and Bob can actually count on. The reason is Mr. Van Dyke's hectic enthusiasm for the game of football. Nothing except football as played by the University of Southern California could lure Woody away from his director's chair for a precious half day. But he makes up the time by working his cast late on Friday nights. Stars as high up in the ladder of fame as Joan and Clark and Bob might kick at the idea of working until midnight every Friday night, if they were working for some other director. But Woody has won them completely. They burn the midnight oil without a single overtime complaint. In fact his enthusiasm is so contagious that they join him in his Saturday afternoon games. The day University of Southern California met University of Pittsburgh, the "Forsaking All Others" company had a special radio attachment on the set and turned it on at the completion of each scene. Montgomery and Van Dyke indulged in a little betting. It cost Bob $100 and Woody $250. When the score came in, Clark Gable remarked: "It's too bad we haven't some morgue scenes. Everybody's in a perfect mood."

It might have turned out to be the "lowest" day of the picture if Bob Montgomery had not at that very moment received an important wire. His secretary explained the wire had been sent to his home and Mrs. Montgomery had forwarded it. Bob read it and a very peculiar expression came over his face. Joan inquired solicitously: "What's the matter, bad news?"

Bob almost choked. "Oh, I wouldn't say that, only a funny coincidence. It's a wire from . . . from. . . ."

"Yes?" encouraged Joan.

IT'S from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.," laughed Bob, "and he's inviting Betty and me to be his guests in London as soon as I complete this picture with you."

"From Douglas!" gasped Joan. "How swell!" She immediately wanted to know if Bob was going to accept the invitation and when he assured her he was, Joan launched a long list of "Be sure to tell Doug. . . ."

"If you two will forget about Douglas for a moment," broke in Clark Gable, "we can get along with our little opera here and I can get off on my own vacation four or five days ahead of time. I'm beginning to be discouraged. I understand we're only four days ahead of schedule anyway. At the rate we're going there's no reason why we shouldn't make it a solid week and set an all-Hollywood record."

"Okay," called Woody Van Dyke, the man who makes 'em fast and makes 'em love it. "Lights."

"And music," called Joan.

The famous gramophone played softly and seductively, "Over Somebody Else's Shoulder," and Joan and Clark stepped before the camera for their close-up.

"Which is what I call darned appropriate music," grinned Clark Gable.

Why Gloria Always Looks So Smart

(*Continued from page 58*)

Gloria with bangs. The wide sort I was so proud of at ten.

"The idea is," she was saying, "to make the eye follow a long unbroken line in your costume if you want to appear taller. Remember that slate blue wool dress of mine that has the buttons running all the way down the back from neck to hem?"

Did I know it! How could I have forgotten it. The wool is that very fine kind, as soft as silk, with shadow stripes which do a lot in the way of increasing Gloria's height. The coat is a swanky swagger affair, deeply cuffed, and lined with dark blue taffeta. And there's a vest. The most exciting red vest in captivity, imported from Switzerland and embroidered with bright woolen threads. It's only buttoned to the coat, so you can discard it any time you wish. The whole costume has a Tyrolean touch, emphasized by a hat of the same blue wool with a cocky red quill.

In fact, if you want to be strikingly smart this season your wardrobe will take on a sort of international flavor.

Consider that Russian ensemble of Gloria's. It's the answer to "How to be glamorous in broad daylight." Take the "bullet" dress alone, of gold, light-weight wool and trimmed with cartridge pleating edged in red. The blouse is typically Russian even to its stand-up collar, only Gloria has opened it because she doesn't care for high collars. Her neck, she says, is too short to wear them well. The composition buttons are also red and the



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belt is dark brown leather—the same shade of brown as the fitted woolen coat. Just to make it more closely united, the coat lining is of the dress material, and that dashing Cossack hat combines the two and has a bit of the leopard trimming for good measure.

Gloria may be tiny but she's not the soft-bows-and-dimity type by any means. Take that Cambodian cocktail suit, for instance. Who but Gloria would have thought of incorporating the feeling of French Indo-China in a cocktail suit? And with such devastatingly lovely results? Black velvet creates the hat with its solitary rhinestone clip on top and the form fitting skirt. The blouse of black taffeta is threaded with white and gold stripes. And, my dears, there is a muff to match—with a zipper arrangement which opens to reveal a purse and vanity!

Exotic? Of course it is. But so is Gloria—as exotic as the moon. That's what makes her so bewitching.

"Probably it's a sign of a distorted ego," she mused, "but even as a child I never wanted to copy anything someone else had on. I always wanted to be original. I remember a little friend of mine wearing a pink silk dress to a party. I could have jumped for joy because my mother had dressed me in simple white linen with a touch of real Irish lace. Even to this day my pet hate is to see a child all dressed up in silks and taffetas. They're out of place on children.

"I've always had a peculiar feeling about clothes—as if once having worn them, they take on a part of me. Why, in the days with DeMille when I saw an extra wearing something I had used in a previous picture, I could hardly refrain from snatching it off her!"

A true individualist, this fascinating Swanson. And if you've been thinking yourself a step-child of Fortune because you belong to no set type, perish the thought. Take a cue from her. That smart distinction of hers is due to no sleight-of-hand performance you may be sure. It's a matter of simple mathematics—addition and subtraction. You add up your good points and dress 'em up. And you do your best to subtract your bad points and dress 'em down.

For instance, Gloria says frankly that her legs are too thin, her neck too short, and the bane of her life is having exceptionally wide shoulders for her height! But she dresses so cleverly that you and I and the rest of the world would never suspect it. That, my dears, is art in dressing.

And here are Gloria's guiding rules: 1. Beautiful material, in her opinion, is most important. Material that has a unique, luscious look. Do you know what one of her newest evening gowns is made of? A soft taupe fur cloth. It's really clipped chiffon that looks very fur-ish. And the magic of it is, it's as soft as a triple sheer. The square neck is in keeping with the straight lines of the dress. And it has a wide satin belt of chartreuse. The cape that goes with it is lined in the chartreuse and is trimmed with blue fox that can be worn two ways—up as a collar or down as a scrumptious new cape-edging.

Then she has a dinner gown of lace which is very flattering. It's a "spongy" black lace that molds itself to the figure beautifully. The scarf and sash that complete it are as multi-colored as a rainbow.

There's a lamb of a suit, too. And that expression is not merely one of appreciation. The suit really is made entirely of baby lamb—galyak. The period jacket has dolman sleeves and the skirt, if you please, is slashed in four places at the hem. The little trick of a hat is made of gray felt to match the suit, with a band of galyak, and the stiff veiling may be worn up as a halo or down over the face. So, if you would dress with distinction in the Swanson style, first select the loveliest, most-out-of-the-ordinary material you can find.

2. Know your lines. And there's more to this than knowing how to wear long narrow lines to make you look slim and tall; breaking your lines and rounding them to make you look short. The worst offense is exaggeration The overtight skirt that say, "Look, what big hips." And there's the matter of sleeves. Don't miss that big clothes chance! They can strike the whole note of a costume. Notice what those wide, draped sleeves do for Gloria's formal dress of silver tissue and flame chenille! The gown itself is molded, backless and has a full-length train. The silver tissue is allowed to "star" by itself without being handicapped by a single ornament. And the coat, it's one of those fitted masterpieces with a heavenly collar and super-grand sleeves of the flame chenille striped with silver. A heavy flame taffeta lining is particularly interesting. The result is the most dazzling silhouette imaginable.

3. Remember the importance of the correct color. It's color's job to make your eyes look bright, your hair shinier and your skin clearer. "For example," Gloria points out, "I love green. I'm mad about it—on other people. But somehow it does nothing at all for me so I never wear it. I think the easiest way to make a costume feel and look fresher is to wear a new hat, bag and gloves with it. Or to change them about. But one thing I object to strenuously is an 'off-color.' Like a reddish-brown hat with a gray-brown suit.

4. Do not wear cheap furs. That is, the dyed-cat variety. A few good skins cost little and do much.

Gloria goes on about jewelry. "It's odd, maybe it has something to do with my features being the definite kind, but I cannot wear 'dainty' jewelry. It's absolutely lost on me. I have to have something that's self-assertive, a striking pattern. In Paris I found a little shop where they had the most distinctive designs in the world. That's where I got my crystal bracelets . . ." Works of art, those bracelets. They combine diamonds with the crystals and they hint of a Slavic pattern. She uses them with her tunic evening dress of tigheera velvet in a glorious honey shade brushed with gold. It introduces an Empire waistline with a molded skirt and a half-length train. There's a diamond and emerald clip on the low-cut bodice and the halter neck leaves the back divinely free.

Gloria also wears those bracelets with a very formal gown of silver cloth. The front is looped very much like the back and inserted pieces flare out to form the train.

Only one "period" gown has Gloria indulged in, but it's the kind to make gentlemen fight duels over a girl. It's quite the loveliest thing these eyes have seen in a decade. Very fitted black velvet that starts flaring at the knees, with a three-quarter-length train and a dropped-shoulder neck that holds up due to ingeniously placed stays. A trimming of tea rose satin finishes the neck and flowers of the same material are tucked in the front. The bottom of the skirt which is split in four places, is lined with tiny box pleating of the satin picoted in silver.

The scintillating Swanson has chosen black velvet also for her cocktail suit. Again the skirt is molded. Again it's slashed to just above the ankle and this time there is merely a suggestion of a train. But the thrill is, it's lined with silver lamé right up to the knees. The jacket is pinched-back and double-breasted. And it has the swankiest ball buttons of rhinestone this side of Paris, as well as revers, a rolled-up collar and a muff of ermine. The hat? A black velvet modification of the beret generously dripping aigrettes in Merry-Widow fashion.

Gloria dotes on hats. You recall the old saying, a woman is just as smart as her hat? The Swanson headgear is the last word, and invariably her hat sets the keynote to her costume.

"I expect women will wear hats with long formal frocks more than they ever have. There's something about them that finishes a costume so beautifully," she explains. "To try them on you should always stand up. A hat may be overpowering or not well balanced with your dress but you won't be able to tell that sitting down.

"Curves? Why, natural curves have been 'in' since Eve but we'll never go back to the extravagant kind that grandmother knew. I like the waistline just where it is. I swear I'm going to murder the first designer who tries to lower it. There was never, never any grace to a hip-length waist and a knee-length skirt. And a graceful line is the answer to a successful frock!

What's Wrong with the Man?

(*Continued from page 35*)

If he appeared in a role with Constance Bennett or Jean Harlow, the press was in an uproar wondering how Jean would take his love scenes. Those favoring a more thoughtful angle took up the problem: has love hindered Franchot's career? The Winchell-columnists wanted to know if Joan and Tone would be married. Whether it was his fault or theirs, the press has definitely refused Franchot Tone a personality of his own.

Now that twenty-four hours have elapsed since our meeting I suppose it would be more colorful to say that Franchot has been libeled by the press: that he is a definite and individual person and that you are reading the truth about him here for the first time on record. As much as I came to like him before our three-hour session was over; as much interest as I felt when I perceived his "curious case," it must be stated that Tone has not the average actor's quickly ingratiating manner. In fact, Franchot's initial impression is one that is more familiar on the college campus than a movie lot. He is distinctly "upper classman."

The Tone charm is as obvious to the eye as it is to the camera. Though he is not at all like those superior young plutocrats with their penthouse swimming pools whom he consistently portrays in Crawford and Harlow movies, he is very much like those young men would be if they were real and not the phoney thing. He is taller than you might suspect and wears his

excellently tailored clothes with a flare. His shoes are slightly pointed. His nails are conservatively manicured. In a town of over-dramatized Hollywood and Broadway personalities, Franchot is decidedly Bond Street.

I think he is as amazed as anyone to find that love has put him on a spot . . . professionally and personally. It is my opinion that Franchot is a young man in a dilemma. A young man with a very common problem: "What to do?" Before Hollywood and Joan hit him, Franchot was probably a very self-confident chap. His biography reveals that the world had treated him well. His success in University plays had led easily to Broadway, perhaps too easily. Because his family was well-to-do, he has never known what it means to be pinched financially. It is obvious that women would like him. Until two or three years ago, his world must have been an oyster cocktail.

Once during our talk over an M-G-M luncheon table, he said:

"I think it would be best for me right now, at this snaggy stage of my career, to go back to Broadway for a couple of shows. I've made too many pictures, too rapidly. I'm mentally tired, and that's not the right frame of mind for a fellow who has a long way to go in pictures. . . . But I don't know . . . I probably won't go."

The reason is obvious. She's lovely, she's glamorous and there's no doubt but that Joan Crawford means more to Franchot Tone at this stage of his life than *two* movie careers.

BUT Franchot is no fool and I very much doubt the impression that he is putty in Joan's hands. He has definitely influenced her life, quite as much as she has influenced his. Her newly acquired interest in the theatre is Tone-inspired. They spend evening after evening reading and studying together. It was Franchot who encouraged Joan to cultivate her singing voice, and at the present moment they are both studying with a famous vocalist in Los Angeles. Joan is quick to admit to old friends that she is happier in Franchot's companionship than she has been in years. That's just the point. Joan is *happily* in love. Franchot isn't.

He is enough of a self-preservationist to realize his career needs a great deal of attention and concentration at this "snaggy" stage. But his emotions are double-crossing him. You can't talk to him an hour without sensing his present inner struggle. No one can foresee the outcome of that struggle . . . not even Joan or Franchot. But in the meantime there is Hollywood.

"You say my performances vary from role to role?" he repeated in his polite, slightly pre-occupied manner, "I hadn't particularly noticed that my good-or-bad averages were any more conspicuous than other players'. Probably it is more noticeable because I do so many pictures. Some of these stories are strong, the directors good and the cast experienced. Others are just the opposite.

"Naturally, in the beginning I was very willing and anxious to learn. But now that I have begun to be a little more sure of my footing I'm all through blindly following the most casual direction. I want to work *with* my directors, but not blindly accept their every dictum. I am not in the professional spot where I can choose the parts I will or will not play before the camera. But I think I shall make an effort in the future to make these gay young millionaires of mine into human beings and not just animated cartoons. With the exception of one or two pictures, I have always portrayed the same character on the screen. Usually the gay devil with dishonest intentions toward the little chorus girl. It's been a tough problem to vary these parts so that little Oscar in the audience won't yell out at mama, 'Oh, there's that same man again!'"

Though Franchot talks easily about his career, questions about his private life and his mode of living in Hollywood leave him cold. He is openly amused at the popular theory that he was a gay young blade in his Broadway days, hitting the high-spots and breaking feminine hearts before he came to Hollywood and settled down to a monastic existence devoted exclusively to Joan Crawford and the movies. "No," he said, without any particular interest in the subject one way or the other, "I'm not a Hollywood-reformed Broadway roué. Too bad, too. That would be a good story. 'Young Rake Comes To Wild Hollywood To Take The Veil!' Has possibilities, hasn't it?"

In spite of his facetiousness, he lives a great deal more quietly in Hollywood than he did in New York. He keeps bachelor quarters in Brentwood in a small home decorated by Joan Crawford and William Haines. Every evening he dines with Joan, or she with him. They read, or go dancing, or study together.

Joan and Tone! Always it is Joan and Tone. Right now there is no Tone without Joan.

Wanted: A Remedy for Heartbreak for Kay

(*Continued from page 38*)

absurd!" The reporters were even more certain they were on the right track.

I was one of the fortunate few who talked to Kay the day before she left Hollywood for New York and points east. She had been giving interviews most of the day, and I was last on the list. But, during the first five minutes of our chat she gave no indication that she was anything but her normal, vital, energetic self. We were discussing her part in "British Agent," talking about how she had cut her wrist a few weeks before, talking about, oh, incidental things.

And then, in the midst of her apparent gayety, Kay passed her hands over her eyes and said, "Oh, I'm so tired." Recovering herself quickly, she added, "Really, I've been talking about myself all day—and it's a terrible strain."

But she was pretending, and I knew it. She was pretending that it was just the pace of that one day that had fatigued her, that it was the talking about herself that had wearied her. In the flash of that second when she ceased to smile and look interested, in that pitiful transparency of her little excuse, I could see that it was far more than that that had made her weary. It wasn't physical weariness that had got her. It wasn't talking about herself that had bored her. It was far more likely that it was *not* talking about herself—her real inner self—that had been the nerve-racking strain.

I hunched the unhappiness in her heart at that moment, and the more I have thought about it since, the more sure I

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have been that just before Kay sailed for Europe, she was nearer to a collapse than she had ever been in her life. Not a physical collapse. Not a moral collapse. Far worse than either of these. it was the staunch walls of her heart that were about to cave in, a heart that has hoped for so much, worked for so much, and which has so little left!

"You must be looking forward to this marvelous trip of yours," I ventured. "Imagine! a vacation of so many months, after so many years of hard work. Aren't you thrilled, just thinking about it?"

"Oh, yes—yes," she said. "Oh, yes, it will be wonderful." In a dull mechanical tone, in words that were like a speech rehearsed, she began to tell me her plans. Her enthusiasm didn't ring true.

I left shortly after that. And I felt sorry for Kay Francis. Why? I kept hearing her happy, ambitious, self-confident words of half a year ago. "I want to be a good wife. It's important to my kind of woman." My kind of woman. Let's take a look at that for a moment, and see what it means.

Kay has always been "different," but not the kind of "different" so many actresses try to make themselves be. Kay never strives for effect in her clothes, in her make-up, in her personal life, or even on the screen. She is a woman first, and an actress second. That sounds trite, because it's been said so often about the wrong people. But it's true of Kay Francis. Kay is one of the few women on the stage and screen who looks like a lady and is one without impressing you with the fact. She doesn't put on airs for the elite, she doesn't come down to the level of others. She is always the same to everybody.

Kay is—above everything else—a feminine person, a man's woman, the romantic Dark Lady of the Sonnets. She has clung to her femininity and her softness while other actresses grow hardened by their careers, while other actresses find ruling the roost much more intriguing than being a woman.

When Kay first married she was content to be a housewife as well as a sweetheart. She and Dwight Francis lived in a small town in the Berkshires, and she was happy with her quiet, small-town life for a while. But possessing a superior intellect she soon outgrew it. Kay went to work, so that she might afford a cook. This does not mean that she sacrificed any of her femininity. As a matter of fact, her attractiveness increased by the day. She became social secretary, in turn, to Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Mrs. Minturn Pinchot and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Is it any wonder that her social graces multiplied, that she became more and more sure of herself!

Suppose you had married at seventeen, during the first flush of romance. And then, at nineteen, you realized that it *had* been only the first flush, that your ideas and ideals had changed, that you weren't happy in your marriage of two years before. Kay had the good sense to see that such a marriage needed ending right then and there, before any more harm had been done. So she obtained her first divorce.

Then Kay fell in love again and married again—oh, with such high hopes this time. But this marriage, too, had flaws. It was one of those secret affairs and she was separated a great deal from her husband. What a disappointment to a girl just turned twenty. The companionship that she had dreamed of, the intimacy of ideas and hopes and thoughts that she wanted so much were denied her for months at a time. It was hopeless. Kay took this second beating bravely.

At last, Kay in what she thought was her maturity, found the real love of her life. And she married him. This was no hasty young marriage. This was not puppy love. This was the marriage that really would be happy and lasting. Kay set herself at the task of keeping this marriage perfect. She counted on her past mistakes to help her. "I want to be a good wife," she said. And deep down in her heart she was confident she was.

Then suddenly there was an end. She really didn't know why, herself.

"How was it my fault? Am I incapable of knowing my own heart? Am I fickle? Am I false? Or am I incapable of holding a man's love?" These are the questions Kay must have asked of herself. What is ahead of me?"

A mind goes in circles when it thinks like that. How it can help thinking like that, I don't know. If Kay had a child perhaps her heartbreak would be less. If she had a religion that, too, would be something to console her. Or if her career were her most intense interest, that would help.

But Kay hasn't the mania for money or for the bright lights of success. These things are really of little comfort to her. If only she could be blasé! She could then shrug her shoulders and say, "Well, better luck next time!" But she can't be like that.

Yet she refuses to let anyone in on her sadness. You only catch it, as I caught it, in one of those rare moments when Kay lets her brave barriers down. I have heard her say that the most repulsive person is not a man with a big belly, but a man who bellyaches in a big way. Kay has always had a gallant attitude toward hardships. She's had them, but few people know about them, because she bluffed her way through. I am convinced that she was bluffing to the last and that she just got away in time. A few more weeks of trying to hide her heartbreak in Hollywood and she would have been a nervous wreck. You can't even cry in your own room out here, for there's always a servant who'd be glad to give you away. But on a boat, with the cabin door locked for hours at a time, who's to tell whether she cried or not!

The odd thing is that Kay went to Europe after the break-up of her first marriage. Her travels enriched and rested her that first time. No doubt she is counting on them to give her a new vision and a happier perspective again. What she needs most of all is renewed confidence in herself, in love, in life. I hope she finds it. Maybe she'll marry Mr. Chevalier. Maybe she won't. Maybe she'll never marry again. I, for one, certainly don't pretend to know, or have any way of knowing. I don't believe Kay even knows herself. This much is certain: she won't come back to face Hollywood's firing squad until she's got her heart patched up so the cracks don't show!

Maybe Kay wonders if her birth-date hasn't something to do with all her "unluckiness at love." In Oklahoma City an actress by the name of Katherine Clinton gave birth to her first child. It was raining when Katherine, after the ordeal of the birth, first opened her eyes. She looked out of the window, and then she looked at the calendar. She began crying softly, and, like the rain outside, the tears ran down her cheeks as she clutched her baby to her. "Never mind, little Kay," she said.

The day was Friday, the thirteenth.



The Johnny Mack Browns threw a large welcome-home party for the Charlie Farrells. Charlie, you know, just got back from England where he made "Abdul Hamid." Mary Pickford's here, too, looking more youthful and beautiful than ever.

INFORMATION DESK



DOROTHY DOUGLAS, Montgomery, Ala.; HELEN ASHE, Hammond, Ind.; ANNA OBERRITTER, Chicago, Ill.—All sorts of gold medals and things to you three for your observation, appreciation and good taste. Robert Donat is definitely **somebody** worth asking about, as all who saw "The Count of Monte Cristo" will agree. Born in Withington, Manchester, England, on March 18, 1905, he gave evidence of his acting ability at an early age. He made his professional debut in 1921, after which he spent several years in stock and repertory theatres and with companies touring the English provinces. "Knave and Queen" was his first London success which was followed by many more. He had just completed a seven-months' engagement in the principal role of the London hit, "The Sleeping Clergyman," when he received a cable from Edward Small, production chief of Reliance Pictures, asking him to take the lead in "Monte Cristo." Small had remembered his excellent performance as Thomas Culpepper in "Henry VIII," and knew he was the ideal actor to play Edmond Dantes. He was right. Donat has brown eyes and auburn hair, stands 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, is modest, soft-spoken and has a grand sense of humor. His favorite foods are English roast beef, American ham and eggs, bean soup and apple pie. He gets a great kick out of the way Americans pronounce his name—Doan-ah is correct. Besides "Henry VIII" he has appeared in three English-made films. He is not under contract to any American company, although "The Count of Monte Cristo" was made in this country, and released through United Artists. He will appear next in a Gaumont-British production, "Thirty-nine Steps."

MRS. ALICE JORGENSEN, Washington, N. J.—Mary Pickford has not taken Doug Fairbanks back into her good graces yet—whether he wants to be taken back is another question. Mary is 41 and Douglas is just 10 years older. Mary may appear in a picture soon and Doug has just finished "The Return of Don Juan," an English-made opus.

A RAFT FAN, Chicago, Ill.; ANOTHER RAFT FAN, Morehead, Ky.; J. J. P., Gananoque, Ont., Canada; ANDREW LETO, Chicago, Ill.; VICTORIA CHINSA, Chicago, Ill.—George Raft was born in New York's "Hell's Kitchen," on September 27, of French, German and Italian parentage. When he was 15, George decided to become a boxer. During the next two years he fought as a bantam weight in the leading clubs of New York without much success. In 25 bouts he was knocked out 7 times and after his last beating, quit the game to avoid disfigurement. He next tried baseball as a career, and was signed as an outfielder on the Springfield (Mass.) Eastern League team but was dropped after two seasons because his batting average wasn't so hot. He returned to New York and took up "hoofing" at tea dances, after which he tried playing in stock companies in small towns and then in New York for four years with his dancing partner, Elsie Pilcer, in musical shows. Europe came next. He was the highest paid American dancer who ever appeared before Continental audiences and became known as one of the world's fastest dancers. The Prince of Wales learned some new steps from him and gave him a cigarette lighter which he treasures highly. On his return to New York, he danced in numerous night clubs and motion picture theatres until he was induced to go to Hollywood to take a part in "Quick Millions." His gangster portrayal in "Scarface" was what brought him recognition and a Paramount contract. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has an olive complexion, black hair and brown eyes. His hobbies are baseball, dancing and boxing. He is married, but separated from his wife. He and Virginia Pine are going places together frequently. He has just completed "Limehouse Nights" with Anna May Wong, and is scheduled to appear in "Rhumba" with Carole Lombard sometime soon. You can write him at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

WALTER RICHTER, JR., New York City—Right you are. Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez were in "Laughing Boy."

ROSE CRANETTI, Trenton, N. J.—Robert Armstrong played the part of Phil in "The Hell Cat" opposite Ann Sothern, and you can write him at Monogram Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif. However, he was not in "Woman Condemned." Perhaps you are thinking of Richard Hemingway.

C. M. H., New York City. In the 1930 version of "Tol'able David" the following players were in the cast: Richard Cromwell, Noah Beery, Joan Peers, H. B. Walthall, George Duryea, Edmund Breese, Barbara Bedford, Helen Ware, Harlan E. Knight, Peter Richmond, James Bradbury, Sr. and Richard Carlyle.

H. M. L., Regina, Sask., Canada; HELEN SCHROEDER, Toronto, Canada—Gertrude Michael was born in Talladega, Alabama, on a June 1st about 23 years ago. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. She was educated at Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C., the University of Alabama and the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Swimming, tennis and badminton are her favorite sports, and reading and quaint arts are her hobbies. She started a little theater movement in her home town and founded radio station WFDA. She joined the Stuart Walker stock company and then headed for Broadway. Her first movie experience came as a lark at Paramount's Long Island Studio where she played Richard Arlen's fiancée in "Wayward." In December, 1933, she signed a contract with that company. She lives with her mother and brother and her pet Chow. She plays the violin when she's tired and the piano when she's happy. She is particularly fond of Oriental food and her pet aversion is giggling women. Her next picture is "Menace" with John Lodge and Paul Cavanagh, after which she may be in Max Baer's "Kids on the Cuff."

R. W. SWANSON, Racine, Wis.; HELEN CARPENTER, Clifton, Tex.—Here goes for that mighty man, Nat Pendleton, which is his real name, by the way. This 200 pound baby was born in Davenport, Iowa, August 9th, 1903, and since then has attained the height of 6 feet. His eyes are dark green and his hair dark brown. He was educated in the public schools of New York City, and at Columbia College where he was captain of the wrestling team and on the public speaking team. He left school to go to Portugal and Spain where he remained for 4 years. In 1921 he returned to America and in 1925 became vice-president of the Bernarr Macfadden Feature Productions. As a wrestler he attained great renown, having won the A. A. U. championship three times, the Metropolitan A. A. title six times and the Olympic championship once. Whataman! He is still very much interested in it, and for exercise he wrestles, tennises and does road work. He is a semi-vegetarian, and among his favorite diversions are watching stock market reports, crap shooting, playing chess and driving fast cars. He speaks Spanish, French and English, does not smoke, has a pet raccoon, sings baritone and plays the banjo. His next picture will be "Repeal."

BETTY KREILE, New Haven, Conn.—Yours was an interesting question and I'm glad you asked it. Whether these books are in the public libraries or not, I couldn't say, but they ought to be. The books you mentioned were written by the following authors: "Madame Du Barry" by Edward Chodorov; "Of Human Bondage" by W. Somerset Maugham; "State Fair" by Phil Stong; "British Agent" by R. H. Bruce Lockhart; "The Green Hat" by Michael Arlen; "The Fountain" by Charles Morgan; "One More Spring" by Robert Nathan; "Work of Art" by Sinclair Lewis; "Life Begins at Forty" by Walter Pitkin; "Little Man, What Now?" by Hans Fallada.

BETTY HALL, Newark, N. J.; EDWARD J. NORRIS, Bronx, N. Y.—So you want me to talk, eh? And about Henry Wilcoxon? Very well—and I'm glad you asked. To start with, he was born in Dominica in the British West Indies on September 8, and was educated at Harrison College, Bridgetown, Barbados, and at Woolmere College, Kingston, Jamaica. When he was 16 he hied himself to England where he became a clerk in a milling firm, from which post he rose to buyer on the Corn Exchange. Following this he got a job with a tailor, but since he was ambitious to become an actor he made a stab at it with great success. He appeared in numerous stage plays and pictures in England, and was brought to America in January, 1934, by Cecil B. DeMille to take the part of Marc Antony in "Cleopatra." He is an excellent artist, and had an exhibition of his work in London. He is a capable amateur boxer, a fine swimmer and an excellent pilot. He is an avid collector of antiques. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, has blue-green eyes and brown hair. As a child he was nicknamed "Biff" because of his fighting ability. He is about 29. His next role will be as Richard the Lion Hearted in DeMille's "The Crusades."

Your questions will be answered in this magazine. Please do not ask questions which require too much research or which infringe upon good taste. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

Sad, Shy and Meek. (Oh, Yeah?)

(*Continued from page 34*)

to me.

In "Their Big Moment," for instance, a trained seal played an important role. ZaSu got together with the other members of the cast and decided to frame Slim Summerville. (Slim is her arch-enemy where practical jokes are concerned—more about that later.) While they were sitting around between scenes, ZaSu, Kay Johnson, Julie Haydon and William Gaxton would drop remarks for Slim to overhear. They would speak of the consummate ferocity of seals, of how they take intense dislikes to certain people, follow them around for days, and then, at the right moment, strike out to kill. They spoke of strong men who were torn to ribbons by their ferocious fangs. After a few days of that sort of conversation, they had the fear of seals thoroughly implanted in Slim's mind.

Then ZaSu slipped up behind Slim when he wasn't looking and dropped a fish into his back pocket.

The seal, sniffing the tantalizing scent of a meal, began to follow Slim around the set, waddling along on its flippers. Slim would look at it and the animal would move towards him. At first he tried to act unconcerned. After a couple of hours, though, he began to get uneasy. If he walked fast, the seal speeded up and came right after him. He began to walk faster and faster. Finally, he started doing a regular marathon around the set, with the seal in hot pursuit. A stepladder offered the only safety in sight, or so he thought, and he dashed up it and perched himself on top. Ah, but it was a trained seal, quite able to climb ladders. It started up after him. In despair, Slim searched his pockets for something to throw at it, and of course found the fish, a little the worse for wear by that time.

Friend ZaSu was nowhere in sight when he came down off the ladder.

Why she goes in so heavily for the denizens of the briny deep, in these merry little pranks of hers, I have no idea. She pulled another fish trick on William Gaxton during the making of the same picture. Not with the same fish, however. This one was a goldfish. I suppose she bought it at a pet shop and carried it out to the studio on purpose—bowl, water, fish food and all. At any rate, Gaxton was doing a scene as a magician. He has a great trick, in which he places a small cube inside a mysterious box, collapses the box, and shows that the cube has disappeared. He rehearsed it several times for the camera, and finally they were ready for the take. Then, when nobody was looking, ZaSu slipped her pet goldfish into the box in place of the cube. Gaxton did his stunt, and, when the box was supposed to collapse and be empty, out flopped the fish. The expression of fury and bewilderment on the would-be magician's face was so good that they've kept it for the picture, although you'll see it used in another sequence.

The following stunt is an old habit with innocent-looking ZaSu, too. She's been doing it for years and still people go on saying what a quiet little angel she is. I remember a picture, a year or so ago, in which her husband was supposed to kiss her goodbye, pick up his hat from the table, and leave the house. It was a highly dramatic scene which was supposed to make people cry. Everything went beautifully until said husband, after saying his heartbroken, "Goodbye, my darling, my beloved," tried to pick up the hat. Such an expression of consternation spread over his face then, that the director instantly called "Cut!" The hat was nailed down to the table with four-inch spikes. Innocent little ZaSu, again. Innocent like the cat that ate the canary.

For that matter, her little stunt in "Dames" wasn't so innocent, either. If you saw the picture, you remember that Hugh Herbert was a victim, willing or unwilling, of hiccoughs. It troubled him for days at a time. Nothing would cure it but a certain Golden Elixir, ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent pure grain alcohol, guaranteed to lift the head like a balloon and send it bumping around the ceiling. Hugh had to carry a bottle of it with him wherever he went. Well, when they were taking the scenes they used ginger ale for the Elixir. Hugh happens to like ginger ale, so it was fine for him. And for everybody else.

Imagine how dismayed the cast was when, in one of the final scenes, Hugh lifted the bottle to his lips, took a good swallow, screwed up his face, sprayed Golden Elixir all over the place, and began to cough as though he were strangling. The camera stopped and the director ran to him and asked him what was the matter. Hugh seemed to have difficulty answering, but after a prop boy brought him a drink of water he was able to explain. It seems some blankety-blank practical joker had dumped the ginger ale out of the bottle and filled it with vinegar instead.

ZaSu was sitting on a chair offstage, quietly sewing.

It was much the same when Jack Pearl came out to Hollywood to make "Meet the Baron." Little did Jack know what he was stepping into when the studio decreed Miss Pitts as his screen sweetheart. Naturally, he was nervous and excited, since it was his first picture. He memorized his lines assiduously, and, before each scene, studied his cues until he could say them "beckwartz und vorwartz." Then they would both go into the scene and, at the moment she was supposed to give the Baron a cue, ZaSu would do something entirely different—stare innocently off the set, or drop her handkerchief, or sneeze. At first he thought it was his fault and grew terribly worried. Finally, he spoke to her about it.

ZaSu drew herself up to her full height and stared at him freezingly. "Sir," she said icily, "I am a great artist. When I throw myself into my role, it is impossible for me to know what I am doing. I live my part. I do whatever the character must do."

Pearl apologized profusely. Only then did ZaSu break down and admit that she was kidding him. After that Jack was almost as bad as she was. Between the two of them they disrupted the whole crew, by making them laugh so much that they could hardly stand up. The set became so popular with visitors from other sound stages that a policeman had to be stationed at the door so they could get some work done.

You will probably be horrified to hear, that is, if you are one of those who believes ZaSu is as dumb as she looks in her roles, that your shy little violet is also a scandalous card shark. Where she acquired her amazing knowledge, no one knows, but she can beat all comers at everything from casino to pinochle. She's usually to be found at a table, just outside the camera-lines, modestly playing a lonely game of solitaire with downcast eyes. Other actors, working with her for the first time, sooner or later suggest a game, by way of making friends, and the ride is on. Roland Young, for instance, is an ace bridge player. He sat down for a few minutes with ZaSu as an opponent, while making "Love, Honor and Oh Baby," and got up minus exactly fifty dollars. ZaSu pleaded with him the entire time they were working in the picture, but she couldn't trap him into another game. She returned his fifty, the day the picture finished, as a good-bye gift.

The lengths to which she and Slim Summerville go to make each other miserable must curdle the blood of the supervisor, who has to sign the cost sheets for the amount of film they waste spoiling each other's takes. When Slim is ready for a close-up, ZaSu lurks out of camera range making faces at him, sticking out her tongue and looking cross-eyed and wig-



Sidney Blackmer took Suzanne Kaaren to the Sunday night vaudeville show at the Wilshire Ebell Club Theatre, where many of the old headliners are doing their stuff.

gling her ears, to try to make him laugh.

I remember once when Slim decided to get even with her. In a scene where he was supposed to shake hands with her, he shook hands with his fist full of jello. But ZaSu merely waited until the next take, when his face was turned away from the camera. Then, while he had to stand still and make love to her, under pretense of stroking his face with tender affection she smeared him from chin to eyes with whipped cream borrowed from the studio commissary.

As the farmer said when the tornado swept his house into the next county, "I may be wrong, but I seen it with my own eyes." I'm sorry if I have to disillusion all the folks who think ZaSu is a timid soul, too shy to go out in company, but when you've seen her pull the tricks I've seen her pull you kinda doubt it. To me, sad to state, shy little Miss Pitts is a combination of Jackie Cooper, the Marx Brothers, and Hell on wheels.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 8*)

bars of soap, talcum powder (one that smells like an old-fashioned bouquet), and an especially generous jar of cleansing cream which she can simply slather on her face for the nightly make-up removing process, and let soak into the pores while she is lolling in the tub. That reminds us to remind you—and you—and you—that the way you remove your make-up every night is of as much importance as the way you put it on every morning. Use cleansing cream and soap, both, and tissues to remove the cream, and a nice rough washcloth for exercising your face when applying the soap.

Probably all of us have a "Carole" among our friends, who just seems to "have everything," and we can't think of a thing to get for her. She can't fail to go for the de luxe manicuring set we discovered the other day, or the trick miniature size that can be tucked in the purse.

Speaking of manicuring, let's talk about giving Santa a hand where you yourself are concerned, for a change. I do think liquid nail polish in all its gay and even gaudy shades is almost an invention of the Gods for enlivening the spirit of womankind. There's a shade for every mood and every costume. (And painting your toenails the same shade does make you feel deliciously wicked.) Rosy fingertips will contribute to your rosy outlook on life as they make themselves charmingly conspicuous over the Christmas dinner table, or over your partner's shoulder as you dance the Old Year away. We believe in treating yourself to a whole array of shades, what with miniature bottles available at such miniature prices. Women ought to have more color and variety at their fingertips between the monotony of doing up the dishes three times a day—or taking three hours of dictation from the boss. Of course, you should harmonize your nail polish to your natural coloring and to your costume, as a general rule, but we don't care if you break the rule once in a rare while if it amuses you.

Don't, please don't, be guilty of chipped and cracked nail polish! It takes a chip right out of your spirit of well-groomedness if you are.

Do you find yourself clutching things with necessary vigor these days . . . your purse while you're Christmas shopping, or even your morning cup of coffee . . . your fingers all scrootched up as though daring you to pry them away? Then get yourself in hand and relax for a moment. Let your hands swing lazily from your wrists, as though you hadn't another bit of work to do in a fortnight. In fact, relaxing completely every once in a while is one of the best tonics to the spirit we know. Imagine you are playing in some scene where the heroine does nothing, and does it beautifully.

You're going to be greeting a lot of old friends and meeting new acquaintances, this holiday season. And shaking hands is an art, you know, that deserves more cultivation, especially on the part of the hostess. When you shake hands, the arm should be held slightly higher than the hand, the wrist bent just a little bit. Hold the fingers close together. A warm, firm handclasp is to be desired; a limp handshake is as bad as a dish-rag brought into the living room, and a highly arched wrist belongs back in the mauve decade.

Be extravagant with your hand lotion application this winter. Rough, scratchy hands are repulsive to look at and to feel. If once every few nights you will dig into the cold cream jar and massage your hands with the cream, then pop them into cotton gloves and hop into bed, you'll have your hands looking as though they received a hundred dollars a week for just doing nothing . . . a grand aid to your spirit.

In the matter of greetings, if your lips are inclined to leave marks on Cousin Lou's cheeks, do write us for the name of an indelible lipstick that will cling with the faithfulness of a Clark Gable admirer.

Don't let yourself get frowsy, either in person or spirit, during these busy holiday weeks. The business of being well groomed is like the business of preparing for Christmas, something of a bother but worth all the trouble. Be extravagant in the time you allot to your grooming and dressing. That extra five minutes in bed in the morning won't do your soul nearly as much good as if you had spent it in good grooming.

Color has a delightful effect on our personalities. You'll want to give your lingerie frequent color baths. Touch up those collars and cuffs, too. If you're tired of white, try peach or aquamarine blue; if you're tired of pink, try wood-rose or one of those heavenly new rust shades. A nice little array of dipping dyes is fun to have around. If you have a limited clothes budget, a dark dress with collar and cuff changes is your very best bet.

When you are perfectly groomed, your skin smooth and clear, your make-up carefully applied, your hair neatly and becomingly arranged, your hands as beautifully cared for as Carole Lombard's, your collars and cuffs fresh and bright, and the seams in your stockings entirely straight, then you can forget all about yourself.

Write Mary Biddle for her list of gift suggestions, and enclose stamped, addressed envelope. She will be glad to help you with any and all of your beauty problems, too.

Watch for MODERN SCREEN'S big contest announcement in the next issue.

162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

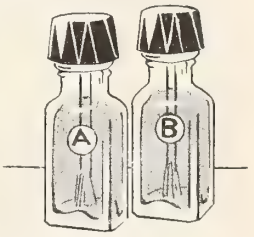
Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more



This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.

"A"—expensive "salon" polish

"B"—Chic Nail Polish



After 7 days' wear the results show—

81% find Chic equal to costly salon polishes or better . . . and two out of three of them say Chic is actually better and give definite reasons for saying so!

This test proved to them that Chic Nail Polish applied evenly and did not crack or peel . . . that Chic retained its color . . . that its luster was of lasting quality.

You can make this simple test yourself and discover a really fine polish for only 10c.

5 CHIC SHADES

CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
RUBY
DEEP

•ALSO•
Chic Creme Polish
Chic Cuticle Remover
Chic Polish Remover
Chic Oily Polish Remover



AT THE 10c STORES

What Will Happen to Them in 1935?

(*Continued from page 29*)

ally, she will make at least two major changes during the year. Toward the end of the year, she will surprise Hollywood by doing a "Garbo"—retiring into herself.

If Neil Hamilton is cast in an aviation picture, he will have a serious air accident. In the event that he has a double for all his work, the double will be killed or seriously injured. Because of his gallantry to the opposite sex, there is grave danger of a scandal, which will be unfounded but rather unpleasant just the same.

The year will be one of emotional earthquakes for Kay Francis, culminating in her marriage to an international screen star. The marriage will prove disastrous, for Kay and the man she will marry are not suited to each other as husband and wife. She will go to England to make one picture, but it will not be a success.

Maurice Chevalier will marry a well known brunette screen star, but it will end unhappily. Physically, he is threatened with serious injury, probably to his legs.

Bing Crosby's career on the screen will hit a rapid and almost complete decline in 1935, and he will return entirely to the radio. He will receive and accept an offer to make one picture in England. His personal life will be happy. During mid-year, however, one of his children will have a serious illness, but it will not die. An elderly person in his family will undergo a very serious illness.

FOR Miriam Hopkins, 1935 will be the biggest year of her professional career. Her love-life will continue to be happy. The love that is hers will continue through the next three years, but she will never marry the man.

For Carole Lombard, there will be rumors that she and Bill Powell will be reconciled, but this will not happen. She will, however, marry a man outside of the movie industry and it will be a happy marriage. During the spring months, she will be in a hospital for several weeks.

Following the unfounded rumors of his reconciliation with Carole Lombard, William Powell will marry a woman who is not an actress but in some manner connected with the picture industry. However, the marriage will not be a happy one.

For Jean Harlow, this year will be the happiest year of her life, professionally; the unhappiest, emotionally. She will have an offer of marriage from a prominent producer whose wife will die early in 1935. She will be in love with another man, but in the end will marry still another —a screen star, not with M-G-M. The marriage will not be happy. Jean Harlow will never in her life know the happiness of successful marriage.

As to Herbert Marshall's personal life, the stars are in conflict. There are two women, one is Edna Best, his estranged wife; the other is a screen star. Before the end of the year, he will have done one of two things, married the latter or become reconciled with the former. If he goes back to Edna, happiness will be his. If he continues with the other woman, great emotional grief is in store for him. Professionally, he will have a splendid year.

As for Gloria Swanson, under the guidance of Irving Thalberg she will do work on the screen that will be marvelous, and will far transcend anything she has ever done before. Emotionally, she faces a year of great stress, during which marriage is indicated, but not certain.

Adolphe Menjou's health is seriously threatened during late summer or early fall. Illness also menaces an older person in the family, but whether it is a relative of Menjou or his wife, Verree Teasdale, cannot he said definitely at this writing. He and Verree will continue happily married, and the stars indicate the likelihood of a child.

George Raft has passed the peak of his screen career and 1935 will see a definite decline in his box-office value. He will not be divorced because his wife will oppose any effort along that line.

FOR Sylvia Sidney, Dareos predicts marriage. However, she is a careerist, and marriage will be secondary in her scheme of life, with her screen work taking precedence at all times. Her marriage will be neither outstandingly successful nor downright unhappy, for it will not play a large enough part in her life to assume such magnitude. During the latter part of the year, she is threatened with a nervous breakdown.

Mae West's career as a screen star is at an end, but an even greater career as writer and producer of movies and stage plays lies before her. There will be no marriage for her in 1935. An attempt will be made to kidnap her or harm her, by the underworld interests she antagonized recently. In 1936 she will have one great stage success.

For Clark Gable, Dareos foretells that in the middle of the year, a designing mother will thrust her daughter into the limelight of a sensational scandal in which Gable will be falsely named. He will be completely vindicated but not until after much sensational publicity. Professionally, it will be a year of great success. Sorrow threatens his home through serious illness of a close member of the family.

For Barbara Stanwyck, there will be a period during the year in which she and Frank Fay will be on the verge of divorce, but there will be a complete reconciliation. She and Frank will adopt a red-headed baby girl. Barbara will make two outstanding pictures in 1935.

Scandal overhangs Dick Powell as the result of a yacht trip he will take. The year is emotionally involved for him, with possibility of marriage, which, however, would prove unhappy. Dick Powell was born to be a lover but not a husband.

For Jimmy Cagney, there is certainty of his attempted kidnapping during the middle or latter part of the year, while taking a trip east.

For Ruby Keeler, Dareos sees grave danger. When in New York, either in the spring or fall, a former friend now turned enemy, will make an effort to harm her, either physically or through reputation. She and Al Jolson will continue happily married. No children in 1935.

The Leslie Howard divorce whispers will not come true. Scandal looms, involving a blonde girl. Will make a picture in London; he will also do a play there.

EDMUND LOWE will marry in 1935. He will first have a flaming romance with a blonde screen actress who has recently divorced a famous screen star, but will later marry a woman not connected with the screen world. She will be socially prominent and wealthy, and the marriage will be a happy one.

For Loretta Young, the month of May will begin the three most successful and happy years of her life. Until then, 1935 is fraught with professional and emotional complexities for her. Marriage is indicated for her either in 1935 or 1936, but she should wait until 1936, for marriage before that time would be disastrous. She is faced with a nervous breakdown early in the year.

Janet Gaynor will marry, probably early in the year. The marriage will be happy, but at the same time, it will mark the beginning of the end of her career. By the end of the year her career will be definitely on the wane.

John Gilbert is finished as a screen star. There will be talk of his reconciliation with Virginia Bruce, but the stars say nothing will come of it. The year will be very unhappy for him, both professionally and personally.

Shirley Temple's amazing screen career will continue to skyrocket. There will be an attempt to kidnap her.

Unlike Shirley Temple, Jackie Cooper's screen career is, if not completely ended, at least at a temporary stop.

For Joan Crawford, 1935 will be romantically spectacular. She will not marry Franchot Tone, but a black-haired foreign star. She will strive for stage success, and will go abroad for training in this field, for which she will eventually desert the screen. In fact, 1935 will see no particularly notable screen work on her part. She will remain on friendly terms with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but there will never be any love reconciliation between them.

Pola Negri will be one of the 1935's screen sensations. Not until April will she be heard of professionally, but then her career will suddenly take strides that will amaze the screen world. Three amazing years will follow. Early in 1936, she will marry.

Myrna Loy will be Hollywood's most sensational screen star in 1935. She will receive but refuse a marriage proposal from a foreign nobleman.

For Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, the road is rocky and the path is steep. They'll never be entirely reconciled, although they will remain friends. Mary will never make another movie, but will be a success in writing and directing. During the year, she will find emotional unhappiness through her association with a man born in August. Douglas' screen career is at a standstill.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., will remain in England, where he will marry an actress, but the marriage will not turn out happily. He will make several excellent but not sensational pictures.

For Ronald Colman, 1935 will be his best professional year in some time. There will be marriage rumors, but he will not marry until late in 1936, at the earliest. His wife will not be in pictures.

The Gary Coopers will have a baby. Gary's professional life will be one of pronounced ups and downs during 1935.

Constance Bennett faces emotional upheavals in 1935. During the year, a new marriage is possible, to a man born in December. It will be her happiest marriage if she weds him. The year will see the definite beginning of her screen career's decline.

Here is what the famous Dareos predicts for a score of other screen idols:

Charlie Farrell is definitely through as a screen bet and will become a director in 1935. Ann Harding will make one of the greatest pictures of the year. Harry Bannister faces the likelihood of a serious air accident. Norma Shearer will have a year of professional success, but personal unhappiness. Fredric March faces unpleasant gossip in late spring and a return to the stage in 1936. Jeanette MacDonald will marry and will suffer a jewel robbery. Charlie Chaplin will complete a picture and the fact of his marriage to Paulette Goddard will be definitely established. Lupe Velez' career will be threatened by a period of sensational publicity that will do her no good. Dolores Del Rio will go to South America and co-direct and star in a picture there. Katharine Hepburn's stars indicate marriage for her but if she does marry she will not be happy. Marion Davies will be one of the year's sensations with an amazingly outstanding picture. Jean Parker will have a great romance which will end in a sudden crash instead of matrimony. In 1936 she will marry. Her career will be successful throughout 1935.

(*Continued from page 28*)

What Dareos Prophesied	What Happened
	Moore and Shirley Temple were perhaps the only sensational, "overnight" stars, there are many others who were outstanding: Francis Lederer, Jean Muir, Josephine Hutchinson, Jean Parker, Binnie Barnes, John Beal, Fred Astaire, Charles Boyer, Pat Paterson, Robert Donat.
Joan Crawford: 1934 the peak of her career. May turn to stage in 1935. Rather unsettled love-life. No marriage.	100 per cent correct. She is way up thar on the cinematic ladder, and the theatre which she has built for herself proves a yen for the stage. There have been rumors of a break-up with Tone from time to time. Correct on marriage, too.
Franchot Tone: No marriage for him and Joan.	Right again, Dareos. Joan's been denying that she'll marry him. Soooooooo.
Mae West: To remain single. Career to continue brilliantly. Underworld plot to put her on spot. Possible auto accident.	True, with exception of accident at this writing.
Greta Garbo: No future greatness for her. Will retire in 1934 or 1935.	Interest in La Garbo seems to have waned; "Queen Christina" didn't do so well at the box office either. 1935 will tell whether the last statement is correct.
Carole Lombard: A year of romance. Marriage to someone outside the industry.	Correct so far. There was Russ Columbo, and her "ex," Bill Powell is still attentive. Marriage prediction untrue as this is written.
William Powell: Marriage to non-professional.	Incorrect as this is written.
Clara Bow: To have a baby.	Correct.
Jean Harlow: May lose something she now holds dear.	Correct. Her marriage was wrecked by divorce.
Constance Bennett: Possibility of divorce in 1934.	There have been divorce rumors at various times during the year.
Charlie Chaplin: Is already married to Paulette Goddard. Will make a picture.	It is said that they are married. Is making a picture.
Adolphe Menjou: To marry.	Correct.
Ann Harding: To announce her engagement.	Incorrect as this is written.
Jimmy Cagney: To end his career in 1934 or 1935 by his own choice. Marriage to continue happily.	We'll have to wait till 1935 for the answer to the first prediction. Second okay.
Adrienne Ames: Her happiness won't last.	There have been break-up rumors.
Lilian Harvey: To return to Europe.	Her Fox contract has lapsed and she may return to Europe.
Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.: To face heavy reverses and failing health.	The linking of his name with scandal and the constant uncertainty of his marriage to Mary Pickford were rather unpleasant for him.
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.: To return to America. To have a romance.	He did come over here for a while and the Gertrude Lawrence rumors still persist.
Mary Pickford: There will be sorrow and tragedy. Will turn to writing. Picture in 1934.	Undoubtedly her marital uncertainty has caused her much sorrow. She has done quite a lot of writing and has plans for another picture.
Janet Gaynor: Marriage or engagement in 1934.	Incorrect as this is written.
Katharine Hepburn: A great personal sorrow for her. Will be teamed with Bill Powell. Throat trouble.	Her divorce. No sign of her being teamed with Powell and we haven't heard about a throat affliction.
Stu Erwin and June Collyer: To have twins.	Incorrect.
Ruth Chatterton: To divorce.	Righto, Dareos.
Charlie Farrell: Renewed success on the screen. Marital happiness.	There was a separation rumor but the difficulty apparently blew over. The pace of his screen career doesn't seem to have quickened.
Marie Dressler: Her health will be in great danger.	Dareos told Mr. Lang that Miss Dressler would die, but in respect to her he asked us not to publish it.
Gary Cooper: Will remain a bachelor.	Very wrong.
Clark Gable: His marriage will last.	Correct.
Spencer Tracy: Professionally, things are bright, but romantically, there are clouds.	His career is definitely on the up-grade but his love-life has not been happy.

MEN . . . !

In the February issue of MODERN SCREEN this fascinating story which reveals certain stars' experiences with various men will be concluded. Read what The Girl With The Strange Beauty and The Girl Of The Orchids have to say

Ashamed of Your Looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?



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Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Their Studio Addresses

(*Continued from page 13*)

BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BREAKSTONE, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BRENDEL, EL: Warner Bros.
BRENT, EVELYN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BROOK, CLIVE: RKO-Radio.
BROWN, JOE E.: Warner Bros.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Columbia.
BROWN, TOM: RKO-Radio.
BRUCE, NIGEL: Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: RKO-Radio.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BUSHMAN, RALPH: M-G-M.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
CABOT, BRUCE: RKO-Radio.
CAGNEY, BILL: Monogram.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Warner Bros.
CAMPBELL, MRS. PAT: M-G-M.
CANTOR, EDDIE: Samuel Goldwyn.
CARLISLE, KITTY: Paramount.
CARLISLE, MARY: M-G-M.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: 20th Century.
CARRILLO, LEO: M-G-M.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: Fox.
CARROLL, NANCY: Columbia.
CARUSO, ENRICO JR.: Warner Bros.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
CHANDLER, CHICK: RKO-Radio.
CHANDLER, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at United Artists.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: Free lance. Write her at Warner Bros.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHRISTIANS, MADY: M-G-M.
CLARKE, MAE: M-G-M.
CLIVE, COLIN: Warner Bros.
COGHLAN, JUNIOR: Fox.
COHAN, GEORGE M.: Fox.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: 20th Century.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: Columbia.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEY, INEZ: Columbia.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAVEN, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Columbia.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CROSMAN, HENRIETTA: Fox.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century.
DANIELS, BEBE: Free lance. Write her at Warners.
DARE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
DAVIES, MARION: M-G-M.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DEE, FRANCES: RKO-Radio.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Warner Bros.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
DEVINE, ANDY: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DIX, RICHARD: RKO-Radio.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAGONETTE, JESSICA: Paramount.
DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNN, JAMES: Fox.
DUNNE, IRENE: RKO-Radio.
DURANT, JACK: Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: M-G-M.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS SR.: United Artists.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Fox.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: M-G-M.
FAVERSHAM, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: Fox.
FEARS, PEGGY: Fox.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FONDA, HENRY: Paramount.
FORAN, NICK: Fox.
FORBES, HAZEL: RKO-Radio.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Monogram.
FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Fox.
FOSTER, PRESTON: M-G-M.
FOX, SIDNEY: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FRITCHIE, BARBARA: Paramount.
FROOS, SYLVIA: Fox.
FULLER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GALLIAN, KETTI: Fox.
GARAT, HENRI: Fox.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Warner Bros.
GAYNOR, JANET: Fox.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
GILBERT, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
GILL, GWENLLIAN: Paramount.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GRANT, CARY: Paramount.
GREEN, HARRY: Fox.
HADEN, JULIE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
HADEN, SARAH: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Mascot.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HARVEY, LILIAN: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
HARVEY, FORRESTER: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
HARVEY, LILIAN: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
HATTON, RAYMOND: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Paramount.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: M-G-M.
HOBSON, VALERIE: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Columbia.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: RKO-Radio.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Universal.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Fox.
HULL, HENRY: Universal.
HUNTLEY, G. P. JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: Universal.
JARRETT, ARTHUR: RKO-Radio.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JORDON, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATON, BUSTER: Fox.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: 20th Century.
KELTON, PERT: RKO-Radio.
KENYON, DORIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Universal.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KRUGER, OTTO: M-G-M.
LALLY, HOWARD: Fox.
LANDI, ELISSA: Columbia.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Mascot.
LANG, JUNE: Fox.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
LEROY, HAL: Warner Bros.
LEYTON, DRUE: Fox.
LIGHTNER, WINNIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
LINDEN, ERIC: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Write him at Fox.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Paramount.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOVE, MONTAGU: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOWE, EDMUND: Columbia.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: Universal.
LUND, LUCILLE: Mascot.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: Paramount.
MacMAHON, ALINE: Warner Bros.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century.
MARGO: Paramount.
MARITZA, SARI: Free lance. Write her at Mascot.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Columbia.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: M-G-M.
MAYNARD, KEN: Mascot.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: RKO-Radio.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: M-G-M.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
MEIGHAN, THOMAS: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Warner Bros.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Paramount.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Monogram.
MITCHELL, FRANK: Fox.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Universal.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MOORE, ERIN O'BRIEN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: Universal.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORGAN, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
MORGAN, HELEN: Warners.
MORLEY, KAREN: M-G-M.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Universal
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.

MUIR, JEAN: Warners.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Columbia.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NEAGLE, ANNA: United Artists.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Fox.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Universal.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Monogram.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PATTERSON, PAT: Fox.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: Paramount.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PINE, VIRGINIA: Columbia.
PITTS, ZASU: Universal.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRINGLE, AILEEN: Free lance. Write her at Monogram.
PRYOR, ROGER: Universal.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: Universal.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Universal.
RALSTON, ESTHER: M-G-M.
RAND, SALLY: Paramount.
RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
RAY, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAYMOND, GENE: Columbia.
REED, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
REGAN, PHIL: Warner Bros.
RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
ROBBINS, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ROGERS, WILL: Fox.
ROLAND, GILBERT: Fox.
ROSS, LANNY: Paramount.
ROULIEN, RAUL: Fox.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
SABIN, CHARLES: Columbia.
SAVO, JIMMY: Paramount.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Monogram.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Paramount.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Paramount.
SOTHERN, ANN: Columbia.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: Warner Bros.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Warner Bros.
STEN, ANNA: Samuel Goldwyn.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STUART, GLORIA: Universal.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SULLIVAN, FRANCIS L.: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Universal.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
TALBOT, LYLE: Warner Bros.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Warner Bros.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: Fox.
THOMAS, FRANKIE: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Monogram.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TODD, THELMA, RKO-Radio.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TORRENCE, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Paramount.
TRACY, SPENCER: Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: Fox.
TURPIN, BEN: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Paramount.
VINSON, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALTHALL, H. B.: Monogram.
WALTERS, POLLY: Universal.
WARE, IRENE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WATERS, ETHEL: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WAYNE, JOHN: Monogram.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Monogram.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTCOTT, GORDON: Warner Bros.
WESTLEY, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Universal.
WIECK, DOROTHEA: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WING, PAT: Warner Bros.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WONG, ANNA MAY: Paramount.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
WYNYARD, DIANA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: Paramount.
YOUNG, TAMMANY: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 6*)

vinced we're not. I'm sure that Ottilie is wise to the deception but has tolerantly decided that she will play our game of 'let's pretend' as long as we want her to play it. I can't believe that her playmates haven't told Ottilie that 'Santa is just make believe.' I only hope that they will have left her with the realization that merry old Saint Nick stands as a symbol of the beautiful spirit of giving. I hope Ottilie will never lose that feeling. I know Sue and I will do everything in our power to help her keep it."

TRUE, Santa Claus cannot live on as an individual," he continued, "but when he has ceased to exist for Ottilie we intend to make up for his absence. Not by a greater number of gifts or more elaborate ones, for we don't believe in spoiling Ottilie. But we will continue to make the holiday season a joyous one in other ways. And one way will be to entertain Ottilie's friends as well as our own. By opening up our home and our hearts to those of her own age, Sue and I feel we will not only give Ottilie pleasure but will also teach her that the greatest joy is to be found in dispensing hospitality to others."

How many of us, I wonder, have realized that this is a splendid way to make up to our children for the loss of Santa Claus? How many of us make the Yuletide season one of the happiest periods of the year for the grown-ups as well, by inviting our friends to join in our Christmas festivities, however simple.

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Sue Kruger, for instance, recommends serving to folks who drop in during the holidays, various cakes and cookies—the kind that appeal to grown-ups and children alike. She has her cook frost some of these with a snowy icing, topped with a sliver of green citron and tiny bits of red maraschino cherries. Others have colored icings and decorations in keeping with the season. At first I was a bit dubious about recommending these to others because they sounded so very professional, but after seeing Mrs. Kruger's recipes and trying them out I changed my mind. Why they are a cinch to make—all of them. I'm sure you'll want to try them, too, for they are ideal to serve to your friends and your friends' children—not to mention your own family and your own children if you have any. Several of these Kruger cake, cooky and frosting recipes are now printed on cards which you may have for the asking. But first let me tell you about them.

Let's start with Ottilie's favorite. After all, this is the time of the year when kids' preferences get first consideration. Ottilie's pet is "Applesauce Cake." It will be your pet, too, when you've tasted it. Imagine a cake that has in it the combined flavors of spices and applesauce. No wonder little Miss Kruger favors it.

OTTO is partial to their cook's Christmas Fruit Cookies. These are really for the grown-up members of the party for they are very rich, being made of Mince Meat (the kind you buy in packages). Another type of cooky the Krugers always have for Christmas parties is Petit Fours. That's a French name which practically means "little baked ones" but no name in any language could do them justice. And are they easy to make? They are! Can you imagine something that tastes like a rich cooky but is cooked in one layer like a cake? This layer is cut into fancy shapes after baking which means no rolling, or fussing with sticky dough. After they are baked and cut, they are frosted, with many varieties of colored frostings, each more attractive than the other but every one of them easy to concoct. I have also included recipes for several of these festive frostings in the fall leaflet. I know you'll enjoy using these frostings and I'm convinced you'll like Sue Kruger's cake and cooky suggestions, too.

Take the following little cakes, for instance. They are mixed in a moment, baked in the easiest manner in the world—in little paper cups—and they emerge from the oven in practically no time at all as some of the grandest little morsels you've ever eaten. Frost them if you choose, but I really don't think they require it.

KRUGER CHOCOLATE CUPS

1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup butter
½ cup sugar
1 square cooking chocolate
1 egg
½ teaspoon vanilla
⅓ cup milk

Sift flour, measure. Mix flour, baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and beat until very light. Melt chocolate over hot water. Beat melted chocolate into butter mixture. Beat egg until very light, combine with vanilla and milk. Add flour to butter mixture alternately with the milk. Beat until thoroughly blended. Bake in the small sized paper baking cups in hot oven (400°) for 12 minutes or until a cake tester inserted in cakes comes out clean. Frost cakes when cool if desired. They may be served right in the little cups.

Of course, the time-honored cake accompaniment is ice cream and to kids the combination of ice cream and cake makes any occasion a party. If you don't believe me, just try it out and see. This year I suggest that instead of the usual dishes of ice cream you serve home-made Frosted Milk Shakes. These should be chocolate flavored for the very small children but for grown-ups and children in their teens you will find coffee flavor more popular. Perhaps you are hesitant about following this suggestion but you need not be if you use a brand of coffee from which the caffeine has been removed. Just try this recipe and see how enthusiastic everyone will be.

FROSTED COFFEE MALT

6 tablespoons malted milk
2 cups strong caffeine-free coffee
¼ cup sugar
1½ cups milk
½ cup cream
ice cream

Add hot coffee gradually to malted milk. Beat until free from lumps. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add milk and cream. Chill thoroughly. (Place pitcher containing Milk Shake in a bowl of cracked ice, if possible.) When time to serve, place a small portion of vanilla ice cream in bottom of tall glasses. Add chilled coffee mixture. Top with a spoonful of whipped cream and serve at once. This recipe serves six.

Just visualize this grand drink in a lovely glass on an attractive plate, with a slice of Applesauce Cake on the side—or flanked with tiny Petits Fours with different colored icings. And imagine the look of delight and surprise on the face of your favorite male when he picks up a simple looking cooky and finds it's really a rich, spicy mince meat treat. To achieve all these marvelous results all you have to do is mail in this month's coupon, pronto. Then we'll rush the Kruger Christmas Folder to you with its recipes for Applesauce Cake, Petits Fours, Christmas Fruit Cookies and Festivity Frostings.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

Please send me the recipes for January, 1935.

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(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

Wanted: A Remedy for Heartbreak—for Virginia

(*Continued from page 39*)

happiness and destroyed it so terribly soon? Never have I known of a marriage more ardently hoped for, more anxiously desired by their friends and their millions of fans, than that of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce. Then why couldn't it be?

"I know what you're thinking," she said quietly. "You're wondering what happened. Well, I'll tell you, and I want you to believe me. There've been so many rumors, most of them unpleasant and none of them true! I'll tell you the truth. After all, why make a secret of it, since neither Jack nor I have anything to hide?

"I suppose it's impossible to believe that two people who adore each other as much as Jack and I did, and still do, could nevertheless not live together happily. Yet that's the bare fact of the matter. Love and marriage are not one and the same thing. Marriage requires an especial talent, an infinite capacity for adjustment, and most of us simply do not have that talent and that infinite capacity. We think we have, and we want to have, and yet, we just don't have the necessary ability.

"All my life I've prided myself on looking at things honestly, on finding the truth, even if it proved a boomerang and hurt me. For that reason I now know that the break-up of our marriage was far more my fault than it was Jack's. You see, by my own words, my own actions, I had unintentionally, yet none the less surely, given Jack an utterly erroneous impression of my attitude on certain matters. This was just as unfair and as unkind as if I had intentionally deceived him. I realize that now, but I didn't at the time.

"You know, Jack's life has not been a very happy one. He's a fiery, tempestuous soul, and things have not come easily to him. He's had to fight for every atom of success he's had. He's been hindered and hurt by the very people who should have helped him. Oh, not just once but again and again! They've been damnable to him! Even those who love and admire him most don't fully understand him. Jack is proud and sensitive. He doesn't go about telling his troubles to anyone that'll listen to him. For that reason everyone thinks he's hard and callous and doesn't care. They don't know!"

"But *you* knew," I prompted. "He has so often declared that your perfect understanding, your warm sympathy, made up for all the rest. All the cruel misunderstanding, all the intolerant. . . ."

"Yes, I know," Virginia interrupted. "That is just what hurts so terribly, now. I did understand, I did sympathize, and because I loved him so desperately, I thought I would feel and think like that always. But I didn't. I changed. I didn't live up to my own specifications!

"Before I married Jack I had been doing very well for myself in pictures. I was playing leads and had a fine contract with M-G-M. It meant a great deal to work myself up to that point, and then, just when I was doing worth while things, to throw it all aside without a pang. But I did it. And gladly. I knew that our marriage was doomed at the outset unless I gave up my own career and concentrated all my heart and soul on just being Mrs. John Gilbert. This wasn't Jack's idea. It was my own.

"At first we were blissfully happy. Our honeymoon in Europe was like a dream. We thought we were the two happiest people in the world. I suppose all lovers think that, but we two were sure of it.

"And then we came back to Hollywood and settled down like two staid, middle-

aged, old-fashioned people."

"At first I didn't mind. Then, little by little, I began to wonder if we weren't just a trifle too staid, too old-fashioned, too middle-aged. The dullness, the monotony were getting on my nerves. I wanted to dance and go places. Jack didn't. He hated being dragged around. He'd done all the partying he'd wanted to, years ago, and it no longer held any thrill for him. He worked hard at the studio all day and, at night, when he came home he wanted to read and be comfortable. On those few occasions that we did go anywhere, oh, very infrequently, he was so bored and miserable that I'd be sorry and determine not to make him do it again.

"With it all I was determined not to scold or nag. I detest a nagging woman! So, feeling like a prisoner in solitary confinement, I went on, month after month, trying to make the best of it. Jack had loved me for my patience and understanding, I told myself, and I mustn't let him down. But in my heart I knew it couldn't last. I just couldn't go on like that for the rest of my days!

"You see, I was very young. I was only twenty-one, and I hadn't had very much fun as yet. Jack was thirty-five. He had done all these things years before, and now he was tired and disillusioned. I realized this and made allowances.

"Moreover, I find one can't destroy ambition. I had loved acting and I wanted more than anything to go back to it. And the rest you know. My courage finally snapped.

"And so we separated. Not because we no longer loved each other, not because we had hurt each other, not for any of the millions of reasons that outsiders will tell you, simply because I wasn't big enough to play the part I had assumed. I had accepted the role of Mrs. John Gilbert, yet at heart I wanted to be Virginia Bruce, too, and this wasn't possible."

"And are you happier now?" I asked.

She paused and then replied:

"No, I'm not. I suppose I shouldn't say that, for I've really been very fortunate. M-G-M has loaned me to Twentieth Century and I'm playing Jenny Lind with Beery in "The Mighty Barnum." I love the part and the costumes are adorable. I have a chance to sing in it, too. I suppose I really ought to be awfully happy about it. Moreover, I've been going out and having fun, as I wanted to, now. In fact, between you and me, I've been going out so much that I'm beginning to see what Jack meant when he used to say, 'You'll get tired of it. Wait until you've had as much of it as I've had. You'll see!' And he was right. I do see! Yes, Jack was almost always right.

"What I'm sorriest about is that I married Jack just when I did. The success of anything, from baking a cake, launching a new fashion, or marrying the person you love, depends so much on accurate timing. A thing that might easily be suc-



Two great directors and two great stars—Rouben Mamoulian (left) and Josef Von Sternberg (right), Jean Harlow and Marlene Dietrich—at the swanky Cocoanut Grove party which Louella Parsons tendered the visiting British admiralty.



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cessful can just as easily become a failure if it happens at the wrong time. That was how it was with us. If I hadn't met Jack until five years from now I'm sure everything would have been different and we'd have 'lived happily ever after.'

"My greatest fear is that our marriage and divorce may have hurt him with the public. You don't know how anxious I am that nothing shall hurt him! He has been so perfectly splendid through it all that I am more anxious for his success and happiness than for anything else on earth. He's so clever, so talented, so . . . so. . . "

She paused and smiled wistfully.

"I suppose all this sounds odd, from a divorced wife, but I'm trying to look at it all fairly and impartially. Besides, I'm not embittered. My mistakes were all of my own making. Jack never deceived me or betrayed my faith or confidence. Besides, we did not actually 'lose' each other. We merely left each other. Do you know what I mean? There's such a difference between leaving and losing! I don't feel that I've lost Jack in that awful, final sense that I would if there had been another woman in the case. Do you see?"

"Yes, I do. And now just one question more, please. Do you think you will ever marry again?"

"No. At least not for a very long time. I want to continue my career. It was partly the price for which I sacrificed my marriage, so I mean to collect it. Besides, I have my baby, Susan Ann, to care for. And, after all, there's only one man in the world that could ever tempt me to marry again?"

"And that man is—?"

"Jack Gilbert!"

"Good gracious! That *is* a bombshell!"

"Well, I promised to tell you the whole story, from start to finish, didn't I? So now you have it, up to, and including, the sequel."

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 18*)

you are scared and embarrassed in someone's presence that person is, possibly, as frightened as you are. Put this all in your mind. Don't forget it. And now let's go on to the next step in the lesson.

"Assume a virtue if you have it not," said our old dramatic friend, Bill Shakespeare, who was actor as well as playright. Well, poise and assurance are virtues. Don't worry about what's happening to you on the inside. Don't be bothered if you're trembling all over with embarrassment. Don't despair if your head is hot and your hands are cold. Pretend that you are calm, poised, assured. Imitate, if you want to, the ways and manners of the most poised person you know. Because that, boys and girls, is just what the stars do. That's how they cover up their embarrassment. That's how they fool you. Now you, in turn, fool your friends.

Little Janet Gaynor told me once that she had to make a speech before a group of people. She was scared pink. She felt just as you probably do, when you step on the stage to speak a piece, or sing a song, or play your role in an amateur production. Quickly, Janet glanced about the room. Her eye fell on a shrinking, dull-looking woman who could not possibly be formidable or critical. And Janet addressed her speech to that woman. Naturally, her eyes moved from that face and included the rest of the audience, but she imagined that she was there to impress that woman who, obviously, could so easily be impressed. And that, you dramatic aspirers, is a wonderful thing to do when you feel yourself possessed of stage fright.

When I was talking to actors and actresses about this subject, everyone of them told me that on the opening night of a new play they were always petrified with fright. Some folks think that unless they are, it is an evil omen.

Now, here's something else. While you are assuming the virtue of poise and self-confidence you will be getting into a habit which will eventually rob you of self-consciousness, a theft you won't mind, I'm sure. But while you're playing the part of being calm and assured don't, for heaven's sake, apologize too much for whatever you may do. That's the surest way of tipping people off that you're self-conscious. Lawrence Tibbett once told me about the time when he first began rehearsing with the Metropolitan Opera Company. He was awkward and embarrassed. He felt that everyone in the company was much



Roger Pryor, Nancy Carroll, Ann Sothern and W. R. Van Smith at the Beverly Wilshire. Yes, those Pryor-Sothern romance rumors seem to be pretty authentic. And just as soon as Roger's marital difficulties are straightened out, it may mean wedding bells for this pair.

better than he. When he made mistakes, and it was inevitable that such a rank newcomer should, he went around saying how terribly, terribly sorry he was. And, for his humbleness, he got only disgruntled monosyllables. At last he woke up and looked about him. Others were making mistakes, too, even the old timers. And what did they do? They tossed them off and nobody paid any attention to them. From this, Tibbett learned a great truth which I shall pass on to you. Memorize the following paragraph and heed the excellent advice, which you can learn from it.

If you admit your weaknesses, if you continually apologize, people instinctively scold you, whether it is at a Metropolitan rehearsal or at a contract bridge table. But if you never confess your sense of inferiority, if you airily wave aside your errors as if they amounted to nothing, people sneer at you not at all. Please, please never forget that self-confidence is very important.

Gary Cooper told me of an excellent way to fight the demon, Shyness. Always during the first week of a new picture, especially if there are new people in the cast, Gary suffers acutely. "I say to myself," he explained, 'This really isn't so important.' Nothing helps me so much as minimizing the importance of the occasion."

It helps not at all to know what self-consciousness is. Psychologists tell you that it's ego, that it's feeling so important that makes you imagine all eyes are turned upon you. Well, when you are upon a stage all eyes *are* turned upon you. You can rationalize the thing all you want and it doesn't help. My research into this matter this month has convinced me that the only way to overcome or, rather, to cope with self-consciousness is to remember that you're not the only self-conscious person in the world, that others are suffering just as much as you, and that it is your job to appear to be poised no matter how uncomfortable you are feeling inside.

I do hope I've helped you. I'd be very happy, indeed if I have. If you have any more questions to ask about this subject or if you wish to consult me on any matter which pertains to the study of dramatic art be sure to write me care of MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Otherwise I cannot give you a personal reply. This department is your department. Its purpose is to teach you everything you should know about the art of the theatre, to help you with amateur theatricals and make those long winter evenings lots and lots of fun. You and your friends can have one grand time.

Many of my readers have organized dramatic societies and clubs in their towns and are using MODERN SCREEN as their guide. They write me that they have swell times and learn a great deal besides. Why don't you do this? If you write me I'll tell you how to go about it. And I also want to know what you want me to include in this department. Tell me what you think will help you most and I'll give you my best advice. Who knows but what this may lead to the discovery of a real genius? And don't forget that I stand ready to answer your personal problems concerning dramatics. But don't forget that envelope—addressed and stamped—when you write me.



Scott Photo

While Rudy Vallee was on the Coast recently, making "Sweet Music" for Warners, he asked Mary Pickford to be his guest star for his initial broadcast. And Mary, who is very air-minded these days what with her own program, "The Lux Radio Theatre," graciously complied.

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Gottschalk's
METAL SPONGE

Men . . . !

(*Continued from page 27*)

for a flirtation or a love affair. Especially when the brilliant lights went out and the set, free of glare, stood cool and aloof in the studio's semi-darkness.

In a row with the director's camp-chair painted with his famous name, stood three other chairs. One for The Girl With Flyaway Hair. One for the man. And one for the third star of this production, a tall girl with a dark beauty.

The girls knew each other. The other girl and the man had met. At one of the innumerable parties. Our heroine and the new man over whom Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood thrilled and sighed were introduced to each other by the director.

The girl stood there managing, amazingly enough, to look quite as feminine in her trim tailored suit and crisp blouse and casual pull down felt hat as she had looked the night before in her blush pink evening gown.

The man towered above her. Smiling a nice, quiet smile. Charming. Attentive. Actually every definite thing that had been said about him. But he gave the girl no thrill. Not even a little thrill. Not at this first sight, anyway.

She gave him her small, gloved hand.

"How do you do," she said with that rush of words which characterizes her off the screen as well as on. "And how do you like California? That's the proper question, I believe."

"I like it tremendously." He had, she noticed, a really grand speaking voice. "Everyone has been so hospitable, so friendly."

"Everyone isn't. Always!" she told him. "But I do understand we've rather taken you to . . . our hearts!"

He didn't pretend either to understand or not to understand. She liked him for that.

"He's extremely civilized and personable," she decided. But ever so calmly.

She could feel the director's eyes upon her. He was waiting, she felt sure, for her to laugh on a higher key or do some trifling thing extravagantly enough to indicate that she was being reduced to the prevalent state of romantic jitters. He was an astute little man, the director, and often she had seen him observe people as if they were so many laboratory specimens.

A week passed. Two weeks . . . the picture progressed in the regular way. Most scenes worked out nicely. It was a simple sequence with which no one had anticipated the slightest difficulty that held them up for an entire day.

"You're very popular," the man said to The Girl With Flyaway Hair one afternoon. "There always seems to be some friend visiting you on the set."

"Some girl friend," the girl supplemented, her cornflower blue eyes sparkling with amusement. "Well, probably you won't believe it, but many of my visitors have been only the most casual acquaintances. I've found their sudden affection for me quite . . . quite touching."

The director, sitting close by, slapped his thigh and roared with laughter.

"What's so funny?" asked the man, puzzled.

"Nothing. Nothing at all." The girl spoke softly. Then she touched her finger to her forehead, shook her head, indicated that the director, poor darling, was quite mad.

She might not be experiencing the thrills everyone had predicted but she most certainly was having a very amusing time.

SHE really *liked* this new actor. She reasoned again and often that he was extremely civilized and most personable. But he did not cause her the slightest flurry. No. In fact, she was impatient for the picture to be finished. So she could turn her attention to the decorating and furnishing of the new house she had taken. She hoped her scenes would be completed in time for her to have a week or two to concentrate upon her house before she had to begin another picture.

Her last scene was a love scene. In which she and the man were supposed to be riding in a taxi-cab.

"We'll be through shooting by noon," the director told her. "Then you're finished. Then you can go off and buy whatnots to your heart's content."

The interior of the taxi was built in the studios. Built upon a movable platform so the action might be simulated. There was, of course, no front to the cab. Simply the three sides of the interior itself with the back seat, back window, little side windows, and side straps.

This, curiously enough, was the only love scene the girl and the man had in the whole picture. And it wasn't at all a pulsating scene or long drawn out. It was short and quick, with a gay spirit about it.

They rehearsed first. The girl had to sit close, a love light in her eyes. He had to give the impression he was practically perishing to put his arms around her. Then she had to hand him a small package. Whereupon he was supposed to recognize the light her eyes held for him and put his arms around her . . . and kiss her and kiss her and kiss her.

"We'll try it once more before the take," called the director. Unless he was very much mistaken the light in the eyes of that heretofore cool and collected young woman exceeded any acting. Unless he was a romantic old fool, he had every chance of getting a love scene here that would make audiences sit up and take notice.

They rehearsed it again. Now there was no mistaking the look in the girl's eyes. And it was significant—the director was convinced of it, anyhow—that when the rehearsal was over both the man and the girl avoided looking at each other.

The little director sat hunched in his chair. To have seen him you'd have thought the only thing in the world that interested him was the tips of his stout boots. That is how deceiving appearances can be. He didn't want to look up, give either of his players any opportunity of speaking to him. He was frightened to death that something might shatter that thing he could sense swinging between them.

"Lights," he called, his eyes still upon his boots. "Ready. This is the take!"

Outside of the doors leading to that stage red lights flashed on. "Silence!" For a second the stage throbbed with quiet. Then the taxi seat creaked. She was moving closer. And he was moving closer. She handed him the package.

"Here they are," she said. Or something to that effect. Her voice came warm and live and quick.

He looked down into her eyes. His arms went about her. With a tender strength. Afterwards, she said she knew that was what had "got her." That tender, gentle strength of his. Her arms flew up around his neck. He had a nice neck. It flowed with smooth clean lines into his shoulders.

Just for a flash his eyes hung over her eyes. Her heart fluttered. Really fluttered. She gave a little rushing sigh.

"Ohh-h-h-hh!" Like that.

The director hunched farther forward than ever. And prayed the microphone had caught that sigh.*

Their lips met, clung . . . met, clung . . .

"Great!" shouted the director. "That's great stuff!" The cameraman stopped turning. The lights went on. The man in the control room nodded approvingly.

Now the girl was through, free to leave the studio, think of nothing in the world but white paint and chintzes and Hepplewhite chairs.

But that afternoon the director found her sitting in her chair on the side lines, watching the man play a scene with a tall girl of dark beauty.

"Hello," he said. "Thought you were so anxious to get away."

"I was," she said softly. "But . . . oh, isn't he marvellous!"

* It did.

AND here is the tale told me by The Girl With Lovely Eyes, two stories really. About two men who had made terrific impressions. In quite different ways.

One was amusing. With a hero extremely charming and terribly sleepy. The other was unpleasant. With an actor less gallant than the character he was playing, low enough to take advantage of the love scenes to indulge in indelicate advances.

She's young, The Girl With Lovely Eyes. She has a low pitched speaking voice. And her figure is roundly turned. She came to Hollywood from the Broadway stage.

The extremely charming but sleepy hero was the star of the first motion picture she made after signing a flattering contract. Because she was an actress she was awed at the idea of working with him. Excited, too. Because she was a girl.

"Above everything else," she says "I had made up my mind to make good. The only other picture in which I had appeared had turned out disastrously. You know . . . the sort of thing your friends don't mention in front of you!"

For the picture with the charming hero the love scenes were filmed first. Which complicated matters. Impersonal as love scenes can be, every actor and actress I know prefers to play such scenes after they've become acquainted, after there is a camaraderie between them.

The morning these scenes were to be shot the company reported for a particularly early call. They were exterior scenes. And the location, where great black rocks crouched at the edge of the Pacific like sleek seals basking in the sun, was at least an hour's drive from the studios.

It was with the young lovers seated on these rocks that the picture opened. She was supposedly a member of an underworld gang intent upon convincing her sweetheart that cops were their natural enemies.

The Girl With Lovely Eyes was on her toes that first morning. She was impatient with the preliminaries which go on before any scenes can be shot.

The crew went to work setting up the camera, adjusting the microphones, measuring distances and arranging reflectors.

The director and his assistant went

into a long, serious huddle over some changes which had been made in the script.

She had the camp-chair with her name, which had been brought along in the big truck, placed off to one side. She wanted an opportunity to think about the girl she was to portray. She wanted to drench herself in the feeling of the character.

This proved impossible.

The arc of beach where the company had camped became Bedlam. Instructions were shouted back and forth. Impish faced assistants beat tattoos on iron upright and the wooden reflector frames. Several booming bassos among the crew went about their work singing lusty chanteys.

"Is it always like this?" the girl asked the assistant cameraman. "As noisy as this, I mean?"

He grinned. "With this star it is lately," he told her. "You see we always think maybe we can keep him awake. But we hardly ever do. He's all in, poor guy!"

IN the center of that din and commotion sat the star. He slept like a baby. They might as well have kept quiet.

Poor thing, he was having a hectic romance. And, for once, the lovers' quarrels and reconciliations were as frequent and pyrotechnical as the newspapers reported them to be.

Long before they needed him they began calling.

He opened one eye, stretched his legs, yawned, muttered, "I'm all set," and went sound asleep again.

The director came to the girl and led her over smaller rocks to the big rock where she was to sit. It was slippery going. At their feet the ocean broke in bursts and jets of spray.

The assistant director and two property men went to work on the star. At last they got him on his feet. Still groggy, he made his way over to the big rock where the girl waited.

"Hello," he said, grinning, stretching. "Sorry not to have been more sociable but I was trying to steal a little snooze."

Between rehearsals and the take no time was wasted. The star might fall asleep again.

"Camera!" shouted the director.

The star tilted the girl's head back slowly. Until her mouth came beneath his. He whispered her character name. The microphone suspended over their heads was lowered so not one soft word would be lost.

She had to rest against him, hardly seem to hear what he said for her delight in tracing the planes of his face with worshipping fingers. For a second she was caught in the spell. She really did lose track of things. Then she came to. With a frightening start. Confused. Puzzled. the lines the star was saying were strange to her, not at all the familiar lines which gave her her cue.

"For God's sake!" The director's call cut through her fears. He waved the script in the air. "You're off on the wrong speech," he told the star. "You're reading the sequence you had with another gal. In the picture we finished last week. Boy! You're asleep on your feet!"

They finished those love scenes but it took all day to do it. The following evening the girl went into the projection room to look at the rushes, hoping for the best but quite prepared for the worst.

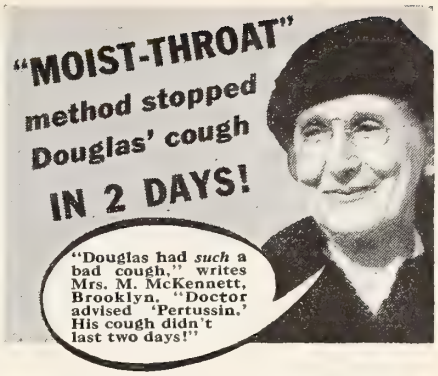
She was dumbfounded. Those scenes had great emotion. Proving, of course, both knew their stuff. Besides, the star appeared thrilling and romantic. The drowsy look in his eyes passed, effectively enough, for another look, another look entirely.

Things aren't always what they seem to be.

"The other experience happened before



More celebrities at the Cohen banquet. Wes Ruggles, Toby Wing, Arline Judge Ruggles and Sir Guy Standing.



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I came to pictures," The Girl With Lovely Eyes told me. "While I was playing on Broadway. The men I've worked with in Hollywood have, without exception, been considerate and charming.

"The fact that I had this other experience on the stage made it much worse. For on the stage a love scene isn't something filmed and forgotten. You play it six nights a week and twice on matinee days. You're never done with it."

The star of this stage production, the star who was low enough to take advantage of the scene being played to indulge in indelicate advances, is an actor with a distinguished reputation. Were his name given you'd be inclined to doubt this story. The pity is that it is all too true.

It was the third night of the play's run. Another actress in the cast, the actress who played the star's mistress, came into the girl's dressing-room, indignant and upset.

"The old lecher!" she complained. "In my scene with him in the first act—where he puts his arms around me—well, he puts his arm around me and then some!"

"Tell him," advised the girl, firm and superior in her inexperience and youth, "that if he doesn't stop you'll report him to the manager."

She wasn't a prim young maiden and she had no wish to appear thus. She had, of course, heard about this sort of thing happening sometimes. To think little or nothing about it. This was different. This came close. And she was shocked.

She found the star frightfully repulsive to begin with. Before their love scene together she always had to steel herself. It wasn't simply that his breath was foul from garlic and stale gin. Her dislike of him was beyond explanation, an instinctive, psychic thing.

FOR the last act of that play the stage was dressed as a drawing-room. Towards the end of the act The Girl With Lovely Eyes came on the deserted stage to sit, half-reclining, on a chaise longue. In his role of host, the star followed her, almost immediately, to take his place on the lounge too. There he declared his love.

It was arranged so he walked around to the back of the lounge and sat down, half facing her. As you can see this resulted in her body shielding his hands from the audience the greater part of the time. Unfortunately enough. . . .

To a man with the tendencies of this star, one girl is as good as another. The very same night the other actress reported having called him to task, the girl was startled during their love scene to feel his hand upon her ankle. It was only for a second. It well might have been accidental. She tried to convince herself this was the case.

However, the next evening no doubt regarding his intentions remained. Whereupon she proceeded to do what she had advised that other girl to do. And she was surprised to find how much courage it took.

"Please," she said to the star before the next performance, "please don't be unpleasant when we're on the lounge. You make me nervous."

"Don't be a little fool," he told her. He laughed and rubbed his hands together. The backs of them were covered with a fuzz of yellow hair.

The girl was on the spot. And she knew it.

This star had a reputation in the theatre. His name meant admissions at the box-office. She was a comparative newcomer. For the first time her name was up in lights. The manager would be inclined to side with the star.

And there would be others quick to believe any story he chose to tell and to dismiss her as a cheap little actress looking for publicity. To leave the cast meant giving up a good job as well as risking the chance of a rumor spreading that she really hadn't made good.

She could only hope what she had said would have some effect. It didn't. Things got worse. Much worse. Within a week it wasn't only his hands. His kisses didn't remain stage kisses in which the man places his mouth over the girl's and lets it go at that. And with her audience watching, the girl dared not jeopardize the illusion of their love scene by refusing him his way.

She tried to seat herself on the lounge so she blocked the sight of his hands as little as possible. But their sessions—and sessions is exactly what they were—did not improve in the slightest.

Always now, she was tense, nervous. Always now, she was fortifying herself for that last act, that last scene.

Once during the first act she turned so ill she had to leave the stage for a minute. Her physician told her what she already suspected, that she was suffering from acute nervous indigestion.

EVERY night she had to resist an increasingly strong impulse to push him from her, irrespective of what happened. But time after time she would contain herself until their love scene was over. Then she would slip, slowly and reluctantly, from his arms.

She had worked long and hard to get ahead in the theatre. But not as hard as she must work now to keep her performance up to the mark she had set for it.

At last though, inevitably, she reached the breaking point. She could go on no longer. She had a plan. She would give warning. If he refused to heed it he would suffer the consequences.



Trimly tailored, Ginger Rogers arrived in New York on the Century.

The next night she arrived at the theatre early. She dressed and waited for the star to come in. When she heard him in his room across the hall she went to him.

"You're upsetting me more than you know," she told him. "And you're hurting my performance. If I fall down in this show it will take me a long time to get this far again . . ."

"Cut out the sob stuff," he told her. "And quit posing as a Snow Maiden. A little loving does no harm. And, with your eyes, you should be able to handle it."

His insistence that she enjoyed his advances or at least might enjoy them, made her feel low and cheap.

She paused at the door. "I'm giving you warning!" she said. "If you aren't different tonight, it is going to be your performance that will suffer, not mine!"

Calmer, less hysterical, perhaps, she never would have planned what she planned. But once achieving the sense of peace and freedom that came with her conviction that not more than once again would she have to suffer his unprofessional advances, there wasn't a chance that she would fail to go through with it.

The curtain went up. On the first act. On the second act. The third act got under way. They came to the love scene . . .

THE Girl With The Lovely Eyes came on the stage and sat, as usual, half-reclining on the lounge. This time she made no attempt to sit so the star's hands would be in any clearer view.

He came in, sat down beside her. He looked sly.

His hands with their yellow fuzz grew bolder. He took her in his arms and held her close. They came to the kiss. As usual he wasn't satisfied simply to put his mouth over her mouth or to kiss her in a casual way. He had the upper hand in that company and he knew it. He apparently believed she had been bluffing, that she wouldn't take any action at all.

"Now!" she told herself. "Now!"

Her hands upon the back of his neck turned feline. She pinched him and scratched him. Hard. As hard as she could. And her intense feeling gave her a greater strength. Then she withdrew from his arms, slowly and with apparent reluctance, once more careful to preserve the play's illusion.

His last few lines with which he brought down the final curtain were not very intelligible. He was beside himself with rage.

The curtain rose again for them to take their bows. They smiled graciously at each other. There wasn't the slightest indication of what they really felt for each other. Then the curtain fell for the last time. Quietly the girl started to leave the stage.

The star caught her by the arm. "I'll report you to Equity!" he told her.

"Do that," she said quietly, "and I'll tell why I had to do what I did."

Now she had the upper hand.

After that he played the love scene circumspectly. He had had his lesson. Even out of spite he daren't do anything else.

Off-stage they didn't speak at all. And that was fine.

The Girl With The Lovely Eyes no longer was nervous, tense, or apprehensive. She was able to give performances which were a real credit to her, performances which brought her to the attention of the movie czars and to her scene with the charming, sleepy hero about which we have already heard.

In the February issue, you will read what The Girl With The Strange Beauty and The Girl With The Orchids have to say. Their revelations are every bit as exciting and thrilling as the ones you have just read. Don't miss their stories!



THE REPORT CARD

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES (RKO).
Anne Shirley scores a triumph in the title role and is ably supported by Tom Brown, O. P. Heggie and Helen Westley.

BABY TAKE A BOW (Fox).
Another Shirley Temple triumph. With Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M).
Charles Laughton, Norma Shearer and Fredric March at their best.

BELLE OF THE NINETIES (Paramount).
Mae West as gay and amusing as ever. John Miljan, Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown and Katherine DeMille in supporting roles.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century).
First-rate mystery. Ronald Colman, Loretta Young and Charlie Butterworth.

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA (Columbia).
It all takes place on board ship and it's plenty exciting. The cast boasts such names as Walter Connolly, John Gilbert, Alison Skipworth, Victor McLaglen, Helen Vinson, Fred Keating and Wynne Gibson.

CHAINED (M-G-M).
Thoroughly entertaining. Clark Gable, Otto Kruger and Joan Crawford.

CLEOPATRA (Paramount).
Lavish production. With Claudette Colbert, Warren William and Henry Wilcoxon.

DAMES (Warners).
One of the better musicals. With Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell.

THE GAY DIVORCEE (RKO).
Simply swell musical with some real laughs and Fred Astaire's divine dancing. In addition there are Ginger Rogers, Edward Everett Horton, Alice Brady and Erik Rhodes and Eric Blore in minor roles.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M).
Jean Harlow is swell as a chorus girl who is ambitious to enter society. With Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Patsy Kelly and Franchot Tone.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Universal).
Charles Dickens' immortal story superbly enacted by Henry Hull, Florence Reed, Phillips Holmes and Jane Wyatt.

THE GREAT FLIRTATION (Paramount).
Elissa Landi is exceptionally good. Adolphe Menjou and David Manners here, too.

HANDY ANDY (Fox).
A Will Rogers opus. 'Nuff said?

HAPPINESS AHEAD (First National).
Dick Powell and Josephine Hutchinson, a newcomer, in a nice little story that will amuse and entertain you. "Pop Goes My Heart," as Dick sings it, is swell.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
Don't fail to see this. Arliss, Loretta Young and Robert Young.

THE HUMAN SIDE (Universal).
Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen, Charlotte Henry and Dickie Moore in a nice story that can't offend the censors.

JANE EYRE (Monogram).
Virginia Bruce and Colin Clive in the screen version of the Bronte novel.

JUDGE PRIEST (Fox).
Will Rogers does a grand job and is ably supported by Berton Churchill, Henry B. Walthall, Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise and Tom Brown.

KID MILLIONS (Sam Goldwyn).
Another Eddie Cantor hit. The usual beautiful girls, lovely settings, hot music and swell gags. Ann Sothern, Ethel Merman, Block and Sully and Warren Hymer.

LADY BY CHOICE (Columbia).
About a fan dancer, Carole Lombard, who goes to an old ladies' home to adopt a mother, May Robson. Walter Connolly and Roger Pryor here, too. You'll enjoy it immensely.

THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS (RKO).
Ann Harding and John Boles.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? (Universal).
Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery in the screen version of the popular novel.

MADAME DU BARRY (Warners).
A beautiful production with Dolores Del Rio in the title role.

THE MERRY WIDOW (M-G-M).
This should be on your "must" list. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier are delightful.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES (Paramount).
A musical-murder comedy, with Carl Brisson and Kitty Carlisle.

ONE MORE RIVER (Universal).
Courtroom drama. Excellent performances by Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton and Colin Clive.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (Columbia).
Beautiful singing by Grace Moore. Don't miss it.

OPERATOR 13 (M-G-M).
A spy story with Marion Davies and Gary Cooper.

POWER (British-Gaumont).
Conrad Veidt's portrayal of "Jew Suss" is very worth while.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (Paramount).
About the Revolutionary Days and "bundling." With Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland.

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN (Universal).
Delightful comedy. Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Victor Moore and Esther Ralston.

SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount).
One of the better comedies. With Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins and Kitty Carlisle. Bing warbles "Love in Bloom."

TARZAN AND HIS MATE (M-G-M).
Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton.

THE THIN MAN (M-G-M).
An excellent mystery. Myrna Loy and William Powell make a swell team.

TREASURE ISLAND (M-G-M).
Jackie Cooper, Wally Beery, Lewis Stone, Otto Kruger and Lionel Barrymore in the Robert Louis Stevenson tale.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (Columbia).
Entertainment plus. John Barrymore and Carole Lombard.

VIVA VILLA (M-G-M).
Fine characterization by Wally Beery. Stu Erwin and Katherine DeMille in supporting roles.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS (M-G-M).
Don't miss Helen Hayes in this. Brian Aherne, Madge Evans and Lucille Watson.

THE WHITE PARADE (Fox).
Loretta Young gives one of her best performances to date in this hospital story. John Boles, Dorothy Wilson and Jane Darwell deserve praise, too.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN (Universal).
Rather clever mystery. With Paul Lukas, Leila Hyams, Lillian Bond, Onslow Stevens and Dorothy Burgess.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE (RKO).
John Boles and Irene Dunne.

BACHELOR BAIT (RKO).
Stu Erwin heads a matrimonial agency. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson are in it.

BEYOND THE LAW (Columbia).
Thrills aplenty in this Tim McCoy opus. Shirley Grey is his leading lady.

BIG HEARTED HERBERT (Warners).
Nice comedy. With Guy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon and Pat Ellis.

BY YOUR LEAVE (RKO).
It's all Frank Morgan, but no one should mind that. With Genevieve Tobin, Neil Hamilton, Marian Nixon and Gene Lockhart.

CARAVAN (Fox).
Its tuneful gypsy music and make-believe atmosphere will thrill you. Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, Jean Parker and Phillips Holmes head a large cast.

THE CAT'S PAW (Fox).
Harold Lloyd's latest offering. With Una Merkel, George Barbier and Nat Pendleton.

CHANGE OF HEART (Fox).
Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell.

CHU CHIN CHOW (Gaumont-British).
A musical that's different. With Anna May Wong and Fritz Kortner.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN (Warners).
The Joe E. Brown fans will be pleased.

COCKEYED CAVALIERS (RKO).
Wheeler and Woolsey as funny as ever. Also Thelma Todd, Noah Beery and Dorothy Lee.

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (United Artists).
Robert Donat and Elissa Landi in Alexander Dumas' thrilling story. Don't miss it.

DANGEROUS CORNER (RKO).
Unusual mystery. With Virginia Bruce, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas, Ian Keith and Erin O'Brien Moore.

DESIRABLE (Warners).
Jean Muir, George Brent and Verree Teasdale turn in exceptionally good performances.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Universal).
Neat comedy. With Chester Morris and Marian Nixon.

ENTER MADAME (Paramount).
Elissa Landi, as the temperamental prima donna, and Cary Grant, as the husband who rebels against being nothing more than her pet Peke carrier. Lynne Overman, Sharon Lynne, Frank Albertson and Cecilia Parker, too.

THE FIGHTING RANGER (Columbia).
For the Buck Jones fans.

THE FIREBIRD (Warners).
A murder mystery that is decidedly different. Verrree Teasdale, Ricardo Cortez, Anita Louise and Lionel Atwill.

FOG OVER FRISCO (First National).
A mystery. With Bette Davis, Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot and Margaret Lindsay.

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN (Warners).
Concerning the fate of four college boys, Franchot Tone, Ross Alexander, Nick Foran and Robert Light. Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir and Ann Dvorak provide the heart interest.



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(Signed) Mrs. R. R., 56th St., N. Y. City.

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HAT, COAT AND GLOVE (RKO).
Worth your time—the courtroom scene is especially interesting. Ricardo Cortez, Barbara Robbins, John Beal and Dorothy Burgess stand out in their roles.

HAVE A HEART (M-G-M).
About a cripple. Jean Parker, Jimmy Dunn, Una Merkel, and Stu Erwin are in it.

HERE COMES THE GROOM (Paramount).
Jack Haley and Mary Boland in a hilarious comedy.

HIDE-OUT (M-G-M).
Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan are grand in this charming story.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney and Bette Davis.

KENTUCKY KERNELS (RKO).
A Wheeler and Woolsey laugh-getter. Mary Carlisle, Spanky McFarland and Noah Beery.

KISS AND MAKE-UP (Paramount).
Burlesquing beauty parlors. Cary Grant, Helen Mack, Genevieve Tobin and Edward Everett Horton.

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN (Paramount).
Cary Grant, Frances Drake, Nydia Westman and Edward Everett Horton in an entertaining comedy. Charles Ray has a minor role.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (20th Century).
George Arliss, Edna May Oliver, Janet Beecher and Ralph Morgan.

LET'S TALK IT OVER (Universal).
A comedy with Chester Morris and Mae Clarke.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M-G-M).
Plenty of action and suspense in this Gable-Loy-Powell film.

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES (Warners).
Good mystery yarn. Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS (Paramount).
Starring those two funsters of the air waves, Gracie Allen and George Burns.

MELODY IN SPRING (Paramount).
Some lovely music and nice singing. Lanny Ross, Mary Boland and Ann Sothern.

MENACE (Paramount).
If you're looking for a murder mystery, see this one. With Paul Cavanagh, Gertrude Michael, Henrietta Crosman and John Lodge.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
Hospital drama. Excellent performances by Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan.

THE MERRY FRINKS (Warners).
Swell comedy. Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Allen Jenkins at their best.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess in a gangster role. With Ann Dvorak and Helen Chandler.

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM (Universal).
About a fellow who wants to forget his prison days and go straight. Lots of action in this one. Edward Arnold, Phillips Holmes, Mary Carlisle and Andy Devine.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR (M-G-M).
Laughs and thrills. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Carlisle and Una Merkel are in it.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD (RKO).
A murder-mystery comedy. Edna May Oliver and Jimmy Gleason are grand.

THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG (Paramount).
Paul Cavanagh and Gertrude Michael as a couple of jewel thieves.

NOW AND FOREVER (Paramount).
Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY (Paramount).
W. C. Fields being very funny.

OUR DAILY BREAD (Viking-United Artists).
About the depression. Karen Morley and Tom Keene do a fine job.

PECK'S BAD BOY (Sol Lesser-Fox).
You'll enjoy Jackie Cooper and Thomas Meighan in this.

THE PERSONALITY KID (Warners).
Story about a prizefighter. Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount).
Mystery with laughs. Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts.

READY FOR LOVE (Paramount).
Richard Arlen and Ida Lupino in a nice little comedy. Marjorie Rambeau and Trent Durkin.

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (RKO).
Some very amusing situations develop in this tale about a gal who wants to be sure that the man she marries is really in love with her. Miriam Hopkins is the gal and Joel McCrea, Henry Stephenson, Fay Wray and Reginald Denny are in the supporting cast.

THE ST. LOUIS KID (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney doesn't let his fans down in this one a-tall. You'll like him. Allen Jenkins and Patricia Ellis with him.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox).
Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres in a rather improbable story. The Gaynor fans may like it.

SHE HAD TO CHOOSE (Majestic).
Rather weak story but good work by Regis Toomey, Isabel Jewell, Sally Blane and Larry Crabbe makes it worth seeing.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS (Fox).
Alice Faye and Lew Ayres.

SHOOT THE WORKS (Paramount).
Musical, featuring Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia).
Interesting performances by Elissa Landi, Joseph Schildkraut and Frank Morgan.

SMARTY (Warners).
Grand comedy. Joan Blondell, Warren William and Edward Everett Horton.

STUDENT TOUR (M-G-M).
"Professor" Butterworth and Jimmy Durante will give you a laugh or two. Newcomer Phil Regan has a nice voice.

STAMBOUL QUEST (M-G-M).
Myrna Loy, George Brent and Lionel Atwill in a spy tale.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox).
Rochelle Hudson and Warner Baxter.

WE LIVE AGAIN (Sam Goldwyn).
Anna Sten and Fredric March in a talkie version of the silent picture, "Resurrection."

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount).
Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard and Burns-Allen.

WE'RE RICH AGAIN RKO).
Some very funny situations here. Edna May Oliver in a polo outfit is a treat in itself. Billie Burke, Joan Marsh, Marian Nixon, Reginald Denny and Grant Mitchell contribute to the general merriment.

WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO).
Unusual story. With Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray.

WHIRLPOOL (Columbia).
Jack Holt and Jean Arthur.

WOMAN'S MAN (Monogram).
A better-than-average tale about Hollywood. With Marguerite de la Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford.

THE WORLD MOVES ON (Fox).
Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone and Raul Roulien head a large cast.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY (Columbia).
Walter Connolly.

YOU BELONG TO ME (Paramount).
Lee Tracy, Helen Mack and David Holt.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

ADVENTURE GIRL (Van Beuren-RKO).
Joan Lowell in the title role.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox).
Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams do their best.

THE BLACK CAT (Universal).
Karloff and Lugosi together.

BRITISH AGENT (Warners).
Leslie Howard and Kay Francis in the film version of the popular book.

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON (Fox).
Warner Oland, Drue Leyton and Mona Barrie continue in the latest "Chan" thriller.

CITY PARK (Chesterfield).
With Sally Blane, H. B. Walthall and Hale Hamilton.

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (Paramount).
Claude Rains.

CRIMSON ROMANCE (Mascot).
Ben Lyon, Sari Maritza and Eric Von Stroheim in a war picture.

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND (M-G-M).
Baseball yarn. With Robert Young, Madge Evans, Nat Pendleton, Paul Kelly and Ted Healy.

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE (Warners).
Rather dull. Warren William and Lyle Talbot.

THE DUDE RANGER (Fox).
Average Western. George O'Brien and Irene Hervey.

ELMER AND ELSIE (Paramount).
George Bancroft and Frances Fuller in a rather dreary tale.

THE FOUNTAIN (RKO).
Good performances by Ann Harding, Jean Hersholt and Paul Lukas make the film worth while.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY (Warners).
Charlie Ruggles and Eugene Pallette, former classmates, get together and have one jolly time. Ann Dvorak, Berton Churchill and Robert Barrat are in it, too.

GIFT OF GAB (Universal).
Large cast includes, Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, Alice White, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor and a great many radio headliners.

GRAND CANARY (Fox).
Warner Baxter and Madge Evans can't overcome a weak story.

HAROLD TEEN (Warners).
The comic strip on the screen, featuring Hal LeRoy and Rochelle Hudson.



Mary Brian and Joe Morrison at the Cocoanut Grove.

HELL BENT FOR LOVE (Columbia).
Tim McCoy and Lillian Bond.

HE WAS HER MAN (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney.

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE (RKO).
Richard Dix and Dorothy Wilson in a slow-moving tale.

HOUSEWIFE (Warners).
Dull story. With George Brent, Bette Davis and Ann Dvorak.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).
Ruth Chatterton's latest.

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS (Warners).
Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell.

THE LEMON DROP KID (Paramount).
Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy, William Frawley, Minna Gombell and Kitty Kelly.

LOVE TIME (Fox).
About Franz Schubert. Nils Asther and Pat Paterson.

MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warners).
Dull comedy. Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods.

A MODERN HERO (Warners).
Concerning life in a circus. Richard Barthelmess and Jean Muir.

MURDER IN TRINIDAD (Fox).
Heather Angel and Nigel Bruce in this mystery.

ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia).
Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Grey.

OUTCAST LADY (M-G-M).
Censorship hampers this one, but a fine cast including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allan and Ralph Forbes saves it.

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia).
Stu Erwin, Ann Sothern and Arline Judge.

RETURN OF THE TERROR (First National).
Lyle Talbot and Mary Astor have the leading roles in this mystery drama.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount).
Marlene Dietrich's latest.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS (Liberty).
Reform school yarn. Sidney Fox, Lucille LaVerne, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly and Toby Wing in the cast.

SHE WAS A LADY (Fox).
Story and direction are poor, but Helen Twelvetrees gives a sincere performance. Ralph Morgan and Doris Lloyd in supporting roles.

6 DAY BIKE RIDER (Warners).
Typical Joe E. Brown hokum. Maxine Doyle, Frank McHugh and Gordon Westcott.

STINGAREE (RKO).
Richard Dix and Irene Dunne together again.

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY (M-G-M).
Franchot Tone, Karen Morley and Jack LaRue.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO).
Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez.

THEIR BIG MOMENT (RKO).
ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are apt to disappoint you this time.

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD (Fox).
Showing up some of Hollywood's phoney schools for acting. With Jimmy Dunn, Alice Faye, Grant Mitchell, and those two comedians, Mitchell and Durant.

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND (Reliance-United Artists).
Musical murder-mystery that doesn't quite hit the mark, in spite of a huge cast: Gene Raymond Nancy Carroll, Mitzi Green, Jack Benny, Boswell Sisters and many more "names."

WAGON WHEELS (Paramount).
Better-than-average Western, featuring Randolph Scott, Gail Patrick, Raymond Hatton and Monte Blue.

WAKE UP AND DREAM (Universal).
Nice musical. Russ Columbo, June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta.

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD (RKO).
Interesting story about divorce. Edward Arnold's performance is outstanding. Frankie Thomas and Karen Morley here, too.

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL (Mascot).
William Haines, Judith Allen, Vince Barnett, John Miljan and the Wampas Stars of 1934.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BEGGARS HOLIDAY (Tower).
Hardie Albright, Sally O'Neill and Barbara Barondess.

BLACK MOON (Columbia).
Weak yarn. Jack Holt and Fay Wray.

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT (RKO).
Sidney Fox, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Sterling Holloway and Ned Sparks in this musical.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST (Monogram).
Marian Marsh, Ralph Morgan, Louise Dresser and H. B. Walthall.

I GIVE MY LOVE (Universal).
Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and Eric Linden fail to make this interesting.

THE LADY IS WILLING (Columbia).
Very disappointing. Leslie Howard, Binnie Barnes and Nigel Bruce are in it.

LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
Lew Ayres and Patrica Ellis.

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE (Columbia).
Don't waste your time on this one. Jean Arthur, Richard Cromwell, Anita Louise and Donald Cook.

NO RANSOM (Liberty).
Leila Hyams, Phillips Holmes and Jack LaRue in an impossible story.

PARIS INTERLUDE (M-G-M).
Madge Evans, Robert Young, Una Merkel and Otto Kruger.

SECRET OF THE CHATEAU (Universal).
Very bad. Claire Dodd, Jack LaRue, Alice White, George E. Stone and Ferdinand Gottschalk.

STOLEN SWEETS (Chesterfield).
Charles Starrett and Sally Blane in a dull yarn.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 11*)

Boosting Bradford

This is just a rave over John Bradford, who took that difficult role of Adrian Almont in "365 Nights in Hollywood" and simply made it sit up and beg! He has everything—looks, personality and a grand speaking and singing voice. He did the villainous side of his role so well that the audience despised him, then found themselves warming to his whimsical, charming personality when he and Alice Faye sang their clever song, and liking the darn guy in spite of themselves! Here's a big bouquet for him, and a fervent hope that we'll see him soon, and often!—Louise Grant, Charleston, W. Va.

A Lew Crusade

I am a crusader for more and better roles for a very miscast star whom we all know as Lew Ayres. Why should his chances for some serious acting be drowned in some silly, if not mediocre, part? After seeing "All Quiet" several years ago and his outstanding performances in "O. K. America" and "State Fair," I think the public expects something better than he has had an opportunity to give. I'm sick of being disappointed in his pictures—I want to see him do something BIG. How's about it?—Virginia Haas.

Personal Nominations

Best male singing voice—Bing Crosby
Best female singing voice—Alice Faye
Best physique—Gilbert Roland
Best figure—Joan Crawford
Most beautiful face—Mary Brian
Most handsome man—Bing Crosby
Prettiest hair—Jean Harlow
Prettiest teeth for women—Mae West
Prettiest teeth for men—Bing Crosby
Best dressed woman—Kay Francis
Best coiffures—Norma Shearer
Best dressed man—William Powell
Best female dancer—Joan Crawford
Best male dancer—Fred Astaire
Best natured fellow—James Dunn
Best natured girl—Joan Blondell
Nicest smile (male)—Bing Crosby
Nicest smile (female)—Frances Dee
Prettiest eyes (male)—Gary Cooper
Prettiest eyes (female)—Claudette Colbert
Prettiest dimples (male)—Clark Gable
Prettiest dimples (female)—June Collyer
Sweetest face (male)—Lew Ayres
Sweetest face (female)—Dixie Lee
Ideal wife—Jobyna Ralston Arlen
Best all 'round fellow—Richard Arlen—These are Cecilia Joseph's selections. What are yours?

Eyes Have It

I have seen Jack LaRue in "Take the Stand" and he plays the part of the columnist as well as he does everything else. But why, oh why, isn't he given a chance at better roles? He has always been a favorite of mine and I have always considered him a great actor, and I'd like nothing better than to see him in a really worth while role. A lover role mostly. What those eyes of his could do to a female's heart is nobody's business.—Miss Jay Loiacono, Jersey City, N. J. (*He's had a new nose made to go with his eyes—maybe the combination will bring him a break.*)



Ginger Rogers is too good a sport to care if Lew Ayres stepped out one night with Sally Clark, divorced from director Eddie Buzzell after a two-month marriage.

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Name.....

Address.....

They Visit New York

(*Continued from page 12*)

Gombell.

* * *

Don't send us any arsenic in the mail, girls. And don't drop by the office to pull our hair. But who do you think we had lunch with a few weeks ago? John Boles. Oh—all right—if you must be a stickler for accuracy—Marcellite Boles, Jawn's wife, came along, too. We said "lunch." As a matter of fact, we went for lunch and spent the day, because, between John's and Marcellite's grand sense of humor and that very good iced tea they were serving, there just didn't seem any point in leaving. (At least, they said it was iced tea.)

Here's a story John told. It's quite respectable, so the children can stay in the room. It's the one about the man who had eight sons. And an old friend, who hadn't seen him for a quarter of a century or something, bumped into him one day and asked what the great big family was doing.

"Well," said the father of eight, "the oldest one's a senator, and the second one is a half-wit, too. The third one got the Croix de Guerre, you know, and the fourth one never went to France either. The fifth one is a banker, and the sixth one is in the next cell. The seventh one is an intellectual and the eighth one is also a sissy."

Marcellite was wearing a gorgeous ring, present from her spouse, and someone made a remark about all Southern girls being born gold-diggers.

"Ye-e-s," drawled Marcellite in her Mason-Dixon accent, "Ah'm a terrible gold-digger. It has taken me fo' years to chisel a trip to New York from Jawn and seventeen years to get this engagement ring."

Which will give you the tip-off that even the fascinatin' J. B. has a few faults just same like other husbands.

* * *

To a certain all-niterie called the Elysée, we went diversion seeking and found there Miss Kay Francis with a very distinguished looking gen'leman who was not Maurice Chevalier. Champagne was being passed and everything was altogether too, too elegant, including Kay's evening wrap. We turned a livid green with envy the minute we saw her. A dyed-in-the-wool movie enthusiast in our party wrote on a menu card, "Dear Miss Francis—I have been a fan of yours for years. Will you please autograph this menu for me?" We grabbed the card before the waiter could take it and added a postscript, lika-dis: "Personally, Miss Francis, we'd settle for your evening wrap."

And what did Miss Francis do? She caught our eye, grinned and made as though to take off the garment. We exchanged winks, the fan got her autograph, and this department went out into the night liking Kay Francis even better than before, as a person who can take time to take a joke.

* * *

Gaumont-British Pictures put on a great deal of dog at a luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was all in honor of a fourteen-year-old English lassie named, believe us or not, Nova Pilbeam. Nova's name may not be one you'll find in every telephone directory, but what, after all, is in a name, as the chap said when he forged the cheque? Nova is cute. Nova is a brilliant little actress. Nova is a person you'll be seein' in pictures made here and in England, or we miss our guess. She looks less than fourteen, so we know she hasn't started to lie about her age yet. The picture shown after the luncheon was "Little Friend," and it's Nova's show from start to finish.

Incidentally, one of the guests at the speaker's table was Walter Huston, who



At the Cohen Banquet. Seated, Henry Wilcoxon, stage-star Queenie Smith, Cohen, Katherine De Mille and Mary Boland. Standing, writer J. P. McEvoy, W. C. Fields and two boys with perfect sets of teeth—Cary Grant and Carl Brisson.

really ought to do something about making another picture pretty soon. Why, we were a little tot in pigtails when he started this business of playing in "Dodsworth" on the New York stage. Or so it seems. Anyway, there was considerable cross-talk at this same luncheon about Mr. Huston doing a picture in England. Personally, we don't care whether he makes a picture in Hollywood, England or Timbuktoo, just so's he makes one.

* * *

Our old friends, Bebe and Ben Lyon, were here on a flying trip. Interpret the word "flying" both ways, for Bebe and Ben came in their own plane and they were forced down outside Pittsburgh in bad weather and had sort of a heck of a time. Practically all they could talk about was their three-year-old Barbara and their conversation is a series of quotes from her bright sayings. They're to be forgiven, of course, just as all other parents of adorable children have to be forgiven. The only way to get Bebe Daniels off the subject of Barbara is to tell her you've discovered a new Chinese restaurant. At that signal, she screams for her hat and a taxi and wonders all the way to the Oriental eaterie whether she'll have a yak-u-mein and plain chop suey, or fuh-yan-deng with shrimp chow mein. But then, Chinese food is Bebe's only vice, so let's not be disagreeable about it.

Out of Their Sorrows

(*Continued from page 47*)

that lack in her.

Then came marriage and after that pitifully short period of happiness with Kenneth Hawkes, sorrow struck at her severely. When her husband's plane fell from the skies that day, Mary Astor's happiness crashed with him. That day she stopped being a child.

Out of the broken pieces of her life she built a new life for herself . . . a life that was founded on reality. And she knew that before she had only played at living. The illusion was gone now . . . the sense that the things she had must necessarily be permanent. But other things came to take their place. The philosophy she had worked out for herself, the rich understanding and the ability to feel sorrow. Something new came into her life.

She was no longer only a lovely shadow to the fans who saw her on the screen, but a woman who could make them laugh or weep with her . . . a woman who was great because she had become a woman.

A new love came to Mary Astor and a new marriage . . . the deep contentment of happy wifehood . . . the joy of being a mother. Maturity had come to her out of her sorrow and it was maturity that gave her the power to drink more deeply of her new happiness.

Sorrow brought poignancy to Joan Crawford.

Happiness had brought her peace. She had been such a restless girl, that little Lucille Le Sueur who first came to Holly-



Wadyuhknow? Lupe and Johnnie, not fighting. This was taken at the Vendome, just prior to leaving for New York and London, where Lupe is doing a picture.

FOR CHEST COLDS

Distressing cold in chest or throat, that so often leads to something serious, generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

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wood. Her days were so full of excitement and thrills that she never gave a thought to the years rushing by. Her work (she didn't call it her art, then) meant nothing beyond the things it gave her. Money to lavish on friends in that generous way of hers . . . clothes . . . parties . . . the opportunity of meeting people, gay, exciting people . . . a taste of fame that in turn made her exciting to the people she found stimulating.

Her nights were spent in dashing madly from one party to another, always in the fastest cars money could buy. Speed . . . change . . . that was the tempo of her life. Music . . . fast music . . . *faster music* . . . music racing in tune to her own restless pulses . . . Dancing . . . . she could never have enough of it . . . and every evening it was a new lad's arms that held her . . . a new lad's eyes that laughed into hers.

She had found a measure of success but critics did not wear out their typewriter ribbons hailing her as a Rachael or a Duse. But Joan Crawford did not care and there is a doubt she would have known then what those names meant.

IT was young Fairbanks who taught her what they meant . . . what other things meant. In all the flurry of amazement that greeted their romance no one could have been more surprised than Joan herself that she had fallen in love with this studious, sensitive boy. And no one was more surprised than she at the contentment that came to her in making his life her own.

Stars . . . she had probably thought the lights that flickered before Grauman's Chinese Theatre much more beautiful before . . . but now stars became tenderness. Books . . . she had never known how fascinating they could be, how they could open a whole world before her eyes. Music . . . how different was this music Douglas loved . . . this music that ached in your heart . . . from the turbulent rhythm she had once danced to. And home became more than a name to her.

All these things worked their change in her and her audiences felt that change. Slowly Joan began to emerge from the jazzy, carefree roles she had played, into fuller, more interesting ones. But there was still a long way to go before she would come into her greatest glory . . . before she would stand at the very peak of her profession.

Sorrow brought her to that peak. Sorrow moving in its devious way, carrying her first into the valley, that she would the more surely reach the pinnacle.

Something happened to the love that had seemed so unchanging and so sure. And the fact that there is so little known of the thing that came between them, that neither Joan nor Douglas would ever discuss each other except in the friendly, civilized way that brought them the respect of everybody, shows how much that love must once have meant.

Joan's face changed subtly. Her eyes held shadows, her mouth a hint of sadness that blotted out the smile that had always come too easily before. Her heart still held the things young Doug had given her . . . stars and music and gardens, fresh smelling and sweet in a spring rain . . . home and its quiet things, its gentle things. *But Doug was no longer there to share them with her.*

Poignancy came to her then, in her nostalgia for the love that had slipped away from her. And it is that yearning for something lost and unforgotten that has crept into her art. Her art that used to be her work. . . .

Sorrow brought glamor to Garbo.

It's become quite the thing to laugh at those old pictures of the Greta Garbo which Mauritz Stiller brought with him from Sweden. And yet the glamorous Garbo emerged from the drab chrysalis of that gauche, bewildered girl. But that was afterwards, when Stiller lay in his lonely grave and the width of the Atlantic was between him and the girl he had loved so selflessly.

There is no doubt that Garbo loved him, too . . . that he is the only man she ever really loved. Only for a while she lost sight of that love in the tumultuous wooing of John Gilbert . . . in the strangeness of the new life opening before her.

Mauritz Stiller did not live to see the new Garbo. The glamorous Garbo, the Garbo clothed in mystery, the enigmatic Garbo who has captured the imagination of the world. But even if he had lived he could never have seen her.

For it was his death that brought her solitude. Garbo shut her sorrow in her heart. And one can only guess how much remorse there was mixed in that sorrow. She could no longer endure to be with people . . . people who laughed and talked and were so unconscious of the fact that the world lay in darkness, that the light of the sun and moon and stars had gone out forever more.

In her sorrow she walked alone through soft spring rains and it was as if the heavens were weeping with her. And her eyes looked beyond the poppies in California fields to the delicate pink *linnae* trailing in her native woods, to the primroses and violets and bluebells they had gathered in their own Swedish meadows as they dreamed of glory in the promised land across the sea.

Heartache . . . loneliness became her life . . . the private life she so jealously reserved for herself. And the gods laughed as they twisted these things into a satirical gift for her. Heartache . . . loneliness . . . they because mystery and glamor to her millions of fans.

SORROW gave a new career to Mary Pickford.

She had worked so hard all her life. As a child trudging from one manager's office to another, as a girl pioneering as gallantly as any frontier woman in the mazes of a new art, as a woman holding the stellar position in the industry she had helped make great.

For years, fate gave with an unstinting hand to her. Fame . . . a fortune financiers have envied . . . love. Most prodigally of all, it gave love to her. Her mother's love that was so wholly complete it left her independent of friendship, her brother Jack's love, gay and irresponsible, brightening her days with laughter. Then the dearest love of all, the love that flamed so quickly between her and Douglas Fairbanks, the love that endured for so many years.

She grew from that shadow child who had won America's heart to the woman the years had made too mature for the roles her audiences demanded of her. She tried other roles but the public would have none of them. She knew that her work was finished. But it did not seem so hard then to retire. She could give all her time to the ones she loved. After all, love was the most important thing in the world.

In a little more than a year all that love was swept away from her. Her mother died first. She had expected that, of course, in the months when Charlotte Pickford lay helpless in her last illness, but it was no less cruel for all that. And then Jack . . . her little brother . . . Jack who had loved gayety so, and charming, stimulating people . . . Jack dying alone in a hospital in Paris. Then Douglas . . . that different loss must have been hardest of all . . . for it was to life she lost him.

Mary looked into her sorrowing heart and found the things that had seemed unimportant before. She found friends again, the old ones she had not needed before, the new ones that opened unexpected vistas for her. She found the knowledge of life that had come to her in all those years of climbing and working.

And out of them came her writing and the joy in it that has given her a new kind of happiness . . . a lasting happiness. For she has discovered that writing is the one thing fate cannot take away from her. Let sorrow come again . . . her stories will be the richer for it. Let age come . . . those stories will only be the more under-



Howard Hughes' charming companion is Warner Bros.' youthful and promising player, Patricia Ellis. Scotty snapped them at the Trocadero.



Elizabeth Allan and Frank Lawton of "David Copperfield" cast, at the Trocadero. Frank Lawton is a little tired of being thought Charles Laughton's son, and having his name spelled with an "ugh."

standing. It is good to have a thing like that in your grasp, a thing that will never become familiar and stale . . . a thing that will remain forever new, exciting and unfinished. More recently, Mary has found radio opening its arms to her. New work to do. A new zest added to life.

Sorrow brought freedom to Frances Marion.

When George Hill's tragic death shocked Hollywood, its heart flowed out in sympathy for Frances Marion who had been his wife and was still his friend. Sorrow had struck at her so repeatedly. She had seen so many friends go. Jessie, the secretary, whom she loved as a sister. Lorna Moon, the writer whose brilliant career was stopped by her early death. Marie Dressler, the most loved friend of all.

George Hill's will spoke of Frances Marion as his beloved divorced wife . . . a tribute that drew editorials from hard-boiled newspaper men all over the country. More than anything else that tribute reveals Frances Marion as the most truly loved woman in Hollywood.

She has always lived close to sorrow. It is because she has lived life so fully, drunk of it so deeply that she has become the great writer she is . . . the one writer for the screen who has remained at the very peak for the twenty years she has been writing for it.

Illness had made her childhood a cloistered one, shut away from other children. A strange child, a lonely child, she grew into a woman whose life became an amazing pattern of adventure and change and tragedy.

It was that lonely little girl, listening to the laughter of other children, who crept into her script of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and lived in all those other stories she wrote for Mary Pickford. It is the woman who has travelled all over the world, taking its sorrow with the same unflinching courage with which she takes its joys, who breathes in every story she writes. "The Champ" . . . "Min and Bill" . . . "Emma" . . .the greatest box office attractions the screen has ever known were written from that understanding, tolerant heart of hers.

Her early sorrows brought success to Frances Marion, but the ones that have crowded each other so relentlessly in the last few years have brought freedom to her.

She thought she had lost her world when Fred Thompson died, her husband and the father of her two little boys. But it was because he died that Christmas afternoon that sorrow gave her freedom. Success had chattled her with possessions. The million-dollar home on a Hollywood mountain top, the priceless antiques they had collected together, the library of rare first editions, the house at the beach, the huge cabin in the mountains . . . all of them things chaining her to them . . . driving her to work beyond her strength to make the money for the taxes and the maintenance and the insurance it cost to keep them.

One day she stood looking out at the sunlight that slanted through the trees to the courtyard below her window and she remembered how she had come cantering over that courtyard with Fred Thompson and how they had laughed together as they had dismounted from their horses. Fred Thompson had loved that courtyard, those huge stables filled with blooded horses, that house with its priceless treasures.



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But they were no longer his to enjoy.

Knowing that . . . they seemed no longer *hers* either.

Surprising, that sense of exultation that came with the knowledge that she was free from *things.* Today Frances Marion can do the things she wants to do. She has time for the music she loves and for her singing, time to write the novels and the plays she always wanted to write but could not because of the gamble it would mean.

If Frances Marion were writing the story of those tears Carole Lombard may be facing today, she would take some of her own heart-ache in fashioning it and the things that have come out of sorrow. Not only her own, but the sorrows of all those other valiant women of Hollywood . . . Mary Astor . . . Joan Crawford . . . Garbo . . . Mary Pickford. All these gallant ones.

Freedom . . . glamor . . . poignancy . . . maturity . . . a career . . she would take them all and fashion them into beauty and courage and power. Shape them from the experience that has come to her into a lasting inspiration.

He Was a Problem Child

(*Continued from page 31*)

THE many dramas in which March has appeared on stage and screen were spun of no more colorful threads than those woven into his own story—a story which carries a message to every mother's son and every son's mother. The fates must have intended him for the stage and screen, for his early background seemed to have destined him for something else. March says he might have been a gangster. You probably have read that after his youthful life of crime, he landed a job in a teller's cage in a bank. Rather different—yes. Thanks to certain influences, which I'll let him tell you about himself.

He was born in Racine, Wisconsin, on August 31, 1897, and was dunked Frederick McIntyre Bickel. His father was of German lineage; his mother, Cora Marcher (which name inspired him with his stage name), was of English, Scotch and Dutch extraction.

"As I said," March told me, "I was a tough kid. I *did* speak nice pieces at nice local functions when called upon. But at the age of six I was thrashed for doing an imitation of an old man who hobbled by on crutches. Soon thereafter our gang began building little clubhouses along the shores of Lake Michigan. We stole everything needed for construction and maintenance, from lumber to food and fuel. We engaged in gang fights, used bricks for weapons, and running amuck now and then, tipped over all the Chic Sales in Racine. We were headed straight for the penitentiary, according to all the town authorities, and some of the boys actually reached that destination. Had it not been for the environment of a good home and loving, understanding parents, I, too, might have been a jail bird. I might have been the right-hand man of an Al Capone or a 'Legs' Diamond.

"My boyhood nickname was Bottles. My abilities as a junk picker earned that sobriquet for me. I could 'find' more bottles, more scrap iron, more rags, more old washboards, than any boy in our gang. This might have been due to the fact that I was an observing child and knew just what days the good housewives of Racine went to town. However, the excitement of collecting and selling junk was nothing as compared to the thrill of the theatre—the circumstance that doubtless saved me from the eventual clutches of the law. Racine boasted the Jack Besse Stock Company, and, now and then, provided a good company on tour, such as Maude Adams in 'Peter Pan' and Richard Bennett in 'Damaged Goods.' It was after watching Bennett that I made up my mind to be an actor."

FRED finished high school and wanted to go to the University of Wisconsin but the family funds were low, so he went to work in the Manufacturers' National Bank and worked his way up from the Christmas savings cage to a position as assistant teller. He saved his money and in 1916 entered Wisconsin University. With the outbreak of war, he enlisted, was commissioned a shavetail, and was attending an artillery school when the Armistice was signed. Returning to the university, he won a scholarship for a course in training for foreign service with the National City Bank of New York. All very admirable. But—

"I soon realized it was the thought of foreign travel—not a banking career—that kept me at work," he confesses. "In my heart," he admits, "what I really wanted was to be an actor. I left the bank and went to work as a $3 a day extra in the Long Island studios. Then I went to work posing for illustrators and photographers, and met Norma Shearer, Neil Hamilton, Eleanor Boardman, and others who were earning their bread and butter, posing.

Then came the turning point in the life of Freddie Bickel.

"I stood, one day, in an automat in downtown New York, and flipped my last dime into the air. I was cold and hungry. I had not worked for days. The soles were gone from my shoes and I could not return to my rooming house without cash, for I had been locked out. I caught the dime in my palm, and closed my fist, before looking. Heads, and the dime would be inserted into a sandwich slot and I would eat, and abandon dreams of a stage career; tails, and I would use a nickel to telephone an agency for models, and use the other jitney for carfare.

"I opened my fist, looked, got two nickels for the dime from the cashier, went to the phone, talked to a man, grinned, and hurried for the uptown subway, hungry but happy. Leon Gordon, noted artist, needed a male model. For three hours I stood on the pedestal. At the end of that time Gordon yawned, laid aside his brushes, and turned to me. 'Three hours, three dollars,' he said, handing me three $1 bills. With thoughts of food I hurried for the door.

"'Wait a minute,' called Gordon. 'Would you mind doing an errand for me? Will you run over to the theatre and get me two seats for tonight for 'Lady of the Lamp'?"

"I took another notch in my belt and went to the theatre, bought the tickets, and on the way out, bumped into an agent who told me that two extras were needed at the Belasco theatre for 'Deburau.' He told me I'd better hurry. I ran all the way, and was engaged for a walk-on part. I ran back to Gordon's to deliver the tickets, hurried to the Belasco and was so excited I forgot I was hungry. It was a grand break for me.

"That was the beginning. I became call boy, understudy, stage hand, and bit player, and after twenty-five weeks found myself playing the juvenile lead in 'Deburau.' From then on, it was just plain hard work in stock companies. I wasn't an actor and everyone including myself knew it, and I was advised to get some stock experience.

FIVE years of hardship followed; five years of stock, third-rate companies, cheap boarding houses, thin overcoats, summer clothes for winter, and vice versa; half-soled shoes, second-hand hats, socks with holes in the toes; weary miles of trudging, looking for work, with blistered heels and burning feet. Long days—days during which the activities of gangsters who might even have been his boyhood pals filled the front pages—caused Freddie to wonder if he had chosen the right profession.

Then came Florence Eldridge; they were married in the spring of 1927. She was well known then. She has gradually put aside her career—her husband's was more important to her. She helped him tremendously. She has such a deep understanding for acting and the theatre.

A year later, March was offered the leading role in the Los Angeles production of "The Royal Family." He was



The chap with Mary Carlisle is James Blakely, N. Y. socialite and screen newcomer. At Junior Laemmle's going-away party.

offered that role because of his striking resemblance to the John Barrymore of a dozen years ago.

I saw the opening of "The Royal Family" in Los Angeles, the guest of Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston.

At the conclusion of the performance Dick turned to me and said, "Ten to one some producer signs him for pictures."

I didn't take the bet. And—well, you sort of know the rest, I think.

March had finished his story. He reached for another drink.

"Do I sound like the sort of coddled egg that writers insist on painting me?" he demanded.

"It sounds like the confession of an egg that just escaped being a yegg," I admitted.

March grinned.

"I think that prefix of 'Freddie' may have had something to do with it," he laughed. "Say, how would 'Bottles' March look in electric lights?"

I reached for my hat.

Freddie led the way to the door. He paused, for a moment, and then, with a wistful look, said:

"I've a grand blurb for your story. 'I Might Have Been a Gangster.'

"And I might have, too," he added.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 55*)

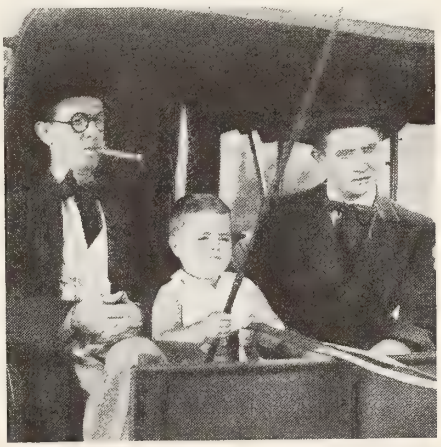
mystery," it does not follow the pattern of the ordinary picture of this kind. Instead of the murderer being run down by detectives, a system of psychology is followed and for that reason this number may not appeal to you folks who like your murder mysteries treated in the familiar stock manner. Really, though, there are some grand performances, principally by Anita Louise, the daughter, who rises to great heights in her confessional scene, and Verree Teasdale as the mother who tries to take the blame for the killing in order to save her daughter. Lionel Atwill registers effectively as the husband and father. Ricardo Cortez is the only one who fails to measure up brilliantly. His character just does not click. This is a picture for sophisticated audiences. It is beautifully directed and photographed. You *should* like it.

A: WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS (M-G-M)

Really enjoyable. Although this is the well known story of a woman who marries a man many years her junior, builds him into a success, loses him to the other woman, and through patience and loyalty wins him back again, it is told and acted with so much charm and sincerity that it takes a front seat in movie entertainment. Helen Hayes, bearing the brunt of bad photography, comes through with a fine performance as the colorless wife. But it is Brian Aherne who stands as the surprise hit of the picture. He makes the character of the conceited, self-satisfied husband so real and human that you never once lose sympathy with him. The remainder of the cast, including Madge Evans and Lucille Watson, is excellent and does much to add to the film. Don't miss it.

B: KENTUCKY KERNELS (RKO-Radio)

A rollicking Wheeler and Woolsey comedy. This combination has never been quite as good or as funny as it is in this little opus, which reeks with hilarity, funny goings-on and downright belly laughs. This time, Wheeler and Woolsey find themselves with a youngster on their hands, who falls heir to some real Kentucky dough. So the boys start South (with Southern accents and all), run smack into a feud, a little romance, and the fun's on. Mary Carlisle is the heart-throb in this case, Noah Beery is the villain and, in spite of the two W's, "Spanky" MacFarland remains the star of the picture. This little youngster practically steals every scene that he's in (and there are a lot of them). Take the whole family to this show and help yourself to a laugh.



Bob Woolsey, Spanky MacFarland and Bert Wheeler in "Kentucky Kernels."

B: THE ST. LOUIS KID (Warners)

A Cagney special. This one starts with a bang and ends with a bang. Jimmy Cagney and Allen Jenkins are two truck drivers. For one reason or t'other, Cagney spends most of his time behind bars. The real trouble begins when he meets Patricia Ellis, smacks into her car, lands in jail, and is even accused of murder. More fun and more laughs in this one. Cagney is his old self again, Jenkins is dumber and funnier than ever, and Patricia Ellis turns in a strong performance in spite of the meagreness of her role. You'll have a grand time for yourself the night you step out to see this.



Paul Cavanagh, Gertrude Michael and John Lodge in "Menace."



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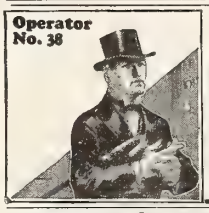
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B: MENACE (Paramount)

Creepy chill provoker. What with a madman on the loose trying to avenge the death of his brother, this murder mystery has plenty of what it takes to make your hair stand on end. Daggers flying, blood curdling yells, slinky shadows—it's got 'em all. The performers, headed by Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh, are all very effective and the dialogue is better than usual. Halliwell Hobbs, as the butler, is excellent. Henrietta Crosman and John Lodge are fine, too. Lots of action here.



Jean Muir, Franchot Tone, Margaret Lindsay, Ross Alexander, Ann Dvorak, Nick Foran in "Gentlemen Are Born."

B: GENTLEMEN ARE BORN (Warners)

A really good picture. Franchot Tone, Ross Alexander, Nick Foran and Robert Light are four college boys who, upon graduation, go out to set the world on fire, each following a different line of pursuit. To watch their individual struggles—one almost finding success, one domestic hardships, one disgrace and the other death—makes for absorbing and intensely interesting movie fare. Franchot Tone has the finest role of his career and does himself proud, thus proving that he can act if given a chance. The remaining three actors, though not so well known on the screen as yet, are such grand troupers that you'll want to see more of them. Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir and Ann Dvorak, as the feminine interests, are all good although their roles are secondary.

C: 365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD (Fox)

Pretty funny fare. Based on the book by Jimmy Starr, Hollywood columnist, this little number has an atmosphere of authenticity that is usually lacking in yarns about Hollywood. The angle here presents one of those phoney schools for acting, presenting its characters as either chiselers or suckers. Jimmy Dunn is the movie director and Alice Faye (from Peoria) is the school's favorite pupil. Through double-crossing means, Dunn turns out a winner with Alice clicking as the star. Alice Faye does right well by herself in this one and shows promise of bigger and better things in the future. Jimmy Dunn turns in a sincere performance and Grant Mitchell, of course, is always reliable. Jack Durant and Frank Mitchell are responsible for most of the howls.



Victor McLaglen, Walter Connolly and John Gilbert in "The Captain Hates the Sea."

A: CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA (Columbia)

A la "Grand Hotel." With all the action taking place on board a ship going from San Pedro to New York, plenty of opportunity is given for the introduction of many and varied characters, all very interestingly drawn. There is the captain, Walter Connolly, who really hates the sea, the perpetually drunk writer, as portrayed by John Gilbert, Alison Skipworth, the well-to-do widow, Helen Vinson and Fred Keating, the two thieves, and Victor McLaglen, as the detective who gets what he's after, plus others too many to mention. Besides the interesting characterizations, Lewis Milestone has directed the picture superbly, wringing the most out of every situation in this intriguing tale. Chalk this up as another Columbia winner that you should see.

C: 6 DAY BIKE RIDER (Warners)

Typical Brown farce. All you Joe E. fans can go to this show knowing that you will get just what you have come to expect from this actor—a funny, if somewhat "hick" comedy. Joe E. plays the usual small town lad who makes good in the end. The bike race sequence is extremely well done and provides a chance for plenty of gags, thrills, as well as an opportunity for Brown to exhibit his talents on a bike. Maxine Doyle is the love-interest in the case and a very nice one she is. Frank McHugh, as Joe's partner, comes in for his share of fun.



Joe E. Brown and Maxine Doyle in "6 Day Bike Rider."

A: ANNE OF GREEN GABLES (RKO-Radio)

Knockout entertainment. If this picture had the star names of "Little Women," I'd be tempted to say that you would like it just as much. The situations in the story will keep you on the edge of your seat all evening, with plenty of laughs to balance the tears. The real treat, though, is the personal hit scored by Anne Shirley. What a performance! This gal is going places. Helen Westley and O. P. Heggie contribute masterful performances and Tom Brown is fine. It is our sincere hope that you will not be scared away from this picture by the lack of big names. If you are, you'll miss one of the best pictures of the year.



Anne Shirley and Tom Brown in "Anne of Green Gables."

A: THE WHITE PARADE (Fox)

An excellent picture. It isn't often you run across a film that is as good as this one. Not only is the story of high interest—centering around a hospital and nurses' training school and containing moments of tense drama and sparkling comedy—but Loretta Young turns in a performance that places her right in the front ranks as a finished dramatic actress. She is superb. John Boles is unusually convincing and likeable as the wealthy bachelor who comes into Loretta's life. Jane Darwell as the head nurse is grand, and Dorothy Wilson shines in a tragic role. You'll laugh and weep.



John Boles and Loretta Young in "The White Parade."

C: TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND (Reliance)

With a cast loaded with star names and a plot into which everything from a musical to a murder mystery has been crowded, this picture remains just so-so entertainment. All the action takes place on a transatlantic liner which is a good spot for committing a murder and also for bringing in plenty of musical entertainment. Along the latter line, the talents of Jack Benny, the Boswell Sisters, Jimmy Grier's orchestra are presented, plus Mitzi Green doing a George Arliss imitation. Gene Raymond and Nancy Carroll provide the love interest and do it mighty well. But in spite of all that, this picture just doesn't jell.



Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond in "Transatlantic-Merry-Go-Round."

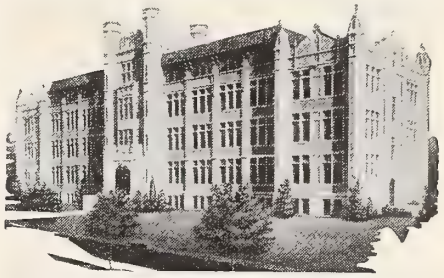
B: BY YOUR LEAVE (RKO-Radio)

Here we have Frank Morgan portraying a middle-aged married man who craves a last fling before settling down to stodgy old age, only to return contentedly to home and wifey. As is to be expected, Morgan gives a grand performance—without him, this picture would have very little to offer. Genevieve Tobin, as the wife, is okay but rather uninteresting, as are Neil Hamilton and Marian Nixon. Gene Lockhart, as Morgan's intoxicated buddy, plays effectively and humorously. But the picture still remains Frank Morgan's and little else. Use your own judgment.



Frank Morgan and Genevieve Tobin in "By Your Leave."

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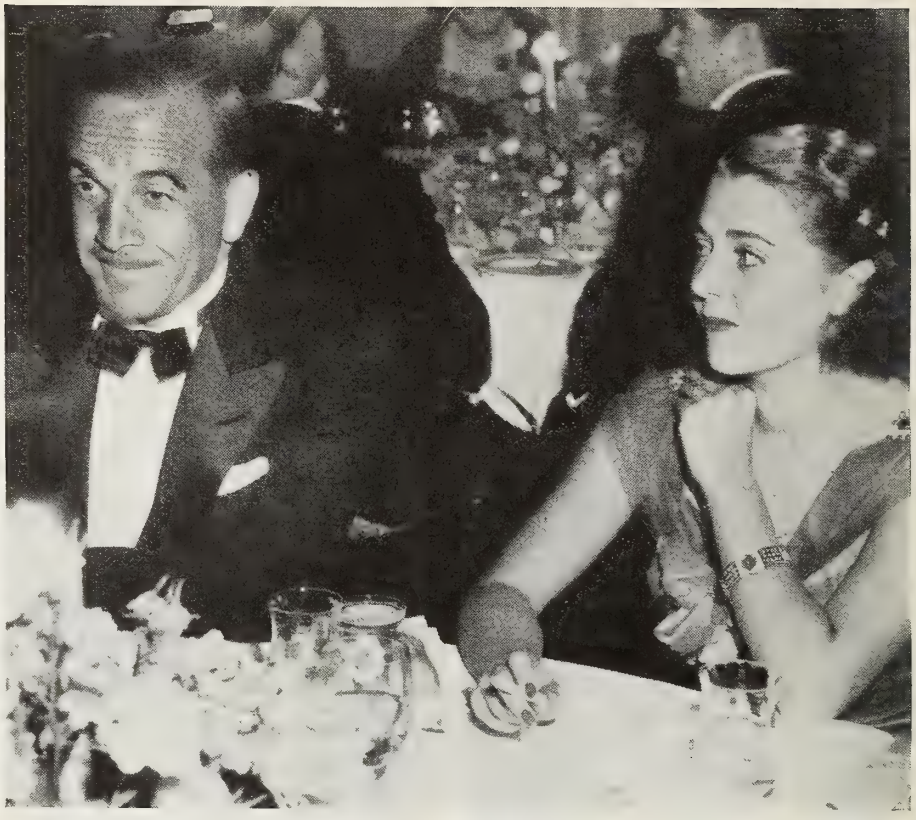
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FREE TEST

LESSONS IN GLAMOUR

Yes, we said lessons. In glamour. Also lessons in charm, in the art of talking to people and in the art of being likeable. We are pleased to announce these articles, which will appear in early issues of MODERN SCREEN.



Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson at the Cocoanut Grove. Ruby and Al are co-stars in Warner Bros.' "Casino de Paree." Sounds swell, doesn't it?

Good News

(*Continued from page 59*)

producer of "Hell's Angels," returned to Hollywood yesterday and took Sally Blane to the Grove the first night . . . Paulette Goddard (Charlie Chaplin's heart) took a short trip to New York and captured the heart of a wealthy member of the 400, but we still have our bets on Chaplin . . . Fox must be afraid Shirley Temple is going to grow up overnight, they are putting her in most every picture they make so's to clean up while *she's* able . . . So many swell pictures this month that we almost ran out of "A's" to rate 'em with . . . Bill Gargan returned from England minus 36 pounds and most of his pals didn't even recognize him . . . The Marquis Hank went to the hospital for an operation immediately after arriving from Paris . . . Sari Maritza and Sam Katz up and got married . . . And Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres announced their engagement . . . The most exciting news is Marion Davies' affiliation with Warners.

For Rainy Evenings

If you get stuck with a crowd and can't find anything else to amuse the gang, try this bunch of questions on them and keep score for the future answers. Time will give them.

Will Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall ever get married?

What reception will Bing Crosby get in his next picture when he tries to sing opera?

Will Spencer Tracy ever get over Loretta Young and get down to steady picture-making again?

Can you name the two biggest box-office stars of the year?

What star, just twenty-seven years old, is about to become a grandmother—and how come?

What famous actor in Hollywood possesses a British title—and not the inherited kind, either?

No, Indeed

Just because Dolores Del Rio hasn't seen a bull fight in nine years, she and her famous art-director husband, Cedric Gibbons, will fly to Mexico City and come back right after the "entertainment" is over. There are not so many Hollywood couples who have to go all the way to Mexico to see a fight.

Phew!

The recent rain storm in Hollywood did plenty of damage but here's

one thing the water did that we bet you haven't heard about: a leak in the sound-stage roof allowed the water to drip through and right in the middle of a scene for "Caprice Espanole." Two huge light bulbs exploded as a result. The flying glass came close to Dietrich and Von Sternberg . . . but not too close.

A Break for Her Maid

Even movie stars have a time being original. Have you ever "seen yourself coming down the street?" Remember the first flush of embarrassment you felt when you realized that the person approaching happened to be wearing the same dress you had on at the time?

Well, it happens in Hollywood too, even with all the money in the world with which to be exclusive. The other evening, Sally Blane was seen to arrive at the Grove . . . take a quick look around . . . discover that Sylvia Sidney was already there with an exact duplicate of the dress *she* was wearing . . . and within five minutes, Sally had said her polite "Goodnights" and had left.

Horrors!

The studio is planning to call Joan Crawford's future picture "No More Ladies." What? with all those censors on the job?

Helping Hand

Lanny Ross has deserted Hollywood. Which statement comes under the heading of news, on account of Lanny was supposed to remain in our hamlet for another six weeks for his second picture, "Mississippi"—now being starred in by Bing Crosby.

While Lanny was working here, his new radio program was broadcast from Hollywood and he made thousands of friends with a very swell idea: each program, Lanny would use "an unknown but talented newcomer" and give him his first chance on a national hook-up. *Radio Stars Magazine* liked Lanny's idea so well that they helped him along by discovering the unknowns who were worthy of such a grand break. Did you hear Betty Borden sing? She was the lucky gal who got the first chance with Lanny . . . they tell us she is now headed places in a big way.

That's Settled

We've had a flock of letters telling us that we were a bit wrong in saying that Carl Brisson ever held the welter-weight boxing championship of middle Europe. We asked Carl and he put us right on the thing: it seems that Mr. Brisson fought under the name "Carl Peterson" and that he was also known as the "Fighting Dane."



These are the people who flew all the way to Mexico City, just to see a bull fight. Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons.

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All Joking Aside .. by Jack Welch



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LEFT AT THE ALTAR

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This unusual love story, Forsaking All Others, produced by M-G-M, is to be seen on the screen with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery playing the principal parts. Read the story complete in the current issue of Screen Romances.

15 COMPLETE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery; BORDERTOWN, Paul Muni, Bette Davis and Margaret Lindsay; NELL GWYN, Anna Neagle and Sir Cecil Hardwicke; REPEAL, Carole Lombard and Chester Morris; ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN, Francis Lederer and Ginger Rogers; WICKED WOMAN, Mady Christians, Jean Parker and Charles Bickford; MAYBE IT'S LOVE, Gloria Stuart, Phillip Reed and Ross Alexander; THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, Claude Rains and Joan Bennett; JEALOUSY, Nancy Carroll and Donald Cook; WEST OF THE PECOS, Richard Dix and Martha Sleeper; MURDER IN THE CLOUDS, Lyle Talbot and Ann Dvorak; GIGOLETTE, Adrienne Ames and Ralph Bellamy; BACKFIELD, Preston Foster, Robert Young, Betty Furness; AGAINST THE LAW, John Mack Brown and Sally Blane; CHEATING CHEATERS, Fay Wray and Cesare Romero.

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Modern Screen

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FEB - 6 1935

Margaret Sullavan

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Modern Screen

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MARLENE ANSWERS ALL YOUR QUESTIONS ..... Ben Maddox 28
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HOW THE STARS KEEP YOUTH AND BEAUTY ..... Katherine Albert 30
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and now the motion picture that wins

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Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier... roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page... that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!

Pronounced "SEE-QUO-YAH"

SEQUOIA

A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN

with

JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN

Based on the novel "Malibu" *by* Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS



• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

Pleasing taste makes FEEN-A-MINT easy to take

Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take—children love it. And because you *chew* it the laxative works more evenly through the system and gives more *thorough relief* without griping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's. Used by over 15,000,000 people.
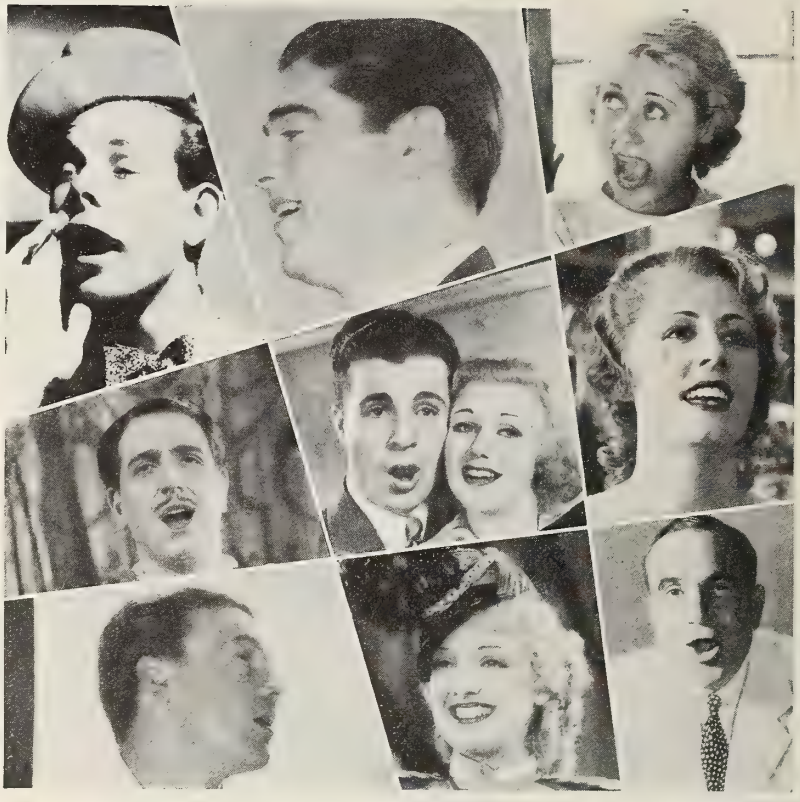


CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR MORE EFFECTIVE RELIEF. THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS IT NATURALLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM ...THAT'S WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** IS SO THOROUGH.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

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THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE



We Announce A Contest . . !

Read the details—and get ready for the gala opening in our next issue!

A Song Contest!

No, you don't have to sing to be in it.

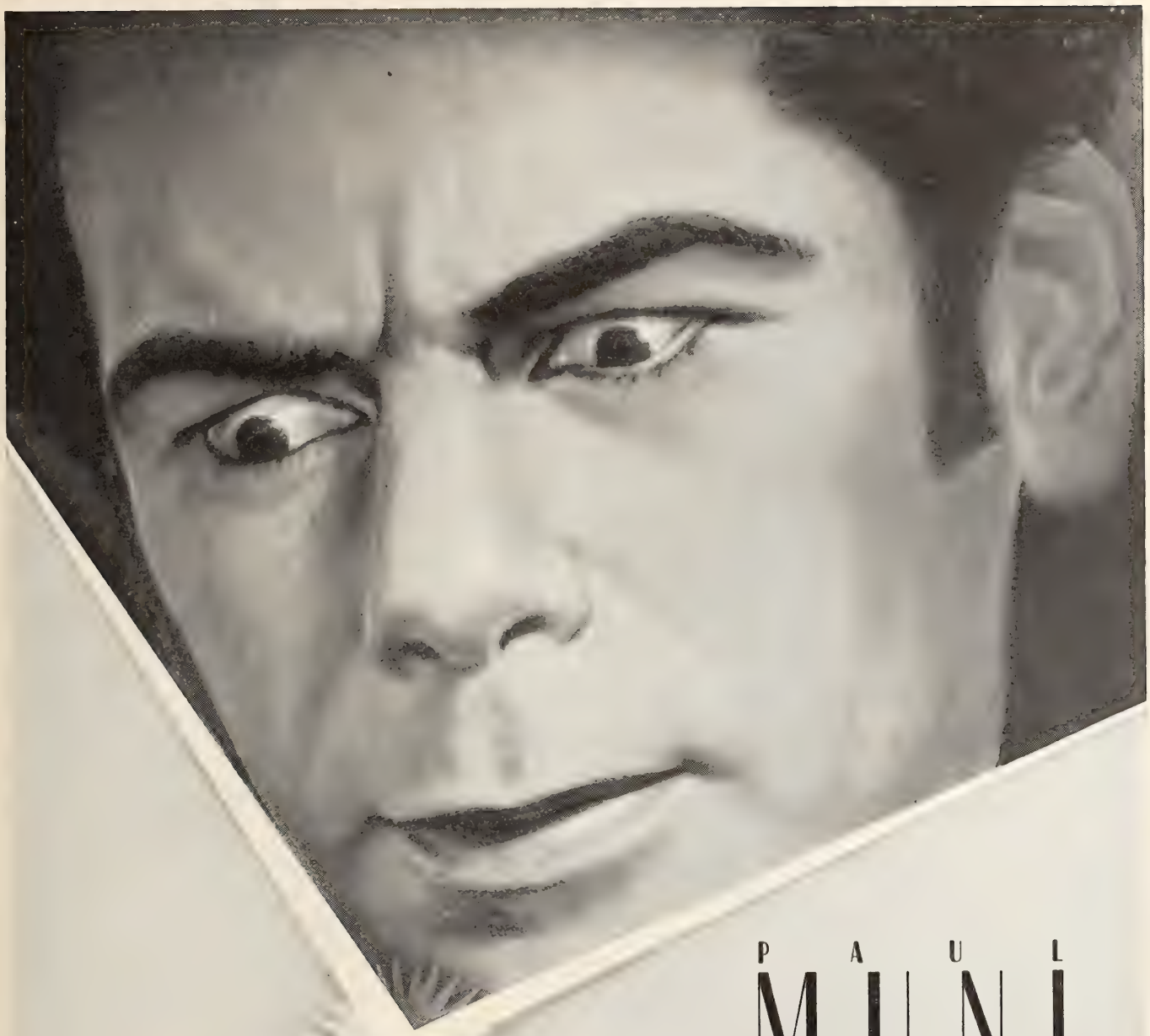
No, you don't have to be able to play the piano to get into it!

You can be tone deaf if you want to—see if we care—and still enter this contest and maybe win some of the $500 prize money.

Here's a hint of what it's all about:

Warner Brothers, who have produced so many grand musicals, and this magazine have had their heads together and decided that it might be an awful lot of fun to ask people an awful lot of questions about an awful lot of songs. And that's part of what we're going to do. You have to answer some questions—just how many and what kind, we'll tell you later.

But before the big rush starts, let us ask you a question: have you ever had a feeling that you'd like to try your hand at writing the words to a song? Have you ever felt almost sure that you could? And then—figured—oh, what's the use? Nobody would ever publish your efforts—one has to have pull to get any attention. And so on and so forth. Have you felt that way? Well, here's a chance to try your luck at writing the words for a song! It isn't (*Continued on page 111*)



The Picture of the Month



PAUL

MUNI

the fighting fury of the screen meets his match at last in

BETTE DAVIS

—a hellcat with murder on her conscience and Muni on her mind

And then things happen! . . . Things that will burn themselves into your memory of a drama which combines the best features of "I Am A Fugitive" and "Of Human Bondage"—Warner Bros.

"BORDERTOWN"

with Margaret Lindsay and Eugene Pallette delivering the other standout performances in a tremendous cast, superbly directed by Archie Mayo.



Gloria Swanson in the Sennett days.

The Most Romantic Story Ever Told

PART 3

by Katherine Albert

The fascinating history of movieland, with all its glamour

WHEN one thinks that the word "Hollywood" is almost a synonym for "movies," it is rather amazing that two complete installments of this story have been concerned with the progress of the motion picture industry before its arrival in Hollywood. Like the invention of moving pictures, making Hollywood its capital was an accident.

By 1913 the industry teemed with activity but it teemed in New York, Chicago, Oakland, Philadelphia. There were a few studios in Los Angeles but people who lived in the tiny suburb called—because of a large growth of holly there—Hollywood had seen cameras only very occasionally when members of the Los Angeles plants used the recently laid out streets for "location." Hollywood was a real estate project, nothing more. And those who had conceived the idea that it would make a nice residential district found themselves millionaires.

Robert Brunton is the name of the man most directly responsible for the vast and glamorous city you know so well today. Brunton was a Scotch set designer, scene painter and general theatre craftsman. He had come to America as part of Sir Henry Irving's staff and might have returned with the actor had he not become interested in the rapidly growing film industry. But he was a gruff sort of fellow and the hail-fellow-well-met attitude of those early mountebanks made him even more gruff. So he found himself without work a great deal of the time.

One Sunday morning he took a stroll along Sunset Boulevard. The casual gesture was history-making, for his eye fell upon a large, rather ramshackle barn. As he meditated upon this site he remembered having read in the papers that a newly formed film concern was moving to Los Angeles. The young men who had pooled their savings to get into the industry (*Continued on page 113*)

Mary Pickford, the first "star" name.



Fatty Arbuckle, the laugh-getter.



Ruth Roland, an early favorite.



Viola Dana, in a silent film.



NAPOLEON'S MASTER
with the troops . . . . with the ladies

Arliss surpasses himself!

•

Wellington, the Iron Duke, who out-maneuvered Napoleon on the battle-fields and in the ball-rooms of France!

Thrillingly portrayed by the electrifying genius of George Arliss!



GEORGE ARLISS
IN
The IRON DUKE

Directed by Victor Saville



COMING
TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE . . .

•

NOVA PILBEAM, *in* LITTLE FRIEND;
CHU CHIN CHOW; POWER;
EVELYN LAYE *in* EVENSONG;
JACK HULBERT *in* JACK AHOY;
JESSIE MATTHEWS *in* EVERGREEN;
EVELYN LAYE, HENRY WILCOXON
in PRINCESS CHARMING . . .

GB GAUMONT BRITISH PRODUCTIONS

The Modern Hostess





By Marjorie Deen

(Above) Carl Brisson, the singing Dane, enjoys his pet dish, Danish Apple Cake. (Left) And here's the Danish Apple Cake itself. Doesn't it make your mouth water?

Here's something new! A genuine Danish dinner!

SOME one of these fine days you are going to say to yourself, "What on earth are we going to eat tonight?" When that day arrives and you realize that your food ideas have fallen into a rut and that you and your family (and your guests, if any) long for something new and different, then try a real Danish dinner—tantalizing, appetite-provoking and filling.

I learned all about such a meal recently from Carl Brisson, Continental singing favorite, imported from Denmark by Paramount to star in their pictures. And the important culinary details that Carl himself was unable to supply were given me by his brisk, attractive and efficient wife Fru Cleo.



Just hearing about their dinners is enough to make one long to set out immediately on a trip to the land of good Christian X, King of Denmark and Iceland. Fortunately, however, the description of what constitutes such a dinner, and recipes for the foods it features were given me by the Brissons with such a wealth of detail that from now on it will be possible for Modern Hostess readers to make and serve many delicious and typical Danish dishes.

The Brissons were most enthusiastic about furthering this feeling of international goodwill along culinary lines, particularly Fru Brisson who is first and always a good Danish housewife, priding herself on the competent direction of her kitchen with its staff of four helpers. So domestically minded is she, that she welcomes the hours spent in meal planning and preparation and loves the soft, springy feeling of dough in her capable, pastry-making hands.

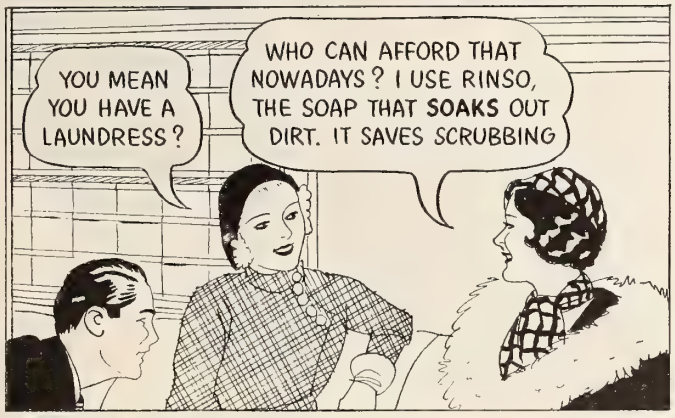
Entertaining frequently, with places often laid for as many as sixteen or twenty guests at a mammoth dining table, the Brissons have done much to remove the blight of boredom from film city formal dinner parties and since their arrival in March have stepped into the top rank of popular Hollywood hosts.

"What, in your opinion, is the secret of the success of your dinner parties?" I asked Mr. Brisson.

"I thank you for the compliment, but there is no secret," answered that big, broad-shouldered, curly-haired Dane. "However, there are some rules we observe. For instance, we do not ask anyone for dinner unless we think he will be an agreeable and harmonious guest. The table, we feel, is the place for enjoy- (*Continued on page 72*)











Keeps colors fresh and bright, too

RINSO is great in washers, too—makers of 34 famed washers recommend it. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Gives lots of rich, lively suds—*even in hardest water*. No matter how long you soak your wash in Rinso suds—for 15 minutes, an hour, overnight —or as long as you think necessary—you can be sure everything will be *safe* Easy on hands. Makes all cleaning easier.



AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

AT LAST — A WEDDING GIFT FOR HER!

NRA CODE









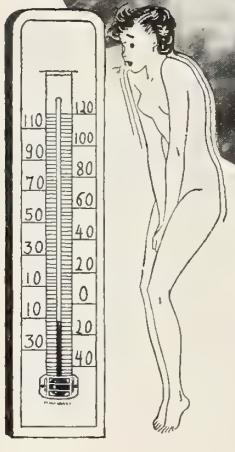
A grand complexion soap — Lifebuoy! Its creamy, penetrating lather is super-mild yet extra-cleansing. It gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—freshens dull skins to glowing health.

"B.O." (*body-odor*) is a year-'round problem. Cold days or hot—*play safe!* Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Lathers more freely; purifies and *deodorizes* pores. Its quickly-vanishing, *extra clean* scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. *Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau*



Beauty Advice





Brrr! Just for contrast—Ann Dvorak warm in furs, and sketched, you and I any cold morning! Ann has the natural brows I mention, below.

"The Zer-r-ro Hour of Beauty" —Mary Biddle's leaflet on how to keep up your beauty when the temperature's down—is yours for the asking and a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. She'll be glad to answer any of your personal beauty problems, too.

By Mary Biddle

WHAT kind of a "circulation manager" do you make for yourself these days? Is your skin rough and subject to "gooseflesh?" Do you quiver and quake at all weather reports that say "Colder tomorrow?" Do you walk to work almost doubled over in order to prevent the cold from striking at your "innards?" Do your legs feel like sandpaper, and ruin many a pair of hard-earned chiffon hose because they "catch" the silk threads? Then this article is for you . . . and I'm hoping it will lead you to stir up your circulation to the sizzling point, for all these things are signs of poor circulation.

It's going to take will power and a lot of plain ordinary gumption, you know, but good circulation is just as important from the beauty angle as it is from the health angle. A good circulation means a clear, smooth skin in about nine cases out of ten, and you'll agree that's a high percentage. Making the blood race through the blood vessels of the skin is a valuable beauty trick. So we're going to talk about such circulation stimulators as exercise and good old-fashioned scrubbing, as well as a lot of other beauty pointers for winter-r-r-r and the zer-r-r-ro hour.

First, we're going to talk about getting out of bed on a cold winter morning. Groans (I can hear a chorus of them) are permitted for the moment; but get them over with, because you're going to be as Spartan-like as possible from now on. I wish I could suggest a painless method by which to tear oneself away from a warm downy bed and into a rosy glow of circulation by means of some automatic machine, but I can't. There isn't any, unless it's to have someone announce to you that an aeroplane or a stream-lined train is waiting outside to take you to Hollywood to have breakfast with Robert Montgomery . . . or whom-have-you-for-a-hero?

However, I do have a sugar-coated method on tap which is the best I've found after some years of painful experiment on the subject. When the trusty old alarm clock has waked you from peaceful slumber and you have

Need circulation increase? Cold weather beauty hints

managed to get one eye open successfully, just lie where you are (that's easy enough, isn't it?) and breathe deeply. Breathe so deeply that your inflated lungs almost pull your stomach up under your ribs. Now breathe out, deflating your lungs and inflating your stomach. Do this from fifteen to twenty times. Your room, of course, will be filled with the cold fresh air that your wide-open windows have been sending in all through the night, so you'll be breathing in pure ozone that hasn't been gathering impurities and general stuffiness for hours. Now have a grand stretch . . . it's a good pick-me-up in itself. Stretch your neck, your arms, your legs, even your fingers and toes.

After all your deep breathing and long stretching, you should be able to drag yourself up to sitting posture by this time. Your neck may still feel full of kinks, especially if you've been sleeping all huddled up in your blankets, hiding your nose from the nippy air. Roll your head around your neck, for all the world like one of those funny "golliwog" dolls that used to be so popular. Roll it in a circle from shoulder to shoulder, slowly feeling the pull of the muscles as you do so. You're apt to get dizzy if you don't do it very slowly, and you don't want to start out with a "merry-go-round" feeling the first thing in the morning. Incidentally, this exercise is very efficient in warding off any tendency to a double chin.

The second method is really the better one, but it calls for much more heroic will power. You start off with a big kick, a kick that sends the bedclothes flying, and leaves you shivering without benefit of cover. The only thing left for you to do then is to go through a lot of vigorous arm and leg exercises in order to keep from freezing on the spot. (I've some good exercises which are yours for the asking.) Or still better yet, jump up, pop yourself into a wooly robe, and take your deep breathing exercises in front of the window.

Then down with the window . . . and a scurry to the bathroom or some other warmer quarters.

A SHOWER is so nice in the morning . . . easier and quicker than the tub, and more of a circulation "stirrer-upper." We're inclined to be lazy and dawdle over the tubbing business. However, some of us don't have showers; nor is hot water always on tap, especially if you live in the country, or have the kind of a gas heater that takes so long to heat the water that you can't wait for its "circulation" to get going in the morning. So a warm sponge bath will do very nicely if you haven't a shower available . . . or hot water on tap. It's really speedier and hence more desirable than a tub bath in the morning, anyway. Hot baths of all kinds are to be avoided in the winter especially, when we have to face the other extreme of severe cold outdoors. As a matter of fact, mildly warm baths are always the happy medium to strike, regardless of the weather. If you can stand a cold shower or cold sponge as a rinse, after a good soaping and scrubbing with warm water, we take off our hats (or shower bathing caps) to you. We salute you as a brave Spartan, even if you squeal and shriek all the while the cold water is having its innings. However, Spartan or no Spartan, the cold water rinse is definitely out if you don't get a warm reaction immediately after your rub-down. It's really harmful unless the warm reaction sets in at once. Whatever temperature be the rinse, give yourself a thorough and energetic drying, a regular circulation treatment with the bath towel.

(*Continued on page 71*)

To the Lovely Lady
IN THIS PICTURE



LADY, you're lovely!

Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood.

And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom . . . old as womankind itself . . . and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June. And every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still . . . and to keep her that way!

Among these aids . . . and you're very wise . . . is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose . . . to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health . . . constipation . . . to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And . . . this is so important! . . . Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And That "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that puts Ex-Lax in a class by itself. Our telling you won't prove that. You must try it yourself to know what we mean!

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MM 25 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name .....
Address .....

When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

AIR MAIL



Special Delivery





By fast plane came these pictures of the Second Annual Screen Guild Ball, rushed to us by our spies on the Coast. (Above) Florence and Fredric March and Ralph Bellamy. Mrs. Bellamy said she didn't look nice enough to pose. (Below) First appearance in public of Joan Blondell since her son's birth. Husband George Barnes and sister Gloria with her. Looking grand, isn't she?

(Above) Mary Astor, having a good time with Lucille Gleason and James Cagney. (Below) The happiest married couple in Hollywood—and we're not even crossing our fingers when we say that about Stuart Erwin and his beautiful wife, June Collyer. The Airmail Letter on the next page tells you the lowdown on the goings-on at the Screen Guild Ball at the Hollywood Bowl.





Airmail Letter

Dear Editor:

The Second Annual Screen Guild Ball found Hollywood's upper-crust tripping gaily to the Biltmore Bowl. Everyone wore their best bibs and bent over backwards, being little ladies and gentlemen. As a result, the affair was pretty dull with most of the stars leaving early to stifle their boredom elsewhere at the Russian Eagle, Brown Derby, or Sardi's.

The Screen Guild, you know, is the group which broke away from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences last year. They organized primarily to protect "the little fellow" on matters of jobs, salary, etc. Eddie Cantor is president, Bob Montgomery, vice-president.

Lyle Talbot was one of the high points of the evening, making a swell master of ceremonies. He revealed crooning talents that should cause Master Crosby to bite his nails privately!

Half the fun of the evening was watching the little feuds between the camera crowd and the stars—what memories those boys have! They ganged on Adolphe Menjou, each politely refusing to snap his fancy dressing. Adolphe, who made such a fuss last year as to cause the boycott, hung about wistfully.

Lee Tracy did a prima donna by refusing to pose with Mary Brian. Why, no one could find out—even Isabel Jewell appeared baffled...

Joan Bennett tilted her pretty nose at the boys, too. So they busily overlooked her. A few stars with a change of heart tried to ingratiate themselves with the camera gang later on. To no avail, however.

Joan Crawford, beautiful as ever, was beaued by Franchot Tone.

Helen Hayes appeared with Joan's party. The Eddie Robinsons, Otto Krugers and Rosamond Pinchot in another.

Genevieve Tobin, quite recovered from her recent automobile accident, was squired by a new heart from Santa Barbara.

Brilliance of gowns and jewels made up for what the party lacked otherwise.

Guess that's all.

Best wishes,
REGINA CANNON

"I hate tattle-tales!..



...and here's how I chased them out of my house"



"'You're a hard worker, Bess,' my sister said one day, 'but your clothes are such tattle-tales. That grayish look tells everyone they aren't really clean!'... I was furious, but I took her hint. I stopped buying 'trick soaps' and gave Fels-Naptha Soap a try."



"And what a lucky day! In a second, I chip Fels-Naptha into the water in my washing machine and get the grandest suds. I never dreamed *golden soap is so much richer.* And Fels-Naptha is *full of clean-smelling naptha!* Even grimy, greasy dirt *floats* right out."



"Everybody says nice things about my washes now—no more *tattle-tale gray* in my house. John says that red look is gone out of my hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in Fels-Naptha, you see." Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

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Banish
"Tattle-Tale Gray"
with
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



Hollywood goes on a romantic binge! While our news,

There's nothing as exciting as a wedding, unless of course it's two weddings, and the one in which Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres figured was truly something to behold.

Ginger was dressed in pale green lace and her bridesmaids, Mary Brian and Janet Gaynor, wore blue and beige respectively. Lew boasted the slim Ben Alexander and the plump Andy Devine as attendants.

The Church of the Flowers in Glendale was a bower of posies and after the minister had united the pair, birds began to sing. If it had been planned to have the canaries come in on the chorus, it couldn't have worked out more perfectly.

The groom wondered if he should kiss the bride after the ceremony and, as she looked doubtful, too, they abruptly turned from each other and started down the aisle and on out into the limousine which was there to whisk them to the Ambassador Hotel for the reception. This car had a slight edge, pictorially speaking, on the sedan in which Lew drove to the church. When he alighted from that little number, his high silk topper bit the dust, much to his confusion and the amusement of interested onlookers.

The reception was punctuated with champagne and celebrities to quaff it, and, let it be said, for the good taste of the town, no one quaffed to the point of forgetting that he or she was a Beverly Hills blueblood or, at least, of the prominent Glendale gentry.

Lois Wilson caught the bride's bouquet. She said she was going to, and, b'gosh, she did. That's Lois, as good as her word, and a good gal anyway.

As the new Mrs. Ayres cut the huge, frosted cake, someone asked her, "How does it feel to be a bride?"

To which she answered blithely, "I don't know. I've never been a bride before."

Ginger! Tch, tch. Jack Pepper. Remember?

■ ■ ■

Here is a story as touching as it is tragic, for it at once shows the heart of Hollywood and how a budding career may be nipped before it has had a chance to blossom.

Little Mary Blackford, Fox player, was returning from the studio one day last fall when her car crashed into a pole. She was severely injured and is even today under doctor's care, for she's paralyzed from her neck to her waist.

And that is why the younger players got together recently and staged the Mary Blackford Benefit, held at the famous Cocoanut Grove, and toward which hundreds appeared and other hundreds, who could not be accommodated, contributed. Thus Mary, who in health was an unknown, suddenly became the town's most talked-of, in illness. The event, which Anita Louise, Tom Brown, Helen Mack, Patricia Ellis and Trent Durkin were responsible for, proved an overwhelming success. Will Rogers, who had Mary in his stage play, "Ah, Wilderness," took care of the child's hospital bills up until the Benefit and Joan Crawford has assumed them since. The huge affair was given to raise money for Mary's family, should the youngster be confined to her bed indefinitely.

Pretty nice, this Hollywood, isn't it?

■ ■ ■

Our Scotty and his ever-alert camera approached Ann Harding recently and asked her to pose. The pretty patrician star declined, saying that she didn't expect to be in movies much longer anyway, so what was the use?

But our guess is that her refusal was due to the fact that Harry Bannister, her erstwhile hubby, was with her and there are those who say a re-marriage isn't an impossibility. Miss Harding evidently wasn't in the mood to confirm rumors, you see.

■ ■ ■

Newly-wedded Ayres cut themselves a piece of cake—and what a cake!



Bridesmaid Janet Gaynor poses with her mother and Margaret Lindsay.



Will Rogers, shy benefactor, at the Mary Blackford Benefit.





as related by Regina Cannon, sizzles with human interest

We predict that Mary Brian will be our next movie bride. We realize, too, that she's been crying "wolf" for years, but you mark our prowess as a prophet. Dick Powell doubtless is slated to be the lucky lad.

Incidentally, Dick's brand new home at Toluca Lake is almost completed. In fact, when the little matter of gas is set, it will be ready for occupancy. You see, when the house was finished, it was discovered that it boasted everything from a grand piano to a private-panelled entrance; that is, everything but gas. The architect blamed it on the plumber and the plumber passed the buck to Dick. It took a few days to rectify this so-called minor deficiency, but now there's gas in the new Powell homestead.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of girls who cry "wolf," how about Garbo? Those reputed to be in the know claim she will wed George Brent. Now, don't jump at us! We, too, realize that "The Painted Veil" is about to be released, that the Great One was supposed to care for Mamoulian when "Christina" was issued and that she was said to be helping Jack Gilbert (also in the picture) at that time for a reason. But, nevertheless, Greta has taken a snappy little hide-out hut at Palm Springs and every evening, when he has finished his chores at Warners, Georgie hops a plane to see his "frand."

Incidentally, he has built a six-foot wall around his own home, so that when the lady visits him there she may be assured of complete privacy. Well, be philosophical (George is). Even if nothing comes of it, Mr. B. hasn't lost out by the publicity.

■ ■ ■

Walk-out night was unofficially staged at the Vendome recently. It wasn't on the program, but was featured just the same. The Gene Markeys (she is Joan Bennett, you know) were having a little tête-à-tête, which suddenly became a discussion and then developed into a rousing row. Joan put on her coat and left a by-then-tearful husband.

Later, not to be outdone by its competitor, the Brown Derby staged a miniature bout of its own. This time Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell were featured. Miss J. also applied for her walking papers.

Well, the course of true love, etc., etc.

■ ■ ■

Someone once said that many assistant directors are studying to be morons. Just listen to this.

Aileen Pringle, recently engaged to make an independent picture, phoned the assistant director.

"I haven't seen the script," she said. "What type of role am I to play?"

"It's an afternoon dress," he returned glibly. "Y'see, you meet the leading man and have a talk with him and then go out. Yeah, that's right, it's an afternoon dress."

"Someone" may be right after all.

■ ■ ■

Clark Gable and Gilbert Roland are off on a hunting trip together. Can it be that they're gunning for the dove of peace? Remember the little battle the boys put on recently, during which one applied a swift left to the other's chin? Well, all is palsy-walsy now, as indeed it should be between two such attractive young men.

■ ■ ■

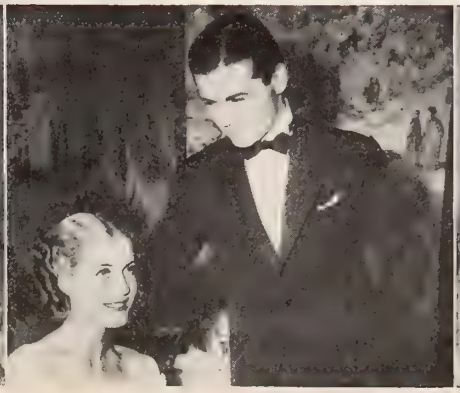
Speaking of Clark, that gen'man sent Aimee Semple MacPherson a box of red roses right straight to the Temple. And did she announce the fact between sermons over the radio? Oh, g'wan, ask us? So you know Aimee, too, eh? *(Con't on page 64)*

Our reporter prophesies that the Brian-Powell wedding will be next!

Anita Louise and Tom Brown helped arrange the Blackford Benefit.

Pat Paterson and Mary Blackford. Taken before Mary's accident.







You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in *Bright Eyes*

with

JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL

Directed by
DAVID BUTLER





Lovers

It looks like the raven-haired Chester Morris is all set for a gr-rand romance with the gorgeous Carole Lombard—for the benefit of the cameras, anyway, in a scene from "The Gay Bride," for M-G-M. Carole, you know, can also be seen in "Lady By Choice" and "Now and Forever," Columbia and Paramount pictures, respectively. And Mr. Morris has been kept busy on his home lot, Universal, where he made "I've Been Around." His next will be "Princess O'Hara."



Salt of the Earth

Steady and regular has been Fay Wray's climb to success. She is the type too often taken for granted, because she is so dependable. Therefore we would like to remind you that her smooth work in "The Affairs of Cellini" and "The Richest Girl in the World" deserved much fancier adjectives than "dependable." Her recent pictures are "Woman in the Dark," an RKO release, Universal's "Cheating Cheaters," and Columbia's "White Lies." A busy lady, indeed.



Such Dancing

Terpsichorean devotees list all dances as "B.A." or "A.A.," meaning "before" and "after" Fred Astaire. And well deserved is this recognition of authority. For where is there another such exponent of the modern dance? Having seen him perform in "Flying Down to Rio," the RKO musical, you surely won't miss seeing him, again coupled with Ginger Rogers, in "The Gay Divorcee," and after that with Ginger and Irene Dunne in "Roberta."



Divine

The prima donna about whom the whole world is talking—Grace Moore. Her divine singing, intelligent acting, graceful figure and general delightfulness in "One Night of Love" will linger in our memories forever. As Tullio Carminati, who played the role of her maestro in the picture, so aptly expressed it, "It's grand to see a Carmen who weighs less than the bull." She will do some concert and operatic work in the East before she starts her next picture for Columbia.



Good Work!

John Gilbert deserves a nice pat on the back for coming through with such a swell performance as the newspaperman in "The Captain Hates the Sea," for Columbia. It's a different sort of rôle for Jack, and we were tickled to see him play it with the sureness and finesse of a real trouper. Although he isn't under contract to any studio at the moment, we're sure that some smart producer will sign him up after seeing him in his latest picture. We'd like to see Gilbert back to stay.

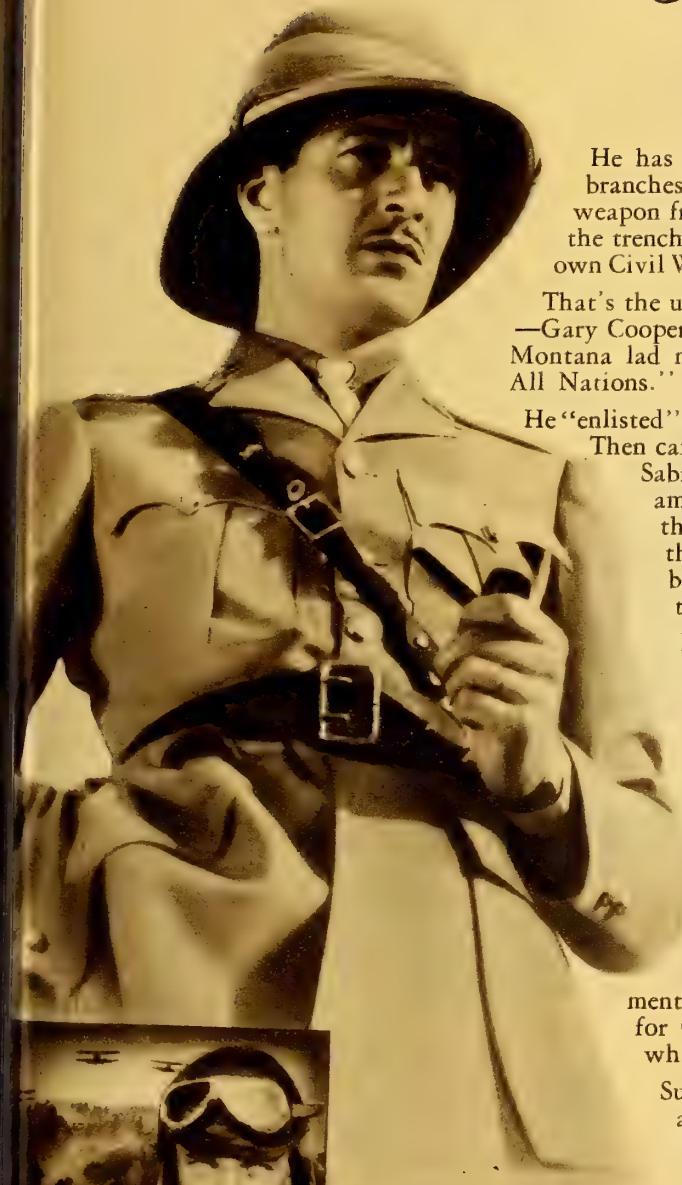
Romance

The very essence of romance is Irene Dunne in "Sweet Adeline," a Warner Bros. musical for which she was borrowed from RKO. It is a film that suits her well because it provides equal opportunity for her twin talents, singing and acting. Another costume picture, Irene? Yes—but let's not complain while she looks so divine in feathers and furbelows and bustled skirts. In her latest picture for RKO, "The Age of Innocence," she co-starred with John Boles. The same studio also has her scheduled for "Roberta," the N. Y. stage hit, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.



Gary Cooper, Fighting Man of all Nations!

by James A. Daniels



He has worn the uniforms of a half-dozen nations and twice that many branches of the various services. He has carried every known form of war weapon from a six-gun to a cavalry lance. He has soldiered in the Sahara, the trenches of France, the mountains of Italy and on the battlefields of our own Civil War. He has fought hand-to-hand, in the air and astride a horse.

That's the unique record of filmdom's best-beloved portrayer of warlike roles —Gary Cooper. Too young to see actual service in the World War, the tall Montana lad nevertheless has earned the screen title of "The Fighting Man of All Nations."

He "enlisted" first as an aviator in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, "Wings." Then came brief periods of service in the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Sabreur" and again in "Morocco." Who can forget him as the American ambulance driver on the Italian front in "A Farewell to Arms"? Then there were the roles of the British Tommy in "Seven Days Leave," the U. S. Marine in "If I Had a Million" and the American doughboy in "The Shopworn Angel." More recently he turned time back to don the uniform of an officer of the Confederacy in the Civil War.

Nor is Gary through with uniforms. He has just finished the stellar role in Paramount's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and both Gary and the studio believe it is the most colorful characterization of them all. As the heroic young captain in this picked British regiment stationed on the northern boundary of India, Gary alternates between the English Army service uniforms and the picturesque Indian dress uniforms worn in honor of the native allies of the British.

But more important than the uniforms he wears is the part he plays. It's the tensely dramatic role of a British officer who goes gayly into danger in order that the honor of the regiment, the Bengal Lancers, may remain unsullied and that a soldier-father may never know that his son betrayed the regiment. Critics who have seen the picture agree that it marks a new high for Cooper and that the picture promises to be to talking pictures what "Beau Geste" was to the silent screen.

Surrounding Cooper in this colorful setting are such excellent actors as Sir Guy Standing, himself an officer in the British Navy in the World War; Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue and Kathleen Burke. Henry Hathaway directed "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a picture which has taken three years to make, and which was partially filmed in India.

















Mrs. Gable never visits the set to check up on Clark's big clinches such as this one (above) with Joan Crawford in "Forsaking All Others." She is neither jealous nor suspicious and is content to remain in the background of his public life, serene in the knowledge that she is first in his private one.

Why I Stay Married

Are you wives on the spot? Jealous of your husbands?

A famous husband named Gable tells his side of the story

IF you have an attractive husband—or contemplate annexing one—you have the same problems that beset Ria Gable. She has the constant worry of predatory women—so have you. She has to fear flattery that turns a man's head, ego that breeds superiority—so do you. Her husband's reactions must be your husband's reactions, so I sought out Clark. His answer is revealing, helpful to us all.

I said to Clark, over the luncheon table, "What kind of a woman do you think an actor should marry? In order to make marriage successful, I mean?"

Clark said, without an instant's hesitation, "The kind of a woman I am married to—my wife."

We had been talking about Hollywood marriages and their failures and the why of their failures—Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, Gloria Swanson and her exes, Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson, the sadly swelling list of them.

Clark said, "It's all predicated, I believe, on the basic law of things—where the husband, or in our business the 'star,' is the breadwinner, the marriage has a seventy-five

By Gladys Hall



The Gables in a party mood (left). She likes social life—he likes hunting, yet they never reach an impasse.

per cent chance of success. You can look about and make, off hand, a list of vital statistics proving this contention.' For instance, the Jean Hersholts, the Clive Brooks, the Leslie Howards, the John Boles, the Warner Baxters, the Morgans, Frank and Ralph—in every one of these marriages the husband is the one in the arena and the wife is just the wife. And in every one of these marriages, too, the marriage has stood and appears to be standing on the firm bedrock of many years. Also, in every one of these marriages the husbands and wives are of approximately the same respective ages and the wives are intelligent, self-sufficient women who have been around and know what it is all about. They are real people, neither jealous rivals nor paper-doll appendages.

"On the other hand, and in such cases as Ann Harding's, Gloria Swanson's, and so on, the wives were the stars. The men were known as 'the husbands of . . .' To be 'a husband of' means the divorce court even as you stand at the altar. You can't get away from the fundamental laws separating and governing men and women. Grease paint on the face does not alter immutable laws. Man is born with a dominant ego—offend that ego or compete with it in the same field and, if you are a woman, you will soon be a divorcée."

I said, "You've never talked, specifically, about your own marriage, Clark, or your own wife. Do you mind?"

Clark said, "Not at all. You've asked me what kind of a woman an actor should marry and the only way I *can* answer that question is to describe my own wife.

TO begin, then, I am the 'star,' Ria is my wife. But she is a wife, who though not in my profession *is* in it—for me, not for herself. She is interested in it and she is thoroughly informed about every phase of it. She is ambitious about it for me. She is interested in it as she would be interested in medicine, in law, or in banking if any one of these were my life work.

"She is, also, a very self-sufficient woman, which is very important in the making of a successful 'movie marriage.' She has her own interests, her own friends, she has her bridge clubs and parties and children and our home. She doesn't seize hold of my life with idle, and therefore morbidly curious, (*Continued on page 76*)

Marlene Answers all Your Questions

Von Sternberg? Husband? Child? Career? Future?

by Ben Maddox



I HAVE just had twenty minutes with Marlene Dietrich.

It took me three months to get them. But when I finally got to La Dietrich she talked as she has never talked before. So this, really, will have to be an unusual sort of story. Because the woman herself is so extraordinarily different.

An appointment with Marlene can only be made after the greatest maneuvering. Her agent sorts the sheep. So few are chosen that half a year has elapsed since she was last interviewed. I felt complimented when her agent telephoned me that he would be glad to have me interview her.

Then came one broken date after another, for three months. Finally I was told to appear at the studio. I was walked out to her dressing-room. She hadn't yet come off the set. In two minutes a large, gray Rolls-Royce drew up and out stepped a maid who expressed disappointment at her mistress' absence. A few more minutes and Marlene came walking around the corner from the sound stage.

We were left alone in her dressing-room.

She was attired in a striking black satin Spanish gown of elaborate design and over one ear she wore a red flower. But I didn't pay much attention to her costuming. I came to see Dietrich.

Sitting on a small straight chair beside her desk, she turned toward me. She was gorgeous. She has the biggest blue eyes, in which lurk a constant twinkle. There was a slight curve of merriment on her wide, lovely mouth. I suspected that she classes interviews as amusing.

Marlene isn't a terribly curious person herself. She is polite and kind. But she distinctly has enough in her own life to keep her occupied.

"You have been subjected to such a lot of criticism," I began, "that I thought you might like to give me a story on what your four years in Hollywood have meant to you. We've had everyone's opinion but yours."

She smiled a little. Just as she does on the screen. To myself I stated that they can protest all they wish about beauty being no longer a woman's major asset. See Dietrich and succumb!

Perhaps her remarkable charm is due in part to her serenity. She is still, not silent. And friendly, though not fluttery. Her voice is slow, caressingly rich in tone.

"I should not like to do the story in the first person, as if I were writing it. Somehow, that sounds conceited to me," she said.

The 'phone rang. Excusing herself, she answered it. It was a good old-fashioned instrument, not a coy French hand-piece. She uttered one word—"No." With no attempt to explain something which didn't concern me, she faced me again, waiting for me to speak.

"In what ways do you feel that you have been changed by Hollywood?"

"I do not believe I have changed, except to grow older, of course. And I have more responsibilities. There is a realization that a whole production rests on one's shoulders. But Hollywood? It doesn't do anything drastic to people. Certainly not to those who have strong

personalities and firm minds of their own."

"They say that you were dowdy when you arrived. And the Trilby legend has hung on."

Marlene smiled anew. A smile of hers can reveal so much. It makes questions suddenly seem trivial banter.

"That theory that I was dowdy, a dumb German housewife-kind-of-actress is absurd. I came from metropolitan Berlin. And I brought trunks full of Parisian



gowns. If you will compare photographs of me then and today, I do look better, now. But that isn't any Hollywood polish. That is the effect of time. You examine old photographs of yourself. They, too, will be quaint."

That was a long speech for Marlene. She hesitated, then continued:

"As for this Von Sternberg-Trilby chatter, it is humorous to me. Anyone with intelligence can see that I'm not hypnotized. Obviously I have something of my own behind this face. You can't put a brain into a woman's head if it isn't there already."

I wondered about her approaching split with Von Sternberg. He has announced that she will not do her next film under his direction. Apparently, she will switch to Ernst Lubitsch. This report crops up every once in a while. It has come up again at this writing. Marlene stated, "People will make much of nothing. This is the situation: I do only one picture a year. Sometimes it has taken Mr. Von Sternberg nearly a year to find a proper vehicle. He will be a long time cutting and completing this one we are finishing now. He thinks I should not wait around when he hasn't a story for me. I did the one picture away from him, with Mamoulian, only because he telephoned me from abroad and advised me to. We are not separating now. If, until he is ready for me, I find something I like I will do it for another director."

All of which blasts beforehand the mystery that is apt to arise when she works in 1935 with a different man at the helm.

"How has Hollywood changed your mode of living?" I queried.

"Not at all. My parents had money. I live as I did in Germany, except that I have to have guards here."

She has been residing in the pretentious Colleen Moore place in Bel-Air and I had heard that she had leased it for two years, indicating permanency. So I inquired about it.

"But I just rent it from month to month," she retorted. "I never tie myself down. How do I know what will happen? Where I shall want to go?"

"But you do like Hollywood?"

"Oh, yes indeed. And this is strange. I am not bothered here as so many stars claim to be. Why, I am not even recognized on the streets. (*Continued on page 90*)

How the Stars Keep Youth and Beauty

We're willing to wager Claudette Colbert will be as beautiful at 40 as she is today. Her most important beauty treatment costs her nothing.



Loretta Young is only 22, to be sure, but she leads a star's nerve-wracking existence. Yet—there's not a sign of nerves.

They invariably look younger than they are. This story tells you about—not the expensive treatments and cosmetics—but the simple, daily routines which keep them so.



Joan Crawford has worked furiously and has undergone severe emotional crises besides. And—look!

Joan Bennett—married, divorced, remarried. Two children. A few years ago, she suffered a severe accident. Yet she played a 12-year-old in "Little Women."

by Katherine Albert

THOSE Hollywood girls are a source of constant amazement to me. They invariably look younger than they are. I'm not talking about the stars who, everyone knows, are "getting on" and who, by dint of constant and expensive devotional exercises before the Goddess of Beauty, manage to win that faint-praise tribute, "wonderfully well preserved." I'm not even talking about those stars, who are also "getting on," who cause us to lift our palms upward and sigh, "How does she do it!" No. I'm talking about certain of your favorite Hollywood actresses who are so genuinely lovely—with not a particle of fake or face-lifting about it—who look younger than they are and who will continue to do so for many years to come.

Some of these girls are, actually, in their early twenties. All right—so what? How many young girls do *you* know who are sallow, tired-looking, unhealthy of complexion and drab of hair? Some of the girls are in their late twenties—just edging thirty, perhaps, or just past that foolishly feared deadline. At twenty-five they look younger than they did at eighteen. And at thirty they look the same as they did at twenty-five.

They work all day and far into the night, sometimes. They are compelled, for policy's sake, to keep up a certain amount of social activity. They go through considerable emotional stress and strain. Yet they are healthy, slim, and fresh-looking in spite of it, when we might reasonably expect them to be old before their time.

THINKING about this one day, I reasoned that if the stars of Hollywood can achieve this, surely you and I can do the same thing. I asked five of the youngest looking and most beautiful stars in Hollywood to come clean and tell us how they do it.

I asked Claudette Colbert. Joan Crawford. Loretta Young. Joan Bennett. And Evelyn Venable.

These girls gave me sensible and workable hints for you all to follow. Not one of them mentioned expensive treatments or costly creams and cosmetics.

Here's what I found out from Claudette. She gives you some excellent, practical tips. It isn't a high powered beauty doctor who keeps Claudette looking so young. It's good common sense. She believes that the body is like a motor. If it is run down it (*Continued on page 78*)









THE Girl with the Strange Beauty told me this story:

The company was working on the back lot.

The back lot of a motion picture studio consists of acres which are transformed into slivers of whatever locale the pictures in production call for. A back lot may be a demure little New England village, with elms growing on the Green, and a staid brick church. It can be transformed, by the sheer wizardry of scenic designers, masons, and carpenters, into Limehouse, evil and old, mouldy and decayed, with buildings the color of the fog that so often obliterates London's waterfront, and ruts of wagon wheels sunk deep into the crooked, cobbled streets.

At the time this story took place, the studio's back lot was a European barnyard. There were thatched outhouses, with a creaking well under a gnarled tree, and chickens and geese pecking and waddling and cackling. Behind this set mountains made of laths, canvas and plaster rose three times the height of a tall man. Photographed skillfully, allowance being made for perspective, they would screen like the mountains which tower around the fertile farmlands of Hungary.

The company began arriving. They drove the mile or more from their dressing-rooms and parked their cars under the false-front mountains, where they'd be out of camera range.

The director, a European, sat making brief notes on the margin of his 'script. He wrote: "Intensify love scenes between gypsy and son. Gypsy girl should be the aggressor."

He liked the Girl with the Strange Beauty who was playing the gypsy. She was very young and fairly inexperienced. But she had that indefinable thing which makes a good actress. Furthermore, unlike most girls making headway on the screen, she didn't want to be the heroine always. In this picture, for instance, while she might have glamor as the gypsy, her rôle was entirely unsympathetic. It was, in fact, her unschooled passions and tempers that imperilled the happiness of the good family who had befriended and protected her—in the story.

As the director sat thinking about this girl, she came on the set with a young man in tow. He was, the director judged, *the* young man. He was tall and lean with broad shoulders, crisp hair and keen brown eyes. A fitting contrast to her, so small and round, with strange eyes, not blue, not quite green.

The director watched them as they came closer. Even under her greasepaint you sensed that indescribable radiance, that love light, in her beautiful young face.

"Hello," she said. "I want you to meet Mr. Blank, John Blank. John . . . My boss!"

An excitement went beating through her words. He was *the* young man, without a doubt.

"John's never seen a movie made," she explained. "So I invited him to sit on the set this morning."

The first scene to be shot showed the Girl with the Strange Beauty, as the gypsy, and the young actor who played the son of the house, together in the barnyard. She was supposed to be vamping him. With a toss of her head, a flip of her skirts, the lowering of her eyes, the pursing of her mouth, and the daring, seemingly accidental, baring of her smooth shoulder.

THAT scene showed a girl set on conquest, exerting her wiles.

Of course, it wasn't the boy in the scene the girl was alluring. It was the boy on the sidelines. She was showing off before John for all she was worth.

But all is grist that comes to the mill. The director sat chuckling. He had a marvelous scene and he knew it. They took it only once. No need to build up the feeling that scene should possess. It was there. In all its young, unadulterated glory.

On the sidelines John glowered. Little thunderclouds gathered in his eyes. The director, watching him, was amused and reminded of the first time he ever had been in love, years ago.

First love . . . with no experience, no philosophy, no humor to alleviate its sweet pain. So intense, so serious, so perspective-stealing.

When the scene was finished the girl came over. John tried hard not to let her see that he had been put out. He told himself he was stupid and awkward for feeling as he did. However, it's no easy matter for a man to fool the woman who loves him. The girl saw immediately that he was displeased. Her eyes went beseeching him. Her voice went caressing him. And before long everything was fine again.

The director sat stroking his chin. "In this next scene," he told the girl, "I want you even more predatory than the action suggests. I want you

(From top to bottom) Myrna Loy, Miriam Hopkins, Ann Sothern and Sylvia Sidney, four glamorous stars, who continue to disclose certain secret love incidents in their lives. One is the Girl with the Flyaway Hair. Another is the Girl with Lovely Eyes. The third is the Girl with the Strange Beauty. And the fourth is the Girl of the Orchids.

virtually to seduce the son of the house. Understand? You're a gypsy. You're untamed. You make that poor boy forget his simple little sweetheart. You sweep him right off his feet."

As soon as he spoke she was all attention. Her absorption in her work was one of the many things he admired in her.

"I understand," she said quietly. "Shall I go on now? Are you ready?"

"Please," he said.

She left John with a gay little wave of her hand.

The end of the previous scene had found the gypsy and the son headed toward the old farm wagon overflowing with fragrant hay. This scene picked them up seated on top of it. Close.

The first rehearsal went beautifully. The Girl with the Strange Beauty ran her hands along the cheeks of the youth who played the son. She entangled her small brown hands in his fair hair. With her lips close to his lips she made feverish demands.

"Love me!" she urged. "Love me!"

The director bent forward in his chair. They began wheeling the camera close to get their angles. There was every indication this scene wouldn't be long in rehearsal.

She turned her body from the boy and one small brown hand flew under her heart, as if to still its mad pounding. She threw back her head and tossed her hair out of her eyes. It was all over. The spell was gone.

In that split second she caught a flash of the boy, John. Even if he had told himself that this was acting, that this was merely the girl's job, that it had no true meaning, it had done no good. His acute masculine displeasure showed in his face.

THE girl wanted to jump from that load of hay and run to him, throw her arms about him, tell him what only troupers ever really understand, that all this meant nothing, really, that it sprang out of some secret part of her that had nothing to do with him or anyone else. Perhaps it would have been better if she had done this. Perhaps this would have straightened things out. But, instead, she remained where she was and ran through the action again.

This time, however, her hands moving against the young actor's face were wooden. "Love me!" She said the words but they didn't come quick and breathless, as if her very heart had pounded them out of her, the way they had the first time she spoke.

John's face relaxed. This tepid, routine love-making didn't disturb him in the slightest. He could quite accept this as part of a job. That, in truth, was exactly what was the matter. It had no spirit. Photographed, it wouldn't have been at all convincing or have motivated the rest of the plot. No audience would have believed that gypsy had swayed the boy, or excused him for being untrue to the sweet, pretty girl who was his real sweetheart.

A frown appeared between the director's eyes. Members of the company crew leaned back, lit their pipes and cigarettes. They knew now they wouldn't be needed for some time. This, obviously, was one of those stymies. It might be the rest of the morning before they got what they wanted.

It was.

The harder the Girl with the Strange Beauty tried to recapture the quality she had brought to that scene the first time, the more nervous and strained she grew. She was embarrassed, too, obviously, at having such difficulty in front of *the* young man.

She was, you must remember, only a beginner. In pictures longer, she wouldn't have permitted herself any such self-consciousness. It was part of her novitiate, part of her youth.

"We'll rest for a few minutes," the director said. He knew that under circumstances like these, driving methods would get him nowhere.

He turned to John. "I wonder if you'd do something for me?"

"Glad to, sir," John answered. He was a nice kid.

"Go over to my office. It's number seven in the directors' building. Right near the commissary. In the upper left hand drawer of my desk you'll find my pipe. Fetch it here for me, like a good fellow."

"I'll get it," offered an assistant. "I'm going down that . . ."

But the director hushed him with a look. It wasn't his pipe he wanted. It was more emotion *on* the set and less *off* the set. And the only way to achieve that, he realized, was to get rid of John, give the girl a chance to forget her own emotions and submerge herself in the character.

OKEH, we'll try once more," the director announced as John Disappeared down the road. "Forget everything. Don't see or think about any of us. You two are alone in the world. You know nothing but that blind desire to draw closer to each other."

They rehearsed it again.

"We'll take it," he said. He counted on the emotion and abandon the girl had shown before.

"Quiet!" shouted an assistant. "This is the take! Quiet!"

The eternal hammering ceased.

They waited while an airplane flew overhead. Until the drone of its motors could not be heard any more.

Other assistants turned guard to keep anyone who might approach from coming too near, from making even the slightest sound.

The camera started turning. The microphone was lowered.

The girl ran her hands along the young actor's cheeks. They became ensnarled in his hair. Her body moving closer and closer to him seemed almost to drift.

It was as if she was relieved to escape from the restraint which had imprisoned her emotions. It was as if she was intoxicated with her newly found abandon.

"Love me! Love me! Love me!" she told the boy sitting there beside her in the sweet hay. And now it was a cry. Unfettered and untamed.

Again the director strained forward in his chair. The little frown disappeared from between his eyes.

The girl turned her body from the boy and one small brown hand flew under her heart, as if to still its mad pounding. And now those who were watching believed in its mad pounding. That was the important thing.

She threw back her strangely beautiful head and tossed her hair out of her eyes. And the boy flung his arms around her and caught her to him. Now he was tempestuous and unleashed in his passion, too. And you felt he had caught her fire.

"That's swell, wonderful, perfect!" the director cried out. "That will turn the trick and (*Continued on page 92*)

When women gather, what trend does their conversation follow? Do they talk about politics—finance—science? Seldom. Clothes—careers—their homes? Sometimes. But always—men! A quartette of beautiful stars conclude herein their experiences

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

How Hollywood's younger set goes week-ending



James Ellison, Gertrude and Grace Durkin, Henry Willson, Miss Dillon, Pat Ellis, Tom Brown, Anita Louise and Trent Durkin—all set for lotsa fun.

By Franc Dillon

"I chaperone the crowd"

NATURALLY, when eight of the most popular of Hollywood's younger set planned a week-end party and asked me to chaperone them, I felt quite elated. While I suspected that I had been singled out for the honor because word had got around that I get sleepy around nine o'clock, I nevertheless grasped at the opportunity to study them at close range—to find out for myself if they really are different from ordinary boys and girls of the same age.

"The crowd" comprised James Ellison (new M-G-M player), Henry Willson, youthful agent, Patricia Ellis, Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Junior Durkin (now called Trent) and his sisters, Gertrude and Grace. They had been invited as guests of honor to a dinner dance at the Casa de Mañana at La Jolla, a beautiful seaside resort some distance from Hollywood. It all sounded very interesting. But my enthusiasm for the trip waned when mothers began calling me on the telephone.

"I wouldn't have allowed Pat to go if you weren't going with them," said Patricia Ellis' mother. "You'll take good care of them, won't you?"

And I felt about as peppy as a plate of wilted lettuce when Mrs. Fremault called me about her child, Anita Louise. "You know, I don't often allow Anita to stay away all night," she said.

At least their mothers think they are still children, I thought to myself.

There were Tom Brown and Anita Louise, who is Tommy's everything; the two Durkin girls, Grace and Gertrude, and their brother, Trent (Junior); James Ellison, a handsome six-footer, who is under contract to M-G-M and looks like a potential rival for all the he-men heroes at that studio; Patricia Ellis and Henry Willson. Henry writes for the fan magazines and has nearly all of the younger players in town under his management.

The 100-mile trip to La Jolla (*Continued on page 88*)



So she won't talk, huh!

Marion Davies evaded all our questions. So we asked other people about her. That'll teach her!

By Regina Cannon

MANY people are "doing time" these days who might be at large making whoopee if they hadn't spoken out of turn—not to mention the bright boys who have talked themselves in and right out of big jobs. Yes, indeed, indiscreet gossip has caused more trouble than stocks, blondes, Hitler, hay fever—well, almost anything you can name that results in a first-class headache.

And so it would seem that he who has learned to hold his tongue is scheduled to make friends and money—to win the popularity contest *and* a bankroll.

Marion Davies is one of these. No one has ever heard Marion pull a verbal nifty on anyone. No one has ever heard her talk about herself. Thus we were more or less reliably informed upon setting out to interview Miss Davies.

However, not to be easily discouraged, we figured someone would be able to induce Marion to speak her piece—and it might as well be us. Just how we came out on the deal, you are respectfully requested to judge for yourself. Leniency will be appreciated.

Miss Davies had just returned from Europe. She had had a grand time travelling. She had encountered Douglas Fairbanks in the lobby of the Savoy in London. Mr. Fairbanks was awaiting the arrival of the King of Siam.

"Which reminds me," giggled Marion, "of the time I met the King at Pickfair. I thought he was the butler—dressed up as elegantly as he was—and flung him my wrap."

There are rumors afloat that the beauteous blonde never actually made that mistake. But it's a good story anyway and is indicative of her character. She is not only able, but makes opportunities to tell a good one on herself. How many people are capable of that?

And whatever we asked the girl, she changed the subject. We told her she was looking grand. Hadn't she lost a few pounds? And *she* said, "Oh, you ought to see What's-Her-Name these days. Remember her?"

WE said, "That's a duck of a hat you have on," and started to add a question or two about the clothes she had purchased abroad, if any, when Marion interrupted with the news that another old-time movie favorite had become deeply interested in—of all things—embryology. And was really making quite a name for herself, my dear, in scientific circles, my dear, and didn't we think it was wonderful? All of which was very interesting, no doubt, and indicative of Marion's friendly spirit and lack of absorption in her own personal affairs. But it wasn't what the doctor (*Continued on page 85*)



Franchot Tone simply cannot stand back-slappers.

By Martha Kerr

How do the stars' pet hates check with your own?



Don't ever mention "cockroach" to Jeanette MacDonald.



THE other day a friend of mine and I were talking about our various likes and dislikes. We discovered that our likes were pretty conventional —good food, clean linen sheets and eight-week-old puppies.

But it was when we got to our hates that we discovered vital bonds. And we decided that nothing draws people together so closely as rousing mutual hates. Just because we both simply loathe men who call us "dear lady," our rather mild friendship took on a vigorous palship and mutual understanding we had never had before.

Have you ever noticed that when someone says, "I like . . ." you just go on sipping your cocktail. But when a person cracks out with a good "I hate . . ." you give your undivided attention. And invariably by their hates ye shall know them. So it occurred to me that it would be fun to find out the pet hates of the Hollywood boys and girls. If their hates coincide with yours, you'll like them better, I'll bet. If not, they might as well give up your friendship. So see how your hates stack up against Hollywood hates.

There's Franchot Tone, for instance. He simply can't stand back-slappers. You know those guys who meet you on the street and start beating you on the back with a "Well, well, old fellow, how *are* you?" Franchot's antipathy began at college when one of his classmates slapped him on the back and looked over his shoulder while he was preparing for next day's classes. Later he discovered that the guy was copying all his work.

WHEN Tone came to Hollywood he was introduced to a publicity man who slapped him on the back and told him what a great actor he was. And from that day on . . . well, maybe you have a little pet hate in your home and know how Franchot feels about that press agent.

Then there's Ricardo Cortez. Gosh, how sore he gets when somebody mauls him. Recently a fellow actor came up to him and, after admiring his suit, tried to read the label inside the coat. Ric wanted to hit him. But Ric has a lot of hates, among them coffee with cream (he uses milk instead), people with dirty finger nails and women with too much make-up on. Ric craves natural feminine beauty and his wife uses little make-up.

Bill Powell despises chewing gum and you can't blame him when I tell you what happened when he was three years old. There were three packages of chewing gum on the living-room table. Young Willie mistook them for ordinary candy, chewed the sticks vigorously and swallowed the gum. It's an experience he hasn't forgotten, so don't offer Bill any chewing gum. Until recently he couldn't even use a toothpaste with a mint flavor, but he's getting over his antipathy. How? By consuming mint juleps. And that, it seems to me, is a swell cure for any antipathy.

When Jeanette MacDonald was a little girl she stepped on a cockroach in her bare feet. Of course, everyone dislikes cockroaches, but with Jeanette it amounts to a phobia. If you want to get in bad with Jeanette just mention the word "cockroach." She'll show you what a first-class spasm is (*Continued on page 79*)



A Little Lord Fauntleroy suit caused Jack Oakie's pet hate.



Crawford loathes telephoners who say, "Guess who this is?"

Average — but wonderful



Walter Connolly, the man who makes bad pictures good and good ones better

By Gladys Hall

THERE are thousands of men in the world who look like Walter Connolly.

There are thousands of men who were not born with the what-it-takes of Gable, the poetic beauty of Novarro, the muscular magnetism of Weissmuller.

Thousands and thousands of plain, slightly middle-aged men with thickening waist-lines and thinning hair and patient, tired eyes.

Thousands of such men who are chained to their desks year in and year out, who "get off," if at all, for a two weeks' vacation every summer, who are called "Hi, Dad!" by their children and "Yes, dear," by their wives. Taken-for-granted men who bring home the groceries on the 5:15, mow the lawns, put up the screens in summer and pay their insurance premiums while the insolent years gallop by.

And these thousands of men must wonder, with the especial wistfulness of plain, average men what it might be like to step out of the gray routine, to lead exciting, stimulating, emotional lives, colored with travel and exciting contacts and beautiful women and applause.

Many of them must think, as their secret dreams stir inside them, "Of course, if I had been born looking like Gable or Montgomery, it would have been easy then. . . ."

Many of them must gaze at average-looking Walter Connolly and wonder. For Walter Connolly does look like Any Nice Man. Like your Dad or mine. Like your husband or mine. He looks as though he might belong in a bank, a broker's office, or be the head of a string of chain grocery stores. He looks as though his wife might say, a little absently, "Yes, dear"; as though a troop of jolly children might hail him confidently as "Hi, Dad!"

He is certainly no Clark Gable. He is in his middle forties. He is five-feet-nine-inches in height. He weighs 190 pounds, knows he is too heavy and will do nothing about it save abstain from potatoes. His eyes are brown and very kindly. He is a plain man and he makes your blood pound and your tears flow and your pulses hum as even a Gable can't do.

And Max Reinhardt called him "The greatest dramatic actor in America."

How? Why? He is a very great artist, obviously. But what was it that sent this son of the late Walter James Connolly, head of the Western Union Relay Office in Cincinnati, Ohio, into the arena where the world's most beautiful women and handsomest men play, don grease paint and tangle their skilled hands in the heartstrings of the world?

Why is he not still sitting behind his desk as Third Assistant Cashier of the First National Bank of Cincinnati where, after St. Xavier's College and a polishing-off at the University of Dublin (the Connollys are Irish, in case you haven't guessed), he began the business of life. Because he did begin the business of life in business.

I asked him. It always fascinates me when one of these average, un-actorish-looking men — a Walter Connolly or an Edward Arnold—spur the public imagination and ride to stardom on these spurs. It is easier for a Gable, you know.

I spent the evening with Mr. Connolly. His wife, Netta Harrigan, and their ten-year-old daughter, Ann, had just gone back to New York. Mr. Connolly was to join them at their apartment there within the week, after the completion of Paramount's "Father Brown, Detective," for which he had been loaned by Columbia Pictures. In New York Mr. Connolly will do a play.

He said smiling, "My grandfathers are probably responsible. One of them was a whaling man and the other a railroad builder. They lived adventurously. They were not content with ledgers and filing cabinets and four walls. They wrestled with sandstone and steel, with monsters of the deep, flinging the tracks of travel over the untravelled face of the earth. They dealt with the raw material of life and death and change. It was not in them to sit at home and let the years limp by them, leaden-gaited.

"It was not in me. I really knew it from the beginning. I knew it when I was at St. Xavier's. But my family had all of the normal family's aversion to a son of theirs going on the stage. What, a Connolly! An Irishman! Nor did I look like the commonly accepted theatrical type even then. I wasn't a 'pretty boy.' Not by any means. Girls did not yearn over my romantic profile.

"What right had I to be an actor? Why didn't I stay in the bank and marry one of the (*Continued on page 94*)

Should the Husband

NO!

..says Ginger



● Marriage is a partnership. Expenses should be shared equally



Lew Ayres, at the right, and his bride, Ginger Rogers, above. Can they successfully follow Ginger's theory?

By Lynde Denig

I AM all for equality in domestic affairs."

With this defiant thrust Ginger Rogers, the tawny-tressed star, who first visioned the light of day in the appropriately named city of Independence, Missouri, began voicing her inner feelings on the much debated question of who should rule in the home: He or She.

A definite personality, with highly defined likes and prejudices, her answers never wavered. It was as though she had thought at length and deeply upon each ventured query; as though it was bred in her very being this expression of independence, of equality.

"I do not consider myself excessively modern," she continued. "But I do feel that marriage is a partnership from first to last, and whoever heard of a partnership where only one is responsible for expenses?

(I pause a moment to wonder whether Ginger, newly wed to Lew Ayres, will apply her theories to their marriage and find the arrangement a happy one. I wouldn't be surprised—Ginger being a woman of her word.)

"I have known more family quarrels to occur over money matters than anything else," said she. "I have seen young friends of mine start out with the best intentions and then get all messed up over bills. First they are mildly irritated; then there is an argument; then there are quarrels. Finally love flies out the well known window.

"I am sure this is not only true of Hollywood marriages. In every walk of life women are occupying important positions. Many wives are earning salaries that equal or surpass their husbands'. Certainly the fair-minded among them must feel it only just that they share expenses with their mates.

"If the equality of women (*Continued on page 86*)

pay all the Bills ?



YES!

..says Glenda

● There is only one head man in marriage. He pays all the bills

Above: A portrait of Glenda Farrell, who believes man should rule the home. Below: Glenda and Warren William in a scene from "Concealment," a Warner Bros. picture.



THERE must be one head of a house, and the visible sign of his authority is his hold on the purse strings."

Thus was I greeted when I questioned Glenda Farrell, attractive blonde star, on her opinion of a husband's status in the home.

Although thoroughly modern in every respect Glenda still clings to the age-old idea that man should be boss of the home.

"Please don't think me old-fashioned," she implored, seeing my expression of surprise. "I am judging by observations. It is my strong personal conviction that marriages following the old economic method, affording the wife just an allowance for housekeeping expenses, succeed, while other marriages, in which bills are paid by either or both, usually end in separation or divorce."

This was refreshingly interesting in a day when all is chaos concerning marriage, and I asked for further details. She gave them unhesitatingly.

"My philosophy of marriage is simple. Although I do not concern myself with other people's affairs, I have little sympathy for those who marry and play around as though they were single.

"I believe, as I said before, that there is only one head of the house and he, as head man, pays the bills. Whether a man realizes it or not, he inwardly resents the loss of dominance that has been conferred upon him through the ages. A gentleman may smile and say nothing, but behind that smile there are thoughts that a sensitive woman intuitively feels.

"When a man ceases to pay the bills he feels that the home ceases to be his home. Then there is danger ahead."

Perhaps Glenda comes to a portion of her conclusions because of her early marriage, (*Continued on page 98*)



PICTURE NEWS



(Above) Look who's twosoming—Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern. (Below) At the Trocadero, Connie Bennett, Clark and Mrs. Gable beam on Gilbert Roland.

Hollywood's social season is commencing. Take a look at who's who and what's doing



(Below) Russian Eagle party for our Regina Cannon. Left to right, Gladys Hall, Gene Raymond, Regina, Ann Sothern and Mildred Lloyd.



She Was a One Date Girl

By James M. Fidler

PEOPLE called her "the one-date girl" because the men who took her out once never came back again.

You have read about such girls in magazine advertisements—you know, the girls in the ads who lament, "He kissed me once, but he never called to see me again." Those advertisements, you may recall, are often situated just across the page from the chap who boasts, "They laughed when I sat down at the piano, but when I began to play . . ."

Jean Muir, unlike the ladies of the advertisements, does not suffer from that insidious malady called halitosis. However, she does suffer, according to her own self-damning testimony, from the following faults.

She is not pretty in the accepted sense of the word.

She has no sex appeal.

She is much taller than the average Hollywood girl.

She lacks the ability to flatter men.

She cannot dance well.

She cannot play cards.

She cannot swim, play golf or tennis.

She has too much ego to please men, who like their own vanity appeased.

She will not inconvenience herself to be nice to men.

"And there are more reasons why I am unpopular with men," Jean confessed to me. "Men like to accompany girls who will cause other men to be jealous. They like to go out with pretty, vivacious girls—girls who dress well and dance divinely. I do neither.

"All of my life I have been a wall-flower. Until I was sixteen years old, I never had a date. No childhood sweetheart ever carried my books to school. As for fighting for me—well, no boy ever did. Fortunately, I was a big girl, and I was able to fight my own battles.

I HAD my first date when I was sixteen. Up to then no boy had ever attempted to kiss me. I made the first date myself. I was invited to attend a dance, and I was told to bring my own escort. I asked a neighborhood boy to take me. This happened back in the days when "cutting in" on dances was the fad; stags tagged boys who were more fortunate, and danced until they in turn were cut.

"I'll never forget that night! I'll never erase from my memory my growing dread as my escort danced, time and again, past the stag line and nobody cut in. After circling the ballroom a few times, I tried smiling at a few boys I knew at school, but none smiled back.

"Ashamed and barely able to suppress my tears, I finally pled the wall-flower's oldest, most pathetic excuse—I told my escort that I was tired. I asked him to take me to a chair, where I sat for the rest of the evening. I didn't see my boy friend again until the dance ended, when he apologetically arrived to escort me home. He need not have apologized; I understood.

"Perhaps that first experience is the reason why I hate dancing today. I have *(Continued on page 84)*

Jean Muir in a striking pose.



Jean Muir discusses the problems of unpopular girls

Fame is a Thief

Ronald Colman tells why. Do you agree?

by Faith Service



Ronnie with Loretta Young in the forthcoming "Clive of India" for 20th Century. Do you think Ronnie is as handsome without his moustache?

RONALD Colman can call his soul his own —but very little else.

Loretta Young once said to me, "Ronald Colman is like a man out of a book. He seems so subtle and sort of mysterious. He is like a character in a book you can't quite make out. You feel that maybe the author means one thing and maybe another . . ."

Loretta is right. Ronnie is like a man out of one of the very best English novels. He talks like a man in a book. And he is more exactly like his screen self in real life, than any other actor I know. He has that same remote smile, that look of one who remembers something lost, and rather sad, a long while ago, and who regrets that loss but is resigned to it.

He is utterly without pose. He hasn't one single mannerism or affectation. He never dramatizes himself. He never makes sensational statements. When, several years ago, he was called a woman hater in print I asked him about it, in the interest of all women. And he showed me his "little red book" wherein are inscribed the names and telephone numbers of Hollywood's most famed and fair. Whether he uses the telephone numbers or not he didn't say.

When I asked him for this interview he said, "Can't we just meet and talk, socially, and never mind the interview?" He sounded very reticent and English.

I said that I really couldn't be so piggy. I felt in honor bound to share him with the public. He conceded the point, graciously. He had finished his "Clive of India" scenes for the day and he changed into British looking tweeds, a bit worn, and took me to tea. He was smoking a pipe, he was tanned and very charming.

And once again I was impressed with the feeling one gets about him—that when he steps out of his life to meet you, or you, or me, he closes the door behind him.

What he really does in the house of his life, with whom he shares it, what hopes and dreams are closeted



there, what memories haunt it, we have never known and probably never shall know.

I said on an impulse, "You really hate the things of fame, don't you? You hate to be famous?"

He said, "I'm afraid that I do."

"But why?" I asked. "What has fame done to you? What has fame taken away from you?"

And then Ronnie made the most sensational statement I have ever heard from him, made it with more passion, more of a show of emotion than I have ever heard him display in all the years I have known him.

"Fame has taken my life away, my life as I want to live it," he said. "Fame has taken away my privacy, which is infinitely precious to me, which happens to be more precious to me than money or any amount of publicity.

"Fame has robbed me of my confidence in my fellow men and women. It has robbed me of my old friends and prevented me from making new ones. It has robbed me of my right to harmless adventures, experiences, flirtations, if you will, and the general fun which should be a part of every man's earlier life.

"Fame has robbed me of my freedom and shut me up in prison and, because the prison walls are gilded, and the key that locks me in is gold, it isn't any less monotonous. I don't mean to be ungrateful, for I do send up praise that I've made more or less of a success in pictures, and do appreciate the plaudits of my admirers."

"But surely," I said, "surely there are compensations?"

"Yes, there is one decided compensation," Ronnie said, "and that is my work; I love the work, itself. But it is not of my work that I am speaking, now. It is of the smoke-screen that surrounds my work.

"There are no returns for me because I happen to be the unfortunate and no doubt stupid sort of person who does not care for the returns fame brings. They are not valuable to me. I don't want them. If you give a man a rare and costly gift and he has no use for it, then no matter how rare and costly the gift may be, it is not precious to him.

"There are only two gifts to be had from fame, (*Continued on page 96*)

"Fame has taken my life away," says Colman. "I love my work and I'm not complaining on that score, but . . ."





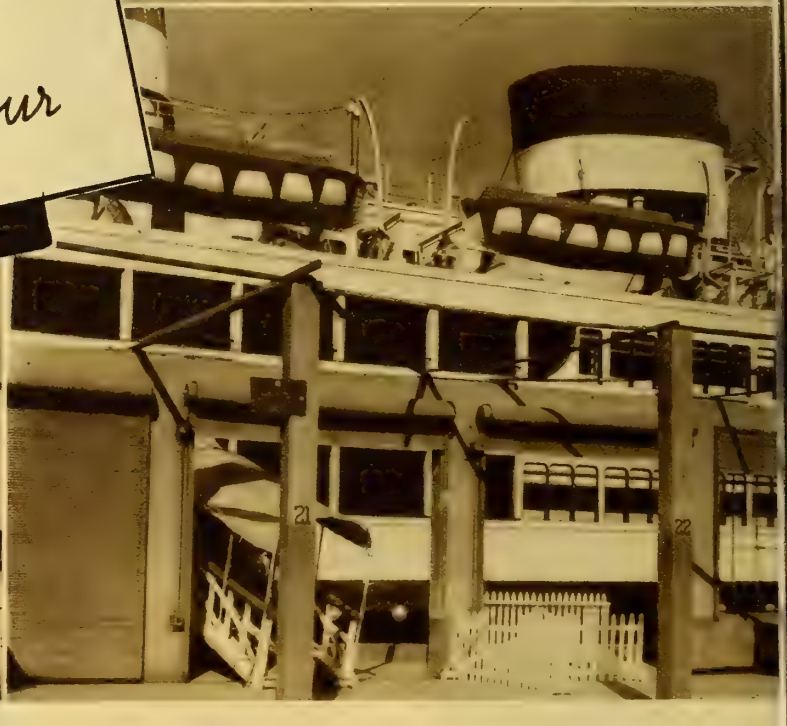


None of this is real

By Cyril Vandour

They're movie sets, every one of 'em! (Above, left) A section of lower London, and, right, part of a foreign village. (Below, left and right) An exact replica of a huge ocean liner built on top of a studio roof.





JUST as "all that glitters is not gold," so in pictures all that seems to be is not. The scenes you see, the sounds you hear, are, as often as not, achieved through trick devices handled skillfully by a group of technicians, who play a major part in the perfect production of a picture, yet who do not receive even an iota of the appreciation that is their due.

No fan or scribe ever sings the technician's praises. When the reviewers hand out their bouquets of choice adjectives, they never remember him, although he is the guy who transfers the bright ideas of writers and directors to the screen. The limitations of mortal man do not exist for him. He can pull from his bag of tricks almost anything you can name.

Take "One Night of Love," for instance. It has been lauded as one of the screen's finest musicals and is the





(Above) A New York street, complete to street cars, tracks and elevated railroad. Wouldn't you swear it was the real thing? (Below) A village square, monument and all, in a New England town. It was used in Will Rogers' "Dr. Bull."

(Above) A Chinese waterfront locale. (Below) A street in a Bavarian village. All of these pictures are of sets to be found in Fox Movietone City. The Bavarian set was used in "Music in the Air," with Swanson and Boles.





personal triumph of that fascinating lyric butterfly, Grace Moore. The gentlemen who really put her over this time were the technicians in the sound department of the studio. They invented a new method of recording her voice, which they call the "hill-and-dale."

John P. Livadari, Columbia sound director, showed me under the microscope the difference between this new type of record and the old or ordinary type. His explanation of the obtruse scientific principles involved in the "hill-and-dale" was just so much fee-fo-fum to me, so I'll be satisfied by saying that it's a knockout. It enabled the studio to reproduce Miss Moore's warbling on the screen in all its marvelous range, which the usual type of recording could not do, and meanwhile saved her an endless amount of singing and temperamental fits.

This being the age of all-round (*Continued on page 81*)

Lines to a Little Lady

Shirley opens her daily mail-bag for you to read

by Robert Eichberg

JUST like Garbo, West, Bennett, Crawford and the other glamorous girls of the screen, Shirley Temple gets fan mail. But what can a person write to an actress who has not yet reached the advanced age of six years?

Having seen the hotcha letters some of the more mature ladies and gentlemen of the screen received, I wondered, as you doubtless do, too. So I managed to get a few hundred letters out of her file. Why don't you peep over my shoulder while we peruse some of the best? Shirley's letters are very nearly as cute as she is, and many of them are written by boys and girls only a few years older than "Little Miss Marker," herself.

"I'm mad at you," writes an eight-year-old girl from Detroit. "My Daddy and Mother took me to see you in 'Little Miss Marker' and they laughed very hard when you said 'Aw, nuts!' But when I said it to the minister at Sunday dinner, I got sent away from the table. Tell me, Shirley, how do you get away with it?"

Hmmmm! Pretty soon the reformers will be telling us she's a bad influence. Well, if they do, we'll just show them this next letter:

"You never heard of me and you won't give a damn, but I felt I just had to write to you. You see, I'm a two-time loser—just got out of the ——— State Pen after a five-year stretch. My first night out I went to see a movie and one of the pictures was 'Baby Take a Bow.' I knew it was hokum all the time I was looking at it, but Kid, you got to me. There I saw a guy like me, fresh out of the can, but his girl waited for him while he was away and mine didn't. I guess if she had, and we'd had a kid like you, I wouldn't have gone back the second time. Anyway, Kid, this can't be such a tough world as long as there is people like you in it, and maybe I will get a job, although things are tough.

I JUST wanted to tell you you taught me a guy can go straight if he has got a reason for it, and you are going to be my reason from now on. I am going to see every one of your pictures just like you were my little girl, and if you don't mind, I'm going to write to you every now and then to tell you how I'm making out. I'll be ashamed to write if I flop again, so I got a good reason for staying clean. If you do not hear from me again, you'll know I am just a lousy rat that will never be any good. But don't worry, Kid, I'll make out okay and sometime when you get big enough, you might write me a letter to tell me I'm doing pretty good, if it is not asking too much. I'll make you proud of me yet."

Doggone it, I'm sorry for that boy. Here's luck to him; he's got the right stuff.

From Utah comes a letter written by a woman who is not so modest in her requests. "Will you send me," she asks, "a small lock of your hair, to wear in a locket? Of course, if you can spare more, I would be very glad to get it, because my friends would die of envy if I could be wearing a whole bracelet made of Shirley Temple's hair. I know you will do this, because your hair will soon grow again if you cut it, and it would mean so much to me. By the way, if you have a lot of it cut off, please send it all to me, as I could make a lot of money selling rings and bracelets made of your hair to lots of my friends."

Quite a number of people have fallen in love with the famed Temple ringlets, and if she complied with all request for bits of her curls, the little lady would be kept as bald as an egg.

(*Continued on page 74*)



Miss Temple plays "lady" in "Bright Eyes." This opus will redouble her fan mail applause.



Virginia Bruce

What a charming "Jenny Lind" Virginia makes. Do you wonder that both Wally Beery and Adolphe Menjou fall in love with her in "The Mighty Barnum"? It will be a treat to hear Miss Bruce sing, for she has a lovely voice. Of course, you witnessed her successful screen come-back in "Jane Eyre." Didn't she look ravingly beautiful in it? She's happy now, too. Perhaps it's because of John Gilbert's success in "Captain Hates the Sea." You see, she's still fond of her "ex."



Wuxtra! Fox has elevated this handsome gentleman to the star ranks and what's more he's got a "singing clause" in his contract. With so many musicals lined up and his work in "Music in the Air" and "White Parade" so good, the Crosbys had better watch out.

John Boles



Jean Harlow

Although the screen's most famous platinum hasn't made a picture since "The Girl from Missouri," she'll hie herself and make-up kit to the M-G-M lot any day now to start work in "Spoiled." Her personal life? Well, she and Bill Powell have been having the usual number of dates.



Adolphe Menjou

Adolphe Menjou did such a swell job as the theatrical man in Universal's "The Human Side" that 20th Century decided to cast him as Bailey Walsh in "The Mighty Barnum." Wally Beery is seen as the famous circus man and Menjou is his habitually drunk but very clever partner.



Claudette Colbert

The Claudette who made you rave in "It Happened One Night," and more recently in "Cleopatra," will thrill you once again in the picturization of Fannie Hurst's novel, "Imitation of Life," with Warren William, for Universal. Right now, she's on the Paramount lot, making "The Gilded Lily."

MOVIES TO DELIGHT YOU!
MOVIES TO THRILL YOU!

Reviews

A: The Painted Veil
(M-G-M)

This is the story of a family's Ugly Duckling or Wallflower, whichever you prefer, who thought she knew what she wanted. And, as that famous philosopher, Mr. Emerson, so sagely pointed out to all of us, "Be careful what you want, you'll get it." Thus Garbo, in her latest dramatic hit, finds that roses turn to ashes when they're clasped too closely.

The story is unreeled before a colorful background, moving from an Austrian town to a sophisticated Chinese colony and thence to the disease-ridden cholera country, where the heroine is given ample opportunity to deplore her folly and redeem herself.

Herbert Marshall plays the man she married for convenience in a restrained and noteworthy manner. George Brent enacts the cad and, no offense, gives a thoroughly convincing performance. Garbo is quite superb and actually beautiful. Never has she looked so devastating. The picture boasts a temple dance sequence which is literally gorgeous. Yes, "The Painted Veil" presents the first lady of the screen in all that is first class in fine film entertainment.

A: Romance in Manhattan
(RKO-Radio)

You've been waiting for "Romance in Manhattan." Probably you won't realize it until you've seen this picture which is composed of everything scheduled to make for first-rate entertainment. There are laughter and tears, sentiment and sadness, good acting and the colorful setting which is little old New York. True, a lot of the scenes of the big town are stock and process shots, but that is not going to interfere with your enjoyment of the film one bit.

Francis Lederer, as attractive as he is sincere, is an immigrant boy imbued with the desire to make his living in America. Ginger Rogers plays a hard-working chorine interested only in caring for her young brother, Jimmy Butler. Fate throws them together and their road is a hard one, for there is always the villain just around the corner. Then, when all seems lost, their problem is solved by Farrell MacDonald in the funniest police station sequence you've ever witnessed. The audience fairly shrieks their appreciative laughter. We won't go into the details, because we don't want to spoil it for you. But don't come complaining if you miss this picture. You've been warned.

B: Flirtation Walk
(Warners)

Here is a delightful cinema concoction featuring Ruby Keeler, West Point and Dick Powell—not, of course, named in order of their importance. And if you like uniforms and parades, you're going to have a field day, the broad greens of the U. S. Military Academy serving as the field.

The story deals with the sentimental activities of the boy, the girl and the other boy, the lad who has already made the grade in the little lady's affections. Dick is not he—at first. But love laughs at locksmiths and First Lieutenants and a bumpy career at the Academy, and, in the end, triumphs.

There is a playlet within the picture that is not as amusing as it is intended to be, but there are two lilting tunes charmingly rendered by young Powell, who actually turns in a performance in this film and may no longer be disposed of as a song-and-dance man. Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and John Eldridge all give nice accounts of themselves, and Ruby Keeler, looking sweet and pretty, at least deserves "A" for effort.

B: Evelyn Prentice
(M-G-M)

It leaked out (and we wonder whose fault *that* was) that "Evelyn Prentice" was to be as gay and light and grand as "The Thin Man" and that Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man (Myrna Loy and William Powell to you) had duplicated their unusual performances of "Thin Man" memory. Well, 'tain't so, chillun, 'tain't so. "Evelyn Prentice" is a good, workmanlike, convincing picture and honesty compels us to put the period right there. Loy and Powell give good, workmanlike, convincing performances. Una Merkel, too, and Little Cora Sue Collins. Even Isabel Jewell in a drab and tearful rôle deserves a pat on the back.

A blackmailing gigolo is murdered and Isabel takes the rap, while Myrna stews around for some weeks, getting up her courage to confess that she fired the shot. But there were two shots, you see, which fact comes out in one of those good old hokum court sequences,



(Above) Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter in a romantic close-up from "Broadway Bill."



(Above) Keeler and Powell in "Flirtation Walk." (Below) Walter Byron and Janet Beecher in "The President Vanishes."



A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Regina Cannon



(Above) Herbert Marshall dines with the great Garbo; a shot from "The Painted Veil."



(Above) Lederer and Rogers in "Romance in Manhattan." (Below) Powell, Cora Sue Collins and Loy in "Evelyn Prentice."



with Powell berating the jury in his best style. We're not complaining—and neither will you, because you'll get enough thrills, laughs and tears out of it. But don't come around comparing it with "The Thin—" well, maybe we better not mention that again.

A: Broadway Bill

(Columbia)

Swellegant! Pardon the burst of enthusiasm but we happen to be horse lovers, and we'll bet the grand sweepstakes that you'll feel the same way after seeing this picture. In "Broadway Bill" there are the best shots of horses and horse racing this side of an English print. As if that were not enough, Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and an excellent cast contribute to make a picture that is refreshingly different.

Walter Connolly, as J. L. Higgins of Higginsville, is grand. Surrounded by adoring daughters, fawning sons-in-law and the admiring townspeople, he rules the roost. But his little kingdom is abruptly upset when his eldest daughter's husband, Warner Baxter, leaves the security of Higginsville and the paper-box factory for his two loves, horses and freedom, and his youngest daughter, Myrna Loy, follows him. The climax comes when even J. L. can't stand the stuffiness of Higginsville and succumbs to the race-track fever.

Plenty of thrills, suspense and good laughs in this one!

C: College Rhythm

(Paramount)

Well, boys and girls, if you like Joe Penner, you're set. This picture hits on all sixes when Mr. Penner and his pal, the duck, are on the screen. But when they're off, it's a pretty jumbled, straining-at-comedy affair.

The love story is taken care of by Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie and Mary Brian. Mary, one of filmdom's fairest and most capable, wears a blonde wig. Your guess is as good as ours as to why, except perhaps because Helen Mack is a brunette. Anyway, it tends to blot Miss Brian out a bit.

Oakie plays the braggadocio in a mugging manner and just why he wins the girl has the Great Chinatown Trunk Mystery backed off the boards. Mr. Ross is rather colorless and Helen Mack is wasted in the rôle she plays.

There are a couple of catchy songs in the picture and a few intricate dance routines. But that is not enough.

A: The President Vanishes

(Paramount)

It looks as if Walter Wagner's first independent production is due to be one of the important pictures of the year. Though its theme is as fanciful as it is daring, the film emerges from the studio a realistic and thoroughly believable story.

True, this may be difficult for you to countenance until you see the President of the United States vanish from view, as a political group looks for him, seriously hoping their search will be in vain. Meanwhile a credulous public, loaded with propaganda, has unwittingly been instrumental in making matters difficult for the man who would give them peace and freedom.

The picture is replete with suspense, thrills and good characterizations. It has its lighter moments, too, and a human, homey touch difficult to discover in a story encompassing so serious a theme. Arthur Byron plays the rôle of the President, and Paul Kelly, Andy Devine, Peggy Conklin and Janet Beecher are members of the supporting cast. All give excellent accounts of themselves.

A: Sequoia

(M-G-M)

Warning! Warning! All adults, all children! Don't miss "Sequoia!" Here is Nature's age-old struggle for existence presented in a colorful and compelling manner. For sheer beauty and exquisite photography, it stands alone. The human angle, subjugated to the exciting adventures of Gato, the Puma, and Malibou, the Fawn, left motherless at birth, is stodgy and of secondary importance. The amusing antics and loyalty of these two natural enemies holds your interest every foot of the way. Its genuine humaneness, pathos, and thrills exhaust superlatives. Jean Parker both looks and handles her rôle well, but little Harry Lowe, with naive unawareness of danger in a rattlesnake sequence, steals top acting honors. The rest of the cast includes Russell Hardie, Paul Hurst and Ben Hall. This is a "must" for old and young alike.

B: A Wicked Woman

(M-G-M)

Mady Christians, who is new to American moviegoers and a particularly bright star, makes her cinematic (*Continued on page* 103)

Dresses You Could Really Wear



Isn't this a grand business dress of Anita Louise's? Navy wool with amusing churchly vest in white.



"Flirtation Walk"—I've named this after Ruby's new picture because it will catch all eyes! Navy crepe with silver stitching on white.



You could wear a metallic trimmed green crepe dress like this one of Margaret Lindsay's all day and for a dinner date, too.

A WELL-KNOWN Hollywood designer said recently that he designed *real* clothes for his stars because they are *real* people. He does not believe that screen clothes should be designed solely to appear glamorous but should be created so that you, who see them on the screen, would feel that they are in good taste—the type of costume you would care to copy, to wear.

This seems to be a general feeling among Hollywood designers today. Your increasing interest in the costumes you see on the screen has convinced them that they have to create styles that can be used as a guide to a star's public as well as a foil for her individual type. In other words, you have educated Hollywood to be less glamorous and more practical about fashions. Are you surprised to have accomplished this unwittingly?

This trend toward more wearable screen costumes has not hampered, in any way, the originality in detail which has characterized Hollywood designing for so long. I think it has made designers even more conscious of them to offset the simpler lines of the clothes.

The result of all this you-looking-at-Hollywood and Hollywood-looking-back-at-you, is screen clothes that you can picture yourself wearing. Clothes that are of star importance in their smartness but of everyday usefulness to you.

Orry-Kelly, who has created stunning clothes for such glittering ladies as Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Lor-

Daytime, dinner, dancing! Screen designers keep you in mind by tempering glamor with practicality

by Adelia Bird

May we introduce our new fashion editor? She comes to us with a wealth of experience from the fashion world—experience which she wants to use in helping you solve your wardrobe problems. Address questions to her in care of this magazine. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.



Anita adds a matching short jacket to a simple evening gown and has a perfect outfit for five 'til midnight



You have to know your type to scramble sports details with evening formality as cleverly as Margaret does here.



The smartest sleeves begin at your waist—Ann Dvorak shows you. Black cellophane cloth with bright red velvet.

etta Young and those pictured above, has contributed a group of costumes this month that prove the fact that Hollywood is turning out costumes that you can really wear. He has to design all of his stars' clothes with an eye to the dramatic but with a definite leaning toward the wearable. You see, his clothes are copied and sold to stores all over the country. He can't have flights of fancy, or be carried away by a star's ability to wear bizarre things—he has to be both creative and down-to-earth. It's a large order which he carries out skillfully.

Look at the clothes on these three pages and I shall tell you why I like them and why I think that you could wear them with becomingness equal to that of the star for whom they were created.

In the first place, the fabrics are beautiful. They have texture interest; that is, the weave is unusual in several. The surfaces have character. If these gowns had no trimming or outstanding details you would notice them because the fabric creates an individuality for each. All good design starts with the fabric—the details come after. There's the trim daytime dress Margaret Lindsay wears, for instance. The crepe is rough but dull, so striped metal cloth is used for shining contrast on cuffs, neckline and buttons.

Three dinner dresses are distinguished by new and exciting materials. Anita Louise wears a double-duty affair in which the lack of trimming gives the fabric a starring part. The crepe is heavily ribbed in a wavy



You could shut your eyes and pick any one of this evening trio—they are all so charming. At left, Margaret Lindsay wears the classic formal gown in black crepe. She has a metal tunic that she wears over this for cocktail and dinner dates—clever ideal Center, Margaret again—in white crepe with silk fringe adding the trimming touches. And right, Anita Louise looking utterly bewitching in taffeta. Cording gives ripple to the collar and great flare to the bell-shaped skirt.

effect. Margaret Lindsay's white dress is ribbed, too, but in a diagonal pattern—it's a silk crepe striped with chenille, plaid velvet used for contrast. One of the most thrilling fabric discoveries of the season is the use of cellophane woven with cloth. Ann Dvorak has chosen one of these cellophane fabrics for a dramatic gown for informal evening affairs. The cellophane imparts a metallic glitter to it, red velvet makes a brilliant splash of color as accent.

Taffeta has rustled its way into the smartest fashions again this winter. It is especially glamorous when used for the period type of frock, suggesting as it does, the era when great ladies waltzed slowly and skirts billowed and swished about their ankles. Youthful, yet sophisticated, is Anita Louise's version of the taffeta gown shown here.

After the fabric, the next big thought is the line of the dress. Each of these dresses was designed with simplicity and grace in mind. The small girl can wear them as well as the tall one. The "hippy" or hipless will not find that they exaggerate any figure discrepancy. The daytime group is youthful, designed to flatter the slender, girlish figures of Ruby, Margaret and Anita Louise. They are grand for all you young things who need a dress you can wear to classes or to work and yet could go right on to an informal date without a thought that you might not look right.

With the exception of Margaret Lindsay's very formal black evening gown, the other gowns are of the semi-formal type. Each with some little dodge that makes them perfect for the hours from five on 'til midnight. Every girl who leads a busy life socially, in school or in business, needs one dress of this kind. Now that small evening hats are considered dashing and smart, you can top a dinner gown with one and look correct for dining or dancing when your partner does not dress.

SO many girls have asked me what coat they should wear with a dinner gown of this type. It is a problem we all have. Unless you go hatless to a real evening party, you can't wear an evening wrap. If you are going to wear a small formal hat, then you have to wear a coat that fits into the general picture. I suggest a simple coat in a rich material such as velvet, broadcloth, velveteen or some of the other more formal materials. It should be either three-quarter length or full length because the regular daytime length looks very awkward with a long skirt. A short wrap or cape is the other alternative. If you own one of those cute fur capes or capelets, and it isn't too cold, that's another suggestion.

And last, the trimming details of these nine dresses are tricky but not fussy, just enough newness in each to mix dash with taste. There's a white clergyman's vestee for one, oddly square buttons and cunningly stitched fabric insets for another. *(Continued on page 80)*

HIDDEN SKIN TINTS IN THIS POWDER

do things for your skin



How Science discovered New Powder Shades

An optical machine, which reads the skin, color-analyzed the complexions of over 200 girls. Then it was discovered that the clear, pearly blonde skin held a tint of *bright blue*—the brunette had a note of *brilliant green*. These same beautifying tints, hidden in human skin, Pond's blends invisibly into their new powder shades.

Now you can get the shade of face powder that will make your skin thrilling.

You need not be content with powder that merely covers face shine. Now you can get glamorous new powder shades which actually do things for your skin.

See your skin Transformed

These new shades contain the actual skin tints found in beautiful complexions.

These hidden tints cannot be seen in the powder any more than in the skin. But they are there. Ready to glorify your skin.

Use this powder only *once* and those you know—you love—will compliment your new sparkling loveliness.

These glamorous shades are blended *scientifically* by Pond's. Read the amazing story of their discovery.

Look at the photographs above and see how they flatter girls of every type.

Among these six new shades is just the one you have been looking for.

The moment you film on Pond's Face Powder you will realize its texture is the smoothest. So fine—so closely clinging, Pond's never gives you a powdery look—yet it remains on hours and hours. And it is so inexpensive!



10¢ ¼ actual size

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FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS

Only 55¢ for a glass jar that contains as much powder as many $1 boxes. In boxes, 10¢, 20¢, 25¢. It's available everywhere.

But we want you to try it FREE. Just mail this coupon. You'll receive, free, three different shades. Select the most flattering. Discover today what this entirely new powder will do for your skin.

3 shades **Free!** *Send for them today*

(*This offer expires April 1, 1935*)

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B. 04 Hudson Street, New York
Please send, FREE, Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample . . . three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐
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Double Mint Gum

FOR BEAUTY OF MOUTH AND LIPS



P-5

NATURE HAS PROVIDED A WAY TO **BEAUTY** through chewing exercise. *That is why* **DOUBLE MINT** *gum is so popular with the* **STARS** *of the screen and stage.*

Modern Screen Patterns





612

612—(Above, right) Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily" wears this smart shirtwaist dress in wool crepe. Boyish collar and cuffs. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

608—(Center) Claudette Colbert again in trim three-piece black wool suit. Tucked organdy for blouse and bow. Jacket slightly fitted. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

599

599—(Left, below) Peggy Shannon in lovely printed satin tunic frock for semi-formal wear. Square neckline and box-pleated trim are smart. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

Instructions for ordering patterns and Pattern Book on page 110.

608

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES
CORK-TIPPED



THE FINISHING TOUCH

Ho!..for the season of galoshes, sneezes, sniffles—and overheated rooms. Hurray for KOOLS, the cigarette that refreshes and soothes your sorely tried winter throat! Mildly mentholated: your throat never gets dry. Cork-tipped: KOOLS don't stick to your lips. B & W coupon in each pack good for gilt-edge Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other nationally advertised merchandise. Send for latest illustrated premium booklet. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

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Modern Screen Dramatic School



Director Van Dyke, our guest teacher, and Joan Crawford on the "Forsaking All Others" set.

Patience—first precept to success

Here is a message from Katherine Albert, the director of Modern Screen's Dramatic School. She says: Write me and ask me how to go about forming a dramatic club. But don't forget that self-addressed, stamped envelope. In fact, write me about any of your personal theatrical problems. The more, the merrier. Address your letters care of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City. Don't forget the return envelope, stamped!

EVERY dramatic school prevails upon master minds of the theatre to talk occasionally to the students. So MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School has its guest teachers, too. And how wonderful it is for all you boys and girls, men and women who are interested in perfecting yourselves in dramatic art to have the greatest directors in Hollywood available to you. For on these pages you receive the most valuable sort of instruction—theoretical as well as practical advice.

This month I've persuaded "Woody" Van Dyke to talk to you and I'm so pleased with what he has to say that I want to hurry along this introduction. You all know his work. He is considered one of Hollywood's greatest directors. His list of hit pictures would reach around the globe. "The Thin Man" is his greatest triumph. It was he who guided the destinies of the "Trader Horn" company in Africa. And recently he directed Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery and the rest of the brilliant cast in "Forsaking All Others." In other words, that boy Van Dyke knows his stuff. And here is his personal message to *you*. You'll find his (*Continued on page 112*)



"IT'S WONDERFUL!" . . . Peggy Pool, Chicago, says: "I couldn't work. Had indigestion. Headaches. Skin broke out." XR Yeast helped her in a few days!





3 Millions already eating new "XR" Yeast...!

"RELIEVED IN 3 DAYS!"
South Bend, Ind. Mrs. Opal Haymaker says: "I had constipation. This XR Yeast relieved me *in 3 days!*"

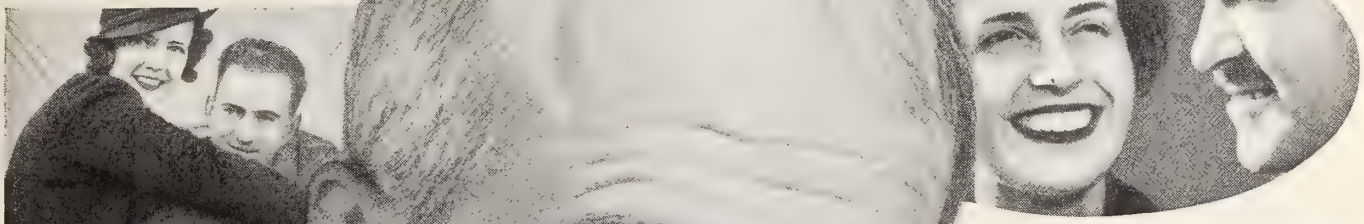
"ACTED IN 72 HOURS!"
Norwood, Pa. David Evans says: "I developed indigestion. This XR Yeast acted in 72 hours."





"NEVER BELIEVED IN LAXATIVES"
Waltham, Mass. Mrs. W. R. Hickler says: "XR Yeast relieved my indigestion in *just a few days!* Headaches left."

"INDIGESTION STOPPED FAST!"
Elizabeth, N. J. Brewster S. Beach writes: "I tried yeast—the XR kind. My indigestion soon disappeared."



"SLUGGISHNESS LEFT IN A FEW DAYS"
Cable, Wis. Margueritte Bro, a writer, says: "I lost appetite, felt drowsy, miserable. Tried laxatives. Finally, I tried XR Yeast. *Have only praise for it!*"

"PIMPLES LEFT IN A HURRY!"
Chicago, Ill. Miss Florence Ryan writes: "Blotches all over my face! In a short time after starting XR Yeast, my pimples weren't noticeable!"

NRA CODE

DOCTORS—CLINICS are enthusiastic about XR Yeast, report: "Quicker than any yeast before!" The noted clinic head, Dr. H. Stevenin (above), says "XR Yeast gives unbelievably quicker results."

EVERYWHERE . . . people are eating this new yeast that corrects common ills twice as quickly!

You see, it's a stronger *kind* of fresh yeast. It speeds up your digestive juices and muscles . . . moves food through you fast.

Thus it banishes constipation and related troubles:—indigestion stops; pimples disappear; headaches cease; you have more appetite, energy—feel much better.

In addition, it supplies Vitamin A *that combats colds!* And it's very rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . *four* vitamins you need to be healthy!

Eat 3 cakes daily. Get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast—at a grocer, restaurant, or soda fountain—now!

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FLEISCHMANN'S "XR" YEAST...*acts quicker*

Everyone looks at your *Eyes* first



Make them attractive with

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EYE BEAUTY AIDS



The Approved Mascara

BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so *instantly* with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

Good News

(*Continued from page 17*)

Little Shirley Temple has to stay home for the holidays. No more Santa Claus-seeing nor shopping for the Fox starlet, which proves that being a famous child actress has its drawbacks.

Shirley's Ma heard her suddenly scream while going through a big department store last week. She looked down at her child, just in time to see a female souvenir-seeker clip off one of the youngster's curls. Truly, there *are* such people in the world.

■ ■ ■

Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall are enjoying life at Palm Springs between pictures. Suddenly La Swanson discovered that the gentleman dwelling in the next bungalow to hers was none other than the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, one of her former husbands.

However, at the time of discovery, Hank had spotted Garbo striding down a desert road and ran to have a look. Meanwhile, Greta, sensing that she was being watched, took off like an airplane, a gazelle, or whatever else "takes off."

Oh, we tell you, there's nothing like life among the cactus, especially if the plant grows on the edge of the Colorado Desert.

■ ■ ■

Donald Duck, out at the Disney Studios, threatens to give even Mickey Mouse a run for his money. On calling the studio for news of him, the operator flipped back, "About Donald Duck? Would you care to speak to him?"

But, alas, Don proved to be too busy. However, we learned that he is now playing small roles in Mickey's pictures, but if he shows promise, he's to be promoted to the high estate of featured player.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood is noted for its rackets, but here's one that's new and different and explains why the stars change their telephone numbers every month. A star's number is never printed in the phone book. (One of the rare exceptions is Wally Beery's.) But it is available to the studio workers. And some bright lad—an office boy who'll probably be the next captain of industry—conceived the idea of selling telephone numbers to the fans.

The fee is modest. Twenty-five cents a number. The fan who has paid the two bits can then have the thrill of hearing his favorite star's voice saying "Hello." The best time to get the star (and not the maid) on the phone is about three A.M. Well, if it's a busy week for the office boy, it's a bad week for the stars. And now you know why they guard their numbers as Marlene Dietrich guards her eyelashes.

■ ■ ■

Von Sternberg—and don't tell me you don't know Von Sternberg—is directing his

(*Continued on page 66*)



Ginger Rogers' bridesmaids, Mary Brian and Janet Gaynor, pose with Ma Rogers. Doesn't she look every bit as youthful as the gals on her left and right?

A leading American Dermatologist says:

"Their Skin is years younger than their Age"



MRS. PAUL REVERE III
of Boston and Cohasset, Massachusetts

• **"Not a hint of sallowness. Skin supple—firm. Appears a full ten years younger than her age"—*Dermatologist's report.***
• **Mrs. Paul Revere III, speaking of Pond's Cold Cream, says: "It smooths away little lines around my eyes—keeps my skin soft."**



MRS. ALEXANDER COCHRANE FORBES
Grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT

• **"No blemishes. No lines. Her skin has the fresh radiance of the early teens"—*Dermatologist's report.***
• **Mrs. Forbes says: "Pond's Cold Cream frees my skin of blackheads, coarse pores, blemishes."**

You, too, can keep your *skin flawless* . . . Young

BEAUTIFUL SKIN depends very little upon your age. Haven't you seen women of 40 with skin as fresh and blooming as that of girls in their teens?

Skin youth—skin beauty—is determined by conditions within the skin itself, dermatologists say.

An active circulation—vigorously functioning oil glands—firm, full tissue and elastic muscles—these make your skin look young, though your actual age may be sixteen or sixty.

These youthful conditions are often subject to the care you give your skin. Dermatologists' examinations prove this astounding fact—that women who use Pond's Cold Cream really keep their skin years younger than their age.

There is a scientific reason for this amazing power of Pond's Cold Cream to keep skin free from blemishes—enchantingly fresh and young.

This luxurious cream is rich in specially processed oils. It is exactly what the skin needs for deep-down cleansing. To revive depleted tissue. Its use stimulates flaccid muscles. And—most important—it recharges glands and cells.

Never let a night pass without cleansing your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Always pat it in every morning—before you make up during the day.

Lines . . . Pores . . . Blackheads . . . disappear

As you use this oil-rich cream, you'll see your skin grow younger—lovelier. You can actually watch lines and crepiness fade. Blackheads, coarse pores disappear. Even drooping contours firm. While to your skin will come that fresh bloom—that silken texture—which invariably distinguish the flawless skin of the women who use Pond's Cold Cream. This same allure—a glorious gardenia skin—can be yours through the years.

Start *now* to use Pond's Cold Cream regularly. This coupon will bring you a generous gift package.

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM contains the same effective ingredients. It melts instantly on the skin. Cleanses thoroughly. Corrects skin faults. Delightfully prepares for powder.

Send for generous 3 DAYS' TEST

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B-50, Hudson Street, New York City . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

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Do you tire easily ?



✓ no appetite
✓ losing weight
✓ nervous
✓ sleepless
✓ pale



then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you . . . though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

S.S.S.

the world's great blood medicine



Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

(*Continued from page 64*)

last picture with Marlene Dietrich. You might think that, since he is leaving Paramount, he would be all sweetness and light and have only kind words for everyone—a sort of final softening. But no! Von is carrying on just as he always has—telling Dietrich in a torrent of German just what to do and how to do it. Marlene doesn't answer back. But Joel McCrea, who was to have been her leading man, does. He's just upped and walked out of the picture because he doesn't like Von's directorial tactics.

■ ■ ■

They were filming a big musical show. Gorgeous girls in those costumes—a piece of lace here and an ostrich feather there—were lolling about the set. The electricians, prop boys and assistants were paying them about as much attention as they'd pay just that many sacks of flour. Turning his back on the most luscious blonde of all, one electrician said to another, "Boy, you oughta of seen what I saw last night. I went down to the burlesque show on Main Street and was it hot! What dames! What dames!"

■ ■ ■

For one solid year Joan Crawford has been conferring with carpenters, interior decorators, drapers, etc., and at last the remodeling of her house is completed. It is beautiful and completely efficient. Joan wanders around in it, an Alice in Wonderland, happy amidst all that beauty.

■ ■ ■

It was during the making of "The Painted Veil." Director Boleslavski decided that he would like Garbo to hum a song while she rocked a baby to sleep. Greta refused point blank. "Boley" pleaded and begged, even got down on his knees and at last threatened to walk off the picture. After a long silence, Garbo finally gave in.

"Aw right," she said, "I'll do it." Lights were on, the camera started grinding. Greta began to rock the baby. Then in a deep, unemotional voice, she started humming "Lazy Bones!"

■ ■ ■

Here's another one on that same famous Hollywood producer. This actually happened on the golf course of the Hillcrest Country Club. Together with some friends, the producer had just finished playing eighteen holes. "Let's stop in at the club house," he said, "and have some tea and *trumpets.*"

■ ■ ■

Things the innocent public never knows about: Pauline Lord, who hasn't yet gotten over the jitters of making her first movie, was prevailed upon to do a radio scene from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." She rehearsed all morning with Kent Taylor, fighting to remain calm. Just as they were ready to go on the air, someone discovered that the studio didn't have the radio rights to the picture. Everything was called off and now Paramount executives are making a detour every time they have to pass Pauline's dressing-room door.

■ ■ ■

When "The Affairs of Cellini" was shown in Hollywood, Louis Calhern, a member of the cast, made a speech to the first night audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I want to thank, for their kindness, Mr. Frank Morgan, Miss Fay Wray, Mr. Fredric March—and that's all."

Miss Constance Bennett starred in the picture. Remember?

■ ■ ■

The wives of famous stars have their busy moments, too, believe it or not. And those moments somehow or other occur in the kitchen. There is Mrs. Carl Brisson, for instance, who throws together a mean meal. (See page 10.) In fact, it's so delicious that one hungry young actor appeared at the Brisson home for dinner one evening and stayed a month.

Mrs. Gable's forte is preserving pickles, of all things, and so adept is she at this little trick that all her friends receive handsomely labelled bottles of 'em as gifts at the end of the canning season.

■ ■ ■

This is the way things happen in Hollywood. Ross Alexander of the New York stage had been under contract to Paramount and Metro, and had never worked a day. Finally, Warners signed him, but let him out before his first picture was shown. When the audience saw "Flirtation Walk," they simply went wild over him. Result: Ross has a new contract at twice the salary he would have signed for, before the preview.

■ ■ ■

When Francis Lederer was a struggling actor in Czecho-Slovakia, he occasionally saw a movie. On one of these rare visits, he viewed a picture featuring Eddie Quillan. Just recently Francis met the lad, long out of work, on Hollywood Boulevard. And so, Mr. Lederer has asked that his one-time idol be cast in his new picture. Nice?

■ ■ ■

Robert Montgomery was about to go into a comedy scene in "Forsaking All Others." Around his body was draped a woman's negligée, used as a gag in the picture.

"I'm glad my little daughter is too young to understand," sighed Bob, as he gathered up his skirts and approached the camera.

■ ■ ■

The Freddie Marches are taking great pride in their new Beverly Hills home. The surrounding gardens are filled with rare plants and flowers. However, right in the center of the plot, there's a solid square of bare ground.

"What are you going to plant there?" we asked.

"Vegetables," answered Freddie nonchalantly, as he stopped to pick an orchid.

■ ■ ■

Not long ago, Joan Crawford was shopping in Westwood Village. A new saleslady came blushingly toward her.

"Pardon me, Miss Crawford," she said, "but I have a customer who wants to buy a gift for a fifth wedding anniversary. Could you tell me what it is?"

Without hesitation, Joan, who has a memory like an elephant, replied, "For anything over six months, they deserve *platinum.*"

■ ■ ■

Jean Muir tells one of the nicest stories of the year on Flo Ziegfeld. Several years ago she approached the famous impressario to apply for a job.

"Please, Mr. Ziegfeld," said Jean, "could

(*Continued on page 68*)

$10,000.00 IN PRIZES FREE

WILL BE OFFERED



FIRST PRIZE
NEW 1935 PLYMOUTH
Wouldn't you be thrilled if you won this new 1935 coach? (Value in cash, if you prefer.) You may win—it's easy. Delivered fully paid to your door.
NOTHING TO BUY—
NOTHING TO SELL—
TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

SECOND PRIZE
G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR. Your chance is as good as anyone's to win this beautiful, latest model family size, G. E. Refrigerator. (Value in cash if you prefer.)
NOTHING TO BUY—
NOTHING TO SELL—
TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

THIRD PRIZE
COLSON BICYCLE
Boy's or girl's, man's or lady's model—your choice. Fully equipped, with coaster brake, etc., etc. (Value in cash if you prefer.)
NOTHING TO BUY—
NOTHING TO SELL—
TO WIN THIS PRIZE.

HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES will be offered FREE

"JUST COUNT DOTS ON SHOE AND GIVE ONE OF BEST ANSWERS TO QUESTION WHAT IS SO-LO?'"

TO WIN ONE OF PRIZES ILLUSTRATED HERE

HOW MANY DOTS? SEE CLUE BELOW



HOW TO WIN
PRIZES SHOWN HERE
Honest Judges — See Paragraph 4

Easy, different, new kind of thrilling contest! Nothing to buy or sell to win any of 3 big prizes. Read how easy:

1. Count number of DOTS on shoe pictured here. Write number on Blank. (See IMPORTANT CLUE above the coupon.)
2. Answer Question: "What Is So-Lo?" Write answer in 25 words or less on separate piece of paper. Any answer about the economy feature, convenience, etc., of So-Lo, in your own words, may win — like: "World's lowest priced shoe repair," or "It's economical — just spread on like butter." (Note: Do not send the above answers—they are only examples.) Bad spelling won't count against you. Write in pencil, if you wish.
3. Prizes will be awarded primarily on the basis of the nearest correct number of dots; secondarily on the best answers (for advertising purposes) to the question, "What Is So-Lo." In event of ties for any prize, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants.
4. Entries will be judged by impartial committee: Miss Mary Marshall, Home Economics Editor, Tower Magazines; Miss Marjorie Deen, Home Economics Editor, Modern Magazines; E. H. Brown, President, E. H. Brown Advertising Agency, Chicago. Judges' decisions will be final.
5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, February 28, 1935. Prize winners will be notified shortly after close of contest.
6. So-Lo Works employees or their relatives not eligible to enter. Only 1 entry to a family.

This offer WILL NOT appear again. ACT NOW — *Mail Entry Coupon!*

EASY!
ANYBODY MAY WIN

YOU may be the one to receive a telegram announcing that you've won the 1935 Plymouth! Send in the Entry Blank now. No tricks, no "schemes," nothing to buy or sell, no other puzzles to solve, absolutely nothing else to do to win prizes shown here. Money to buy these 3 big prizes is deposited in biggest Cincinnati bank now. Your chance to win as good as anybody's. Hundreds of other big, valuable, surprize prizes will be offered FREE OF CHARGE. Entry blank brings all sensational details. Act now!

WHAT IS So-Lo?

So-Lo, the amazing plastic, mends the Sole or Heel, 1c a repair! Spreads on half-soles as low as 8c a pair. *Easy—just dig out a chunk of So-Lo and spread on sole like butter on bread.* Dries hard, tough, and smooth—waterproof, flexible, non-skid. Guaranteed to outwear ordinary leather or rubber. One kit can save as much as $6.00 to $25.00. Over 5,000,000 families now use So-Lo to fix cuts in tires, holes in auto tops, hot water bottles, and over 247 other uses.

See So-Lo at WOOLWORTH'S, KRESGE'S, KRESS', W. T. GRANT'S, NEISNER'S, McCRORY'S, MURPHY'S, McLELLAN'S, WALGREEN'S, SCOTT'S, BEN FRANKLIN, MONTGOMERY WARD'S, SEARS ROEBUCK'S, 5 AND 10c STORES, OR HARDWARE STORES.

"Also at Newberry's and Green's"

SO-LO WORKS
World's Largest Makers of Money-Savers
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Important CLUE TO NUMBER OF DOTS ON SHOE

Look at **Patent Number** on the box of So-Lo at any of the stores listed below, or at 5 and 10c stores, or hardware stores. To get within 25 of the correct number of dots on shoe shown here, multiply the first three numbers of the patent number by three. IMPROVE YOUR CHANCE TO WIN: See So-Lo box at your neighborhood store today.

$200.00 CASH EXTRA!

Nothing to buy or sell to win prizes shown here, BUT if you send in part of So-Lo box showing PATENT NUMBER (or facsimile thereof) with your entry, you will receive $200.00 CASH EXTRA IN addition to Plymouth Auto if you are declared winner of First Prize. Hurry—don't wait. Rush your entry today.

SEND NO MONEY··MAIL THIS TODAY

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

SO-LO WORKS, "RED" Appleton, Contest Manager,
Cincinnati, Ohio. ☐ Check here if sending in part of So-Lo box.

Dear "Red":—

I want to win the FREE 1935 PLYMOUTH AUTOMOBILE, the G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR, or the COLSON BICYCLE. Here is my entry:

There are.....dots on the So-Lo Shoe. My answer to the question "What Is So-Lo?" in 25 words or less is written on attached piece of paper.

NAME .....
(Print Plainly. Use pencil if you prefer)

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... STATE.....M .



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If you're lonely . . . as I used to be . . . if you long to have more dates, let Blue Waltz Perfume lead you to happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment . . . and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve *your* beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious . . . there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you'll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true . . . as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 66*)

you use me as a show girl in the Follies?"

Ziggy looked at her kindly. Then, without a moment's hesitation, replied, "I'm very sorry. You are a very beautiful white rose. I need orchids."

■ ■ ■

Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh were discussing a certain star on their lot, noted for her huge salary and dumb portrayals.

"But I hope you know she gets more fan mail than any other young actress in Hollywood," said Cagney.

"Yeah," cracked McHugh, "but you should read the names they call her."

■ ■ ■

We're wondering if that sterling actress, Alice Brady, is turning out to be an irresponsible one. 'Tother day the studio was frantically paging her for important scenes in Culver City, and a Woman's Club, which she was slated to address, were madly shouting for her from Los Angeles. Finally Alice's maid was reached on the phone. That worthy staunchly stuck to the story that her mistress was in bed nursing a severe headache.

■ ■ ■

Three long, loud British cheers for Harriett Parsons. Harriet is the young lady —and we mean young—who garners "Screen Snapshots" for Columbia. She writes the interesting running script and dialogue and goes on location to "take" the players scheduled to appear in it. One day Palm Springs, another Arrowhead, then Riverside. Wotta peppy existence! And little Miss Parsons makes *that* much money, she's going to build a home for herself, to be tagged "The House that Jack Built"—Columbia's "jack."

■ ■ ■

Maybe it's madness and maybe it's love and then again, maybe they're just good pals. But they're going places, all right. Nancy Carroll and Howard Hughes. The Clover Club, the Vendome and then out to charming El Mirador at Palm Springs, where Nancy played a little croquet while Mr. H. kept score.

Speaking of El Mirador—there is a spot! Right on the edge of the Colorado Desert, the stars, at this freezing moment, are splashing around in a huge pool of aquamarine water, playing tennis on green courts and horseback-riding along dirt roads as hard as asphalt. When MODERN SCREEN's scout visited there lately, a water fête was being held and Eleanor Holm surely executed some stunning backstroke swimming.

■ ■ ■

That dynamic director, Woody Van Dyke, who turns out such winners as "The Thin Man" in half the allotted time, having finished directing Joan Crawford, was called in for retakes on Garbo's "Painted Veil," which fact is probably the only grounds upon which an excuse could be offered for him continually addressing La Garbo as Miss Crawford.

Let it be said for the Swede that she never attempted to correct him—but merely smiled amusedly.

■ ■ ■

What a thrill Clark Gable gave a buxom, middle-aged housewife the other night!

It happened at the preview of one of Clark's pictures. When the lights flashed on, the enraptured female turned to her bored better-half, and gushed, "Oh, isn't Clark the most adorable thing!"

Upon which a voice to the right of her rang out with a "Thank you, Ma'am," followed by a flash of white teeth and a display of two devastating dimples.

Mrs. Hoozis is reported to have just come out of her ecstatic faint.

■ ■ ■

Victor Jory had just one week to rid himself of several pounds of avoirdupois before starting a picture. So he hied himself to Palm Springs, picked out a small out-of-the-way hotel, where he would be out of temptation, and began his rigid routine. His day consisted of a five-mile walk and dog trot, three sets of tennis, a three-hour horseback ride, filling in with

(*Continued on page 99*)



Mrs. Harry Lachman, Mrs. Irving Netcher (the hostess), Laura Hope Crews, and Jeanette MacDonald (still looking very Merry Widow-ish) smile for our Scotty.

TINTEX Brings Fashion's Colors to Wardrobe and Home Decorations



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TINTEX restores color to faded fabrics in a jiffy . . . keeps undies fresh and gay-looking . . . brings the season's smart colors to your wardrobe . . . makes your last year's apparel look like new . . . keeps curtains and drapes bright and fresh . . . keeps home decorations color-smart . . . gives professional results . . . is used without muss, fuss, or bother!

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WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

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The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days at our expense.

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INFORMATION DESK



MURIEL SCHWARTZ, Northumberland, Pa.; ERNA AYRES, San Francisco, Calif.; A. A. "CAB", Jeannette, Pa.; VERA CAPPER, East Liverpool, Ohio—Lew Ayres makes a timely subject for this department to inform about, seeing as how he is in the public eye more than ever as a result of his recent marriage to Ginger Rogers. This handsome young actor was born in Minneapolis, Minn., on December 28, 1908. He attended the Lake Harriett School in Minneapolis until the age of ten, then high school in San Diego, and upon graduation entered the University of Arizona to study medicine. He was torn between medicine and music as a career—the latter won and he found a place as a musician with various orchestras in the capacity of banjoist, guitarist and singer. He later joined Ray West's orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles. One afternoon, on his day off, he went tea dancing at the Roosevelt, danced with Lily Damita, was seen by an agent and signed up for a six months' contract with Pathé, where he made one picture. From there he went to M-G-M where he played with Garbo in "The Kiss" and from there to Universal where, as a result of his excellent work in "All Quiet on the Western Front," he was given a long term contract. He is 5 feet 11 in height, weighs 160 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He was formerly married to Lola Lane. He is appearing currently in "Lottery Lover" for Fox, his contract studio.

GINGER, Evansville, Ind.—The names of the Wiggs children in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" (and I don't blame you for asking, they were adorable) are as follows: Billy Wiggs, Jimmy Butler; Jimmy, George Breakstone; Australia, Edith Fellows; Asia, Carmencita Johnson; and Europena, Virginia Weidler. You'll be seeing more of them.

GERTRUDE HUNT, Winnipeg, Canada; CONNIE DEN, Lodi, N. J.; PAULINE GRACE CABLE, Steubenville, Ohio; FRANCES HUDSON, Nashville, Tenn.—So it's Clark Gable you want to know about? It's a pleasure. Born in Cadiz, Ohio on February 1, 1901 (which makes him just 33) he was christened William Clark Gable, but during his very normal youth was just plain "Bill." His mother died in his infancy and he was raised by his stepmother and grandparents. Educated in the Hopedale, Ohio, high school, he went to Akron where he became a timekeeper in a rubber factory until he caught the "theatre bug" and began playing extra parts on the stage. He then alternated between the theatre and odd jobs. In Portland, Ore., he met Josephine Dillon and married her in 1924. In 1927 he made his stage debut on Broadway which was followed by a series of other plays. It was in 1929 that Clark married again, this time to Ria Langham a lovely New York society woman. Two years later he made his first picture as the villain in "The Painted Desert" with William Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees. And this was only the beginning! You know the rest of the story of his rapid rise to fame and popularity. Clark is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has gray eyes and brown hair and is known as a regular fellow. He likes to watch polo games and football, and his athletic diversions are golf, hunting, swimming and tennis. He collects firearms, travelling is his favorite pastime and his latest interest is racehorses, of which he has several. He was born lazy and admits it, has a cleft in his chin, always walks as though he were about to break into a run and gets a tremendous kick out of living. After "Forsaking All Others" with Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery, he will appear in a picture with Constance Bennett tentatively entitled "Town Talk." He is also scheduled to appear in "The Call of the Wild" and "Mutiny on the Bounty," two swell vehicles for him. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

JAMES BLACK, Fairville, Canada—This will surprise you, no doubt, but here's hoping it doesn't make you lose your wager. Tom Mix was born on January 6, 1888, which makes him 5 years older than Tim McCoy, who was born on April 10, 1893, and is 41. Harry Carey is 55.

ELIZABETH SCHNITZIUS, Collingswood, N. J.; JOANNE MARKS, Long Beach, Calif.—Frank Lawton, whom you saw in that prize winner, "Cavalcade," and whom you will see shortly in the title role of "David Copperfield," was born in London, England on September 30, and educated at Langley Hall. Also, he studied for the stage at the Academy of Dramatic Arts. His father was Frank Mokeley Lawton, well known on American and London stages and his mother, Daisy May, was a popular English actress—which accounts for his histrionic proclivities. He played in many successful stage productions in London and made his first picture in 1929. He is an enthusiastic motorist, likes tennis, cricket and golf and in his spare moments tries his hand at amateur photography. His heart interest is rumored to be Evelyn Laye, Ramon Novarro's leading lady. He likes Hollywood and hopes to stay indefinitely—we hope he does.

MARJORIE WONDER, Santa Ana, Calif.—John Buckler played the part of Clayton in "That's Gratitude" and you can write him at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Thanks, that was easy.

F. NIGHTINGALE, Portland, Ore.—It was Patsy Kelly, no less, who played the part of the maid in "The Party's Over" and Jean Harlow's room-mate in "The Girl From Missouri." You can write her at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif.

MELONI COLLIER, Courtland, Va.; MISS R. A. DODSON, Anderson, Ind.; SOPHIE YELEN, Housatonic, Mass.; E. NUDELL, Riverside, Calif.; ANGIE SOMMERS, Northampton, Pa.; STEPHANIE PAPROCKA and MARGARET SCHMITT of Jersey City, N. J.; TILLIE GERSHWIN, Detroit, Mich.—Here's another young man about whom this department receives numerous queries—none other than Richard Cromwell—and here's what's what about him. Roy Radabaugh is his real name and he was born in Los Angeles, Calif., on January 8, 1910, of Dutch-American descent. He was one of five children and had a pretty tough childhood because of the early death of his father, who was a brilliant inventor. After school hours at the Long Beach High School and later at the Chouinard Art School, Dick worked at odd jobs making what little money he could—which experience has stood him in good stead. Then he branched out as an artist, opening his own shop which was patronized by several well known stars who became quite interested in him. He had a secret desire to act and when an opportunity came for him to try out for a part in "Tol'able David" he did, and what's more, got it. A long term contract with Columbia resulted and it has been renewed regularly. (You can write him there at 1438 Gower St., Hollywood.) Dick lives alone in a restful, four-room house on a hilltop north of Hollywood. Romance has not seriously disrupted his life as yet, although he is rumored to be very fond of Katherine De Mille. Weighing 150 pounds, Dick is 5 feet 10 inches tall, has blue-green eyes and sun-streaked blonde hair. He plays tennis and swims, likes to eat oranges between meals and can scramble eggs—but that's all—dislikes having his picture taken, likes to paint and write and see good shows. Paramount borrowed him for "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" in which you will see him soon.

WONDERING, N. Y.—Neither Bebe Daniels nor Harold Lloyd had previous marriages. Bebe is married to Ben Lyon and they have one child; Harold is married to Mildred Davis and they have three children—two of their own and one adopted.

CAROLYN CAMERON, Odum, Ga.; MARGARET ALBANO, Dover, N. J.; ANNE GRADIZOR and FRANCES OKORN, Cleveland, Ohio; "RONNIE" HART, Omaha, Nebr.; MICKY and MINNIE of K. C. K.; M. P., Clifton, N. J.; JEAN L., Falmouth Heights, Mass.; LILLIE MAE HALL, Rockaway Beach, N. Y.; MISS L. C. S., Baltimore, Md.; EDNA NESPOR, Brooklyn, N. Y.; DOROTHY RHODES, Dayton, Ohio; BARBARA ANDERSON, DeWitt, Iowa; DORIS FAY, San Francisco, Calif.—This makes the third time Gene Raymond's biography has appeared in this column—yet people still ask about him. He deserves a platinum rosebud for popularity, all right! Raymond Guion he was christened and he is of French Huguenot descent. Born in New York City on August 13, 1908, he attended grade school and from the age of 4, the Professional Children's School in this city. In 1924 he made his stage debut and in 1931 his first movie appearance. His "likes" are solitude, long drives, horseback riding, tennis, golf, blue and green, thick steak, politics, fan mail and to be asked for his autograph. His "dislikes" are shopping, entertaining, jewelry on men and having "still" pictures taken. Dumas' "Three Musketeers" is his favorite book. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has blue eyes and light golden hair. He will be in "Behold My Wife" with Sylvia Sidney for Paramount Studios to which he was loaned by Columbia, his contract studio.

EDITH GRINDALL, Toronto, Canada — Ben Alexander is the boy who was in "The Most Precious Thing in Life" and "What Price Innocence." His address is Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood.

Your questions will be answered in this magazine. Please do not ask questions which require too much research or which infringe upon good taste. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued on page 13*)

Here's the very cleverest way I know to get your circulation into a positive glow, and to make your skin clear and smooth all over your body after several weeks of treatment. Soak a bath towel in a solution of one pound of ordinary table salt (salt is a recognized agent for beauty) and one pint of warm water. Let the towel dry, and then rub it between your hands to soften it. Incidentally, do this over the lavatory so the salt won't sprinkle on the floor. You only have to prepare the towel once a week, as it will last through a week of morning rubs. So after you have finished your very thorough drying mentioned in the preceding paragraph, rub yourself briskly with the dry salt towel. The friction caused by the salt towel peps up the circulation in the entire body, and, we can't stress it too often, good circulation generally means smooth skin.

Always finish off with a lotion to prevent chapping after your bath. Hand lotions are best, especially certain hand lotions, because they are so readily absorbed into the skin, and you can get such generous quantities for so small a price. And don't forget an underarm cream deodorant in this season of steam heated offices and wool dresses!

Be especially lavish with lotions and creams where your legs are concerned. They have such a rough time of it all winter, with the wind and snow always at their heels. Even a pair of Marlene Dietrich legs couldn't carry off the honors with rough, chapped, red-spotted skin. And such a condition has a sorry way of showing up through silk hose, which, of course, all of us insist on wearing through the winter, in spite of sensible grandmotherly advice to the contrary. Incidentally, I know of some lisle, silk, or wool comfies that slip on under or over your hose, and keep your feet warm without showing at all. You may also wear them to bed at night, if you're troubled with cold feet. We're stepping outside of our original trouble, however, so now for those "gooseflesh" legs. It's lack of circulation that brings "gooseflesh" and red spots. So include in your bath ritual the scrubbing of your legs with a fairly stiff bath brush. And if, as aforementioned, you will finish off with a generous massage of hand lotion, this lubrication will prevent the chapped condition that is so ugly. If your skin is very dry, use a rich cream at night, and slip on a pair of cotton hose several sizes too large for you (as a protection to clean sheets).

HANDS are subject to such constant exposure and such frequent washings and inadequate dryings that it is small wonder they need the most ardent cream and lotion allies. The natural oils get dried out of the skin, and something has to be done to make up for that lack, or your hands get scratchy as though in protest against their treatment. We talked about using hand lotions last month, and we hope that the holidays brought you some lovely creams and lotions to help you take advantage of our suggestions.

Now for make-up this bright morning; at least, we hope it's bright, and while we want bright faces, we don't want shining ones, too. According to the letters you've written me these past several months, a great many of you are troubled with dry skin. The dry type of skin is especially sensitive to harsh weather. Even a normal skin requires creams to prevent it from chapping, and a dry skin needs double the amount. A powder base is very important, not only because it helps to hold powder in an even film, but because it protects your skin from the icy air, and disguises the redness to which most of our skins are more or less subject in the winter. A good powder base and plenty of powder will soften the red into a glowing pink. Use a generous puff, and a soft-as-a-bunny's-ear powder brush to blend the powder, and smooth away the surplus.

Cream rouge is splendid in the winter because it is more impervious to wind and weather. Use it for morning make-up, and carry along a compact of dry rouge in your purse for "touching up" during the day. The proper way to apply cream rouge is with a stroke high on the cheek bone with the rouged cushion of the fingertip. Now, smooth and blend upward towards the corner of the eye, and then softly downward on the cheek. Cream rouge should always be applied to a slightly moist skin, which makes it both easier and more lasting of application. Therefore a foundation cream, vanishing or liquifying, or a cold cream which has been wiped off, leaving a slight moist residue on the skin, is absolutely essential



says Beatrice Hudson
New York model

I never knew a perfume could be as perfect as FAOEN *and* I'VE TRIED THEM ALL



MANY expensive perfumes had intriguing scents, it is true, . . . but what I wanted was something different," says Beatrice Hudson, famous New York model. "FAOEN (with its $1 to $3 quality) *was* different! It actually transformed my personality, gave me an entirely new charm and sense of power!" Haunting, sophisticated . . FAOEN turns you from an attractive woman to an irresistible one! Men are enchanted by its mysterious fragrance!

FAOEN has made thousands of smart women more desirable.

In a "compact" ten-cent size at your local 5 and 10 cent store.

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FAOEN
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Face Powder • Lipstick • Cleansing Cream • Cold Cream • Rouges • Perfumes

Gay TABLE *Dishes . . . yet*



you can bake in them

YOU never saw table dishes like these OvenServe dishes before. Every last piece . . . the serving dishes, platters, bowls, the smart one-handled French casseroles, even the very cups, saucers and plates . . . is built to stand oven heat. Their buttercup yellow color stays bright and fresh, too. They don't "craze," nor get brown and cooked looking.

You can oven-bake in OvenServe dishes and pop them direct from oven to table. Simplifies serving. And oh, how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

Another use is in the refrigerator. They stand cold as well as they do heat.

You can buy them by the piece or in complete service.

Guaranteed
To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

OVENSERVE

SOLD AT KRESGE 5 and 10¢ STORES AND OTHER 5¢—10¢ and $1 STORES

in the application of cream rouge.

Now for your lipstick! Choose one with a cream base for winter. We know of one with a cream base which looks orange but which turns to natural looking rose when applied to the lips, and which makes a splendid wintry weather lipstick choice. If your lips are very dry and subject to chapping, use an oily pomadē on your lips out of doors, and your regular lipstick indoors.

Eyebrows should be groomed into shape, and kept from looking as though they had been swept upwards by a blast of wind. Be sure to pluck out straggly hairs, but don't pluck to change the character of the brow. Isn't it grand that Joan Crawford is setting the fashion for natural looking eyebrows now, and other Hollywood stars are doing likewise? A smart Hollywood trick is to apply a little eyelash grower to the eyebrows with a brush, or a cotton covered orangewood stick, and brush them into line.

If you want to know more about how to play a successful "skin game" with winter . . . what to do for a red nose . . . and other beauty hints for zero weather, I'll be glad to send you my leaflet on "The Zero Hour of Beauty" for the asking and a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Mary Biddle, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. I've some lovely creams to suggest if you want the names.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 10*)

ment. Nor do we ask to the same dinner, people that we know are not on friendly terms."

Another thing I learned about the Brissons' dinners is that the meal is served *punctually*. Carl has no patience with the type of parties where guests stand sipping their cocktails until almost ten o'clock and then adjourn for dinner. When the Brissons say "dinner at eight" they mean just that—and woe to the guest who is late!

If dinner punctuality is something new in Hollywood, so is Carl's habit of singing in his hearty baritone at the dinner table. Although rather startling at first, it is all very gay and jolly. Carl makes up the songs himself and insists that everybody warble with him. So that, by the time smiling Frau Cleo Brisson has risen and said "Welbeckommen," ("I hope everything has become you well!") which is the time-honored Danish signal for the ladies and gentlemen to go into the living room for their coffee, the entire table has been engaged in uproarious song and the two and one-half hours required to dine have fled unnoticed.

But what have the guests been eating during all this gaiety? What could possibly have taken two and one-half hours to eat—with scarcely a moment lost in plate-changing! Well, here's the menu:

THE BRISSON DANISH DINNER

Smörgåsbord
Consomme
Roast Pork Tenderloin, Stuffed with Apples and Prunes
Gravy
Sweet and Sour Cabbage
Apple, Currant, Strawberry, Jelly
Cheese
Pressed Cucumber Salad,
Piquante Dressing
Danish Apple Cake
Peppermints, Danish Chocolate
Dates Figs Nuts Grapes
Coffee

Accompanying all this grand food is a wine list which includes Schnapps (Holland gin) with the Smörgåsbord, Claret with the meat course, sweet Sherry with the dessert, Kirsch and Cherry Brandy preceding coffee.

PERHAPS you are a bit baffled by that word "Smörgåsbord." (I assure you it's even harder to say than it is to spell!) To the uninitiated, therefore, it might be well to explain that Smörgåsbord are the equivalent of French hors d'oeuvres, those fancy tidbits used as appetizers. In Scandinavian countries where hors d'oeuvres become Smörgåsbord, their quantity and quality constitute an actual threat to the ensuing meal, particularly in Denmark which is famed for its cookery.

"We have found it necessary to warn our guests in America that our Smörgåsbord is not the whole meal," Mr. Brisson told me, "and that the regular dinner comes later. We do not, like the Swedes, stand to our Smörgåsbord. Everything is served sitting at the table which is laid before the guests come in. All the pickled herrings, salmon in mayonnaise, egg and anchovy dishes—everything is in place when we come into the dining-room to take our seats. Along the side of our dining-room when we have a large party, is a long, narrow serving table that runs the entire length of the room. On it are nothing but dishes and plates! When the guest has eaten a helping of herring and chives, shall we say, his plate is whisked away and a clean one supplants it. Then he helps himself to some other dish. After that he has another type of Smörgåsbord on still another plate. Otherwise how could he appreciate the delicious cream sauce of one dish if some of the vinegar dressing of another dish remained on the plate?"

And here is a simple member of the Smörgåsbord family which has already become popular for cocktail parties. It seems that it had its origin in Scandinavia—where they call them "nam-nams."

COCKTAIL NAM-NAMS

Cut slices of lean, packaged bacon lengthwise into two strips. Cut each strip in half. (Making four narrow pieces of each bacon slice.) Wrap one of these slices around a large stuffed olive. Fasten securely with a toothpick. Just before serving time, fry the olive-bacon rolls in deep hot fat, until bacon is crisp and brown. Drain on white paper-kitchen-towels. Serve at once, piping hot, without removing toothpick.

Other Smörgåsbord recipes in the Brisson files call for caviar with minced Bermuda onions, spread on rounds of buttered bread; anchovies chopped very fine with onion added; poached eggs on rounds of bread fried to a golden brown in butter, the whole topped with mushrooms in a rich cream sauce; and herrings served with various sauces.

When the Smörgåsbord and Schnapps have been dispatched with songs and good cheer, the real dinner begins. The soup, light and clear, makes its appearance in a huge tureen.

With the soup comes cheese! Fancy that! From now on in the meal, cheese

is a permanent feature on the table—any kind of cheese, according to Fru Brisson—American, Muenster, Port du Salut, Cheddar, Liederkrantz, Swiss, Cream. Danes believe that cheese "peps up" the appetite, she explained. Why don't you try it sometime?

INCIDENTALLY, in serving a true Danish meal nothing is served in the kitchen. Everything comes in whole to the table, where the hostess, not the host, does the carving and the serving as well.

After the soup course Fru Brisson's famous "Pork Tender" makes its proud appearance, with a really divine gravy. The vegetable accompanying this dish is Sweet and Sour Cabbage. This may be prepared in the morning or even the day before. After the meat and vegetable dishes comes more cheese (and more songs if you are dining with the Brissons), then the salad—a crisp, delectable concoction of pressed cucumbers. The accompanying Piquante Dressing does things to this lowly vegetable. (You can take our word for it, it is excellent for other salads, too.)

Finally the dessert course—and what a dessert! Danish Apple Cake. Other sweets may appear on the table, too, but all are dwarfed by the appeal of this marvelous confection. Fru Brisson's "guest recipe" serves twenty and is made in a large bowl, like those made from a Mexican gourd, towering to a height of at least ten inches. On other occasions, however, she reduces the proportions to have a smaller cake which is more in keeping with the requirements of the average family. A round or oblong baking dish makes an excellent container as it allows the layers of delectable sweets to be seen, whetting the appetite for the treat in store. A pleasant feature of this dessert-cake is that it requires no baking. Merely put it in the refrigerator after it has been assembled and the arctic temperature does the rest. Fru Brisson always makes it in the morning of the day of her dinner. The recipe is one that Fru Cleo has never given out before and I'm terribly flattered that she was willing to part with it for the benefit of the readers of MODERN SCREEN. As this Danish Apple Cake is quite worth writing in for, in itself, I'm sure that when you learn that three other



Scott Photo

Glenda Farrell seems to have forsaken Bob Riskin for Bernard Newman, with whom she's pictured at the Blackford Benefit.



Small
FOR HER AGE AND UNDERWEIGHT TOO

but you ought to see the way Betty is shooting up now!

EVEN ON tiptoes, Betty was smaller than the smallest playmate of her own age. While other youngsters shot up, filled out, gained in height and weight—Betty remained thin, scrawny, small for her age—because she did not drink enough milk.

But you ought to see Betty now! How she has added inches to her height—how strong, sturdy, well-proportioned she has become. And the reason is that Betty is now drinking every day, *a quart of milk mixed with Cocomalt.*

Milk is the almost perfect food for children. Mixed with Cocomalt, it provides *extra* carbohydrates for body heat and physical activity; *extra* proteins for solid flesh and muscle; *extra* food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Help your child gain *as he* grows

The famous Lanarkshire milk experiment in 1930 among 20,000 school children shows definitely that children who received milk daily during the test grew faster and were healthier than those who did not.

If milk alone can aid growth and improve nutrition, think what an advantage your child will have if you give him Cocomalt in milk. For, made as directed, Cocomalt almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of every glass or cup of milk.

Cocomalt is accepted by the American Medical Association, Committee on Foods.

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Not only does Cocomalt and milk help children thrive, but for grown-ups, with its nutritional value and extra food-energy, it is a pleasant way to maintain and restore strength. A hot drink promotes relaxation for sound, restful sleep, drink Cocomalt HOT before retiring.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. hospital-size air-tight cans.

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Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk



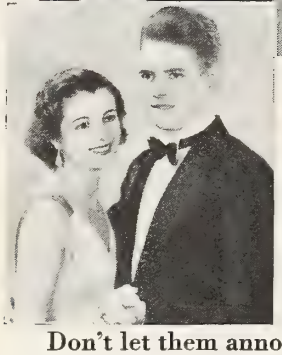
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Annoying Little Blemishes!

So easily corrected . . . when you know this simple way





WHO escapes them—those occasional pimples that seem always to come when you particularly want to look your very best?

Don't let them annoy you, however, for nature can clear them up quickly with a little external aid which Resinol Ointment provides.

This safe, dependable ointment contains medicaments specially selected to soothe and promote healing of skin irritations. That is why it is so effective and so widely used. When applied after washing with a warm lather of pure Resinol Soap, the results are even more satisfying. Get Resinol Ointment and Soap from the druggist today.

For free sample write Resinol, Dept. 1-A, Baltimore, Md.



recipes from Fru Brisson's own files are included in this month's Modern Hostess recipe leaflet, you'll want to fill out and mail the coupon at the end of this article *immediately.*

Each recipe is a joyous and unusual taste sensation—the Sweet and Sour Cabbage is a picture for the eye, a delectable treat for the palate—the Cucumber Salad with Piquante Dressing is everything I said of this combination previously, and then some—and the Pork Tender is a cold weather dish from Denmark that merits an immediate place in every American home. And finally the Apple Cake! What more could one ask? And all you need do *is* ask—and they all are yours! Then you can serve an entire Danish dinner or incorporate one Danish dish at a time into otherwise prosaic meals to add variety. Then you, your family and friends can enjoy the same delicious foods that have made the Brissons famous in Hollywood.

These unusual dishes have earned for the Brissons the reputation of being worthy exponents of their native cookery. Send for the recipes and add to your own reputation as a cook, too.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.
MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me the recipes for February, 1935.

Name .....
(Print in pencil)

Address .....
(City) (State)

.....
(Street and Number)

Lines to a Little Lady

(*Continued from page 48*)

Here's something cute! A little girl who writes "Age—9 years" after her name, says, "I have seen you in every one of your pictures including the one-reelers, and expect to see all your new ones, I think you dance very well—for your age. In fact, you are my favorite child actress."

Shirley gets her mash notes, too! Can't you just picture this little boy as he twists up his mouth while writing in pencil on a page torn from his school notebook: "I seen you in 'Stand Up and Cheer' and fell in love with you. I don't like girls much, but wouldn't mind if you was my little sister. Hoping this finds you well, I am respectfully yours,"—.

Girls as well as boys want to have Shirley in the family. "I am the only child in our family," writes one eleven-year-old miss, "and we live in a hotel. There isn't much for a little girl to do with no place much to play so I go to a lot of pictures and think you are my favorite star. I know you are a little girl, too, so I hope your mother reads this to you. Even though there's not much doing here we could have a lot of fun if you were my little sister. I could teach you to sew doll clothes and mama would teach you to play bridge which I am trying to learn. If you ever feel like coming to New York for a while you can stop with us. I would let you wear my prettiest dress, the one with the lace ruffles, but I don't guess it would fit you very well, and I wouldn't want to have it made over."

So a child of the rich—the letter was on the stationery of one of the most exclusive hotels—doesn't find life any too much fun. Neither, for that matter, does a poor child. A very pathetic letter was sent by a little girl who says:—

ALTHOUGH Daddy got a job now, he was out of work for a long time and he owes everybody a lot of money, so we are not spending very much now because he is paying off a lot of old bills to people who trusted him when he didn't have any money at all. About the time you get this letter my dollie, Mary Jane, should arrive at your house. She isn't very pretty I know, but she is a very good dollie. You see, it is all Daddy can do to pay the rent and buy food and clothes for mama and me and the baby, so Mary Jane is pretty shabby. I have tried to make over some of my things for her but when I get done with them they are not much good any more and I want her to have nice things. So if you will give her a good home and some nice dresses, I know she will be happier with you than here with me although I love her very much. I know that she will love you too, because I can see you'll be a good mother to her. Write and tell me how you like her and if she is behaving herself all right and please don't ever spank her. I never did."

On the brighter side is a letter written by—oh, let it speak for itself:

"Dear Miss Temple:—Do you in need of a shofer? I doant expect so yet because you is very younge but I would wish to opply for the job. Of cours I canot shofer yet because I am only ten years old but my pop is a verry good shofer for a white fambly down here in Ala. and I would wish to be a shofer too when I am big like him.

"You coud save a lot of sallery on me Miss because I woud not charge you nothing to shofer for you because I would likely get into lots of shows free because I am your shofer and I would have enuf money to live because pop has promissed to give me a pare of shureshot dice which canot miss when I am big enough to youse them.

"I think you is an anjel from heaven Miss but I wish you was colored too because then maybe you would not think I had an awfull nerv for riting to you but I hope you will no that I am very respectfull and would only wish to no you as a shofer. Respectfull yours, ——— (colored)."

No, that little boy hasn't "an awful nerv"—but how about the one who got his girl-friend to write a mash note for him? She writes:

"I have a friend who goes to see all your pictures and is simply crazy about you. It's a *He,* and he's awfully cute, with black hair and blue eyes, and I'm sure you'd like him lots. Although he's too shy to write to you himself, and asked me to do it, he says he's going to Movietone City to see you when he gets a little older, but if he does I'll be awfully, awfully jealous. He's fifteen and I'm fourteen and we'd each like a picture of you. If you can't spare two, will you at least send him one, and make his life happier?"

"Teacher took all of our class who were reading about King Arthur to see you in

'Little Miss Marker,'" writes a grade school boy, "and when you walked onto the screen it was the first time I ever saw a smile on his sour old puss. When Old Iron-face says he thinks you're a darling, I guess you must be.

"All the kids in my class save pictures of movie stars and I had more than ten, but the next day I swapped the whole lot of them and my jacknife to boot for a picture of you. I think you're swell and when I grow up I'm going to marry you if you haven't been spoiled by then. X O X O X O X O X—for you." And the envelope had, scribbled on the back of it, "W.L.O.L.& K." Remember what that means? "With Lots Of Love & Kisses."

Not all of her fans are so youthful, though. Up in the Canadian backwoods there's an old couple who write:—

"We went in to town the other night and saw your picture. Is it true that you are an orphan like the picture showed you? If you are, we would be very glad to adopt you. It is true that we haven't got much of this world's goods, but you remind us of our little daughter who was taken from us by newmonia when she was a little younger than you are and we would love you like our own and what with what you make the three of us could live very comfortably. Even if you are not an orphan, you would like it very much up here and we would be very glad to have you as our guest for a few weeks. We would not charge you much for room and board as you are our favorite movie actress. Say about $35 a week. Would that be alright and, if so, when should we expect you?"

AND now for a few short excerpts from several other of Shirley's letters:—"I think you are very cute," says a seven-year-old girl, "and I'd like to be like you. You dance so much better than I do. I've been taking lessons for three years and can't do the steps you can."

And a boy of ten is so skeptical as to write, "Although you are only five and probably cannot read, perhaps you will send me your photograph with your signature scrawled on it, if you can write, which I doubt."

Sad, isn't it? He, so young, and disillusioned already! But perhaps the acme of cynicism was reached by the Florida man who said, "To Shirley's Mother or Father:— One who at least sees his ideal brought to life before his eyes requests that you send him a picture of her. I certainly hope she never grows up, and I'll bet you do too, for where are the prodigies of yesteryear? Busted!"

And a mother writes, "I have a little girl who looks just like you. How about giving her a job as your understudy? Give her a break, won't you?"

"How's chances," asks a woman, "for getting some of Shirley's clothes that she wore in the pictures? My little niece saw her in several of them and won't believe she's a live little girl; she thinks she's a doll and keeps pestering me to buy some clothes for *her* doll like Shirley wore. If you possibly can, please send them so that a worn-out auntie can get a little peace from a persistent three-year-old."

And there are hundreds of others who write—grown-ups praising her, many of them asking for photographs—children telling her how sweet she is, discussing their dolls and toys and ambitions.

Shirley Temple's mail, however, is quite unique. Not only has she the youngest fans of any actress, but I think fewer of them make unreasonable requests of her than do those who write to the grown-up stars of Hollywood.



FREE

Just mail coupon for the most complete book ever written on eye make-up. Note also trial offer.

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A MESSAGE FROM LOUISE ROSS

DO YOUR EYES ATTRACT OR REPULSE MEN?



No girl, I assert, need have dull, uninviting eyes—it's a handicap to happiness. In 40 seconds you can give your eyes depth, glamour, sparkle—that "come hither" look is *yours* when you Winx your lashes. No need to be jealous of other girls. You can make *your* eyes alluring.

Like magic, Winx Mascara, the superior lash darkener, improves your appearance! You'll wonder why you didn't accept my help sooner. Your friends—particularly "he"—will find you doubly attractive.

TO MAKE MEN STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

I want every girl to give herself a chance on the road to romance—to win real happiness. Remember, your eyes are your fortune. So buy a box of my Winx Mascara *today*—it's super-fine, safe, non-smarting, smudge-proof—the perfection of years of experience.

Winx Mascara and my other Winx Eye Beautifiers are presented in generous purse sizes at 10c. Millions of smart girls prefer them to ordinary ones. So will you, I'm sure.

To learn all the precious secrets of Eye Beauty, mail the coupon for my book—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them." It's free. Also send for a trial box, if a 10c. counter is not handy.

Louise Ross

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Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds brows into charming curves.

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243 W. 17th St., New York City

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If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ cake or ☐ liquid ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.



Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using ColoRinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for **Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.**

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MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops ... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

Why I Stay Married

(*Continued from page 27*)

hands. When I come home at night and am too tired to talk about the studio or what I've been doing I don't have to. Ria doesn't care. There are dozens of other things, vitally important, to talk about. On the other hand, if I do feel like talking about what has been going on, she is as keen about it as I am, and knows as much. If I want advice, I get it.

"I could not, I would not, be married to an actress. In the first place, one professional ego is enough in any home. Two egos of the same stamp would blow the roof off Buckingham Palace. If I were married to an actress, and I never will be, here is what would happen: We would have had a bad day, each of us. We would come home with nerves frayed and teeth on edge and we would want to talk about it; we would want peace and comfort and sympathy. We wouldn't get it, either one of us. And all hell would break loose. In the course of many times like this one or both of us would look for comfort and sympathy elsewhere. Or we would have had a good day in the studio and would be full of it, wanting an admiring and appreciative audience, eager to do a little strutting, a bit of boasting. We would both want the floor, in other words.

"I don't have to combat that situation. If I'm tired and fed up, Ria has other things to talk about; other things to do. And because she is a mature woman and knows men and how to handle them, she does just that. If I'm keen about something, want to blow off steam over some scene I think I've done especially well, I can do it without having the nervous fear that she will want to break in with some similar bragging of her own.

AND just as I wouldn't be married to an actress neither would I be married to some sweet young thing, many years my junior, even though she were a non-professional and stayed at home. A younger girl could not know what it is all about. She would not be able to cope with the difficult and trying life of an actor's wife in Hollywood. Because wives in Hollywood *are* on a spot and don't you forget it. A young girl would be jealous. She would be suspicious. She would be resentful. Resentful of all the limelight flattery shown me. She would, at least subconsciously, crave the same flattery, the same attention for herself. She would be an easy victim of all the well-meaning 'friends' who would come to her and say, 'My dear, I think you ought to know, Clark and that So-and-So, etc, etc.

"Things like that do happen. Ria had a lot of it to put up with during our first year in Hollywood. Any number of people came to her with little tales calculated to prove that I was stepping high, wide and handsome with this one or that. I was going here, I was going there, I was having an affair with a certain star . . . did she know . . . what did she intend to do? It was rather hard for her, just at first. It takes a good deal of adjusting. And only because my wife is a balanced, sane and wise woman did she survive.

"And also because she believes me. No actor should marry a woman to whom he cannot tell the truth and be believed. Ria knows that I always have and always shall tell her the truth. And so, when people came to her with trouble-making



Una Merkel, Madge Evans and boy friend, Tom Gallery—a few more of the celebrities who turned out for the Mary Blackford Benefit at the Cocoanut Grove.

tales they got no reaction. Which is one reason, no doubt, why they have about given it up of late. It's no fun to try to stir up trouble where it can't be stirred. Ria always came to me and said, 'I've heard this or that about you and so-and-so, Clark, is it so?' And I would say, 'It is not so.' And that would be the end of it. I would never hear about it again. No nagging. No subterfuges in an effort to find out. I'd told her the simple truth and she knew it.

"Because Ria is a woman who has been about, who knows the world and life, she is intelligent. She knows how to handle life and how to handle men. I have none of the uneasy fears and compulsions under which many actors have to labor. If I forget to phone her during lunch hour, I do not have to spend the rest of the day with the uneasy knowledge that when I get home that night I shall be greeted with tears and reproaches, martyred looks or suspicious sniffs. I do not have to work on half a cylinder because I fear I'll get the devil all evening. If I do not call at noon, that's that. Ria doesn't even expect me to. She'd probably be out somewhere if I did.

"My wife has never been on the set with me since we've been in Hollywood. *Not once.* Once or twice, when I've had to work late, she has come to the studio to have dinner with me and has left immediately after dinner.

MARRIAGE is a see-saw. If the balance is an uneven one, one or the other crashes down. Our marriage balances evenly and one side is equally as important as the other.

"Ria enters into every one of my interests. She makes them hers—or she makes me believe that they are hers. Who has said that many a good actress is a good wife, but more good wives are good actresses? Whoever did, spoke the truth. Between you and me, I've a pretty good idea that Ria does a lot of things with me she wouldn't do if it were not for me. Hunting, for instance. I don't honestly believe she gets a big kick out of that. But she plays the part with such realism you'd never suspect.

"For my part, I share her interest in the children, in their plans and interests, in what they like to do. For a time the girl thought she would like to be in pictures. Louis B. Mayer saw a picture of her and offered to have a test made. I said that I'd make it with her and I did. Clarence Brown directed us. It wasn't so good and she gave the idea up, then and there. Now she is interested in one particular boy and I imagine she'll marry before long and settle down. Personally, I'm rather relieved. I think it is a better life for her, better chances for happiness, and so does Ria.

"Allen is absolutely anti-movies, or rather, he's simply not interested at all. He never asks to come to the studio. He takes no interest whatever in me as a movie star. I think he forgets most of the time that I *am* one. I take him on hunting trips with me. We play ball together and swim and ride. Their friends are in and out of the house so much, both girls and boys, that they accept me, too, not as a man in pictures but just as a man. Allen is really funny. The other night he and Ria and I went to a movie together. As we came out Scotty, MODERN SCREEN'S photographer, was there and wanted to take some snaps of Ria and Allen and me. The boy wouldn't do it. He edged away. He said, 'Aw, I can't be bothered. You and Mother do it.' We did."

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Nose too large, too small? Face too narrow, too round? Chin too prominent, too weak?

Which face is yours?



ROUND

Mold a *darker* shade on the lower side of the jaws, blending into neck.



TRIANGULAR

Mold a *lighter* shade on the lower side of the jaws, blending into neck.



SQUARE

Darker shading should be done on the lower jaws and on sides of forehead.



NORMAL

Use only the *one* shade of Soft-tone that matches your skin coloring.

How to bring out your best features

How to "Shadow" your handicaps

NOW comes a scientific discovery of vast importance to women, the greatest step in modern make-up.

. . . A way so simple, so practical that you'll be amazed . . . A way that costs so little that you'll be delighted. No plastic surgery. No long, costly treatments.

This wonderful discovery is called Mello-glo Modeling, a new and exclusive way to apply face powders . . . now instead of using only one shade of powder, you get an utterly changed, alluring effect by using *two* different, related shades.

EXCLUSIVE

Mello-glo Modeling is made possible by the creation of a completely new face powder called Soft-tone Mello-glo, a super-powder that permits two-shade modeling never before possible. Now the shades blend together perfectly because Mello-glo is *stratified*, that is, rolled into tiny, clinging wafers. Hence Mello-glo Modeling can be achieved only with Soft-tone Mello-glo — not with ordinary powders.

Authentic charts and diagrams, based on practices of artists and sculptors, show you exactly what to do, how to do it. Now you can model your face as you wish, highlighting your best features, subduing your handicaps. The results are truly satisfying.

This revolutionary contribution—worked out after years of research and experiment—is offered by the staff of Mello-glo experts, and approved by all leading beauty specialists and consultants. It is today's sensation in beauty circles.

Once you try Mello-glo Modeling, you'll agree that it creates wonderful effects. Here's how to prove it. Buy one box of the shade that matches your complexion in general. Then buy another box—*lighter* if you wish to accent certain features, *darker*, if you want to shadow them.

For instance, if your nose is too small, and therefore needs accent, use a lighter Mello-glo powder than on the rest of your face—if your nose is too prominent and needs to be subdued, use a darker shade.

Then stand off 5 feet from your mirror and note the artistic effect — how the shades blend unnoticeably yet give that artistic oval effect.

Try the various Mello-glo Modelings — how to widen or narrow your face, how to bring out or shadow features, how to normalize your contour, how to create new interest. The whole fascinating, easy method of Mello-glo Modeling is told in our free booklet, "The New Vogue in Powdering." Don't wait, send for a copy *NOW*.

Then try Mello-glo Modeling—introductory packages of the new Soft-tone Mello-glo Powder may be had at all 10c counters. Buy your two needed shades. For only 20c you can glorify your face, your features, as never before.

new SOFT-TONE MELLO-GLO

the close-up powder that gives an UN-powdered look

AT ALL 10¢ COUNTERS

Merely send Coupon for fascinating booklet: "The New Vogue in Powdering". **FREE**

The Mello-glo Co., Boston, Mass. M.-2-35

Name . . . . . .

Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . *State* . . . . . .

For a generous package (not a sample) of new Soft-tone Mello-glo, enclose 10c, checking shade you wish:

☐ Ivory ☐ Flesh Pink ☐ Natural ☐ Rachel ☐ Brunette.

© 1935—The Mello-glo Co.

Bid That COLD Be Gone!

Oust It Promptly with this 4-Way Remedy!

A COLD is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy".

Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.

World's Standard



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

How the Stars Keep Youth and Beauty

(*Continued from page 31*)

cannot do its best work. She believes that the reason women age is because they do not get enough *sleep* and *rest*. But how, you ask, can a busy girl who works for her living and also wants to have some pleasure do a great amount of resting? Claudette has the solution, for she—like you and me—is a working girl.

This is her iron-bound rule. If she goes to a party, a theatre opening or some entertainment which keeps her up late, she always goes to bed the next night immediately after dinner.

She believes that her body should rest. She also believes that her skin should rest, too. Naturally, at night her skin is free of all make-up. It gets a chance to breathe. So, I hope, does yours. But Claudette does more than that. Some time during every day, she takes off her make-up—the heavy grease paint, if she is at the studio, or her regular street make-up, if she isn't—and lets her skin rest for half an hour. Then she makes up her nice, clean face all over again. You girls who work in offices all day say you can't do that. Well, perhaps you can't. But you *can* take time to do it every evening when you get home from work. You can even steal a short while to do this if you have a date right after office hours. (Steal the time from the date, not from the office hours, I mean.)

THOSE of you who aren't slaves to a regular job have a better opportunity to keep your youth and beauty with you as the years advance. Oh, yes, you have. I don't care how pressing the housework is or how numerous the social engagements. Make a promise to yourself, as Claudette does, to go to bed early on certain nights. Remember the trite wisecracks, "Sit down and rest your hands and face?" Well, take it literally. *Lie* down and rest your hands and face. The face should be free from make-up and the hands should flop limply at your sides and your eyes should close.

Joan Bennett managed to look like a child of twelve in "Little Women" and will keep that child-like look for many years to come. (It's so alluring, in a petite person!) Joan really lives, as much as possible, like a child of twelve. She can give herself a child's mental outlook. For example: instead of bringing up her children to think of her as an adult, she puts herself on the children's level and is growing up with them all over again. It's a bit difficult to explain, but you who have children will understand. When Joan isn't working, she spends almost all her time with the children. Not as their mother, but as their playmate. Young mothers, try that. You'll profit by it and your youngsters will think of you as real pals.

Joan has another recipe for youth. She never worries. She is a fatalist and believes that good things and bad things come in life without your doing anything about them. I realize that you can't become a fatalist to order, but you *could* worry less. Joan accepts things as they are. After all, why not—one can't alter them? She isn't apathetic—I don't mean that. The smaller things of life win her unbounded enthusiasm. And small joys are wonderful youth preservers. You can't be an old worry when the simple pleasures of life still give you a kick. Worry destroys the contours of the face. Keep as free from it as possible and your face will keep the illusion of youth.

Loretta Young claims that a little playacting is a wonderful thing. She has kept, to this day, a talent which all children have—the talent for make-believe. Fifteen years ago, she loved to play "lady," dressed up in her mother's clothes. Now, when she puts on an evening dress, she has the same feeling. She is playing "lady." That sense of make-believe keeps reality from becoming too important.

How can you reap any benefit from Loretta's aid to beauty? Well, let us suppose that you have invited a number of people for dinner and that it is extremely important that everything goes properly. If you will play-act a little bit—make believe that you are a hostess in a story and try to *be* that hostess—you'll have a lot better time and the party will be much more successful than if you are constantly fretting about the roast burning and the dessert spoiling. Furthermore, you won't be tired and hot and cross before your guests arrive and a nervous wreck after they leave.

EVELYN VENABLE looks like an artist's dream of youth. Beautiful skin. Soft, rounded face, completely lineless. She has recipes for beauty which she follows religiously.

These are the things she does: She was brought up to love animals and she thinks it a sin to eat meat of any kind. That is the ascetic's point of view. It is also her greatest beauty secret. Evelyn lives on fruits and vegetables. She eats no meat at all—not even soup cooked with meat stock or gravies. She thinks it unnatural to eat meat and naturalness in all things is the key to her beauty.

"My advice to women who want to stay young is this: stay *away from people* as much as possible. I cannot stress this point too much. People sap your vitality needlessly. They take your strength and cause you every sort of worry. I have a few friends, but they are all quiet and soothing. The amount of effort it takes to be true to one's self in a crowd shows on your face. I see so many people during the day at the studio that I must revivify myself by being alone when the day's work is done. That, I firmly believe, is the best way to keep young.

"I have trained myself not to worry over the fact that I cannot act or look like someone else. I try to make the best of my own advantages, be they ever so small. I have gotten to the point where life holds no problems for me. I have troubles, of course, but I *accept them instead of fighting against them!*"

And that will surely tell you why her face betrays no inner unrest. She accepts her troubles instead of fighting against them.

"I believe in utter relaxation," she told me. "I find that relaxation on the bridle path. I ride hours daily—but *always alone*. In this way I am saved from arguments, petty gossip and mental strain. Yes, indeed! Staying away from people is the best of all youth preservers."

And now—Joan Crawford.

"I've got to have perfect freedom," Joan told me. "I believe that to keep young, one must have freedom of mind as well as freedom of movement. Look!" She made a long, sweeping gesture with her arm. It was such a vigorous gesture that I expected to see the sleeve of her gown rip from the armhole. But it didn't.

"I can't stand to wear any dress that is tight around my shoulders and arms," she said. "If you are bound in, physically, you're the same way mentally. If I have to wear a dress with tight sleeves in a picture I have the sleeves detachable so that I can rip them off the minute I'm through with a scene. To stay young, you should stay alive. And how can you stay alive if you're bound up like a mummy? I won't have either my body or my mind bound."

Physical and mental freedom, then, is Joan's biggest youth secret. Naturally, she goes farther than this by taking excellent care of herself. Except for a glass of wine on rare occasions, she never touches liquor. She eats the most strengthening and non-fattening foods and she believes in eating between meals if one is hungry. She gets her exercise by swimming and on days when she has no time to swim she'll have a body massage. She washes her face three or four times a day, after which she polishes her skin with a rough towel.

So there you are. These five stars believe that there is no sense in getting old. They have given you their simple recipes for youth. I hope you find them as inspirational as I have.

I Hate

(*Continued from page 36*)

like.

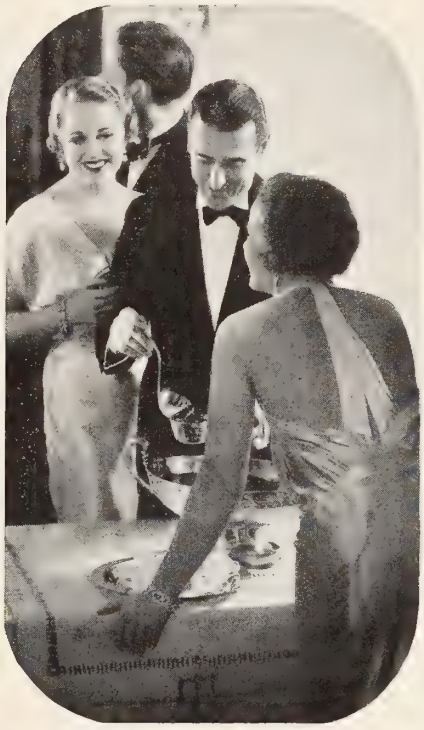
Joan Crawford might make friends with a cockroach, but a fly . . . Lordy, Lordy, how she hates 'em. Every window in her house is covered with screens and even the locks in the doors are inspected regularly. Once she heard that castor-oil plants keep flies out of the house by attracting them to the leaves. Outside of every entrance in Joan's house is a castor-oil plant. She swears this device works.

Joan has many more hates. She loathes people who write anonymous letters and begin a telephone conversation with "Guess who this is!" But her greatest hate concerns those folks who call her by her first name the very first time they meet her. It irritates her because she never becomes over friendly until she has known a person for quite a long time. But when she makes a real friend the friendship lasts forever.

Kent Taylor can't tolerate a person who won't look him straight in the eye. Ever since he was in the window-decorating business with a supposed friend who helped himself to the contents of the cash register drawer, Kent has hated people who can't meet his gaze directly. His partner's eyes were shifty. You can tell him all you please that some of the greatest crooks in the world have cultivated a firm, direct gaze. It won't make any difference to Kent. Not so long ago a Hollywood agent offered him a wonderful business proposition—by letter. The day Kent went to the man's office to sign the contract, he discovered that the agent couldn't look him straight in the face. Kent didn't sign the contract.

Know what gets Glenda Farrell's dander up? Well, it's the over-zealous dress shop salesgirl who honeys, dears, and darlings you from the moment you enter a shop until the time you leave it. You know the type—the salesperson who has never seen you before, and who, by the affection which she lavishes upon you, would seem to be a lifelong friend, at least. And, of course, every dress you try on looks "marvelous," "wonderful," and "divine." But she doesn't sell Glenda any dresses, for she's

Little Stories
behind headaches

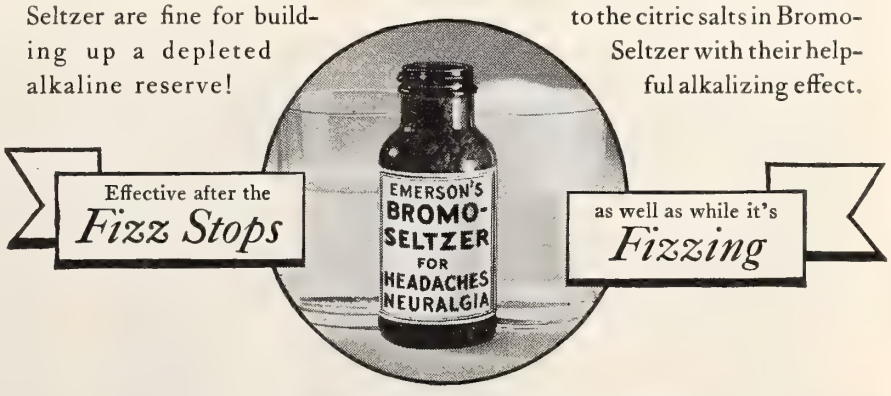




Mr. and Mrs. N. went to a party . . . at the Browns' last night, and the next morning woke with a bit of a head.

But Bromo-Seltzer soon fixed all that. Those citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are fine for building up a depleted alkaline reserve!

When Mr. R. awoke this morning . . . he had a dull headache and the symptoms of a nasty cold. He took a Bromo-Seltzer the first thing . . . another at noon. Now here he is back home and feeling fine, thanks to the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer with their helpful alkalizing effect.



THE BALANCED RELIEF

Bromo-Seltzer is a balanced compound of five medicinal ingredients, each having a special purpose. It does so much more than products containing fewer ingredients. Relieves headache and its after-effects. *Calms you. And builds up depleted alkalinity. A stand-by for over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics, never upsets the stomach. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore, Md.*

In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause is unknown to you, of course, consult your physician.

BROMO-SELTZER

Listen to "THE INTIMATE REVUE" *every Friday, 8:30 E. S. T.*

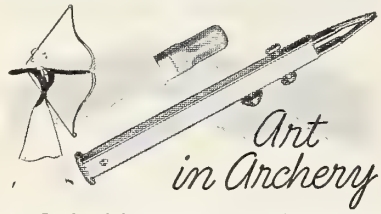
B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

CAN EVERY MAN you know name the color of your eyes, this minute? If not, you are not making good in the beauty game and it's time to *take steps*. You might take to *Kurlash* too. Slip your lashes into this fascinating little implement—press for an instant—and presto! They're curled back like a movie star's, looking *twice* as long, dark and glamorous. Notice how they frame your eyes, deepening and accentuating the color! No heat—no practice—no cosmetics . . . and Kurlash costs just $1 too!



Art in Archery

JANE L. is right when she writes that it's worth the trouble to pluck her brows slightly along the upper line because it makes her eyes seem larger. But the reddened skin and discomfort she complains about are caused by using an old-fashioned tweezer. Do you know *Tweezette?* It works automatically, plucking out the straggly offending hair, accurately and instantly, without even a twinge. It costs $1 in any good store.



100 Strokes in a Jar!

RUTH W. brushes her eyelashes when she does her hair. Not 100 strokes a day—simply an instant's brushing with a compound of beneficial oils called Kurlene ($1). You'll be surprised how much silkier, softer and darker looking it will make yours too!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department G-2, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copyright 1934 T. K. Co.

so fed up after the first ten minutes that she gathers her belongings and walks right out. And the saleslady's parting words usually are, "Come in again, darling, when you have more time." To which Glenda says a mental "Gr-r-r-r."

It's a little thing that worries Ralph Bellamy but it can—and has—stopped a romance. In his trooping days he had what he thought was a really serious crush on a girl. It was love at first sight. But when he saw her biting her finger nails, it was all off. Chewing nails is something that Ralph just can't take.

Call Paul Muni temperamental if you like, but his pet hate is meeting strangers or, at times, even his wife's women acquaintances who drop in for a casual chat. But he's lucky. He can escape from his pet hate, for a hundred yards or so from his house there is a tiny cabin which is all Paul's. He goes there when he doesn't want the company of others.

Louise Fazenda gets simply furious when people "drop in" to see her without letting her know in advance. And if anyone enters her room without knocking—well, watch out for the Fazenda temper.

Some other hates? Well, listen to these. Put Clark Gable down as hating stupidity in all forms. Constance Bennett, a gal who always speaks her own mind, loathes hypocrisy. And don't ask Bob Montgomery silly questions. He can't stand it. Madge Evans' Public Enemy No. 1 is the practical joker. She could cheerfully murder about half a dozen of them.

Mary Brian, whose telephone rings oftener than any girl's in Hollywood (all those beaux trying to make dates with her), despises the telephone. Every time she has ever received any bad news it has come via telephone. Don't gossip in front of Loretta Young. People who do are her pet hates. The color old rose will send Miriam Hopkins into a tantrum. A woman whom she disliked intensely wore old rose all the time. And Bruce Cabot thinks the world would be a better place to live in if he never had to wear dress clothes.

Jack Oakie shares Cabot's hatred of dress clothes. He loathes stiff shirts more than anything else in the world. Why? Well, hear Jack Oakie tell you himself. "I bruise easy. The starched tops and collars cut into my dainty neck and ruin my manly beauty. The first time I ever met a stiff shirt was in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit. I borrowed a jack-knife from a pal and cut my way out. Since then I've had nightmares of being strangled to death or bled to death from neck-cuts."

Okay, there you are. And how are your pet hates today?

Dresses You Could Really Wear

(*Continued from page 58*)

A jewel-studded buckle, a cowboy 'kerchief on a dinner gown, a jeweled pendant dangling from a cord and cording on taffeta—just to enumerate a few of the most individual details.

I think one of the worst mistakes we make in trying to copy screen clothes, is to think that because a certain tricky idea looks well on a star, it will look well on us. An idea is only as good as it looks on you. Spotting smart fashions in a picture or seeing them pictured here is really a glorified form of window shopping. You mentally have to try the clothes on, then decide which is for you and which should be left for someone else. That is why I picked these particular dresses—each one is suitable and easy to adapt to individuals. Now and then, you will find, screen costumes are of the exciting type that start a trend for Russian styles, period dresses, a new style in hats or such, but in themselves, they are not suitable for practical wear. Lovely to look at, grand to admire, but better in a modified version for you and me.

If you want assistance in your fashion problems, Miss Adelia Bird will be glad to help you. Just write to her at MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



A gay little group at the Cocoanut Grove—the inseparable Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy and the happily married Cy Bartlett and Alice White.

None of This Is Real

(*Continued from page 47*)

realism on the screen, the modern studio technician tries to give us the real thing in the reels. The mechanical devices for imitating the noises made by nature, man and beast, have been tossed into the ash can.

"Nowadays we actually go out and record sounds at their sources," said Mr. Livadari. "In 'It Happened One Night' we had $30,000 worth of equipment taken out to the fields in San Fernando Valley to record the creaking of crickets. We chased a meadow lark all over the Valley and had the darndest time in getting two satisfactory calls. In 'No Greater Glory' we spent four hours to record the croaking of a frog.

"We have stored away millions of feet of genuine sound effects, and the footage increases with every new production."

In the sound library, cans of sound effects of every conceivable variety are neatly shelved in alphabetical order. Here are a few of the labels I jotted down on my pad: bed squeaks; mosquito buzz; shell whines; cattle stampede; chewing celery; Tarzan yell; Arab commands; man selling peanuts; pop-corn and chewing gum; cocktail shaker; laughing hyena, and so on.

THERE are inumerable variations of applause, footsteps and cars of every make stopping and starting. The sound effects of the Cadillac are entirely different from those of the Packard, according to Mr. Livadari, who must have absolutely the genuine sound in each case.

"Such background noises as a door being shut, footsteps across the room, turning on the radio, the music in ballroom scenes, etc., are dubbed in weeks later, if necessary," explained Mr. Livadari. "They might have been recorded two or three years before. The main job of the microphone during the actual process of filming a scene is to pick up the dialogue of the players. We take care of the rest."

Employees of the department are called upon to furnish some of these sound effects.

"They stuffed black pepper in my nose to make me sneeze," complained Miss Mary Bachtel, secretary in the department. "The heroine playing opposite Leslie Howard in 'The Lady Is Willing,' was suffering from hay fever and had to sneeze. They took me before the microphone with all that pepper in my nose, but no matter how hard I sniffed it in, I couldn't sneeze to save my soul. But soap suds did the trick."

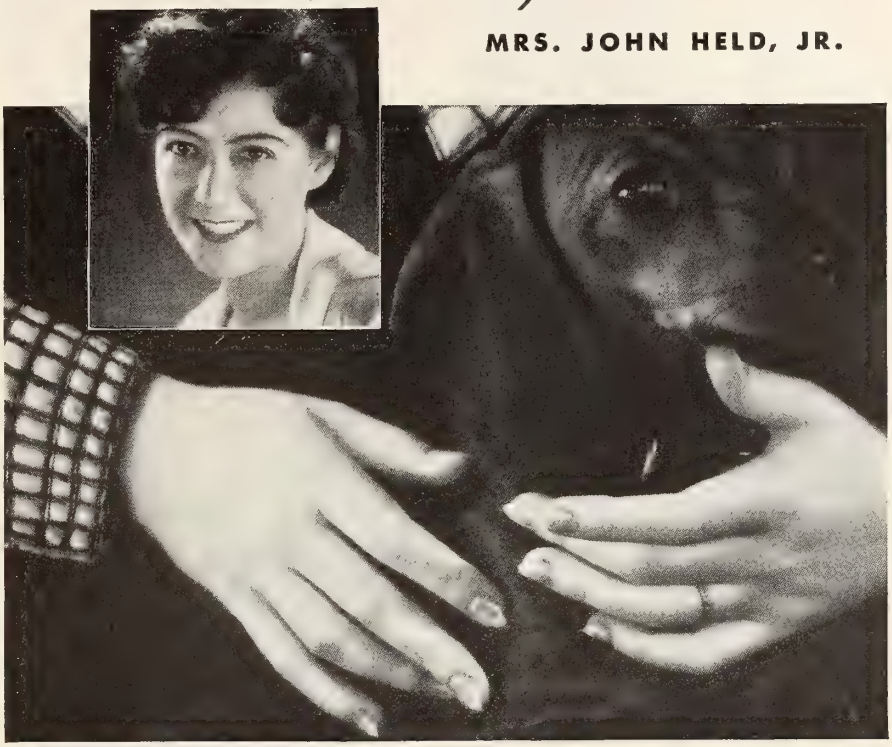
The prop department is called upon to furnish anything required in the shooting of a picture. And when I say anything, I mean anything. It may be a request for a South American fish, an Egyptian mummy, or the hotel menus of the Pera Palace in Istanbul. As for producing such natural phenomena under studio lights as storms at sea, fog, rain, snow, and the like, it's merely routine work for the lowly prop man.

The prop department, for instance, can bury a New England village under snow faster than Nature can.

You think of cornflakes as a breakfast food. But to the prop department cornflakes is snow falling from dark, leaden skies "back East." Here, in our land of perpetual sunshine, the soft, clinging snow you see blown about in pictures by the icy blasts of winter is made of shredded asbestos. Where the withering incandescent lights glare, drifts and hard ground snow

"I have no time for sticky hand lotions"

MRS. JOHN HELD, JR.



Wife of the famous artist, who created "Margie" and other flappers, keeps her hands lovely this way

"NATURALLY, I want to keep my hands attractive—a husband who is an artist notices every detail. But I certainly haven't any time to spare waiting for sticky hand lotions to dry—not with a house to run and a lively two-year-old daughter to look after, and a pair of dachshunds to keep track of. That's why I'm so delighted with Pacquin's—it doesn't leave any sticky film at all, just seems to disappear into the skin and make it soft and smooth and beautifully white."

There's an excellent reason why Pacquin's leaves no sticky film on your skin—because this cream actually sinks right into the inner layers of the skin where it is needed. Your skin absorbs it—very different from the old-fashioned lotions that remain on the outer skin until evaporation dries them.

Make your hands lovelier this convenient, modern way. Send for the lovely introductory jar today.



"I Do my Own Work and Still Am Proud of my Hands"—Mrs. S. C. Hahner

"There's no excuse for even the busiest woman not having pretty hands when Pacquin's is so quick and easy to use. It seems to feed back into the skin all the softness that house-work takes out. And no waiting for a sticky hand lotion to dry, as I used to. And Pacquin's keeps my hands whiter and smoother than they ever were."



Pacquin's Hand Cream

THE QUICK, MODERN WAY TO LOVELY HANDS

PACQUIN LABORATORIES CORPORATION, DEPT. 4-C, 101 WEST 31ST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me your generous trial jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream, for which I enclose 10¢.

Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....



"Through every dance ... HOLD-BOBS *hold*"

—says *Ruth Harrison*
... of Harrison & Fisher
featured dancers of Ziegfeld Follies, Strike Me Pink and other Stage and Screen Successes

"... that's why I stand by HOLD-BOBS. Then, too, they match my blonde hair exactly ... I like the way HOLD-BOBS slide in the hair ... not the slightest scratching, and their small, round heads are absolutely invisible ... Yes, HOLD-BOBS play an important part in all our performances".

What more could any woman ask? But remember, *only* HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round points and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, to hold hair securely. *And* HOLD-BOBS come in harmonizing colors to match all shades of hair.

Try a card *free!*

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. E-25, Chicago, Ill.

Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS.

All sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOBETTES.



MAIL COUPON *for Gift* CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. E-25, Chicago, Ill.
I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

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are excellently imitated by a mixture of gypsum and salt.

We make icicles by dipping cellophane in paraffin. They melt and drip under the lights. As for frost, we can produce it instantly by spraying crystal camphor on the window panes. If you were to rub noses against them, the frost would clear away in exactly the way real frost would when coming in contact with human breath.

TAKE the matter of fog. The studio can produce it at will, by spraying mineral oil on the set. It remains suspended in the air for several hours at a stretch. During the three weeks of shooting the mystery picture, "Fog," featuring Mary Brian, Donald Cook and Reginald Denny, only eight gallons of mineral oil were needed to fill the promenade deck of the huge Atlantic liner, the vast salon, the corridors and the dining-rooms, with a sticky London fog.

Directors have their favorite prop men. Lewis Milestone's is John Orlando, who has been with him for ten years.

"I read the story over twice and break it down into sections, according to the props required," Orlando said.

"We were on the set of 'The Captain Hates the Sea,' watching Victor McLaglen make love to Helen Vinson like a big, bashful boy.

"The hardest part of the prop man's job is what he doesn't read between the lines," continued Orlando. "Take this scene, for instance. Maybe the director wants the leading lady to smoke, or try to read a book. It isn't in the script. But I must anticipate his needs and have cigarettes, matches, and a book or two ready at hand.

"My troubles start when the company goes on location. If the director asked for a wrist watch right now, I could run to the prop department or to the nearest jewelry store and get one. But on location I would be stuck. A little item like that will hold up the whole set and cost the studio thousands of dollars.

"When we went on location on the steamer Ruth Alexander, to shoot the exterior scenes of this picture, I took along everything that might be needed not only in the picture but also for the comfort of the players. When an actress develops a bad case of headache, as so often happens, she asks *me* to give her an aspirin. The prop man is required to furnish everything from a toothpick to an aeroplane on five minutes notice. They call us the Minute Men.

"When Mr. Milestone got ready to shoot the fire scene on the ship, the assistant director called for a fire hose spool.

"I felt as if somebody had hit me on the head and knocked me over. I had forgotten to take a fire hose spool along!

"I ran all over the ship like a crazy man, trying to find one. It was important for the action of the scene that the fire hose be wound around a spool. Presently I dashed down to the engine room, and, lo and behold, there was a fire hose spool on the steel wall!

"It belonged to the ship, but I had to have it to save my reputation and keep my job. So, when nobody was around to see me, I grabbed a piece of iron. I think it was a big monkey wrench. I was so excited that I really didn't know what I was holding. With the wrench I tried to tear the spool off the steel wall. My hands were all black and blue by the time I gave it one final jerk and snatched it off. I ran up to the deck with it, yelling, 'I've got it! I've got it!' Was I happy the rest of the day!"

THE greatest jugglers of movie magic are the art directors.

They take the drab sound stage and dress it up in a jiffy to look like a DeMille edition of Cleopatra's barge, a Moscow cathedral of barbaric splendor, or a toney niterie on the gay White Way of New York.

Art Director Lionel Banks, who began life as an honest architect, took me behind the scenes of make-believe he had set up for "Lady by Choice." The Cafe Montmartre, where a blonde bundle of hot-cha stuff, impersonated by Carole Lombard, fan dances her way into the heart of a gentleman engaged in battering down the courts of Gotham with volleys of rhetoric (Roger Pryor turned lawyer), had all the swank and éclat of a real night club. The lady's apartment, dressing-room, shower bath, etc., were all exact reproductions of their real counterparts down to the minutest details. But sad, sad it was when I touched a bunch of orchids an admirer had given her, only to discover that it was artificial.

The Madison Square Garden at which Miss Lombard looks so wistfully through the windows of her apartment, and the whole background of far-off New York were faked through "process" shots.

It's a case of the mountain coming to Mahomet. Any background in the world can be projected on the stage, where the actors are performing, through a process invented by an eighteen-year-old kid, Dodge Dunning. The illusion is perfect. The use of this innovation, however, is limited. Costly location trips have still to be made and outdoor sets still constructed.

The world's queerest jobs are to be found in Fox Movietone City, where on a space of 110 acres there are characteristic sections of New York, London, Paris, Shanghai, or any other city on the globe you care to name, in permanent outdoor sets.

Touring through Movietone City is like taking a trip around the world. It is the newest, largest plant for the manufacture of film romance, and the only one that is not devoid of scenic and architectural beauty. Winfield Sheehan may well be proud of this place. It's a whopper.

To those who have never been inside the portals of a studio, it's a place of strange fascination and mystery, indeed. There, behind those grilled gates guarded by uniformed police, behind those forbidding high walls, live persons of great fame and allure, the Garbos, Dietrichs, Bennetts and Hepburns, mortals that commoner clay worships.

As we walked along Tennessee Avenue, we passed by the bungalow of George White, he of the pulchritudinous "Scandals."

Across the street called Avenue A, my guide pointed out to me the dressing-room bungalow of Will Rogers. It is built in desert style, surrounded by cacti, century plants, mesquite and greasewood. Here the sage of Claremore keeps his portable typewriter and pounds out his daily letters to newspaper editors.

WE turned right and went on to Berkeley Square. A small army of expert gardeners is needed to keep this exact duplicate of the great historic London park in good condition. The three cat-faced lions that lay at the base of the Nelson Monument in the Trafalgar Square scene in "Cavalcade," now gaze stonily into a high, stucco wall. The distinctive lamp posts of London, with their wide yard-arms, electroliers, red mail boxes, traffic islands and wooden buffers, are all faithfully reproduced.

Around the corners of this arterial center of London lies a Mexican hacienda, a replica of a typical ranch beyond the Rio Grande.

Turning left into Avenue D, we faced a huge transatlantic liner that has never been in water, a scale model of the "Rex," queen of the Italian fleet. The superstruc-

ture towers high in the air. It carries the regulation life boats mounted on the new-type davits in use on Italian ships. There are portholes in the lower decks, ventilators on the forward deck, booms, derricks, and hatches, promenade decks protected by plate glass and de luxe cabin suites.

We swung around into Avenue B and passed the cottage of Janet Gaynor, an Irish hut with a rustic, thatched roof.

Passing the Norman chateau that houses the writing staff, we turned down to Fifth Street, and inspected the dressing-room bungalow of Claire Trevor. It is a charming building, sky blue and white, with an arched entrance and white picket fence.

Strolling along batteries of gigantic sound stages we took a look at the "Garden of All Nations," where trees, shrubs, vines, flowers and other plants from the four corners of the globe are grown, under mercury vapor lamps, if need be, in order to have a Spring scene shot in December.

Continuing on our way to the right, we reached the wild West sets of "In Old Arizona," the first outdoor talkie ever made. Here are typical scenes of old frontier towns, jails and saloons, hitching posts and "The Paris Store," the Chinese laundry, and Wells Fargo Express office.

WE visited, in turn, the Grand Canyon and the Boulder Dam; the harem of the Sultan of Morocco at Fez; a Mississippi River steamboat; the murky harbor of Singapore jammed with sampans and native craft; the hot jungles of Africa; the secretariat of the League of Nations at Geneva; the harbor of Stockholm bristling with Swedish ships; Park Avenue, Manhattan; a typical New England village, where "Dr. Bull" was filmed; the Epsom Downs; the shell-shattered devastated war zone of Belgium; Engine Company 54 of the New York Fire Department; a Russian railway station, etc., etc.

My guide finally took me to a Bavarian village, where "Music in the Air" was being filmed. Designed by the ace art director of the studio, William Darling, it covers some three city blocks.

Climbing to one of the picturesque balconies we watched the rehearsal of a Bavarian folk dance. It was market day for the good peasants and a gay carnival air prevailed in the village. Cows lay contentedly in the shade, their horns decorated with flowers. The booths and beer stands were all set for a busy day. A throng of Bavarian *Schuhplattler* dancers, thirty of them, especially imported for this picture, in which Gloria Swanson, as you know, makes her screen come-back, were jigging around to the loud and merry music of a native orchestra. Douglass Montgomery and that charming Minneapolis girl, June Lang, were footing it together. Montgomery, deeply bronzed, wore nothing but a pair of trunks and a handkerchief twisted around his perspiring neck. June Lang was rigged out like the other hippy fraulein, sporting a green hat with a white pompon and a skirt of flowered silk.

Many amazing things had these husky Bavarians seen on their six-thousand-mile journey to Movietone City. Yet as I gathered from my conversation with them, carried on through an interpreter, the thing that surprised them most of all was this realistic reproduction of a hamlet in their beloved native mountains. They could not believe their eyes when they first saw it. They thought the studio had purchased an entire village and had it transported bodily to Hollywood. They still seemed to be wondering, after two weeks of familiarilty with the set, if they weren't really dancing in Bavaria. This bit of Hollywood magic was too much for those simple villagers from the old world.

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

● BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.) (9)



. . . No! She's Not Really Artificial and "COMMON" . . . *but*

SHE NEEDS THIS NEW *and* DIFFERENT

Face Powder

YOU can't blame a man for misjudging! That constant powdering *does* look shallow, frivolous and a trifle common! Of course it's usually the result of *nervousness*—fear of an ordinary powder that won't stick. But how is a man to know that?

It's so needless to run the risk of being misjudged! Thousands of women have said good-bye to "nervous powdering" since they discovered the amazing new Golden Peacock Face Powder! It has two vital new features. In the first place it is really moisture-proof—made with finest French ingredients. Skin moisture cannot take the powder off; and it cannot "cake" it into pore-clogging, coarsening blackheads.

Four Times Finer!

But more than that, Golden Peacock powder is four times finer than any other powder we know about! This super-fineness makes it blend with your skin perfectly. No more artificial "powdered-up" look; instead, your skin presents that flawless, natural peach-bloom look that is the sign of dewy youth. Entrancing!

Just try Golden Peacock Face Powder and see. You may get the 50-cent size at any drug or department store; and the generous purse size is only 10 cents at all 5-and-10c stores. Or, send 6 cents in stamps to Golden Peacock, Inc., Paris, Tennessee, for a generous size box sufficient for three weeks. Please specify shade you use. There is a complete range of ravishing, flattering shades.

Tested and Approved 4820 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health — Good Housekeeping Magazine



At Drug and Department Stores, 25c-50c At All 5 and 10c Stores, 10c

Golden Peacock
Face Powder

She Was a One-Date Girl

(*Continued from page 43*)

been to less than a half-dozen dances in my life. Dick Powell took me to the Beverly-Wilshire and to the Cocoanut Grove one evening, but Dick, like all the others, has never asked me to go out again. Perhaps I should not have mentioned that, because he may read this story and feel obliged to ask me for another date. Under the circumstances, I would have to refuse him now."

And, of course, the most recent glaring example is Francis Lederer. Jean and Francis were reported cuh-razy about each other for a time, but that little romance seems to have gone the way of all the others, too.

"As a child, I was heartbroken because boys avoided me. I thought I was doomed to be unhappy all my life. Like all young girls, I believed that happiness resulted from popularity with boys. Now that I am older, I have learned that there are other things in life. While I admittedly miss the companionship of men, I am not entirely unhappy without them.

OH, I had girlhood crushes, but they were always with dream princes, men I never met, or never even hoped to meet. My sweethearts were kept in bureau drawers; they were only photographs. Pictures of the Prince of Wales, Wallace Reid, and Rudolph Valentino, far-away public idols, but to me they were real and near. They were my only romances."

Without doubt, these were the most astonishing admissions I have ever heard come from a woman's lips. During my many years as an interviewer, I have heard nothing to equal them. I sat amazed while Jean Muir talked. She talked freely, without prompting, without shame. I wanted to pinch myself to make sure I was awake. Why, it had never occurred to me that a woman, any woman—not even the homeliest woman alive—would admit that she was unattractive to all men.

"Don't Hollywood men take you out at all?" I managed to ask.

"A few have taken me out, once, and on very rare occasions a few times each," she answered, and I am positive that I heard the vestige of a sigh.

"My own stupidity is to blame for the failure of some of them to return, I'll admit. For example, there was a man who invited me to a symphony concert at the Hollywood Bowl. I thought the music was awful. I twisted and squirmed through the first half of the program, and then, without a word to my escort, I left my seat and fled from the place. He never asked me to go out again. He even avoids me when we meet in public." Miss Muir shrugged her shoulders and added, "I don't blame him.

"I wear clothes like a cornfield scarecrow. Perhaps that makes men self-conscious when they take me out. Men like to be seen with girls who are attractive and who dress beautifully. Men like other men to turn their heads and stare enviously. But other men never turn their heads to stare at me.

"I realize that I am greatly to blame myself. I suppose I could make myself more attractive. But I hate tight-fitting, formal gowns. I detest high heels. Consequently, because I enjoy personal comfort so thoroughly, I flounder about in ill-fitting dresses and low-heeled shoes. I refuse to make myself uncomfortable merely to please men. Perhaps, if I were to fall in love . . ." her voice faded musingly.

"Well, if you should fall in love?" I prompted.

"I really don't know what I would do," she answered. "But how can I fall in love, if no man gives me the opportunity?"

"Things may soon be different," I encouraged. "As a child, you were poor. As a motion picture actress, you are famous, and with growing fame will come riches. Fame and wealth will win you attention. Will you like that?"

I'LL love it!" she burst out, impulsively. I will be perfectly frank with the readers of this story. At this point of my interview with Jean Muir, I was in a haze. The woman admits that she has hungered for masculine companionship since she was old enough to feel her first interest in the opposite sex. She further admits that if her screen success brings this companionship, she will be happy. Why, there is actual bitterness in her voice when she confesses that her childhood was devoid of boy friends. Yet, she will not make even the slightest effort to be attractive to men.

Jean could be attractive. I am positive. Despite her assertion that she is not pretty, Jean has uniform features and a fascinating dimple in each cheek. She uses no make-up. I am certain that the correct use of rouge and, perhaps, some lipstick would make her off-screen face more interesting. But, alas, she refuses to use artificial beautifiers.

Offering one man's opinion: I like Jean Muir. She has a charming sense of humor, particularly with regard to herself. No woman could condemn herself as Jean does unless she had a sense of humor. Miss Muir carries on an interesting conversation, although she may be rather too abrupt to please most men. For instance, two minutes after we met she said she disliked the tie I was wearing. Naturally, for a few minutes thereafter, I was annoyed; but because I was more or less obliged to remain long enough to secure my interview, I soon discovered that she is acutely frank, and that her remark about my tie was as honest as were the later censures of herself.

But do you see how her remark might have affected me had I been a "date?"

"There are millions of girls who are unpopular, just as I am," Jean commented.

OF course, they can make themselves interesting to men, provided they have more initiative than I possess. They should learn to flatter men, do the things they like to do, and dress snappily. Clever women can fool men into forgetting mere beauty.

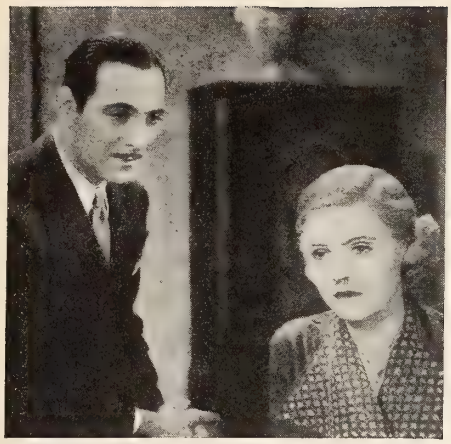
"I am not clever, nor will I subdue my own ego enough to flatter men."

This self-defamation is not mere talk on Jean Muir's part. She is positive of her own unattractiveness. When she was signed to an optional contract by Warner Brothers, she told company executives in no adorned words that she thought they were crazy.

"I am not pretty. I have no sex appeal. I cannot act," she protested. "Why send me to Hollywood? You are wasting your time and money."

Nevertheless, the film officials persisted. They offered her a contract with a most substantial salary.

"I took it; I'm no fool," Jean laughingly told me. "Money is money, and I'm



Jean Muir, the girl who thought she wouldn't be a success in pictures, in her latest release, "The White Cockatoo," with Ricardo Cortez. It's a wow.

not the girl to refuse it."

However, before she left New York, she told a chum, "I'll be back. This contract is for six months, with options. They'll never exercise the options; I'll be back in six months."

A year has elapsed and Jean Muir is still in Hollywood—and very much so, at that. She has appeared in a great many pictures, and in each she has scored an increasingly important hit—"As the Earth Turns," "Dr. Monica," "Desirable," "Gentlemen Are Born," and her most recent release, "The White Cockatoo."

The strange part of it all is that despite her success, Jean retains her inferiority complex. She still insists that she is neither pretty, talented, nor possessed of sex appeal. And although the cameras offer evidence to disprove her assertions, one indelible fact protrudes itself across her Hollywood history like an ugly, black scar:

Hollywood men are not trampling each other in a rush to make social engagements with Jean. In fact, as far as Hollywood men are concerned, Jean Muir still remains "the one-date girl."

So She Won't Talk, Huh!

(*Continued from page 35*)

ordered—or what the editor wanted.

"Tell us about your charities!" we said, And this time it was a command.

"Oh, I don't really do anything." Aha, she looked panicky. "And besides, I think that's been written about before."

It was then that we picked up our coat —or the best looking one on the bed—and departed. The gal wouldn't talk—so what? So go find people who would talk *about* her. There's nothing like having one's revenge, you know.

And what luck! We met a man from West Los Angeles who knew plenty about Miss Davies. So draw up your chairs and learn something.

"Have you heard," he asked, "about the Marion Davies Foundation? It's a children's clinic. Six thousand youngsters are taken care of there every year. There are surgeons and dentists and nurses and every sort of medical aid possible to ob-

So Beautiful Now!



WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Sue, they should do for you. A muddy, blotchy or pimply skin results from a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or nervous fatigue. Both of these common ailments are often caused by the recently recognized shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage, you need a food superrich in these health-building elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are pure, pasteurized yeast — and pure yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is the envy of men and women everywhere.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle now. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel! Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.



162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

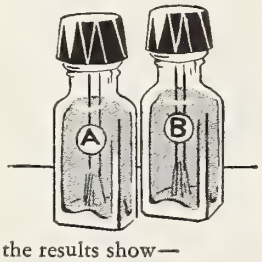
Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more



This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.

"A"—expensive "salon" polish

"B"—Chic Nail Polish



After 7 days' wear the results show—

81% find Chic equal to costly salon polishes or better . . . and two out of three of them say Chic is actually better and give definite reasons for saying so!

This test proved to them that Chic Nail Polish applied evenly and did not crack or peel . . . that Chic retained its color . . . that its luster was of lasting quality.

You can make this simple test yourself and discover a really fine polish for only 10c.

5 CHIC SHADES

CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
RUBY
DEEP

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Chic Creme Polish
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Chic Oily Polish Remover



AT THE 10c STORES

tain, ready for sick and needy kids. Marion usually presents the youngsters' parents with a bill of ten cents for all this, just so they won't feel as if they're accepting charity. Yes, there's no angle she doesn't think of."

We remembered vaguely that we had heard of that foundling home and the one the star has set up in New York, too. The children who have benefitted by its aid go around singing her praises, although they have never actually seen their benefactress; that is, unless they've glimpsed her on the screen.

Next, we ran into a lad working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

"Tell us something about Marion Davies," we begged. "She won't talk!"

"She won't, huh? Well, we'll fix that blonde for that!"

Ah, here was truly sumpin'.

"Have you ever heard about her Christmas party? The one she gives for about five thousand kids at the studio every year? Oh, boy! You should see those youngsters. Each one gets an enormous basket; you know, with a turkey in it and fruits and vegetables and candies. Well, enough stuff to last a month. Besides that, each may select a toy. And what toys! Bicycles for the boys and big dolls for the girls. Every doll talks, because when Marion was a kid she always wanted a doll that could—and never was able to afford one.

"Marion never appears at the party personally. She doesn't want the youngsters to feel indebted to her. But she has movies made of it and after they've all gone home, she has the picture developed and run off to see if the well-known 'enjoyable time was had by all' really was."

It sort of looks as if Miss Davies is a great girl, doesn't it? However, there might be something else to learn, so our sleuthing and research work again came into play.

"Did you hear about the newsboy who sold papers along Hollywood Boulevard?" a little movie extra asked. No, we hadn't.

WELL, he was crazy to get an education and was mad about books, that Marion—we all call her that—decided he should have an opportunity. So she sent him to a Prep School and when he graduated from there, she sent him to Military School. He's getting along fine. And then there was the office boy. But you heard about him, maybe?" No.

"Oh, that poor kid had cataracts on his eyes so that he was almost going blind. Marion sent him to a specialist who performed an operation and now he can see as well as anyone."

At any rate, if Marion Davies won't talk, it looks as if she is to be alone in her silence. Everybody else is not only willing, but anxious, to speak up.

The next man we looked up did odd jobs around the Soldiers' Home out Santa Monica way.

"Why there isn't a Memorial Day nor an Armistice Day that Miss Davies doesn't send cigarettes and books and mufflers to the soldiers," he volunteered "She's one fine young woman, she is."

And now for a little human interest story we came across quite by accident. It seems that Marion was giving a big party. Eleven o'clock rolled around and the guests were growing more than impatient, for their hostess had not yet appeared. About midnight she arrived and explained that she had been working to finish a picture. There were a couple of people in the room who felt that the alibi was not exactly true, but of course nothing was said.

The next morning one of the newspapers carried a yarn stating that Miss Davies had been four hours late to her own party and inferred that she was becoming so high hat that her guests were lucky that she put in an appearance at all.

Here is what actually happened. An old woman, the caretaker of Marion's studio bungalow, lay dying. She called for Marion and asked that the actress look after her little girl when she was gone. Of course this request was promptly granted. And then Miss Davies sat with the woman for hours—until she passed on, in fact. And when she went, it was with a blessing for Marion on her lips.

Marion Davies kept her word. She always does. The caretaker's little girl was put into a good school, then sent to college, and is now enjoying a trip abroad. When she returns to California, she is scheduled to take a business course so that she may be self-supporting and, therefore, independent.

Lack of space prevents our going on recounting Marion's good deeds. Suffice it to say that she is one of the kindest and most charitable girls in the world, who looks for neither recognition nor gratitude for the benefits she has performed, and indeed, won't even mention them. And so it is with real pleasure that we send this "get-even" message to Miss Davies:

"So you won't talk, huh? Well, we've got a story, anyway! Let that teach you a lesson!"

Should the Husband Pay the Bills? No, says Ginger

(*Continued from page 38*)

means anything, and I believe it does, it means the doing away with foolish pride about matters of money. Nowadays, it is the rule rather than the exception for a girl to have some sort of an occupation and, particularly in the last few years, it has become necessary for the woman of the house to be the provider. This does not mean that the man is lazy or irresponsible or deserving of less respect. It is merely a condition brought about by economic circumstances.

"I doubt if there is any place in the world where sex equality is more prevalent than in Hollywood. Women have earned their freedom.

"Hollywood is a colony of artists, all aiming for some sort of greatness. The life of anyone connected with the creative end of motion pictures is apart from old-time conventions, such as the rule that a man, in order to keep his standing, must pay the bills.

"You see," she explained, "in some of the happiest marriages in Hollywood the wife earns ten times the amount brought in by her husband whose work may be equally important but less lucrative.

"What should be done in cases like these? Should the wife hoard her money and live in a cottage when she wants a spacious house? Or should the pair realize

that money is only important in so far as it supplies congenial surroundings?

"As women have developed their personalities they have increased their needs and they have equipped themselves to pay for these needs.

"In the old days, I understand, the wife was expected to cajole and wheedle her husband into buying her a new gown or a new hat. Nowadays she is able to buy her own wardrobe without any apologies, and you can't tell me that a husband is not pleased to find himself relieved of a stack of bills around the first of the month."

I sensed a fine feeling of fairness and justice in her reasoning. These expressions were not for the sake of creating an impression of bravado, of daring, of desire to be different. Here was an ideal, a principle which I felt the spirited young star would make every effort to preserve. I continued to probe deeper.

"But surely," I speculated, "there must be other reasons to justify your unconventional stand. Do you feel, as I assume you do, that both can work with greater abandon if money worries are dismissed?"

"Yes, that is exactly the way I feel," she answered eagerly, her eyes shining at the sudden kinship in our view. "When money problems are removed, no matter which side does the removing, a lot of useless worry and emotion are spared. Instead of fretting about the details of living, there is an opportunity to concentrate on a career.

"Instead of puzzling over a budget of household accounts the husband and wife will find time and energy to discuss the play on which they are working, or some bit of acting, or music, or a book. They will develop themselves and deepen their common interests."

"But," I ventured, "wouldn't such a plan tend to rob a man of his ambitions? Wouldn't the lack of financial responsibilities weaken his morale?"

"No, indeed," she assured me. "The arrangement I have in mind does not tolerate the type of man who is ready to sit back and allow himself to be supported. Nobody wants that kind of man, anyway. In this sort of scheme the man must feel that his work is important and necessary and that he must share in proportion to his earnings the expenses of the partnership. In many instances the husband is laying the foundation for fame in later years.

"For example," elucidated Ginger, "I know of a wife who is a contract player for a big producing company. She goes about her business earning fat pay checks, while her husband sits at home pecking at a typewriter. Some day his novels are going to be published, at least that is his belief, and there is no thought of inferiority because his wife brings home the bacon.

"Another somewhat similar case is that of a painter who occasionally gets a portrait assignment. But I know his yearly commissions would be insufficient to pay for his wife's wardrobe let alone the upkeep of two cars.

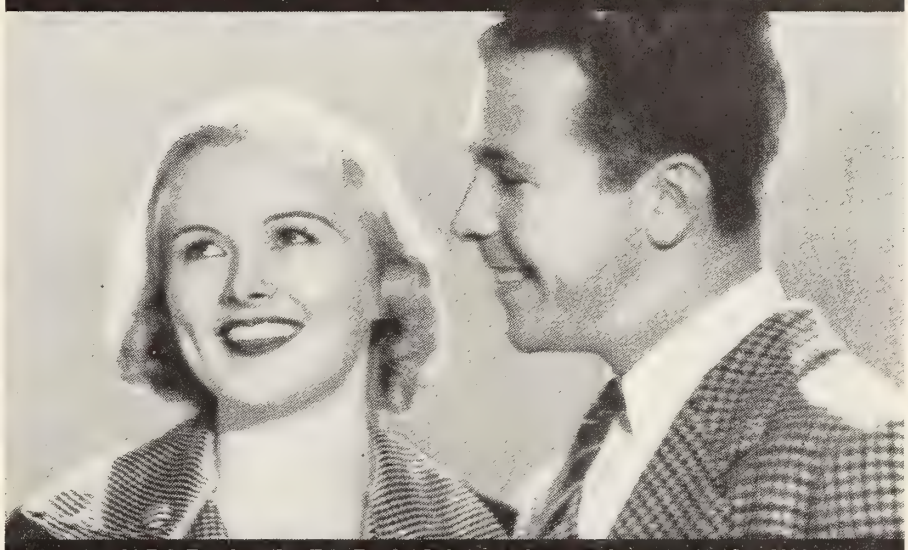
"Then there are unknown script writers whose education and intellect far more than compensate for their lack of fame and cash. More than one actress of my acquaintance owes a lot more to men of this caliber than she can possibly repay.

"The old idea of possession on the part of a man and being possessed on the part of a woman is vanishing.

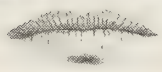
"After all, we are individuals first and individuals we must remain however close the contacts brought about by love.

"I do not believe in free love, but I do believe in love being free and it is never more free than when equality, social and economic, is recognized."

"No other lips appealed to me!" SAID DICK POWELL



HERE ARE THE LIPS DICK POWELL SAW



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PAINTED Lips look unnatural



TANGEE Intensifies your natural color

Popular young star tells why he chose Tangee Lips



• One girl wore no lipstick, one used Tangee, another used ordinary lipstick. We caught Dick Powell between scenes of **"Flirtation Walk"**, a **Warner Brothers** picture . . . asked him which lips were most appealing . . . instantly, he picked the Tangee girl—the one with soft, rosy, natural lips.

• "I work with girls made up in grease paint all day long", Dick Powell explained. "In the studio you've got to have it. But off the lot, I don't like it—there's no romance in lips with that hard, coarse, painted look. No man finds them really attractive."

Millions of men feel exactly that way about painted lips. But Tangee isn't paint! It makes your lips soft and rosy and appealing, because it brings out your own natural coloring—without coating the lips with a smear of paint.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. On your lips (because of the exclusive Tangee color-change principle) it changes to the one shade of blush rose most becoming to you. Get Tangee today. There are two sizes, 39 cents and $1.10. And if you'd like the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set, containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, send 10 cents with the coupon below. •

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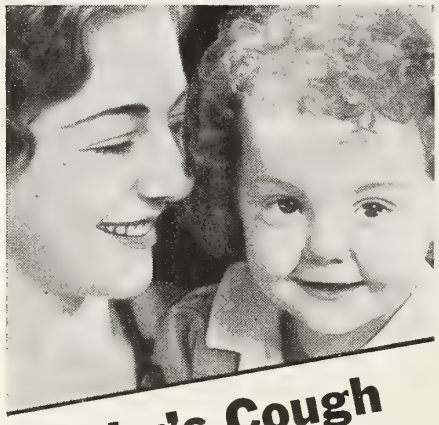
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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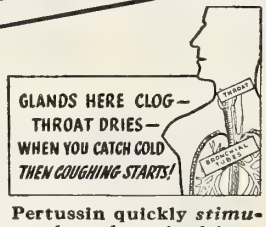
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DOCTORS EVERYWHERE have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. Try it!

PERTUSSIN

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I Chaperone the Crowd

(*Continued from page 34*)

was filled with interruptions, for each one in his turn would remember something he had left or thought he had left at home. Once Henry was certain he had forgotten his tuxedo and to make sure unpacked his suit-case on the sidewalk in a small town about thirty miles outside of Hollywood.

The others stood around, eagerly awaiting the outcome of the search because, knowing Henry, they were well aware that if the missing garment was not in the suit-case the entire caravan would travel back to Hollywood to get it. And a crowd of local residents gathered around and learned what the young-man-about-town carries in his suit-case when he goes on a week-end party. The tuxedo was there!

Grace Durkin thought that she had left her dog at home, which necessitated a telephone call to Hollywood; then it was discovered that her thoughtful brother, Trent, had the dog in the car with him. Jimmy Ellison had left the script of a play he was rehearsing in a friend's car and that meant another telephone call.

However, everyone arrived at La Jolla safely and in good humor. Jimmy Ellison and Gertrude Durkin got lost en route, just as sweethearts in any town in the United States would have gotten themselves lost, but they, too, reached their destination.

That night at the dance, sitting at a special table, they made an ideal little group. The girls looked sweet and the boys were charming. They autographed everything; they danced with the local society boys and girls; they were patient with all the people who had gone to school with their mothers and fathers; they had a grand time.

AT two o'clock in the morning, when the dance was over, they decided to go to Mexico and dutifully asked my permission. I knew that no amount of persuasion would stop them, so I borrowed a warm coat and prepared to go with them. When I saw the dismayed looks on their faces I could only conclude that they didn't want me to go along. Later they confessed that they were SO disappointed that I went willingly because they had planned to throw a blanket over my head, and force me to go.

When we started for Mexico they all piled into the first cars that were ready to start. There was no running off in couples, with the exception of Anita and Tom. They always ride together and are kiddingly called "the old married folks."

These boys and gals get along like one big happy family. They are fond of one another, in a purely platonic way in most cases. Pat Ellis' name has been linked frequently with Henry Willson's, but it's really because they like to dance together. And all those New York calls on Henry's telephone bill every month are to the girl he likes best of all—Paula Stone.

Each one knows the other's problems. They talk freely about their contracts, their salaries, and their worries, large and small. Utter frankness about everything is the keynote of their conversations. They hate being referred to as ingenues or juveniles. They don't want to appear young, rather, they like to be thought sophisticated. Although they get pleasure from youthful pursuits, they wish to discard an appearance of youth as quickly as possible. There was no chaperoning for me to do. They asked me to go with them because it was the thing to do and it would please their parents. They do a very good job of chaperoning themselves.

One thing I couldn't understand was why the juveniles in Hollywood act so awfully young. So I asked Tom Brown, who is one of the best known juveniles on the screen, the reason for it.

"Why is it, Tommy," I said, "that when you have a good, serious character role to play—something you can get your teeth into—you give a grand performance, but when you play a boy of seventeen or your own age, you make him act like a nine-year old?

AND why do you act so young off the screen? For instance, last night when you and Trent Durkin sneaked into our bedrooms and put burnt cork on the girls' faces. No normal eighteen-year-old boy would do a childish trick like that."

"Perhaps it's because I never was eighteen or nineteen years old," he replied seriously. "Perhaps I don't know how a boy that age would act because I never was that age. I was on the stage when I was seven. I associated with grown people; I was treated as an older person; I earned as much money as a grown person and I had the responsibilities of a grown person.

"Of course I went to school, but I attended a professional school, where the other children were all in the same position I was in. It was like associating with grown people. We had fun, of course. After all, we were children, but we had responsibilities and we felt them. We all looked forward to a career when other children our age were looking forward to college. Before I was grown up I felt that I was a man. There never was any in-between age for me. Perhaps that's the answer to your question—we can't really 'feel' kid roles and therefore we have a tendency to exaggerate them."

A majority of Hollywood's younger players have the same responsibilities and feel the same way about things in general that Tommy does, but they don't take life so seriously as he does. They call him "grandpa" and laugh about the time he wanted to play a certain part so much that he tried to raise a moustache to make himself look older. When the home-grown moustache refused to put in an appearance, he pasted one on and got the part.

These youngsters are all more or less their own bosses—not legally, of course. Most of them are the breadwinners of their families and they assume a protective attitude toward their parents. When our party was invited to spend another night at La Jolla and attend a dance at the Beach Club most of them telephoned home for permission to remain. Pat Ellis' father answered the telephone when she called.

"But Pat, you're working," he remonstrated. "You have to be on the set at eight in the morning. You should be home."

"I know, Alex," she giggled, "but every once in a while we have to do these things. Don't worry, I'll be at work on time."

She left the dance at eleven-thirty and was in bed at midnight. Next morning she arose at three-thirty and, with Trent Durkin, left at four in order to reach Warner's studio at eight o'clock. They were pretty sleepy but they hadn't forgotten their responsibilities.

Pat's life has been a pretty carefree one as far as finances are concerned, but one of hard training. Her stepfather, Alexander Leftwich, well known New York producer, trained her from childhood for a career. When he produced a show, Pat understudied every feminine part in the show. "And I had to be prepared to step

into any role," Pat told me. "I had to be letter-perfect in every part. It was hard work but excellent training."

Pat was never treated as a child, her mother told me. "We always had lots of company at our house. Well known actors, singers, and writers were frequently our guests. She always heard adult conversation and has always seemed grown-up."

The three Durkins, who have been known to stage and picture audiences since they were babies, don't feel they are in the "kid" class, either. Orphaned two years ago they manage their own affairs, both social and financial, with a good deal of nonchalance. They have a guardian, whom they adore, but they always decide what they are going to do before they ask his advice. They talk everything over together. They have no secrets from one another and the way they conduct their lives would put many an older person to shame.

Recently, Junior Durkin, who made his name famous when he became a star over night in the New York play, "Courage," changed it to Trent. "He had to have a name sometime," Grace explained, "or people would think he was still 'Huckleberry Finn.'"

"Oh, yes," jeered Tom Brown, "he's a big character actor now and has to have a name." The name "Trent" was the result of the entire group's going into a huddle.

They love to play jokes on each other and when they do, the unfortunate one is kidded unmercifully. However, they never let an outsider in on it. If one receives an invitation or an opportunity for a publicity break or even a role in a picture, and can't accept it for one reason or another, he or she immediately telephones around to the bunch in an effort to pass it on to one in their own set.

Sharing is their motto. For example, Henry Willson has been ill and is not allowed to drive his car, so he employs a chauffeur, which he can't afford. Trent Durkin can't afford to buy a car, so he uses Henry's and pays the salary of the chauffeur. Nice coöperation, what?

At the Beach Club dance they discovered Tom Brown in the clutches of the "village vamp," a cute little trick from New York.



Fay Wray, as she arrived in New York on her way to London to appear in "Alias Bulldog Drummond" for Gaumont.

The thrill of smooth HANDS goes to his HEART!



What a thrill! He loves to touch excitingly smooth hands. So get that smoothness *quickly* and surely with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—

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MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
NRA CODE

They swooped down on him like an army attack and rescued him for Anita, who was very annoyed because she was quite interested in one of the local boys at the moment. They were willing to fight for their Anita, but they do wish that "just once she would wear a spotty dress or get one hair out of place."

It was with a feeling of regret that we started home. Everyone was happy. There had been no quarrels. I decided that these boys and girls are just as normal, just as nice as any boys and girls their age. It's true, they don't have taffy-pulls to pass away a dull evening but neither do other young people their age in this advanced year of 1935. They do snatch at any opportunity for fun (like putting burnt cork on the girls' faces), because in their entire lives they haven't had much "young" fun. Responsibilities that belong to older people have been heaped on their immature shoulders. They had to be old before they had a chance to be young. They had no playtime. Now that success has come to many of them, and with it leisure and money, they try to be young—to crowd as much fun and play as possible into every leisure hour. And sometimes, if they seem to be "putting it on" a little, as their critics have said, what does it matter?

They have had adulation and flattery all their lives but they know it doesn't mean a thing, so it doesn't affect them. They have seen all kinds of life in their work, and consequently in their playtime they are remarkably clean-minded. They are true sophisticates.

All these things I learned, when I was a chaperone.

Marlene Answers All Your Qustions

(*Continued from page 29*)

"There are too many stars for one to be a novelty. Nor do they try to disturb my home life. No one ever attempts to climb over my walls, to break into my house. A few children come and ask for autographs, but that is no nuisance. I think all this talk of lack of privacy is odd. I notice it only when I am *away* from Hollywood. Then everyone stares and I am scared. I am eager to get back here where it is quiet and peaceful."

Rudolph Sieber, Marlene's director husband, has decided to stay in Hollywood permanently. That is, as long as his wife is fated to remain. Their four-year separation, which was punctuated by twice-a-year visits, is thus over.

"I was only away from my little girl for the first six months I was here. I didn't bring her from Germany because I was very uncertain. I didn't know whether I was to succeed here. It was for her own good that she stayed at home until I learned. Now she is growing up to be very American. I think that personality is determined when one is very young. I was never allowed to express any emotion in my face, to show dislike for anything. That is why I couldn't act all over the set. I would be ashamed to be unrestrained. But Maria is being raised to have freedom."

Hollywood plays such jokes on ambitious women. Marlene has escaped the town's capricious whims. She has had no terrific disillusionment because she never was lured into a worship for fame.

"I always had an admiration for the screen. But I never dreamed of becoming a star," she said. "Even when I first came to Hollywood it was not the fame and the money which attracted me. I came to work with Mr. Von Sternberg."

"But doesn't the money mean a lot to you?" I probed.

"No. Half of what I earn goes for income tax. I could accumulate more in Europe. Or I could go on the radio here and make enough in a year so I should never need to work again."

"The applause, the flattery, do they please you?"

NO," she replied. "I am not proud of being a film star! I see no reason to be. Compared to important professions this, that I am doing, is so unimportant. Even in comparison to the stage this work of mine falls far short. On the stage you must struggle for years before you can advance to a lead. In pictures, stars are made overnight because of their beauty. There is a haste and a lack of dignity to film stardom. I do not mean to criticize. There are many stars here who have great talent. I merely say that from my own standpoint I am not at all proud because I have become a film star."

Such modesty had never come my way from a Hollywood lady. So I asked:

"But what makes all this worth while to you then?"

"The sheer joy of acting, of creating a characterization, of being associated with Mr. Von Sternberg."

"And," I reiterated, "have you no desire to stand on your own feet, to work with another director? A fine actress should be as fine under any guidance, shouldn't she?"

"Certainly she should. But I do not understand why I must prove I am not an automaton. As I said, if I find an interesting story I will do it with someone else. Then I shall return to Mr. Von Sternberg's direction."

"And the stage . . .?"

"No. I haven't command enough of English to act on the stage in this country. Perhaps some day again in Europe. As for the screen, when there are no more plots which are appealing, then I will stop.

"I have never been the kind who could mix with many people, so I have few close acquaintances in Hollywood. In Berlin I had three or four friends. Does anyone really have more? Here I go straight home from the studio. I am perfectly content to have just a few friends. I do not want any more. There isn't time. Between my home and my work I am kept busy."

"But how can you develop your personality if you don't notice what others are doing and adapt yourself in various ways to suit those others?"

"I said I thought one's personality was determined when young. I don't believe in making one's self over. I have never tried to please everyone. If it is someone I respect highly I pay attention. But I don't want to make other people over, either. And as for developing, I have never endeavored to consciously improve myself. That is confusing. I mean, of course, that I do my best to be my best. But I simply trust to life to mold my personality."

I was becoming more and more intrigued with this amazing woman. So feminine is she, and yet so thoroughly brave in her convictions. Every article about her has been an attempt to reveal how she has been changed by Hollywood. They've

missed the point. Marlene has been perfectly poised. It's the rest who have been doing the flustering.

But if her replies to my pertinent questions have astonished you, wait until you hear her sum up these four film years in America. I asked her what she considers her accomplishments to date.

"I have a child," she said, without a second's pause. There was no mention of Hollywood peaks! I must have looked startled for she then added, "And I have made a few people happy. That is all."

"But your career!" I exclaimed, so used to listening to the cinema stars chatter on and on endlessly, egotistically.

"Ah," she declared, "there is so much more in life for me. Earning the respect of the people I love, carrying out my duties to them, bringing up my child . . ."

You have read numberless tales about Marlene. No one had ever gone to her and frankly asked for her own explanations. I'm glad I did because now she seems not a high-hat mystery, but a normal, eager, and loyal woman. Four years have brought overwhelming changes to Hollywood. But none to the tranquil, tantalizing Dietrich.

Even if she hadn't behaved so intelligently during my twenty minutes with her, I'd have approved of her. She is so marvelously beautiful.

Do you suppose she has ever delved into Lord Chesterfield's tomes? Remember, he advised, "address yourself to the senses if you would please; dazzle the eyes, soothe and flatter the ears of mankind, engage their hearts and let their reason do its worst against you."

I am sure of few things in this perplexing world, but one of my certainties now is that none of the slams on Marlene could have been written by a man who has met her!



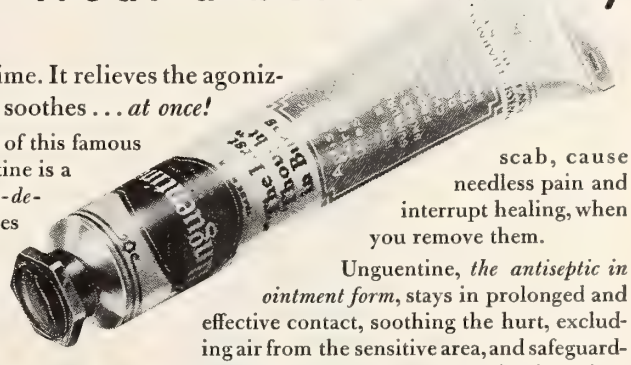
Mr. Arliss is back from London after completing "The Iron Duke" for Gaumont British.

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Men . . . !

(*Continued from page 33*)

no mistake."

John returned. "Sorry, sir," he said. "I couldn't find your pipe. It wasn't in the desk drawer, and I didn't like to rummage."

The director dropped his hand into his pocket and brought his pipe forth.

"You're right," he said with a grin, looking a little guilty. "Thanks anyway, old man."

He turned to his company and announced: "Luncheon recess. Be back at one-thirty, please!"

He watched the girl and John, arm in arm, going toward her car which was parked under the false front mountains. And there was something about them so young, so poignant, that he remembered a spring long lost and grew a little sad.

"Get a look at that girl's eyes," he told his assistant. "Listen to her voice. Soft, eh?" Then, realizing he was spilling over a bit, he turned gruff. "It's a damn shame there's no camera or mike trained on them," he said. "That's what it is, a damn, wasteful shame."

AND now we hearken to the experiences of the Girl of the Orchids.

She looks as though she might think babies were found in cabbage patches. Her hair is a pale gold fluff. But in her eyes, dark blue, there's wisdom, an early wisdom.

She's been in the theatre and in pictures since her early 'teens, you see, and she's smart. She has profited by all the things she's seen and read and heard. And she has the knack of handling any situation in which she finds herself, without seeming to handle it at all.

Under all circumstances, knowing her as I do, I'd expect her to have sympathy and understanding. It's curious how knowledge and experience coming to some girls in a rush turns them hard. And coming to other girls in a rush it makes them warmly wise, charmingly capable.

This girl is one made wise and capable. Therefore, to one love scene at any rate, she was able to bring a certain quality which made it the talk of Hollywood. And a trial to the young man who loves her dearly.

Hollywood's a funny place. You'd expect it to be blasé and sated. Indifferent really. But nowhere on earth is there a town quicker with understanding and appreciation. Or, for that matter, with criticism and prejudice.

The leading man in this love scene came to motion pictures after he had found great popularity. Learning she was to play with him, the Girl of the Orchids had been apprehensive. She felt he might be high-hat and pretentious. Difficult. His success had come to him quickly enough to turn his head. No doubt of that.

However, he proved a pleasant surprise. He was shy, actually shy. Unsophisticated and sensitive, too. He looked so scrubbed and brushed and shiny clean that she had no feeling about the intimate scenes they would play together.

The picture progressed. They came to the love interest and finally to the big love scene itself. This scene was laid in the garden of an inn, an inn somewhere in Europe. To add romance to the setting, one of the stage-hands was relegated to the catwalk, a narrow walk erected around the sides of a set, so that, at appropriate moments, he might shake down blossoms of white silk from a drooping wisteria vine.

THE lights and the microphones were set up. Behind the camera, mounted on its rubber-tired dolly, was the inevitable camp-chair line-up of director, assistant director, 'script girl, and several members of the company not working in this particular scene.

The leading man came on the set and his eyes went hunting for the Girl of the Orchids. He found her at last standing in the inn doorway and he went directly to her.

"Hello, there," she said. "It's a pity you had to miss the rushes last night. You were splendid in them. You would have delighted your own heart."

She knew the need you feel for encouragement when you are making your first picture. She hadn't made her first picture so long ago that she had forgotten.

His face brightened. "Was I? Thanks, loads! I'm glad to hear that."

She had her make-up box propped on a ledge before her. She held it there with her weight against it and powdered her face smoothly over its thin layer of grease-paint.

"We're doing the love scene this morning, I believe," he said, plainly embarrassed. "And, er . . . well, I wondered how you wanted me to—to kiss you."

The girl laughed. "Any way you like," she told him easily. "A long one. Or a short one."

He was utterly relieved. "I'm new at this sort of thing. And I want the scene to have emotion, of course, but I don't want to do anything that would . . . er . . ."

"You couldn't," she told him. And she meant it.

"Ready?" the director called.

The girl snapped her make-up box shut and the leading man went over to his position under the vines.

"You run to him," the director told the girl, rehearsing the action described in the 'script. "This isn't a long sequence, you know, so we've got to make every moment count. We've got to cram in the emotion.

"You can't wait to reach him. You seem to fling yourself across that little distance."

The girl nodded. She knew. Only too well. It was like that with her when she saw the young man she loved.

The director turned to the leading man. "You see her coming. You move a few steps forward. Your arms open. They close around her. You kiss. Okeh, let's try it!"

They tried it. The Girl of the Orchids ran to the young man standing there so straight and eager under the wisteria flowers and, as the director had suggested, she seemed to fling herself across that little distance. The leading man moved forward to meet her. His arms closed around her.

However, his effort to make every moment count, to cram in the emotion, didn't end there. In a minute he held her a little from him, a little to one side. His hands went caressing her. Intimately. The way no hero caresses a heroine on the screen, whatever heroes may do in reality.

The girl couldn't believe this was hap-

pening. She had heard stories of actors with exploring hands but it was incredible to her that this shy young man was taking advantage of the scene to make personal advances.

"We'll try it again," the director called. There was a curious note in his voice, as if he had noticed, too. Indeed, he couldn't have helped it.

They did it over again, and the same thing happened. One property man, an old hand in the studios, wiped an involuntary grin from his face. And there was an unmistakable snicker from the lad relegated to shake down silken petals at opportune moments.

"We'll try it *again*," the director said. This time he didn't even try to curb the amusement in his voice.

They did it still another time. And still another time the young man proceeded to act the way no hero on the screen may act.

The girl went over to the director. Under cover of having to sit down to remove her slipper she talked to him.

"This *is* happening, isn't it?" she asked. She wasn't offended. For obviously there was no intent on the leading man's part to be unpleasant or unduly familiar.

"It's happening all right," the director agreed. Like the girl he found it difficult to grasp any sense of reality.

WHAT can we do?" she asked. "You can't photograph it that way, that much is sure. And it would be a pity to hurt his feelings. He's so nice."

"Beat it for a few minutes," the director advised. "I'll talk to him."

The Girl of the Orchids disappeared gladly.

Almost immediately, everybody on that set, realizing something was in the wind between the director and the leading man, became very busy, completely absorbed by some job. There's a lot of hullabuloo about professional jealousy and not nearly enough mention of the grand fraternity you so often find on a set.

"Look," the director began when he'd brought the leading man over beside him on a pretext, "that, that massaging bit . . . You'll have to cut that out."

He had decided not to beat around any bushes, to say what he had to say frankly, to kid a little.

The leading man looked wretched. "I wondered," he admitted. "I don't mind telling you I've been dreading this—this scene. I haven't known what to do. You see, they had me up in the front office last night talking about my next picture. They're pleased about the exhibitors' in-



Anna Sten and an armful of fluff. Cute?

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Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

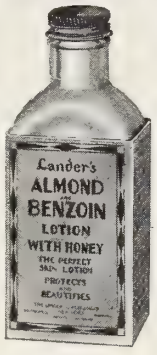
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terest in me. But they advised me to get more 'umph' in my love scenes."

"Umph!" said the director. "Well, they usually know what they're talking about up there in the front office, all reports and jokes to the contrary. They've managed to keep their Rolls Royces all through this depression, I've noticed. And that means they're shrewd. Undoubtedly they're right about the need for 'umph'. But you're wrong, feller, about the way you're getting it."

A few minutes later the director met the Girl of the Orchids outside the set to explain to her what had happened.

"Poor darling," she said sympathetically. "This means so much to him, his first picture . . . and they have him so confused."

They rehearsed the scene again. And the girl gave it everything she had. Perhaps she was remembering her eagerness and uncertainty as a novice. Perhaps, terribly in love, she felt closer and more sympathetic to everyone, her leading man included. Or perhaps, in his quandary, he appealed to her maternal instinct. It's always so futile to attempt to analyze anyone's reactions.

In any event she brought emotion to that scene. And emotion photographs.

She ran to that young man so impetuously, so swiftly, that he had to catch her up in his arms to save her from falling. And in doing this he somehow caught the tempo that scene should have and carried through with it.

Still in his arms the Girl of the Orchids threw back her lovely golden head to laugh up into his face. And for one small second, before his mouth closed on hers, he seemed lost in the tender blue of her eyes.

Dictionaries have yet to include a definition of "umph." However, if "umph" means desire and a dash of hotcha wrapped up in something beautiful and spiritual, and I think it does, that scene had "umph." Lots of it.

A few weeks later when the picture was previewed at a local theatre the film colony turned out to see it. Hollywood also is a curious town. And everyone wanted to see the handsome young leading man recruited with his bright fame. They were agreed he was a potential star, a good bet. But, leaving the theatre, it was the love scene they talked about. They said it had something poignant and tender about it. They marvelled at its charming youth.

It was the love scene the Girl of the Orchids and her beau talked about, too. Or, perhaps, it would be more exact to say it was the love scene the girl's beau talked about.

They left the theatre by a side exit to avoid the autograph hunters who crowd around the marquee after a preview. And he headed his Ford roadster for their favorite Drive-In. (A Drive-In, for the benefit of those who lack these excellent enterprises in their home towns, is a large stand built in the center of a corner lot. Cars pull up to it and pretty waitresses come out to clamp trays on the car's sides and to take orders for anything from hamburgers to turkey and cranberry sauce).

"Did you like it?" the girl asked.

"It's a very nice picture," he granted, without enthusiasm.

"Like *him?*" she wanted to know.

"Sure," even less enthusiastically, if possible. "He's all right. If you like that type. You do. Apparently!"

She giggled. The way girls do when *the* young man, in trying not to show how much he cares, proceeds to give himself away completely.

"I do like that type," she said. Then her voice dropped. She moved closer to his side. The little quill in her rakish hat tickled his ear. "But there's another type I like better. Much better. Dark curly hair goes with it."

As I said in the beginning, she's a girl able to handle any situation in which she finds herself. Better than ably. Admirably!

Average—But Wonderful

(*Continued from page 37*)

season's débutantes and become a substantial citizen of commerce? What had I? Well, my heart, I guess. My imagination which rode me and drew blood. I didn't pose in front of mirrors as a youngster. I did not inflate the family pride by reciting 'pieces.' But I did read omniverously. I did live in a fantastical world of my own where I encountered strange adventures and met exciting people. I knew that somehow I must continue these adventures, must meet the glamorous people of the world in flesh and blood. And I went to the theatre all of the time, with every scrap of time and every piece of money I had. I saw Sir Henry Irving do "Rip Van Winkle" and I have never forgotten it. I think I knew, then."

Columbia Pictures' studio biography of Walter Connolly says, "As versatile an actor as ever trod the boards, can play any character part no matter how young or old, no matter what nationality, no matter what walk of life. He thinks nothing of being a senile watchman ("Man's Castle") in the morning, a prosperous business man ("It Happened One Night") in the afternoon, and a suave European ("Lady For A Day") at night, and makes each performance ring with authenticity . . ."

I reminded Mr. Connolly of this deserved encomium. He said, "We'll waive the question of whether that is flattery or truth. But this is the truth: I went on the stage in order to play those parts. And others. As many others as possible.

"It was because I so desperately wanted to be all men rather than one man that I left my 'cage' at the bank. It was because I couldn't tolerate the idea of being Walter Connolly, bank clerk, all of my days that I—well that I made my professional début in Norfolk, Virginia, in 'Classmates,' in 1909. Two years later I was on Broadway in the revival of 'The Shepherd King,' starring Wright Lorimer. And for twenty-two years I never left Broadway again save for some summer stock.

"Matter of fact," Mr. Connolly chuckled (and he does chuckle—all nice men do), I really picked the job at the bank because banking hours are such that I had time off for amateur theatricals.

"I simply could not bear monotony, that's all. Psychologists would call it an escape. So it was. I felt as though dust would accumulate on me if I stayed where I was. I rose to my feet and shook myself. I wanted variety. And if you ask me what gift of all gifts my years on the stage have given me I would say just that —variety.

"The stage and the screen have enabled

me to be many hundreds of persons in my own person. I do not have to get dog-tired of being Walter Connolly, because I am Walter Connolly for so small a part of the time.

"But best of all, most important of all, I have been able to meet and to know most of the vital persons of my generation. Musicians, sculptors, statesmen, as well as actors and actresses.

"And I could not have known these people if I had not been in the theatre. A millionaire may be able to order a 'command performance,' that is true, and entertain the great of the earth. But he doesn't really know them. Only when you are doing some form of creative work yourself can you know others in similar fields. I think about the finest thing life has given me is knowing those others.

"I have worked with Gilbert Miller, Jed Harris and George M. Cohan. I knew Charles Frohman, the greatest showman of them all. I have worked with Helen Hayes, Margaret Anglin, Pauline Lord and innumerable others. I have known the Barrymores, Sothern, Marlowe, John Drew, Leo Dietrichstein and Minnie Maddern Fiske. I have known Broadway in 'The Affairs of Anatole,' 'Possession,' 'Way Down East,' 'The Late Christopher Bean,' and other plays too many to list here. (And I remember an old slogan of Broadway which said that Connolly was always in demand with the theatrical impresarios and feminine stars because "he always saved a bad play and bettered a good one.")

"I was not off Broadway for twenty-two years," Mr. Connolly was saying. "However, I did take time off to make one picture in 1917, 'The Soldier's Oath,' with William Farnum. I hope, some day, to be able to forget it. The only other interlude was during the World War when I joined the 13th Division of the Marine Corps under Major General Smedley Butler.

"This life of the theatre offers rich gifts and highly colored adventure. And it's a happy life, too. Actors may be down, very far down, but they are never out. You can go to any lot in Hollywood today and talk to dozens of old-timers on whom the last curtain has gone down and they never know it. Because there is always hope in the heart of the actor. No actor ever believes that he is through.

"Also, an actor is safer than a business



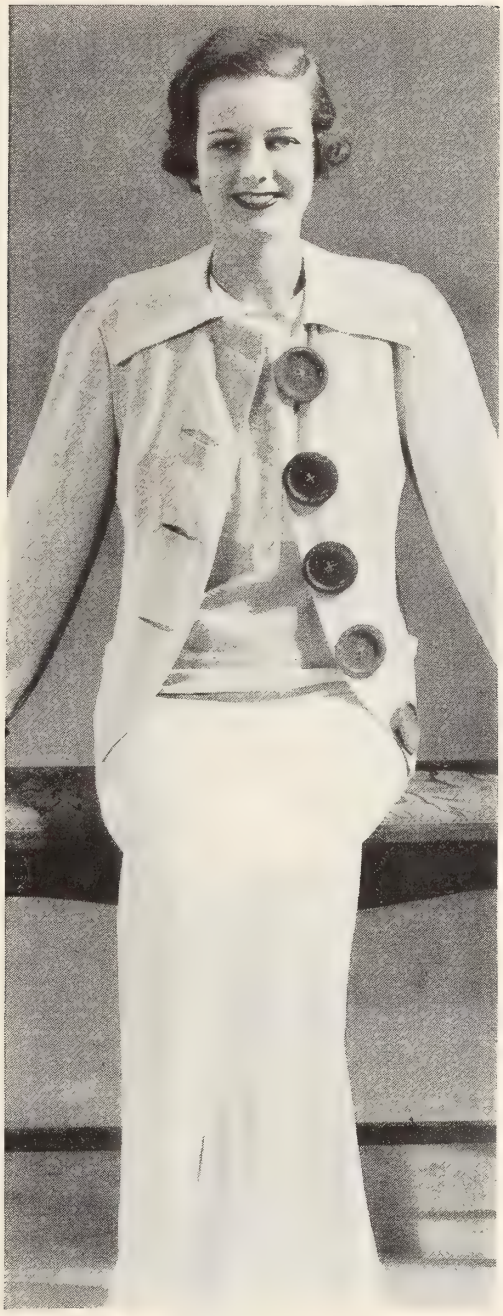
A scene from Walter Connolly's latest picture, "White Lies," with Victor Jory and Fay Wray.

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man. He is a one-man concern. If he goes down to defeat, he doesn't take a corporation with him or stockholders or investors. His failure, as well as his success, is his own. That's why there are so many suicides among big business men. When they go down, they usually drag their friends and associates with them. They could take it for themselves. They can't take it for the others.

"And now I have come to Hollywood, the most dramatic and colorful place in the world. A place about which the real story has never been written. Because the real story is not a daily account of the various girls Lyle Talbot lunches with or whether or not Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are exchanging gardenias. In an industry so vast, so vital, so mechanically miraculous, it seems a pity to stress such trivia. It would be a tremendous job, the real story of Hollywood. My 'other ambition' has always been to write and I spend most of my spare time at my desk.

"Hollywood is a place of terrific extremes. Of unimaginable ironies. Imagine a place where they allow Tod Sloan, who once rode for kings and is conceded the fastest jockey in the world, to judge turtle races. Turtles, the slowest animals in the world!

"If I had not chosen the stage (it didn't choose me), I would have missed meeting my wife. And today, after fourteen years of marriage, that remains for me a painfully unpleasant thing to contemplate."

Mr. Connolly's wife is, you know, Netta Harrigan, daughter of the famous vaudeville team of Harrigan and Hart.

"We were playing together on Broadway when we met," Mr. Connolly told me. "I happened to know that she was supposed—doctor's orders—to drink a bottle of milk before every performance. She always forgot and so I undertook to remember for her. With the result that I would bring the milk to her dressing-room every evening and stand by, patiently, while she drank it. It suddenly occurred to me that it was a very husband-like patience I was manifesting and also that I had never seen a lovelier sight than Netta drinking milk. I still think," chuckled Walter Connolly, "that the loveliest sight I have seen is Netta drinking milk."

The hands of Mr. Connolly's clock were speeding to the midnight hour. I made polite gestures, signifying my immediate departure.

"No, don't go," Mr. Connolly said, "I never go to bed until two-thirty, even when I am by myself. I never got up before noon until I came to Hollywood. They're theatre hours, you know, and they have become my hours. I'll never get over it. In New York I liked to play poker with newspaper men and talk the hours away with Alexander Woollcott, Rollin Kirby, Odd McIntyre and other cronies.

"Let's see, I was just about to say that if I had not come to Hollywood I would have missed being a part of what I believe is destined to become the greatest art the world has ever known. If it misses, it is its own fault. The theatre will go on forever. Because the theatre is tangled up in the roots of our being. It has been since the beginning of time and it will be until the end.

"But the capacities and potentialities of the screen are limitless. There are no boundary lines. There is nothing it cannot do, no resources it cannot command, no artist it cannot, or has not persuaded. The brains and the artistry of the world are here today. The screen has yesterday, today and tomorrow to draw on. I believe that pictures are changing now. For the better. Better pictures are being made. Better stories are being written. A more discriminating audience is going to see pictures. The world is ours and that," said Mr. Connolly, "is something I could not have endured missing."

How?

Why?

But I think our questions are answered.

There are thousands of men in the world who were not born with the what-it-takes of Clark Gable, the poetic beauty of Novarro, the muscular magnetism of Weissmuller. True. But Walter Connolly is not among them. For that what-it-takes, that magnetism, that poetry are in his capacious heart, in the rich tones of his voice, in the wisdom of those keen brown eyes, in the humanitarian spirit which so loves the world and all mankind that his finest dream was to know all men and to be all men—rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. . . .

Fame Is a Thief

(*Continued from page 45*)

publicity and money. I have little use for the latter. I detest the former. And there I am. And this is not in the nature of a complaint, please understand. No one forced me to be an actor. I am an actor because I happen to like the work itself and because I am no good for anything else. I was one man when I went into the war. When I came out I was an actor. Along with the majority of my fellows I left the man-I-might-have-been on the battlefields.

"If I had it to do over again I would wish that I might have skipped the war. I would buy a bit of land somewhere. I would marry the right woman for me, I hope. I would raise cattle and garden produce that I might feed my family from the earth itself. I would certainly have children. I would do some laboratory work — research — fool about with glands and things. I'd be a sort of dilettante Arrowsmith. I have lived with unrealities long enough to know that these are the only realities: home, land, children.

"Fame has, by this time, robbed me of these realities. I think I shall never marry again. Fame has conspired with events to take away, piecemeal, more than twelve years of my life which might have been lived otherwise, domestically, perhaps; at any rate more satisfyingly than I have been able to live them. I shall not try again.

"Fame has robbed me of my self-confidence. Not as an actor, as a man. How can I be sure that people really like me for myself alone? They may like me, instead, because I bear the trade-mark, 'Ronald Colman,' or because I am a 'public character' with whom it is amusing to be seen.

"I don't want to sound like a misanthrope. There are exceptions, of course. There are times when my instinct tells me that my friends are my friends, irrespective of conditions. But we have, all of us, had a good many unpleasant experiences and, after a time, one's self-esteem takes a body-blow and doesn't ask for more.

FAME has robbed me of my courage. I don't dare to talk as freely as I'd like to talk. I don't dare to do a good many of the things I would like to do if I were John Doe, unknown. Reticent? Of course I am. Why not? It isn't that I am afraid of what people will say about me, nor even what they may print about me. There are more serious possibilities to be considered. You must realize that all of us in public life are excellent targets for all kinds of shyster claims, alienation suits, blackmail of all sorts. I am afraid of those. On more than one occasion one of us has taken some young woman to dine one evening and been served with papers the next.

"So, you see, Fame has robbed me of the possibility of charming friendships with charming women, which is an abnormal situation and downright theft.

"Fame has deprived me of a good many friendships with men. It has robbed me of old friendships and has prevented the development of new ones. Some old friends who have not, perhaps, done so well with the world's goods as we of the screen, feel inhibited about accepting hospitality they are not in a position to return. Or their egos very naturally resent being seen with a man who is by way of being a household word. They feel a sense of inferiority. Unjustifiable, essentially, but a normal reaction.

"It is the same with potential new friends. I meet men I like quite often. I feel that they like me. Nothing comes of it. I know that it is because they say to themselves, 'Colman seems like a pretty good sort but he's a movie actor; I can't keep up with him.' I don't blame them.

"I have a few close and intimate friends, of course. Old friends in England. Dick Barthelmess and Bill Powell and Clive Brook and a few others over here. And they are the only people in the world with whom I can feel at ease, with whom I can relax, be myself. I am exceedingly grateful for them. But it is a definite limitation not to be at ease in the world at large. It is a definite torture to me to feel like a monkey on a stick expected to do his tricks when I—I have no tricks.

Swishing his Scotch and soda around in his glass, Ronnie continued. "I seem to have got going. You'll be sorry you asked me this question before I am through."

"You are breaking my heart, but go on, I like it," I replied.

"All right, then, if you can forgive me. Fame has robbed me of the things I like to do, or rather, it has robbed me of the possibility of doing them pleasantly. I might be enjoying this tea hour much more fully, for instance, if there were not a determined looking lady two tables away eying me speculatively. No, but seriously, travel, I mean. I would rather travel than do anything else there is to be done. I like to dig about in strange corners of the world. I like to walk the boulevards of foreign cities, to poke about in remote little villages, watching people. But my pictures have always been there before me. That fixes everything. I can never be the observer, I am always the observed. I can never be in the audience.| I must always be on the stage.

BILL POWELL and I once tried to see London together. I wanted to show him my London. We got into an open taxi, one of the deep ones into which you can sink with only your heads showing. We hadn't gone half a mile before, from the tops of buses, from windows of shops and houses, people actually mounted on crates and boxes, were staring at us. We gave it up.



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"Talk about 'He Who Gets Slapped'! He Who Gets Watched is in a far more painful predicament. At least it is painful to me. Genuinely. It is not Fame that is at fault, it is I.

"Mind you, there is Fame and Fame. If, at any time, some person should approach me and speak to me about some picture of mine, whether critically or appreciatively, I should be pleased. But that is not the kind of public attention we get, we who are watched, not the kind of attention given to public characters in other walks of life. When we go out in public we are the targets for all of the drunks, for all of the wise-cracking, ready-to-fight individuals there are.

"I was dancing at a Club one night recently when a man dancing by poked me in the ribs and said, 'Say, I just heard you talking to your partner. You talked like that to Loretta Young in 'Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back.' Do you always talk to women the same way?'

"On another occasion a man came up to me in a hotel dining-room and demanded that I dance with his wife. When I explained that I was with a lady he sneered and said, loudly, 'Wassa matter, gettin' too good these days?' He was very noisy about it. They usually are.

"And so, I go out in public as seldom as possible, which is a definite loss. An actor should be objective as well as subjective. He should be able to meet and mingle freely with his fellow men.

"I may sound unpleasant. It must seem more than a bit ridiculous, in these difficult days for a man to be moaning over the gifts of Fame when so many thousands of people are moaning for them. But you happened to hit on a nerve which is, in me, very much exposed and very sensitive.

"I am grateful for the work itself. I do enjoy it when I am actually on the set and in production. I am enormously interested in making 'Clive of India.' I enjoy the acting, the reading of the script, the preparation for a picture. But the rest of it, the notoriety, the recognition in public places, the violation of my privacy, all of that is positively abhorrent to me and I can't help it. Call it a complex, a neurosis, a psychosis, anything you want, but there it is.

"The money reward is pleasant, of course. But less important to me, perhaps, than the others. It enables me to meet my obligations. Beyond which it can do very little for me. I live in an average sized and very pleasant house, as you know. I don't want a larger one. Even if I did, I doubt that I would have one. For Fame gives you gifts with her right hand and threatens you with her left. For if you live in mansions and exhibit the full fruits of success you are under all kinds of threats, kidnapping among others.

"I am not in the slightest degree clothes-conscious. I seldom think of my appearance unless it is for a picture. I have no desire for yachts nor a fleet of expensive cars. I have no costly habits. I like books, but they are cheap. I enjoy tennis, but I play with Dick or Clive or Bill on their courts. And as for travel, I like to travel as simply as possible.

"My work, and a certain sense of satisfaction, in that I have not precisely failed in life, are my two rewards. Fame has robbed me of everything else."

Should the Husband Pay the Bills? Yes, Says Glenda

(*Continued from page 39*)

which ended unhappily. Probably she has, coupled with her observations, actual experience upon which to base her theories. Certainly this first unhappy venture with love and marriage has made her wary for, although she has, during the last year been rumored in love with Robert Riskin, the writer, she has avoided a second marriage. Is it because the men of Glenda's acquaintance are relinquishing their hold on the old standards, and are beginning to believe that a common financial meeting ground is necessary in present-day marriage? Or is it because the wound left by Glenda's first marriage has as yet not been healed?

"Of course," Glenda hastened to explain, interrupting my reverie, "conditions are exceptional in Hollywood. They are bound to be. I venture to say that in the majority of homes, or at least in an equal number, the larger income is earned by the wife. When this is the case it requires tact to preserve the male's authority.

"To prove my point let me tell you the story of a friend, a prominent screen star of the silent days. She was famous, beautiful, wealthy and popular. Like most of us she was idealistic in the matter of her first love, which led to marriage. She was on the up grade and a favorite of the company for which she worked. Her husband, also young and ambitious, was a director in the same company. But he had two faults: drinking to excess and philandering. These faults kept him from success.

"The actress in question, at the expiration of her contract, was offered a substantial advance, which she took only in part insisting that the balance be given to her husband without his knowledge of the transaction. 'You see,' my friend said, 'I didn't want my husband's feelings to be hurt by the thought that I was earning more money than he. That might have given him a feeling of inferiority. Worse yet, I dreaded a condition, likely to cause envy, that would eventually separate us.'

"My friend believes her marriage was saved by her effort to appear dependent. I am wondering how many other Hollywood alliances might have been preserved by some such feminine wisdom as this.

"Yes," continued Glenda, "the real men that I have known have been possessive, egotistical in a naive sort of way, and proud of their masculinity. In their youth they take pride in giving physical protection and when grown to manhood generally fall for the clinging-vine type of girl who flatters them by her dependence. Later they glory in the utter dependence of the woman they have chosen to love."

"But certainly," I offered, "there are men to whom this does not apply. For instance men who are doing creative work; men who find it necessary to have all financial matters handled by another so that they can work without worry."

"I feel differently about that," said Glenda. "I believe that no matter what business or profession a man is engaged in, his inclinations in domestic affairs are the same. Therefore, I would want to make my home a true one, and I would work at accomplishing that just as faithfully as I am working at my career.

"If I were extravagant, I would expect my husband to scold me. That would be his privilege as head of the house. And that is what I would want my husband to be under all circumstances."

Good News

(*Continued from page 68*)

bicycling—with just enough food to keep a canary partially nourished.

At the end of the week, Vic stepped on the scales. He had gained two pounds!

■ ■ ■

At the opening of the "Milky Way" recently, Mary Brian and the mother of Jack Oakie did a neat sneak-in behind the crowd of autograph-seekers and cameramen. The reason for the secrecy came to light later. Oakie, himself, staggered in between the narrow lines of spectators, head down and stopping for no one. The trio had been out partying together, but the "women folk" up and refused to accompany him to the theatre.

■ ■ ■

Carl Brisson and Maxie Adelbert Baer gave fight fans a treat recently at the Olympic Stadium by presenting silver cups to the winners of amateur bouts. The boys clowned a bit and Brisson let one go that Baer forgot to duck. As he picked himself up off the canvas, Carl was seen making a hasty exit.

■ ■ ■

Poor Ketti Gallian is literally and physically suffering for her art. Up at Arrowhead Springs, where the innocent girl was led to believe she was going for a rest, her energetic friends plunged Ketti into one of the famous cave "baths." They are great little reducers, you know. After that, Miss Gallian was treated to the minstrations of a banger-upper (masseuse, to you). When it was over, she pleaded for a little piece of watermelon. To which her companions replied, "Why, you had coffee and orange juice only four hours ago. For pity sake, don't you want to get thin?"

■ ■ ■

It took bachelor Lee Tracy to solve the problem of photographing Master Dickie Walters, age two, in a sleeping scene for "Carnival" after everyone connected with the picture, including Sally Eilers, who has just joined the mother ranks herself, and



When the last scene of "Lottery Lover" had been taken, Pat Paterson dashed off to N. Y. to meet hubby Charles Boyer on his arrival from his native Paree. His next screen appearance will be in "Private Worlds" for Paramount.

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Dickie's own ma had given up in despair.

Lee merely suggested that the scene be taken after the youngster's regular bedtime when he would be sleeping naturally, which bit of advice saved the studio from the brink of bankruptcy and the directors from the verge of insanity.

■ ■ ■

The newest dog hero in town is none other than Michael, Dolores Del Rio's white bull.

It seems the star was lying on a lawn mattress reading, when Michael raced up, growling ominously. She ordered him to be quiet. Usually obedient, Michael continued his lusty warnings, and jumped over her. Dolores turned in time to see him sink his teeth into a snake, coiled within a few feet of her head. Michael held on until frightened servants appeared and now he owns a brand new collar.

■ ■ ■

Besides having a new coiffure, a new Paramount contract and a new beau, Gail Patrick is now the proud possessor of a set chair with her name on the back. And is Gail thrilled!

■ ■ ■

Woe be unto Hepburn the next time she leaves Hollywood! The news cameramen have gotten together and purchased a flock of rubber raspberries. As Katie enters the railway station or airport, she will be greeted with one big blast, as the cameramen walk out with folded equipment.

■ ■ ■

A daisy or sumpthin' should be presented to our own cameraman, Scotty, and a photographer pal. Recently, Paramount was on the spot on its "Wings In The Dark" opus. Production was held up and expenses mounted as a fruitless search was made for extras who could handle a camera without fumbling. The boys stepped in, became actors for the moment and eased the producer's headache. They were quite generous in praising their supporting cast, too, cheerfully lauding the efforts of Myrna Loy and Cary Grant.

■ ■ ■

Although he doesn't play a note, Eddie Robinson considers himself quite a connoisseur of music.

Recently he decided he should do something about his vast knowledge on this subject, so he hit upon the plan of creating a "Robinson Symphony." This was accomplished by purchasing forty rolls of music, taking out certain parts in each and piecing them together.

After days of labor, the masterpiece was finished. Elated, Eddie asked his wife to be his one and only guest and critic at the audition. Seating himself at the player piano, Eddie began the unwinding of the Robinson special. Mrs. R. sat very quietly. After it was over, she made just one caustic remark. It was, "Enough is enough!"

■ ■ ■

Richard Barthelmess is a very shy and retiring man. (!?!?)

At a recent football game, fans could hardly miss his bright sweater vividly monogrammed, nor his cigarette holder which carried another "R. B."—nor was his hatband neglected. However, in case anyone *was* still in doubt, his cigarette case bore the full name, "Richard Barthelmess."

■ ■ ■

What Hollywood male wouldn't be considered sumpin' if he could crash the exclusive "Domino" (all females) Club?

But it took Snoopy, Fred Keating's purp, to accomplish this miracle. Seems Snoopy got himself lost one day and not only Fred, but some of the Domino gals, were so dee-lighted at his discovery, that he was initiated as the club mascot—a male one at that!

■ ■ ■

There have been scores of stories printed about the so-called temperament of movie stars. Perhaps the most malicious is the one now circulating Hollywood about the blonde star who broke the back of one of her dogs with a poker when said pup misbehaved on her parlor rug. This story, however, is being refuted by the less evil-minded, who really are "in the know," stating that this particular star is an animal lover, her home being overrun with dogs, cats, birds and wotnot.

Because of her seeming coldness on the screen, this actress has come in for more than her share of "cracks" and therein probably lies the foundation for this tale.



Not content with being a success in the movie field, Doris Kenyon has tried her luck at opera. Here she is after her first singing performance in "The Secrets of Suzanne" at the Shrine Auditorium.



At the "Milky Way" opening—the Joe E. Browns, with Lyle Talbot and his latest heart interest, Polly Walters.

One of the best rifle shots in Hollywood is Glenda Farrell. When Glenda was able to shatter the "clay pipes" with regularity, she started clipping off their stems with well-placed bullets, until now she is able to snip the black smudge off a burning candle wick at fifty feet.

Glenda's young son, Tommy, is in on the game, too, and the pair go to the beach for target practice at least once a week.

■ ■ ■

Out at Warner's studio, an electrician was rearranging a heavy lamp above the set. In moving around, a large coil of rope fell over and hit the stage with a resounding thud. As a nimble-footed extra sidestepped in time to miss the impact, he shouted upward, "Hey, you! Be careful. I ain't Von Sternberg."

■ ■ ■

George Raft has discovered a new player. One morning as he was walking into the studio he was approached by a negro boy with an ingratiating smile. The lad was looking for a job and had hitch-hiked all the way from North Carolina to get it. George didn't particularly need a valet, but was so pleased with Alex Hill's personality, he hired him on the spot. Alex has taken everyone on the lot by storm, so shy and anxious to please is he. And now, Eddie Sutherland, director of "Mississippi," has given him a part in that picture.

■ ■ ■

Gene Raymond is not making any more personal appearances. Decidedly not!

Between pictures recently, Gene went to Palm Springs, intending to stay several days. Shortly after his arrival he was approached by an amiable stranger, apparently a "native," who insisted he be guest of honor at a gathering of a newly organized art group nearby. Gene agreed.

However, after the stranger had gone, Raymond said to the hotel clerk, "Tell me, what sort of organization is this 'New Art Colony'?"

"'New Art Colony'," the clerk repeated, puzzled. "Oh! That chap who was just talking to you?" He laughed heartily. "Not 'New Art', Mr. Raymond. 'Nude' is the word. You see, this flock of nudists have settled . . ."

But he was talking to thin air. Mr. Raymond had fled!

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?



It's that Hard-to-Get-at "Second Layer" of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is only one way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores to the bottom.

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Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a *penetrating* face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores. It goes all the way down to the bottom of the pores—doesn't stop half way.

Going to work on the waxy dirt, it breaks it up—*dissolves* it—and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of *thoroughly* cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

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As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

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■ ■ ■

Lilian Harvey has been signed up by British International Pictures for three (probably musical) films to be made during 1935. However, she will make "Once a Gentleman" for Columbia, before going to England.

■ ■ ■

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The marriage merry-go-round is in full swing again. Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton trotted off to Yuma to say "I do" and Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr, cameraman, also Yuma-ed it—all on the same day.

■ ■ ■

"Not a chance," has become the stock answer Alice White gives news-gatherers who show up on the set. Alice, busily engaged in knitting between scenes, doesn't even look up any more when she's asked, "Knitting baby clothes?"

Incidentally, Miss White seems to bear the brunt of mishaps on the "Sweet Music" set. In one scene, four "takes" were made showing her movie brother attempting to kidnap her. In the first, Alice rated a scratched face; on the second, a punch in the nose and on the third, she was sent spinning by a shove and sprained a leg muscle. Alice was, oh, so careful, on the fourth "take" but Allen Jenkins' foot caught her square on the chin. She went down—and out—and called it a day!

■ ■ ■

When you see a picture of Norman Foster alone, close your eyes and visualize a blonde bit of femininity beside him for, ten chances to one, she's just outside camera range. The girl is Joan Gale, Wampas Baby Star, who wants to keep her yen for the actor-beau a dark secret. At the Sunday Night Ebell Club vaudeville show recently, Joan had our cameraman, Scotty, playing hide-and-seek among the ticket-purchasers trying to "snap" her. When it looked as if the two might be arrested for lunacy, the game stopped and Scotty contented himself with a photo of Norman. However, when the ever-lovin' pair entered the theatre, they were arm-in-arm. Well, maybe no one was supposed to see them there, or were they making out to be ostriches, or what?

Incidentally, speaking of Mr. Foster reminds us of the attractive physician Claudette Colbert is being seen about with these days. No one can seem to learn the gentleman's name.

■ ■ ■

Jack Osterman, Master of Ceremonies, spotted Will Rogers in the audience at the Ebell Show and begged the wit, editorialist, actor to GIVE. But Will claimed it was his night off, his birthday and that vodevil wasn't talking pitchers anyway, and went back to his gum-chewing.

■ ■ ■

Virginia Bruce Gilbert has sorta turned out to be a female Lyle Talbot. All the boys want a date—and a lot of 'em are lucky. But Billy Bakewell, 'twould seem, rates first, which, if rumor holds with us, is said to have made Spencer Tracy *that* sore. Well, youth must be served—to Virginia anyway.

■ ■ ■

The Hollywood Virginia Reel would seem to be on again. You know—time to change partners and all that. Of course, it may have been because Anita Louise was in New York, but anyway Tom Brown took French leave of Francis Lederer's erstwhile inamorata, Steffi Duna. So Mr. L., just to prove he was heartbroken or didn't give a hang (pick your own answer) is going places with some of Hollywood's prettiest.



Margaret Sullavan, divorced from Henry Fonda several years ago, became Mrs. William Wyler recently when they surprised Hollywood and the fan world by eloping to Yuma, Arizona. Mr. Wyler, a nephew of Carl Laemmle, Sr., directed Miss Sullavan in "The Good Fairy."

Reviews

(*Continued from page 55*)

bow as a wicked woman. When you've seen the picture you may just happen to take time out to wonder if her series of self-sacrifices, as depicted, proved her a baddie, just what in the name of heaven and M-G-M *would* make her an all-right gal.

The story is the time-worn one about the woman who struggles and suffers that her little ones may rise above the gutter, which has been her habitat through force of circumstances. Just to heap one more straw on her already overburdened back as she is about to grasp happiness—her past, her conscience and a promise to square herself confront her. Well, fiction writers call it conflict and cruel critics charge it all to that little product which the butchers sell for ten cents a pound, sliced.

Anyway, Miss Christians is very nearly perfect. Her appearance is reminiscent of Ruth Chatterton and her performance excellent; so fine indeed that it rates this picture a B. Jean Parker, Betty Furness and Charles Bickford are among those present, and all doing nicely, thank you.

B: Maybe It's Love

(Warners)

"Maybe It's Love" and maybe it's only hokum, but one thing is certain and that is that this little picture will please the fans despite the fact that it is given a cheap production and the photography is scarcely better than fair.

There is only one situation recognizable as gleaned from the stage play and that is when Big Sister gives Little Blonde Baby lessons on how to land a husband in nothing flat. It seems all one needs is a knowledge of shorthand, a lot of nerve and a stop watch. Of course, the premise that all men are ga-ga will help, too.

Even when the boy has been landed and it is proven to everybody's satisfaction that two can live as cheaply as four—that is, if a lad doesn't try to keep a car *and* her family on the side—the path of true love is punctuated with rocks and boulders.

Granted that the dialogue is frankly wisecracking and aimed directly at the masses; that Joseph Cawthorne, good actor that he is, purposely overplays; that, as a thespian, Gloria Stuart makes a real beauty, and that Ross Alexander is consistently miserable, you're *still* in for some good rowdy fun.



Gloria Stuart and Ross Alexander in "Maybe It's Love," for Warners.



It's Never TOO LATE FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

The world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not *want* to use poisons. Those who *do* take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when *Zonite* was first offered in drug stores.

Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite.

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B: It's a Gift

(Paramount)

Another Fields-Day! Which means red-letter day on any calendar. W. C. is twice as potent as any giggle gas yet invented. One moment he'll wring your heart with his pathetic dumbness; the next, he is endangering your ribs merely by a vague mutter or a shift of the chronic cigar. Kathleen Howard is swell as his martyred (that's what *she* thinks!) spouse, and Jean Rouverol and Tommy Bupp do well as their indifferent offspring. Baby LeRoy seems to have suddenly reached the futility-of-it-all age and is, therefore, rather disappointing.

The story drags a bit in spots, but then, so would any trip from New York to California, especially if undertaken in the dilapidated car in which the Bissonet family is stowed, plus household goods, camping equipment and the family pets.

Here is really an evening's entertainment.

B: Imitation of Life

(Universal)

If you are in the market for a good cry—but a good one, don't miss "Imitation of Life."

The story is a Fannie Hurst yarn with Fanny doing her human document stuff, and when that lady gets around to that type of material, you are bound to witness a woman come through struggles that seem insurmountable and in the end bring home the bacon——financially, romantically, social-successfully, et al.

The picture needs a generous application of the shears. Each sequence—and especially the sobby ones—is drawn out almost to the breaking point. Sentiment, too, is squeezed dry, and situations in general are inclined to be over, rather than under, done.

However, it's very humaneness and tender moments will strongly appeal. There are several fine performances—Claudette Colbert as the business woman and mother who finally loses her heart; Louise Beavers, the suffering and sacrificing Mammy; and Fredi Washington, her wayward daughter. Fredi is distinctly a "comer." Ned Sparks, as usual, proves a laugh-getter in a familiar-to-him role. And Warren William comes through with a good performance.

Yes, there is plenty for you to like about this picture, much of it too intangible to describe.

C: Father Brown, Detective

(Paramount)

Just another one of those mistakes, which *will* happen in the best of regulated studios. Here is an excellent cast, trying in vain to make the best of a bad deal. There are too many lilies and bluebirds in this story of a criminal who is reformed and transformed by the platitudes of a village priest and the honest love of a good girl—though we must admit that Gertrude Michael could work wonders on even the most calloused hearts. Walter Connolly, as Father Williams, strains to put a note of whimsicality into his role, but only succeeds in being pompous. Paul Lukas, as the famous jewel thief, supposedly a dashing, devil-may-care fellow, strives nobly with a part that is inane both in motive and action. This picture is guaranteed to delight the most conscientious censor.

B: The Silver Streak

(RKO-Radio)

For engineers, conductors and anyone interested in railroading, this is good entertainment. However, if you are not a member of this charmed circle, you're apt to find it only fair. The "Silver Streak" is a streamline, aluminum train which an ambitious young engineer (Hardie Albright), has designed. He attempts to sell the idea to a railroad magnate (William Farnum) without success. However, Sally Blane, the R.M.'s attractive daughter, prevails upon a rival firm to finance the idea. Guess why! After an unsuccessful first trial, the new train finally proves its worth with a record-breaking run to save the son of the hard-hearted railroad executive. The lad's life depends upon the immediate use of an artificial respirator. By the time the train arrives, after a series of treacherous turns and narrow escapes from collision en route, the audience, too, could use the respirator. William Farnum and Sally Blane handle their roles capably, but honors for the best performance go to the locomotive.

C: The Curtain Falls

(Chesterfield)

As this picture opens, Henrietta Crosman, a former actress of renown, is dying, alone, forgotten and poverty-stricken. But she suddenly—and startlingly—decides to stage one last act before the "curtain falls." Aha, title clue! With the announcement that she is their long-lost wealthy aunt, she surprises a supposedly happy family. However, it doesn't take long to discover that the household is desperate from financial reverses, intrigues and a baddie son. So Aunt Hetty busies herself with pulling the family out of the "slough of despond" forgetting her own search for happiness.

Sounds sorta Pollyannaish, doesn't it? Right. It is. Henrietta Crosman tries to save the day by a brusque line of wisecracks and hearty back slappings. But there's still too much sweetness and light.

Dorothy Lee, John Darrow, Holmes Herbert and the rest of the cast do well when they have the opportunity to interrupt Miss Crosman's monologue, which opportunities are few and far between, to be sure.

D: The Gay Bride

(M-G-M)

Just another revived gangster film with an alleged new angle which fails to live up to its promise. Indeed, when you see this you're apt to feel as if you're wandering around in a London fog. From all indications, neither the writer nor the cast knew whether to play straight comedy, drama or slap-stick. So slap-stick got the breaks and predominates throughout the picture.

Nat Pendleton, a too dumb boss of racketeers, falls for a chiseling chorus gal who is determined never to go hungry. Carole Lombard calls upon some of her "Twentieth Century" characterization and with hysterics and what-nots manages to marry her way through the gang, winding up with Chester Morris, an honest hombre who longed for nothing more than a little garage in Jersey.

Chester plays a flippant, poorly written role and carries off the cast's first honors. Zasu Pitts is completely wasted, Leo Carrillo does well enough with a small part and Sam Hardy is fair as the boss's double-crossing henchman.

The picture is unworthy of its fine cast and unless you are a staunch Morris-Lombard supporter, you'll be able to say very little for this one.

C: I Am a Thief

(Warners)

"I Am a Thief" and corned beef hash



A scene from "Imitation of Life" with Claudette Colbert and Warren William.

have something in common—everything's in 'em both. Of course the latter hasn't Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor but, come to think of it, that may be what is especially wrong with the hash.

As you might well suppose, even if imagination has not been your long suit, this one deals with the big jool robbery; in fact, the bigger and better jool robbery, for it takes in everyone from insurance agents to gents after the Karenina diamonds who aren't taking up time fooling with premiums and policies, either.

Of course, Mary suspects Ric and he keeps an eye on her—proud and haughty bee-ooty though she be, and Hobart Cavanaugh suspects Irving Pichel—or is it t'other way around—and you suspect the girl whose admission you just paid. No fooling, it's that exciting.

The action takes in a lot of territory; in fact, the entire cast find themselves on the Simplon Express speeding all over Europe. Oh well, let's skip it, after giving Cortez a gold star.

C: Babes in Toyland

(Hal Roach-M-G-M)

It's grand fun, if you have your health and your youth—youth to the extent of being under ten. For, if the producer of this picture had the kiddies and the holidays in mind when he had his cameramen turn the crank, his work and contribution to juvenile jollity has not been in vain. But if he expected the big boys and girls



"Limehouse Blues" with George Raft and Anna May Wong, for Paramount.



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"It's a Gift" with Kathleen Howard, W. C. Fields and the fast-growing-up Baby LeRoy.

to be anything but bored, he's a bloomin' optimist.

Every fairyland character pops up from somewhere in the celluloid and occasionally stays a bit too long. There is Bo-Peep, played by Charlotte Henry, and a sorta sad performance it is, too; and Tom-Tom, essayed by Felix Knight, warbling a few fine notes and a lot of sour ones; and the Three Little Pigs and Mickey Mouse and all the boys and girls of Make-Believe to give the flesh and blood youngsters a treat.

The March of the Toys should have been grand, but it fell quite flat and the bogey men might have scared us, but they merely succeeded in being grotesque, and Laurel and Hardy could have been funny, but they weren't—very often. Well, cutting might have helped, too—say, from six reels to three.

C: Limehouse Blues

(Paramount)

This little number will never reach any great heights in movie entertainment no matter how you look at it, or from where you sit. Set in the musty atmosphere of Chinatown, the action creeps along in the usual slinky manner, revealing shadowy figures with long fingernails and bad intentions. George Raft, aided and abetted by a pair of slanting eyebrows (no more, no less) makes a stiff and rather unbelievable Chinaman. Jean Parker is the



Walter Connolly and Gertrude Michael in "Father Brown, Detective" for Paramount.

A marriage between Katharine Hepburn and Leland Heywood is practically a sure thing. His wife finally divorced him for the second time, and Hepburn has been free from Ludlow Smith for several months.

■ ■ ■

George Arliss may now be among the honorary nobility of England—that is, if King George includes him on his New Year's Knighthood list this year as is expected.

Eric Linden, in case you've been wondering what in the world has happened to him, is playing in "Ladies Money" on the New York stage. He seems to be firm in his decision to remain off the screen.

■ ■ ■

After the completion of "Vanessa" at M-G-M, Helen Hayes plans to return to the East where she will resume her role in "Mary of Scotland" for a fifteen weeks' tour.

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Sylvia Sidney's latest effort, "Behold My Wife," with Gene Raymond.

White Flower, blooming amidst the grime and dirt of the Chinese underworld, whose love choice is the sweet and unsullied owner of—believe it or not—a dog store, thus giving Raft a chance to do an heroic fade-out. This final sequence is perhaps the redeeming note, if any, of the film, as it affords a little excitement and suspense, both sadly lacking in the first few reels. A rather dull evening among the celestials, if it's anything to you.

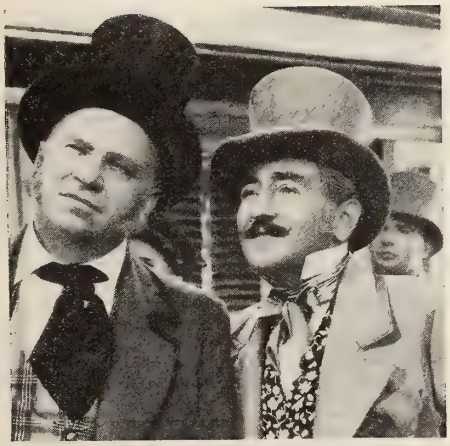
C: Successful Failure

(Monogram)

Like the old gray mare, this just "ain't what it otta be." In fact, it isn't even the successful failure which its title implies.

The story involves a middle-class family with the usual complications of too little money and too much bickering. William Collier, Sr., does well in spite of having to pose as a 100 per cent American. That's no mean handicap, you'll admit. Lucille Gleason makes the most of a bad deal and George Breakstone as the twelve-year-old cynic is quite convincing. Russell Hopton, news sleuth, gets the proverbial lily from Gloria Shea, blonde daughter of the house, when the wealthy gentlemen with ulterior motives shows up. Of course, in the end she takes back the ex-B.F.—though one wonders why.

If you aren't getting your quota of family squabbles at home, by all means see this.



Wallace Beery and Adolphe Menjou in "The Mighty Barnum."

A de luxe Dessert..easy!

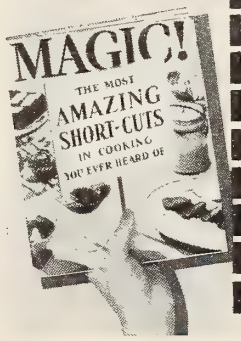


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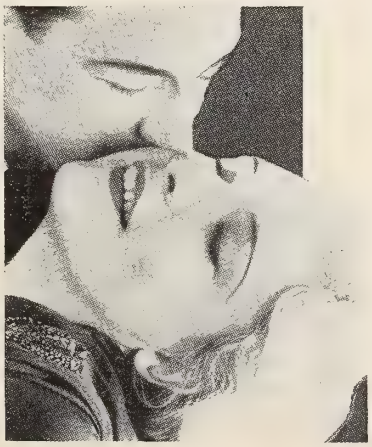


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B: The Mighty Barnum
(20th Century)

This picture, with Wallace Beery in the title role, somehow doesn't quite come off. It is too episodic, which is, perhaps what chiefly lets you down.

Mr. Beery plays the famous figure as a kind of Peck's Bad Boy, a lovable soul who is always in mischief. And so, it is difficult to associate him with a great showman imbued with the spirit of a Steve Brodie. Indeed, Wally has portrayed this character before. As recently, for instance, as in "Treasure Island."

Jenny Lind, Horace Greeley and the poet, Longfellow, contemporaries of Barnum, are all there for you to see. And there are the freaks, a parade, a fire, a banquet for Jenny, during which P. T. thoroughly disgraces himself; well, just about everything and yet it doesn't seem to much matter.

Adolphe Menjou, as Barnum's aide, gives the best performance. Janet Beecher is good in the thankless role of the wife and Virginia Bruce makes a lovely Jenny Lind. When she sings, you'll get a thrill. It shows just how far synchronization has progressed.

However—and not to be a "backer-outer" either, "Barnum" should make money for its producers.

B: Behold My Wife
(Paramount)

Here is a story of hate and love, revenge and sacrifice, dealing with life among the blue-bloods and the redskins. Despite these various elements and castes, the yarn is rather weak and wandering and most of the roles sadly underwritten. Now, having given you in a couple of sentences the "what's wrong with this picture," we'll right about face and mention its good points.

First of all, there are the characterizations; and how the cast rose to and above the occasion! Gene Raymond, as a young man out to get even with his social family upon whom he blames his middle-class sweetheart's suicide, handles his role with real finesse. Sylvia Sidney makes a luscious-looking Indian maiden, who completely captivates the smart set arraigned to laugh at her, and Laura Hope Crews, as usual, gives a fine account of herself.

Of course, if you've been wondering how the "other harf" live, don't take too literally the antics of the "ritzies" in this picture. There is something of the Bowery about them, but then, perhaps they're laboring under the delusion that it's swank to be cruel. At that, after messing up each others' lives in the first part of the story, everyone sort of goes "self-sacrificy" in the last.

B: West of the Pecos
(RKO-Radio)

Out in the wild and woolly West where men are men and women are scarce, lies the locale of this picture. Due to that dearth of damsels, Terrill Lambeth (Martha Sleeper) disguises herself as a boy, when she and her father (Samuel Hinds) leave the destitute South after the Civil War and strike out for the West to seek a living. Complications begin to pile up when Pecos (Richard Dix) joins their party. His introduction to Terrill is a swift kick in the breeches, which necessitates a series of readjustments before the final clinch. Dix is a convincing cowboy, Martha Sleeper is excellent in a difficult role, and the entire cast is uniformly good, while the photography is exceptionally beautiful. There's plenty of shooting, wild Indians, and cattle rustling, too. Indeed, the only missing ingredient is the "Mellerdrammer" touch. In short, it's a Western that even an Easterner would relish.

B: La Cucaracha
(RKO-Radio)

Here's a short that deserves a review! "La Cucaracha" is just the type of picture to which technicolor adds such charm. Director Lloyd Corrigan has captured all the flavor of Old Mexico in this gay, colorful portrayal of an evening in a Mexican café.

The native dances are beautifully done and accentuated by vivid costumes and scenery. Steffi Duna is the fiery, black-eyed chiquita, who uses all her powers of wit, malice and beauty to hold the love of the dashing Don Alvarado.

THE REPORT CARD

Short Reviews of Current Pictures

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES (RKO).
You'll love Anne Shirley in the title rôle. Helen Westley, O. P. Heggie, Sara Haden and Tom Brown do excellent work, too.

BABY TAKE A BOW (Fox).
Shirley Temple, Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor in a fast-moving tale.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M).
Don't miss it. Norma Shearer, Charles Laughton and Fredric March.

BELLE OF THE NINETIES (Paramount).
Typical Mae West fare. John Miljan, Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown and Katharine DeMille in supporting rôles.

BROADWAY BILL (Columbia).
Horse racing enthusiasts will get a kick out of this. Swell work by Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and Walter Connolly.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century).
Thrilling mystery. Ronald Colman, Loretta Young and Charlie Butterworth.

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA (Columbia).
A fine cast insures good entertainment—Walter Connolly, John Gilbert, Alison Skipworth, Victor McLaglen, Helen Vinson, Fred Keating and Wynne Gibson.

CLEOPATRA (Paramount).
Beautiful DeMille production. With Claudette Colbert, Warren William and Henry Wilcoxon.

THE GAY DIVORCEE (RKO).
Musical de luxe with Fred Astaire's divine dancing. And Ginger Rogers, Edward Everett Horton, Alice Brady, Erik Rhodes and Eric Blore.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M).
Jean Harlow as a society-minded chorus girl. With Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Patsy Kelly.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Universal).
The Charles Dickens' classic superbly enacted by Henry Hull, Florence Reed, Phillips Holmes and Jane Wyatt.

HAPPINESS AHEAD (First National).
Rich girl, Josephine Hutchinson, falls for window-cleaner, Dick Powell. Dick's songs include the hit tune, "Pop Goes My Heart."

THE HUMAN SIDE (Universal).
Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen and Charlotte Henry.

JANE EYRE (Monogram).
Virginia Bruce and Colin Clive in the screen version of the Bronte novel.

JUDGE PRIEST (Fox).
Will Rogers does an exceptionally fine characterization. Berton Churchill, Henry B. Walthall, Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise and Tom Brown in supporting rôles.

KID MILLIONS (Sam Goldwyn).
Another Eddie Cantor special. Ann Sothern, George Murphy, Ethel Merman, Warren Hymer, Block and Sully deserve praise for their work.

LADY BY CHOICE (Columbia).
In which fan dancer, Carole Lombard, adopts a mother, May Robson. Walter Connolly and Roger Pryor here, too.

MADAME DU BARRY (Warners).
Dolores Del Rio in the title rôle of this beautiful production.

THE MERRY WIDOW (M-G-M).
Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier will delight you. Don't miss it.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES (Paramount).
A musical-murder comedy, with Carl Brisson and Kitty Carlisle.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (Columbia).
One of the best pictures of the year—a triumph for Grace Moore. With Tullio Carminati, Luis Alberni, Mona Barrie, Lyle Talbot and Henry Armetta.

THE PAINTED VEIL (M-G-M).
You'll like the Garbo in her latest effort. Herbert Marshall and George Brent are with her.

THE PRESIDENT VANISHES (Paramount).
Exceedingly interesting film entertainment. With Arthur Byron in the title rôle and Paul Kelly, Andy Devine, Peggy Conklin and Janet Beecher in the supporting cast.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (Paramount).
Concerning the Revolutionary Days and the quaint custom of "bundling." You'll enjoy Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland in this charming picture.

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN (RKO).
Francis Lederer as an immigrant boy and Ginger Rogers as a chorus girl. It's a swell picture.

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN (Universal).
Nice comedy. Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Victor Moore and Esther Ralston.

SEQUOIA (M-G-M).
Beautiful photography and excellent acting by Jean Parker, Russell Hardie and Harry Lowe, Jr., make this a "must."

SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount).
Swellegant comedy. Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins and Kitty Carlisle. Bing sings "Love in Bloom."

THE THIN MAN (M-G-M).
Exceptionally exciting mystery. Myrna Loy and William Powell.

TREASURE ISLAND (M-G-M).
The Robert Louis Stevenson tale brought to the screen, with Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Otto Kruger and Lionel Barrymore.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS (M-G-M).
The James M. Barrie play superbly enacted by Helen Hayes and Brian Aherne, who, incidentally, will surprise you—he's that good.

THE WHITE PARADE (Fox).
Loretta Young is amazingly good in this hospital tale. John Boles, Dorothy Wilson and Jane Darwell.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE (RKO).
John Boles and Irene Dunne.

BACHELOR BAIT (RKO).
Amusing story about a matrimonial agency. Stu Erwin, Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson.

BEHOLD MY WIFE (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney as an Indian gal and Gene Raymond as a blue blood give fine accounts of themselves. Laura Hope Crews here, too.

BEYOND THE LAW (Columbia).
A Tim McCoy thriller. Shirley Grey supplies the feminine interest.

BY YOUR LEAVE (RKO).
Frank Morgan steals the show. Genevieve Tobin, Neil Hamilton and Marian Nixon.

CARAVAN (Fox).
Its gypsy music and lovely settings make it very worth while. Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, Phillips Holmes and Jean Parker.

THE CAT'S PAW (Fox).
You'll enjoy Harold Lloyd's latest comedy. Una Merkel, George Barbier and Nat Pendleton with him.

CHU CHIN CHOW (Gaumont-British).
Something decidedly different in musicals. With Anna May Wong and Fritz Kortner.

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (United Artists).
Robert Donat and Elissa Landi in Dumas' thrilling story. Be sure to see it.

DESIRABLE (Warners).
Excellent performances by Jean Muir, George Brent and Verree Teasdale make this worth seeing.

ENTER MADAME (Paramount).
Concerning a temperamental prima donna, Elissa Landi. With Cary Grant, Lynne Overman, Sharon Lynne, Frank Albertson and Cecilia Parker.

EVELYN PRENTICE (M-G-M).
Myrna Loy, William Powell, Una Merkel and Cora Sue Collins.

THE FIREBIRD (Warners).
Swell murder mystery. Verree Teasdale, Ricardo Cortez, Anita Louise and Lionel Atwill.

FLIRTATION WALK (Warners).
West Point locale. Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and John Eldredge.

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN (Warners).
Concerning the fate of four college boys, Franchot Tone, Ross Alexander, Nick Foran and Robert Light. Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir and Ann Dvorak provide the heart interest.

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE (RKO).
Exciting courtroom drama. Ricardo Cortez, Barbara Robbins, John Beal and Dorothy Burgess do excellent work.

HAVE A HEART (M-G-M).
Jean Parker, Jimmy Dunn, Una Merkel and Stu Erwin.

HERE COMES THE GROOM (Paramount).
Swell comedy. Jack Haley and Mary Boland.

HIDE-OUT (M-G-M).
Charming little story, with Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan.

IMITATION OF LIFE (Universal).
If you want to weep, this will do the trick. Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Louise Beavers, Fredi Washington and Ned Sparks.

IT'S A GIFT (Paramount).
A W. C. Fields laugh-getter. With Kathleen Howard and Baby LeRoy.

KENTUCKY KERNELS (RKO).
Wheeler and Woolsey do their stuff again, aided by Mary Carlisle, Spanky McFarland and Noah Beery.

TITLE CHANGES

Old Title	New Title	Company
Backfield	The Band Plays On	M-G-M
Back Porch	It's a Gift	Paramount
Bad Penny	The Blind Road	Select
Black Hell	Black Fury	Warner Bros.
Burnt Ranch	The Westerner	Columbia
Casino de Paree	Go Into Your Dance	Warner Bros.
Code of the West	Home on the Range	Paramount
Concealment	The Secret Bride	Warner Bros.
Girl of the Islands	Red Morning	RKO-Radio
I Murdered a Man	Dangerous Gentleman	Universal
Me Without You	One Hour Late	Paramount
Mystery Blonde	The Mystery Woman	Fox
A Perfect Week-End	St. Louis Kid	Warner Bros.
Portrait of Laura Bales	Grand Old Girl	RKO-Radio
The Queen's Affair	The Runaway Queen	United Artists
Racing Luck	Red Hot Tires	First National
Quicksands	Square Shooter	Columbia
Repeal	The Gay Bride	M-G-M
Spring 3100	Jealousy	Columbia
Stake Out	Men of the Night	Columbia
State vs. Elinor Norton	Elinor Norton	Fox
The Wedding Night	Broken Soil	United Artists



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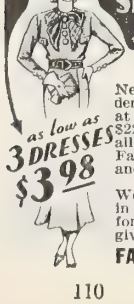
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KISS AND MAKE-UP (Paramount).
A burlesque on beauty parlors. Cary Grant, Helen Mack, Genevieve Tobin and Edward Everett Horton.

LA CUCARACHA (RKO).
A technicolor short that's a sensation. Steffi Duna and Don Alvarado.

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN (Paramount).
A nice little comedy. Cary Grant, Frances Drake, Nydia Westman, Edward Everett Horton and Charlie Ray.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (20th Century).
George Arliss, Edna May Oliver, Janet Beecher and Ralph Morgan.

LET'S TALK IT OVER (Universal).
A comedy with Chester Morris and Mae Clarke.

MAYBE IT'S LOVE (Warners).
Lotsa fun here. With Joseph Cawthorne, Gloria Stuart and Ross Alexander.

MENACE (Paramount).
Thrilling murder mystery. Paul Cavanagh, Gertrude Michael, Henrietta Crosman and John Lodge.

THE MERRY FRINKS (Warners).
Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Allen Jenkins make this very amusing.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess as a gangster. Helen Chandler and Ann Dvorak.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM (Twentieth Century).
Picturization of the great circus man's life with Wally Beery in the title rôle and Adolphe Menjou as his partner. Janet Beecher and Virginia Bruce in supporting rôles.

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM (Universal).
Plenty of action here. Edward Arnold, Phillips Holmes, Mary Carlisle and Andy Devine.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR (M-G-M).
Chills and laughs in this one. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Carlisle and Una Merkel.

NOW AND FOREVER (Paramount).
Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY (Paramount).
W. C. Fields at his best.

OUR DAILY BREAD (Viking-United Artists).
Karen Morley and Tom Keene.

PECK'S BAD BOY (Sol Lesser-Fox).
You'll enjoy Jackie Cooper and Thomas Meighan in this.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount).
Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts in a mystery with laughs.

READY FOR LOVE (Paramount).
Enjoyable comedy. With Richard Arlen, Ida Lupino, Marjorie Rambeau and Trent Durkin.

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (RKO).
Miriam Hopkins does beautiful work in the title rôle. Joel McCrea, Fay Wray, Reginald Denny and Henry Stephenson deserve praise, too.

THE ST. LOUIS KID (Warners).
Lots of pep and some good laughs in this Jimmy Cagney picture. Allen Jenkins and Pat Ellis here, too.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox).
The Janet Gaynor fans will like it. Lew Ayres plays opposite her.

THE SILVER STREAK (RKO).
All about railroads and a new streamline train. Hardie Albright, Sally Blane and William Farnum.

SMARTY (Warners).
Worth while comedy. Joan Blondell, Warren William and Edward Everett Horton.

STAMBOUL QUEST (M-G-M).
A spy story. With Myrna Loy, George Brent and Lionel Atwill.

STUDENT TOUR (M-G-M).
"Professor" Butterworth and Jimmy Durante will make you laugh.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox).
Warner Baxter and Rochelle Hudson.

WE LIVE AGAIN (Sam Goldwyn).
Anna Sten and Fredric March in a talkie version of the silent picture, "Resurrection." See it.

WEST OF THE PECOS (RKO).
A western with a lot of snap. Richard Dix and Martha Sleeper handle their rôles beautifully.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY (Columbia).
Walter Connolly.

A WICKED WOMAN (M-G-M).
You're going to like Mady Christians in the title role. Jean Parker, Betty Furness and Charles Bickford.

THE WORLD MOVES ON (Fox).
Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone and Raul Roulien head a large cast.

YOU BELONG TO ME (Paramount).
A tale about vaudeville actors. Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, David Holt and Helen Morgan.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

BABES IN TOYLAND (Hal Roach).
The kids will enjoy this one. Laurel and Hardy, Charlotte Henry and Felix Knight.

BRITISH AGENT (Warners).
Leslie Howard and Kay Francis in the film version of the popular book.

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON (Fox).
Warner Oland, Drue Leyton and Mona Barrie carry on the latest "Chan" thriller.

CRIMSON ROMANCE (Mascot).
A war picture. With Ben Lyon, Sari Maritza and Eric Von Stroheim.

THE CURTAIN FALLS (Chesterfield).
Henrietta Crosman, Dorothy Lee, John Darrow and Holmes Herbert.

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND (M-G-M).
Baseball yarn. With Robert Young, Madge Evans, Nat Pendleton, Paul Kelly and Ted Healy.

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE (Warners).
Dull mystery. Warren William and Lyle Talbot.

THE DUDE RANGER (Fox).
George O'Brien and Irene Hervey.

THE FOUNTAIN (RKO).
Fine performances by Ann Harding, Jean Hersholt and Paul Lukas rescue it.

GIFT OF GAB (Universal).
Huge cast includes, Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, Alice White, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor and a flock of radio headliners.

GRAND CANARY (Fox).
A weak yarn. Warner Baxter and Madge Evans.

HELL BENT FOR LOVE (Columbia).
Tim McCoy and Lillian Bond.

HOUSEWIFE (Warners).
Dull. With George Brent, Bette Davis and Ann Dvorak.

I AM A THIEF (Warners).
Concerning a jewel robbery. Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor in the leads.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).
Ruth Chatterton and Adolphe Menjou.

LIMEHOUSE BLUES (Paramount).
Slow-moving tale with a Chinatown locale. George Raft, Jean Parker and Anna May Wong.

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS (Warners).
Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell in a comedy.

THE LEMON DROP KID (Paramount).
Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy, William Frawley, Minna Gombell and Kitty Kelly.

LOVE TIME (Fox).
Concerning the life of Franz Schubert. Nils Asther and Pat Paterson in the leading rôles.

MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warners).
Trite comedy. Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods.

ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia).
Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Grey.

OUTCAST LADY (M-G-M).
Suffers from censorship trouble. However, Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allen and Ralph Forbes do their best.

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia).
Stu Erwin, Ann Sothern and Arline Judge.

RETURN OF THE TERROR (First National).
Lyle Talbot and Mary Astor have the leading rôles in this mystery drama.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount).
Marlene Dietrich's latest. Rather heavy.

SHE WAS A LADY (Fox).
Helen Twelvetrees and Ralph Morgan try to save a weak yarn.

6-DAY BIKE RIDER (Warners).
The Joe E. Brown fans will like it. Maxine Doyle,

COUPON FOR ORDERING PATTERNS ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 61

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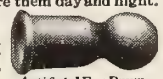
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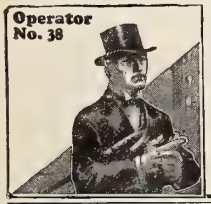


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STRAIGHT IS THE WAY (M-G-M).
Franchot Tone, Karen Morley and Jack LaRue.

SUCCESSFUL FAILURE (Monogram).
Concerning a middle-class family. William Collier, Sr., Lucille Gleason, George Breakstone, Russell Hopton and Gloria Shea.

THEIR BIG MOMENT (RKO).
Pitts and Summerville don't come up to expectations this time.

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD (Fox).
About Hollywood's phoney movie school racket. With Jimmy Dunn, Alice Faye and Mitchell and Durant.

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND (United Artists).
A musical that doesn't jell. Gene Raymond, Nancy Carroll, Mitzi Green, Jack Benny, the Boswell Sisters, and many more stellar names.

WAGON WHEELS (Paramount).
A Western, featuring Randolph Scott, Gail Patrick, Raymond Hatton and Monte Blue.

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD (RKO).
The New York stage hit brought to the screen. Edward Arnold's performance is outstanding. Frankie Thomas and Karen Morley here, too.

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL (Mascot).
William Haines, Judith Allen, Vince Barnett, John Miljan and the Wampas Stars of 1934. Uninteresting.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BEGGARS HOLIDAY (Tower).
Hardie Albright, Sally O'Neill and Barbara Barondess.

BLACK MOON (Columbia).
Jack Holt and Fay Wray in a dull yarn.

THE GAY BRIDE (M-G-M).
The gangster theme again. Chester Morris, Carole Lombard, Nat Pendleton, ZaSu Pitts, Leo Carrillo and Sam Hardy try to overcome a weak story.

I GIVE MY LOVE (Universal).
Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and Eric Linden can't put this one over.

THE LADY IS WILLING (Columbia).
Disappointing, in spite of Leslie Howard's presence.

LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis.

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE (Columbia).
Jean Arthur, Richard Cromwell, Anita Louise and Donald Cook. Skip it.

SECRET OF THE CHATEAU (Universal).
Pretty bad. Claire Dodd, Jack LaRue, Alice White and George E. Stone.

STOLEN SWEETS (Chesterfield).
Charles Starrett and Sally Blane in a dull yarn.

We Announce a Contest

(*Continued from page 6*)

compulsory—you can enter the contest without doing this—but *if* you want to try, you can. You stand just as good a chance of winning a prize—even first prize—if you don't write the set of lyrics, but we have arranged for an extra added honor to be given to the person who writes the best set of lyrics.

We have arranged, also, for a worthwhile judge, should you submit the words for a song. A gentleman by the name of Julius P. Witmark, Jr. We know that you have heard of the firm of M. Witmark and Sons, who have published most of the songs for the Warner musicals. Well, Julius Witmark, Jr., who, for many years was connected with this firm, has worked out this contest for you and will judge not only the answers to the various questions, but also the lyrics which you submit. As you can well imagine, with the experience he has had, Mr. Witmark can spot a good set of lyrics. And he will judge yours as carefully as any of the famous lyric writers' he has judged in the past.

We repeat—this isn't compulsory (but don't you think it would be fun?) and you can enter the contest just the same, if this idea scares you. Watch for the opening—in our next issue—dated March. Cheerio!



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Modern Screen Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 62*)

words thrilling if you want to make theatrical work your career, or if you're merely interested in amateur dramatics. Read every word carefully.

Says W. S. Van Dyke, "The first and most important piece of advice I would give to dramatic students is this: drop all expectations of success, cultivate shatterproof patience.

"Success comes as the result of many factors, luck being an important one of these. By wooing it too hard you're apt to miss it. The best thing is to forget about it and concentrate on work.

"Clark Gable gives an example of this. He'll tell anyone that he never expected success. He became an actor because he liked to act, because he enjoyed it. He never thought about being successful. It never occurred to him and he wasn't much interested in it. But he did want to learn all he could about acting. Today Clark is a reigning star. Was it luck, or what? Ask him. He doesn't know, either.

"Patience speaks for itself. It is an absolute necessity in this business. A scene must often be taken over several times. Then, again and again from various angles. If you become impatient, you lose poise and sureness. You get ruffled. But that's after you're in the business.

"Before this, you need more patience. Patience in rehearsing over and over again. Patience in studiously learning how to stand, to walk, to talk, to enunciate—in short, learning how to change yourself from a mere individual into a highly polished reflector of the playwright's or scenario writer's mood, emotion, feeling.

"People often enter the dramatic field with an 'arty' point of view. Vaguely they seek self-expression through dramatics. They pretend to an abhorrence of commercialism, wanting to be something 'artistic.' This is a major mistake, and no one who continues with this point of view can possibly succeed. Although the motion picture industry is in the business of manufacturing shadows and illusions, it must be practical and down-to-earth. And so must its actors.

DON'T misunderstand me. I don't say there's no place for art in films. It's what the industry needs. But art is not 'arty'; instead it is the result of hard work, patience, observation, intelligence and more hard work.

"If you wait for 'inspiration,' you'll wait until you grow grey. It comes but rarely and then means nothing if you're not prepared for it. You must have the groundwork of technique and experience to know how to direct inspiration, if it touches you.

"Acting requires the same thing as any job, including a talent for it, and including the factor of luck. Luck is important. Many good actors are starving; luck just didn't come along. But again, the important thing is to be ready for it in case it does. You can only study, work, observe—train, train, train—then hope for the best.

"In general I advise all prospective students to be careful of the dogmatic dramatic school. There are some very excellent schools but other schools sometimes do more harm than good and few of them have kept pace with the times. Acting now is much different from what it was twenty years ago, but many schools don't seem to have noticed this.

"Some schools teach how to 'read' lines, while lines, as a matter of fact, are no longer 'read.' They teach stereotyped precision gestures and technique. If a potentially good actor imbibes this at a formative age, it may take him years to learn differently when he reaches professionalism. It may even make him a bad actor for life.

"Today actors don't act; not, at least, as much as the audience does. Plays and film stories are more psychological. There is far less ranting and running about.

"All good actors have found that repressed emotion is far more pointed than the extravert kind. A mere quick dilation of the eyes is apt to be more effective than a scream. Real people don't thrash about in the dramatic moments of their lives. And neither do actors any more.

"Remember, too, that the audience is always a step ahead of you. Usually they know what you're going to do or say before you do or say it. Thus you must be quick, be fast, don't drag, hurry to keep up with them—or be ingenious enough to fool them.

"Being ingenious comes only from training. In general the following is true: Figure out how you would naturally do a thing, then do it naturally some other way. It sounds like a puzzle but I believe it to be sound advice. It's a method of fooling the audience, keeping them interested by being 'fresh' about your slightest movement.

"Here's an example. Say you have to respond to a knock on the door, cross the room and open it. Do it as you would naturally. You'll find it would make a humdrum, uninteresting scene. You open doors all the time, doing it automatically, uninterestingly. Now studiously do it some other way. You'll find you're thinking of your every movement, and thus each movement has a sparkle and freshness. The audience will be more interested. If you're ingenious and, possibly, stop at a table to pick something up on your way to the door, the audience will be even more interested.

"Fearlessness is important—learning to be afraid of nothing and not to care a hoot. You'll have a grace and a swing instead of the frozen technique of too-carefulness. It's a psychological factor that affects every word and movement.

"Joan Crawford has taken that stand on this new picture, 'Forsaking All Others.' It's a swift comedy and she's playing it swiftly, disregarding any conventional 'staginess.' The result is that she's turning in a swell performance.

"Think what a job an 'arty' actress would have with that role. Think what would happen if she tried to get literary, blank-versy or read-y. The audience would run away with the situations while the actress stopped to emote.

NATURALNESS is the new kind of acting and it is here to stay. In real life people don't begin speaking precisely when some one else has finished. They interrupt and overlap, and that's what good actors do now. They can't stand stiffly, or studiously regard their position. They must move about naturally and speak naturally and laugh naturally.

"Now about those questions which some of your readers have asked you. I'll do my best to answer them.

"Crying before the camera is an individual thing. Some actresses must get angry to cry at all. Some do it with music. Some can sit and think themselves into the mood. It all depends, and you must work out your own salvation.

"If you have poise you can face any camera or audience without fear, but poise is the direct result of experience and sure-

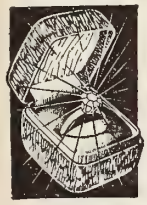


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ness. It can't be put on.

"Memorizing is also an individual matter. Some learn lines by reading the whole play or script over and over again, learning it all in a lump by some subconscious process. Some say their lines aloud until they know them. Some have naturally good memories, some naturally bad.

"And now one final word. Don't worry about 'types.' Nobody would have taken Charles Laughton for a type. A type is whatever the individual creates. No matter what you look like, first learn to act! Let all other considerations follow afterwards."

Thanks a thousand times, Woody. And you'll be surprised at how many thousands appreciated your talk. Mark my word, the letters of thanks will come pouring in.

And now you kids, don't forget this is your department. Its purpose is to teach you everything possible to teach about dramatic art. A lot of the boys and girls have founded little dramatic clubs and are having grand times with MODERN SCREEN as their guide. So write to me!

Most Romantic Story Ever Told

(*Continued from page 8*)

were one Jesse Lasky, one Samuel Goldfish (who later took the name of Goldwyn) and Arthur Friend, a lawyer. These young men had hired as their director an actor, stage manager and playwright named Cecil B. DeMille. Dustin Farnum had just made a success on the stage in "The Squaw Man." The new group had decided to make a film version of this with Farnum in the title rôle.

Remembering all this, Brunton dashed to the Alexandria Hotel and presented himself to the dynamic Goldwyn. Brunton was a man of few words.

"I know the perfect place for your studio," he said.

Goldwyn was no person to waste words, either. "Does it cost much?"

And that is how Hollywood was made.

THE barn and the land did not cost much—only a few hundred dollars an acre—and in a few weeks the deal was completed and the Lasky Studio which was later to know such great stars as Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Dalton, to name but a few of that bright galaxy, began its operations in the barn on Sunset and Vine Streets.

The success of this venture led other producers to turn their eyes westward. Southern California was the ideal movie climate. The sun, as the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce will tell you today at the drop of a hat or during a cloudburst, shone continually and since all scenes, even those supposedly indoors, were taken without artificial light, this was perfect. Besides land was cheap, there were many old barns available, lumber could be purchased for next to nothing and wages were about half what they were in New York.

By 1916 Hollywood was the center of the movie universe and with a few exceptions all of the biggest producing companies were located there. And in a very few more years the eyes of a great part of the world were turned toward the little subdivision where Robert Brunton had discovered a barn which he thought would make a good cinema workshop.

People from the stage were taking a serious interest in the films. Mary Pickford's mother had persuaded the producers to give Mary terrific salary boosts, which paved



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the way for other stars to make salary demands. Thus obscure boys and girls, unknown men and women became rich and famous overnight.

There came May Allison, a beautiful girl from a tiny town in Georgia, who, co-starred with Harold Lockwood, achieved terrific popularity. She was one of the great Metro stars, yet, she remained as simple and unaffected as if she had never even heard of Hollywood.

But there also came Nazimova, a tempestuous Russian woman whose presence gave Hollywood some of its first real glamor. These two, May Allison and Nazimova, were at opposite poles of temperament. Hollywood is like that and has always been. The type is never standardized. It takes every sort of person to make the movie world.

There came a rotund fellow from Smith Center, Arkansas, named Fatty Arbuckle who was destined to make the world laugh. There came Viola Dana, one of the three Flugrath girls from Brooklyn, whose poignant little face brought tears and laughter to the picture fans of that day. And then there came the great stage star Alice Brady, a smart, sophisticated girl from New York. And there was Mary Miles Minter of Shreveport, Louisiana, and Mabel Normand from Atlanta, Georgia, and Dorothy Phillips of Baltimore, and Ruth Roland of San Francisco and hundreds more.

Oh, it was a bright firmament which shone, so short a time ago, yet only Alice Brady is on the screen now. But what wonderful stories they wove into the pattern of Hollywood.

Nazimova, the great artiste, guided the destinies of her own films. She had elaborate sets built, she wore elaborate costumes and introduced the fantastic note into her productions. She was so assured, so brilliant that everyone thought she lived for her art alone and that the sufferings of the human heart could not touch her. But everyone was wrong.

She came to Hollywood with Charles Bryant. It was taken for granted that he was her husband. And then a cruel thing happened. The announcement of Bryant's marriage to another woman appeared in the papers. And there was no record of his ever having divorced Nazimova. So they were not married after all!

The gossip buzzed from coast to coast but no one believed that Nazimova would in any way be affected by it. No one, that is, but Paul Bern, whose soul was greater and whose heart was more understanding than any man's in the picture business. He realized that the aloof, ambitious Nazimova was suffering.

She was in New York at the time that the story of Bryant's marriage "broke" and she was so humiliated that she left an order with the hotel where she stopped that she would see no one or take any incoming calls. Paul tried to reach her. He could not. At last he bribed a bell boy to let him into her room and he appeared before her with a gorgeous corsage in one hand and a bottle of champagne in the other.

"See here," he said, "you cannot hide like this. You must not let the world know that you're hurt. Put on your loveliest evening gown. You and I are going to make the rounds of all the gay places in town. We're going to be seen by everyone. And you, for the sake of your own courage, are going to look the world in the face!"



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She did it, too, and held her chin up as she entered every night club where her very presence caused a hum of whispers and a buzz of gossip. It was a courageous gesture, courageously made.

On the same lot with Nazimova worked a kid named Rudolph Valentino. There was also Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry and Mae Murray.

Charles Ray was one of the great favorites of his day. A country boy, himself, he brought something infinitely sweet and fine to the screen as the bashful, timid lad. Having achieved tremendous popularity, Ray decided that he wanted to throw away the battered straw hat and overalls and play a part which contained real depth and drama. His experience has been repeated so often in film history that it bears telling here. And again I must hark back to my original theme that the movies belong to you and that you make and break stars.

YOU were crazy about Charlie Ray as a country boy and you didn't want him any other way—just as you love Janet Gaynor in sweet and simple roles, today, and no matter how rebellious she grows and how capable she feels of doing adult characters, you won't let her. But at that time Charlie didn't know what a supreme dictator his audience was. He determined to make a great and lasting picture. He organized his own company, invested his own money in it and began the film version of the well known "Courtship of Miles Standish."

He put not only his money but his heart into this picture. Determined to have it accurate in every detail he hired the best research experts and historians available, it was an ambitious production but Ray had no doubts of its artistic value. It was artistic but the public was shocked at seeing their beloved country boy all decked out in Puritan garb. They put thumbs down on the picture. The venture cost Charlie not only his money but his popularity. Years later he attempted a comeback with M-G-M but he could not regain what he had lost. He wore a silk hat and was starred in a film called "Paris" which was notable only because a vivid girl, one of the M-G-M stock actresses, played the role of an apache. Her name was Joan Crawford. The old and the new order were combined. There was Charlie Ray struggling pitifully to make a come-back and Joan Crawford struggling just as hard to rise to heights. He didn't and she did. Now he's playing bit parts.

You see, the picture business is so highly personal, its stock in trade being personality, that once the public learns to love a star and think of that star as a certain type almost nothing can be done by star or producer to change the star in the fan mind. Think it over for yourself. Janet Gaynor is sweet, so you won't allow her to go sophisticated. And Golly! what a howl you would raise if Garbo decided to toss mystery aside and play light comedy. You have always been that way and, from all present indications, you will continue like that through all the years of film history.

And there I go, getting ahead of my story as usual. Well, next month I'm going to try to give you the real flavor of the Hollywood of 1919. It has sparkle, verve and glamor, I assure you; yet the meaning of the word "glamor" was probably not known by more than ten citizens in the whole town.

See Joan Crawford's Gorgeous New Clothes In Our March Issue

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All Joking Aside .. by Jack Welch



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WHEN HE HAD TO GO TO A HOSPITAL RECENTLY, CECIL B. DEMILLE TOOK ALONG HIS OFFICE STAFF AND CARRIED ON **BUSINESS AS USUAL.** The bed was moved out of an adjoining room to make way for the office.



ONE OF THE THRILLS OF ELISSA LANDI'S EARLIER LIFE WAS THE WINNING OF FIRST PRIZE IN A **TYPING** CONTEST.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE WANTS TO GROW UP TO BE A **HAIRDRESSER** She takes lessons almost daily from the studio coiffeuse.



JOAN CRAWFORD APPEARED AT A RECENT PREVIEW WITH HER HAIR IN **PAPER CURLERS.**

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Read "Sweet Adeline", Broadway's greatest hit. This great story, now being produced by Warner Brothers, appears complete, illustrated with beautiful stills from the actual production in the February SCREEN ROMANCES. You will enjoy this and ten other screen novelizations in the February issue.

Whom would you pick to be Jean Harlow's leading man? Why? That's what the producers want to know. They want you to select someone to play opposite this glamorous star and if you are lucky enough to make the best selection and can write the best reasons for your selection, you will win a beautiful gift from Jean Harlow.

COMPLETE DETAILS IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

Listen to "Hollywood Highlights" reported by Sam Taylor for SCREEN ROMANCES over WMCA and Associated Stations every Monday and Wednesday evening at 6:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

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Modern Screen

April 35

10 cents

MAR 18 1935

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Picks Hollywood's 8 Most Fascinating People

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. . . *but you can!*

YES, you can actually bake in the oven with these pretty buttercup yellow table dishes. Bowls, platters, serving dishes . . . every single piece of OvenServe, even to the cups, saucers and plates, is built to stand full oven heat. That's something new in table dishes. There's never been anything like them before.

You can, for instance, bake a meat loaf on its serving platter, delight the family with a juicy fruit pie baked in the pie plate, or individual custards made in the custard cups, or any one of a hundred other things. And all of them come direct to the table from the oven. Think of the fussing around that saves in serving . . . and how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

You'll notice, too, the clever design and sizes of the various pieces . . . handy for parking left-overs in the refrigerator.

Expensive? Not a bit of it! A fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes are not kitchen ware, but table dishes! Buy them by the piece. And fill in as you wish.

FISH FILLETS BAKED ON OVENSERVE FISH PLATTER

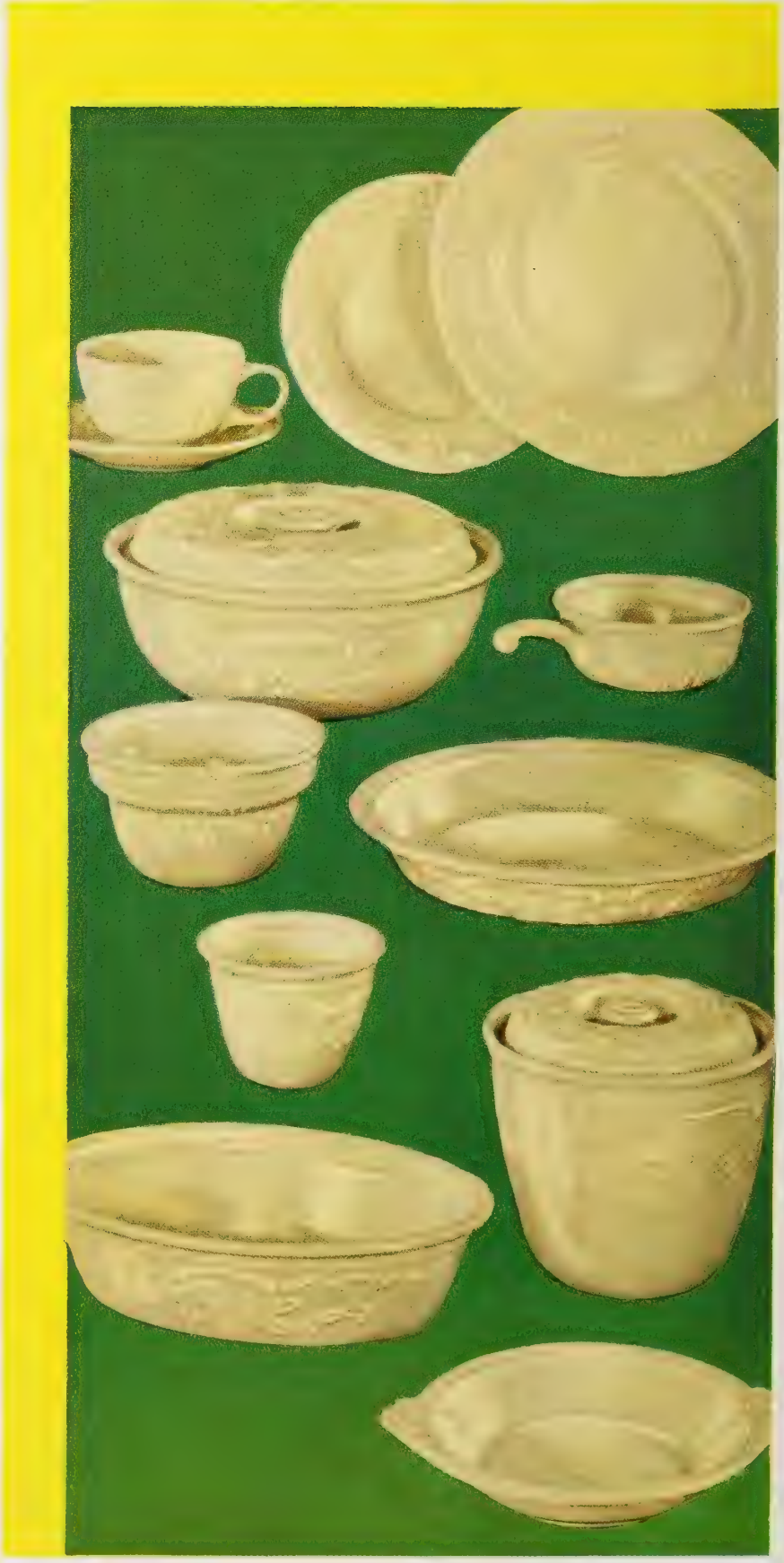
1 pound fish fillets (any kind)
2 tbsps. flour
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
¾ cup water
¾ cup evaporated milk

Wash and dry fillets. Place fillets on well-greased OvenServe Fish Platter and dust with flour, salt and pepper. Combine water with milk and pour over fillets. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 minutes, or until fish is tender. Then lift dish from oven to table.

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"EXCELLENT!"—SAYS DENTAL AUTHORITY



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

OF course it's terrible to the dictators of etiquette and the arbiters of polite society. "Why," you can hear them chorus, "such a performance would make any girl a social outlaw."

But it certainly isn't terrible to the modern dentist—*to your own dentist.*

"Excellent," would be his emphatic retort. "If you and every one of my patients chewed as vigorously, I'd hear a lot less about 'pink tooth brush.' And if we moderns all ate more coarse, hard foods, a big group of modern dental ills would practically disappear."

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Send the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.

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MARY BURGUM, EDITOR; ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor REGINA CANNON, Hollywood Editor

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It took six months, thousands of men, $50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery

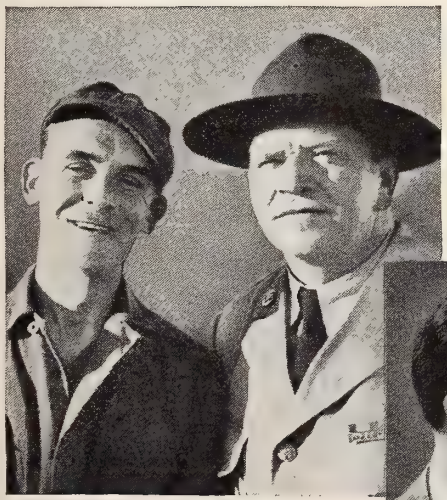
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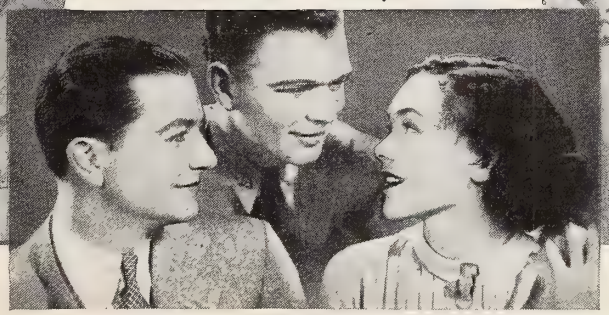
with

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



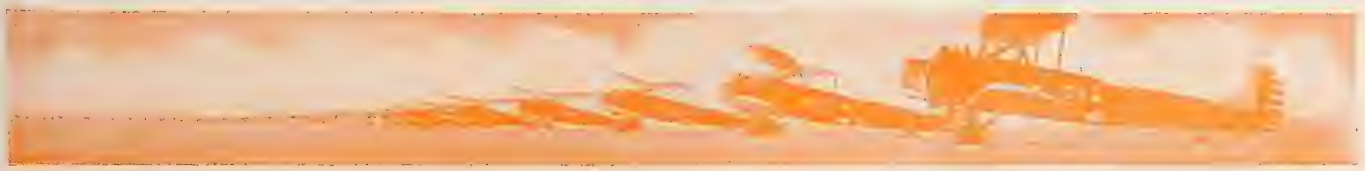
The two old-timers who sat around... *and wore out their brains!*



The three mosquiteers of Randoph Field
... whose cradle was a cockpit!



The girl who loved as they lived... *dangerously!*



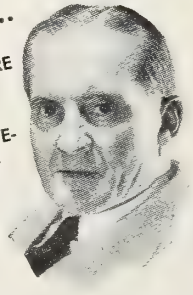
I was half sick all the time



● I am a practical nurse and for the benefit of others I am writing this. It's no fun taking care of others when you're half sick all the time from constipation. Everything I took for it either griped or left me completely tired out. One of my doctors suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. I consider it the ideal laxative—I don't have to worry about upset stomach and distress any more. FEEN-A-MINT certainly gives the system a marvelous and comfortable clearing out. It's so easy and pleasant to take that it's wonderful for children and saves struggling with them when they need a laxative.

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BETWEEN YOU AND ME



Quite a Feat

In reading the letters sent to the movie magazines by the fans, one can't help but notice that the stars come in for their share of the bitter with the sweet, justly or unjustly; one letter praises, the next pans. But there seems to be one star about whom one rarely reads any adverse criticism—Irene Dunne.

In the past two and a half years, I have read countless magazines and papers, looking for articles about this grand actress, and only once have I seen an adverse criticism—and as criticism goes, it was very mild. This seems to be quite a record and one of which Miss Dunne should feel very proud.

Irene Dunne is one of our finest and most versatile actresses, but it has been only recently that her host of admirers have been given a chance to enjoy one of her greatest talents—her glorious singing voice. Now that the public knows what they can expect of her, I am sure they will not be content to be deprived of such talent any longer.—E. Shotwell, Saranac Lake, N. Y.



Merely a Suggestion!

What a grand team Helen Hayes and the handsome Lew Ayres would make! Both have the same wonderful quality of sensitiveness which imparts to their roles in any picture a refreshing sincerity in these days of posturing and aping mannerisms.

The two of them—Hayes and Ayres—in a story done by Hugh Walpole—is my idea of a movie-goer's seventh heaven.—Helen Raether, Albion, Michigan.



Ode to Dick Powell

Who says Lanny Ross and Bing Crosby can act? That's a laugh. Why, Ross stands as straight and stiff as a poker with his arms hanging at his sides like a stuffed dummy. And when I say stuffed dummy, I mean just that. And as for Crosby, he can't act, either. His acting is very stilted. As for his singing, it's stale. Why, his younger brother, Bob, can sing ten times better than he.

Ah, but Dick Powell (pictured)! He can sing and act. And even if the story isn't so good, Dick is just the person to put the picture over with a bang. And he won't fade out with musicals, either. "Happiness Ahead," for instance, didn't have an awful lot of singing in it and Dick proved what a swell actor he is.—Marie Rippel, Philadelphia, Pa.



Do You Agree?

The following actors are in my opinion the personification of charm. You will notice that all of them are Europeans. I can only attribute this to their spontaneity of spirit. The American screen heroes are too staid and lacking in romance. Well, here goes: Francis Lederer (pictured), Tullio Carminati, Robert Donat, Fred Astaire and Maurice Chevalier.—R. M. J., Long Island City, N. Y.

(This will most certainly rouse those of you with a patriotic strain to action. Ah, but you're wrong about the Astaire gentleman, R. M. J. We'll have you know that he was born right here in these United States—Omaha, Nebraska, to be exact.)



Temperament Is Taboo

The really big stars of Hollywood haven't had to depend on temperament, indifference, assumed boredom or snobbishness to get them where they are, as Miss Hartley asserts in your January issue. Shearer (pictured), Crawford, Gaynor, Harlow, Moore, MacDonald, and even Mae West, all answer her definition of "nice." These stars are amiable to the press and friendly with their fans, and they're the ones who bring in the money at the box office.

They don't throw things, swear in public, or act sullen. They don't have to. For, after all, a really exciting personality doesn't have to explode every few minutes to let us know she exists.—A Fan.



Potpourri

Why don't you send Garbo home? She's just wasting your good money. Joan Crawford's smile beats Joe E. Brown's all to pieces. Hot-cha-cha! Am I glad that we'll have a real actress soon, and by that I mean no one but that great flame, Pola Negri (pictured).

Myrna Loy and William Powell are gr-rand.

Hurry, Mae West and make a picture! You keep us in too great suspense.

Jean Harlow, you're beautiful.

And tell those censors to take a long nap.—Geneva Miller, Flint, Mich.

(Continued on page 98)

Do you want to vote? See page 98

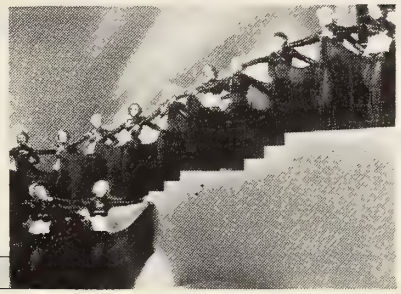
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

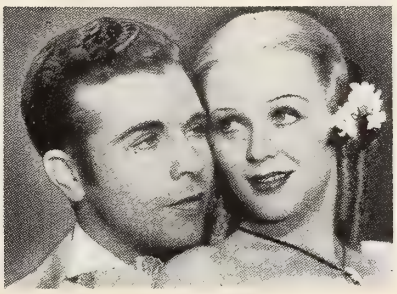


At Last, After Two Years of Preparation, Warner Bros. Have Completed the Sumptuous Successor to the World-Famous "Gold Diggers of 1933"—a Show so Indescribably Stunning that We're Tempted to Change Our "Picture of the Month" Rating Right Now to "The Picture of the Year"!

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935

In dance numbers such as "The Ballet of the Baby Grands", Warner Bros. touch a new high in spectacular surprise.





The hundreds of gorgeous Gold Diggers seem actually more beautiful than they were two years ago . . . And **DICK POWELL** leads a round dozen of Hollywood favorites in the most side-splitting story that's ever been set to music—**GLORIA STUART, ADOLPHE MENJOU ALICE BRADY, GLENDA FARRELL FRANK McHUGH, HUGH HERBERT WINIFRED SHAW, DOROTHY DARE JOE CAWTHORN, GRANT MITCHELL and famous RAMON & ROSITA**







Credit BUSBY BERKELEY for the brilliant direction of both story and spectacle . . . And a low, sweeping bow to Warren & Dubin for authoring the widely radioed songs that have made "Gold Diggers of 1935" famous long before it reaches your favorite theatre — **"Lullaby of Broadway"—"The Words Are in My Heart"—"I'm Going Shopping With You."**



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and its FIVE medicinal ingredients

No reason for headaches ever to interfere—not with Bromo-Seltzer at hand. You drink it—either fizzing or after the fizz stops. Headache goes before you know it. You're steadied; relaxed. If your alkaline reserve is low, Bromo-Seltzer quickly builds it up. You feel fresher and more alert. Contains no narcotics. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., and Bromo-Seltzer, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Tune in WJZ Blue Network . . . *every Friday night* . . . 8:30 E. S. T.—7:30 C. S. T.—9:30 M. S. T.—8:30 P. C. T.



INFORMATION DESK



Fair lady Faye



Greek god Manners

Have Your Questions Answered Here

ELAINE DOLAN, Chicago, Ill.; ESTHER GEDMAR, North Chicago, Ill.; LEELA HUEBNER, Arlington, N. J.; B. F. HAWKINS, Toledo, Ohio—This time it's Alice Faye, a young lady who's going to steal some of Harlow's glory first thing you know. She was born in New York City some twenty years ago on a May 5 and obtained her schooling in this city. She studied dancing and obtained her first job in Broadway's Palais D'Or, after which she appeared in vaudeville, the "Scandals" and N. T. G.'s revue as a dancer. She never sang except for her own amusement until the day when Rudy Vallee's lawyer, a friend of hers, happened to overhear her. He asked her to have a record made of her voice and this he played for Rudy. The latter was so impressed that he insisted on Alice becoming featured soloist in his orchestra. That was the real beginning of her rise to popularity and the movies. Her first picture was "George White's Scandals" for Fox, her contract studio, and this year she will be in the 1935 version. She has always been a blonde, more or less, but she is much, much more of a one now. Her complexion is fair and she has blue eyes. She tips the scales at 111 and measures 5 feet 4½ inches in height. She likes horseback riding and walking, but has no time for hobbies. Nope, she's not married, but she and Rudy are awfully good friends.

R. M. B. of Rib Lake—In "Happiness Ahead" Marjorie Gateson was Mrs. Bradford and John Halliday, Mr. Bradford. Yes, Allen Jenkins was the chauffeur.

BERNICE, C., South Bend, Ind.—This business of ages and birthplaces seems to pique the curiosity of many fans, so others please take note. Sylvia Sidney, August 8, 1910, New York City; Neil Hamilton, September 9, 1899, Lynn, Mass.; June Knight, January 22, 1913, Hollywood, Cal.; Joe E. Brown, July 22, 1892, Holgate, Ohio; Nick Stuart, April 10, Rumania; and Katharine Hepburn was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1908.

PAT S., Auburn, N. Y.; BETTY STONE, Seattle, Wash.; MISS F. DOLNIAK, South Bend, Ind.; GLADYS COHEN and IDA LIPSCHITZ, Bronx, N. Y.; MARGARET TANNER, Dwight, Ill.; DORIS KELLY, Linesville, Pa.; DOLLY REILLY, Hollywood, Cal.—Here is what you've been wanting to know about Rauff Aklom — David Manners to you. Far away Halifax in Nova Scotia was his birthplace, and April 30, 1905, the day. His mother's name was Manners, so that accounts for his nom de film. At the University of Toronto he was prominent in athletics and dramatics, but his desire to become an author led him to the stage in order to get technical experience. Then he wanted to go to the South Seas, but he never got there, for when he was passing through Los Angeles the director of "Journey's End" met him and insisted that he create the role of Raleigh in that film. That was the start of his screen career. To keep fit he rides horseback, plays tennis and swims. He also sleeps at every opportunity, he confesses, and likes to read, play pinochle and rummy. He dislikes diets, cup custard and women with red finger nails. Astronomy and explorations interest him greatly. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He has just finished making "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" for Universal, the address of which studio is Universal City, Cal., where you can reach him.

EUNICE McNAMARA, Torrington, Conn.—The little brunette prig and menace in "Bright Eyes" who took the part of Joy Smythe, was Jane Withers. She made such a hit in this part that she was signed to a term contract by Fox and will appear first in "Dante's Inferno" then "Dice Woman" and after that with Jackie Searle in still another. Dorothy Christy was Mrs. Smythe in "Bright Eyes."

MRS. M. ROGERS, Detroit, Mich.—Spencer Tracy, whose real name is Spencer Tracy, was born in Milwaukee, Wis., on April 5, 1900. He made his picture debut in 1930, in Fox's "Up the River." Joan Crawford was born on March 23, 1908 in San Antonio, Tex., and Marion Davies on January 1, 1900, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

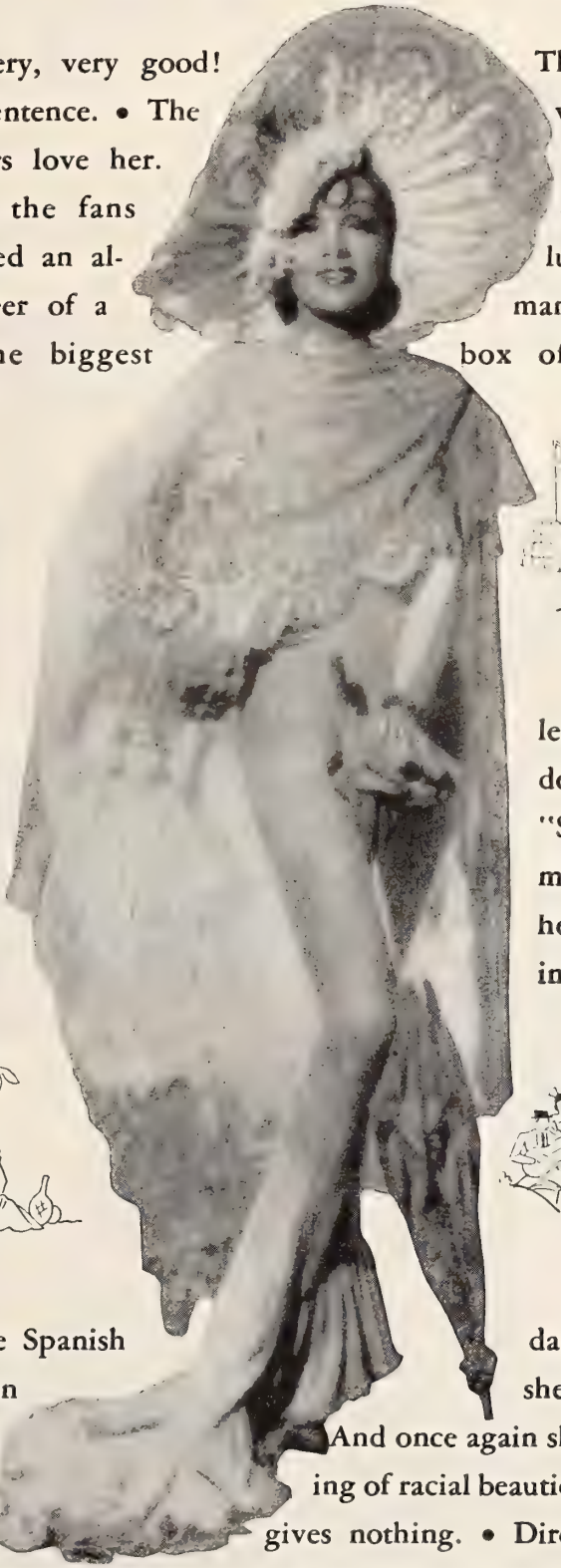
BARBARA GREENWELL, Ogden, Utah; HELEN MOSTE, Ithaca, Mich.—Maybe you wouldn't guess it, but Mae West, the belle of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and what-not, is part French. Her mother was une belle Francaise and her father, Jack West, was prominent as a featherweight boxer. She was born in Brooklyn on August 17 (she says in 1900) and her childhood was spent in studying for the stage. In fact, she made her stage debut at the age of 5, and at 6 joined a stock company. Thereafter, she appeared in musical comedy, vaudeville and burlesque. Then she started writing her own plays and appearing in them, and in 1932 went to Hollywood for Paramount to appear in "Night After Night." As a result she was starred in "She Done Him Wrong" and you know the rest. She has platinum blonde hair and violet eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. Miss West has never married, she says. She has a sister, Beverly, and a brother, Jack West, Jr. Her next

(*Continued on page 90*)

Questions asked most frequently and the most interesting ones rate first preference. Don't ask questions which require too much research or infringe upon good taste, and not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Spanish Blonde"

By JAMES A. DANIELS



When she's bad, she's very, very good! That's Marlene Dietrich's success story in one short sentence. • The wickeder she is on the screen the more the screen-goers love her. The more masculine hearts she shatters the louder the fans cheer. • Look at the record: In "Blue Angel" she played an alluring but heartless siren who wrecked the life and career of a man who adored her. The fans promptly voted her the biggest box office attraction of the day.



"Blue Angel"



"Shanghai Express"

"Morocco" added new legions of Dietrich fans. And when their Marlene swept devastatingly across the colorful Chinese background in "Shanghai Express" the whoops of delight from her admirers could be heard from Times Square to Timbuctoo. So here's the good news of the day: La Dietrich is back in character—this time as the



"Morocco"



"Carnival In Spain"

heartless and exotic blonde Spanish dancer in Paramount's "Carnival in Spain." • Once again she exercises the fatal charm that brings men to her feet. And once again she tramples on their hearts. As that rarest and most alluring of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene takes everything and gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg, "Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

ADV.

"Better than sticky Hand Lotions"

SAY THESE FAMOUS WOMEN



MRS. ELY CULBERTSON says: "Sticky hand lotions are impossible for bridge players. I use Pacquin's all the time because I don't have to wait for it to dry."



MRS. FRANK BUCK says: "Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. Mine would be leathery if I didn't use Pacquin's. It's so quick and sure."



MRS. JOHN HELD, JR., says: "Naturally, I want my hands attractive. It's wonderful how white and smooth Pacquin's keeps busy hands."

WOMEN with lots to do find that Pacquin's saves them time and keeps their hands lovelier. There's no more waiting for a sticky hand lotion to dry—Pacquin's Hand Cream goes right into your skin, without leaving any greasy or sticky film—you can put your gloves on the next minute if you want. And Pacquin's gives you such smooth and soft hands—younger looking, more appealing.

Pacquin's Hand Cream

Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

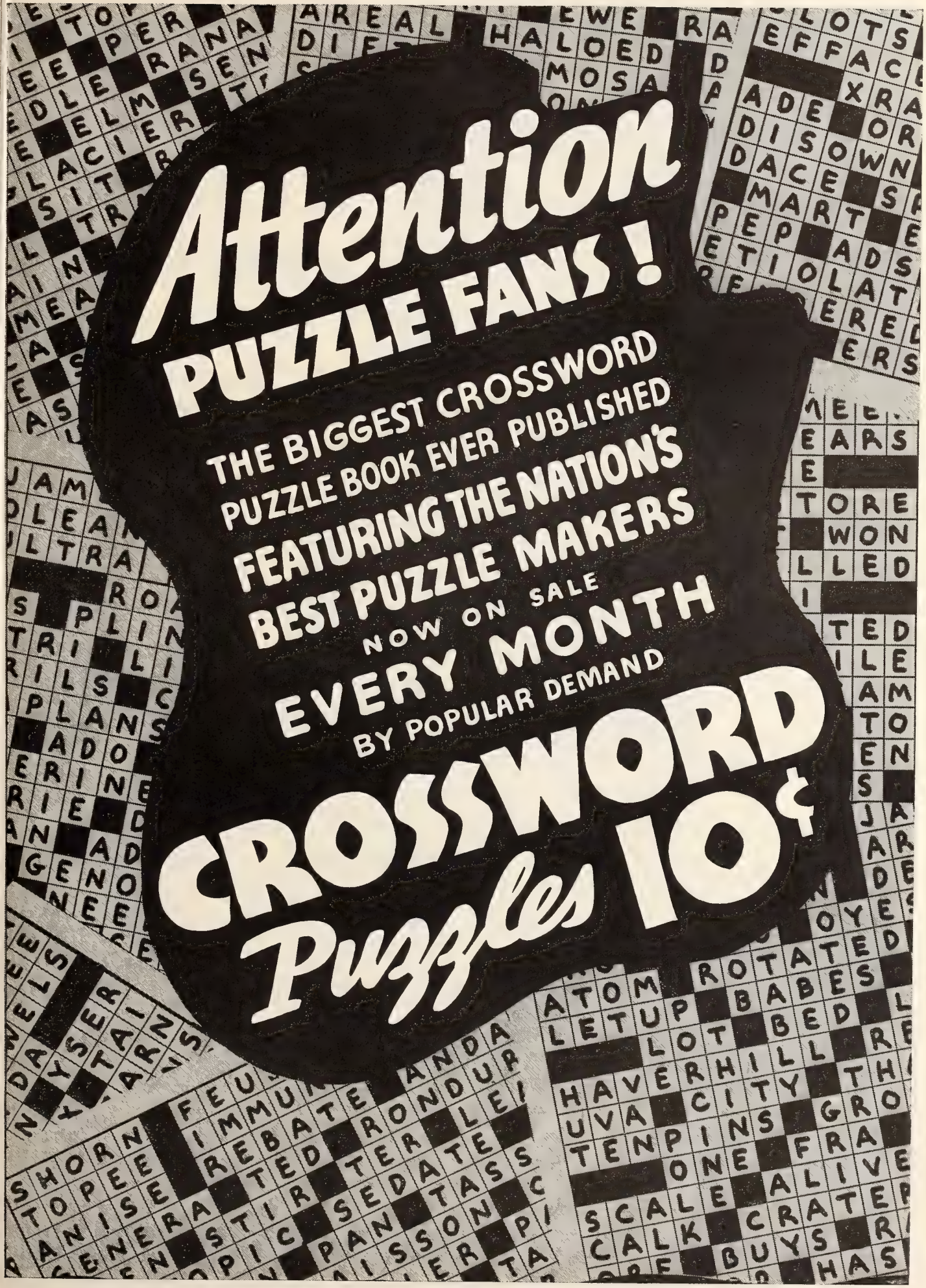
MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Some hints for changing a poor voice—or bettering a good one

DIRECTED BY KATHERINE ALBERT

BEFORE I give the message from our guest star, Sylvia Sidney, to all you MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School students, I want to tell you how thrilled I am that so many of you are organizing dramatic clubs. And I want to tell you not to despair when your letters are not answered immediately. Right now, I'm still up to my ears in queries. So have patience. But don't stop writing. I love it and I hope everyone who hasn't already done so will write me for the information about dramatic clubs and start a group going right away. I've had so many letters asking me about voice culture that this month I prevailed upon Sylvia Sidney to take the class for us. There was a reason for Sylvia's being picked, because at one time her career hung in the balance for lack of a good speaking voice. I want you to know that story to realize how important voice training is.

There were one hundred and twenty boys and girls assembled before the Board of Directors of the Theatre Guild School. Out of this group, sixty were to be retained (*Continued on page 91*)


Attention
PUZZLE FANS!
THE BIGGEST CROSSWORD PUZZLE BOOK EVER PUBLISHED
FEATURING THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLE MAKERS
NOW ON SALE
EVERY MONTH
BY POPULAR DEMAND
CROSSWORD Puzzles 10¢

The MODERN HOSTESS

BY MARJORIE DEEN





Above, you see Anna about to add the touch of sour cream that gives Borsch soup its exotic taste. Below, Anna eats American salads for lunch now.



Why not treat yourself to a real Russian dinner à la Anna Sten?

COUNTLESS thousands of words have been used in trying to describe Anna Sten, striving to catch the elusive quality that is the secret of her appeal, to plumb the mystery and the tragic memories back of those grey-blue eyes. Some have succeeded in a measure, others have failed dismally. But certainly there are two things outstandingly true about the star of "Nana" and "We Live Again"—she is lovely to look upon and she is typically Russian! And in nothing is Anna more Russian than in her love for Borsch, Pirojikis, Shashlyk and other traditional foods of her native land.

Please, at the very outset, let me urge you not to be frightened by those difficult names. They may *sound* mystifying but it is surprising how totally lacking in strange ingredients or condiments are the dishes Anna told me about. And if the description of these foods makes you as hungry as it made me, you'll want to join in a rousing cheer when you learn that I was able to secure recipes for all of them.

"When I first came to this country," Anna told me in her low, musical voice, "I insisted on having two hours for lunch! Those two hours were spent in consuming a full-course Russian meal. But now that I have lived almost three years in California, I eat like an American at noon—salads and light, healthful dishes.

"However, when I am not working too hard, I ask our Russian friends in Hollywood to come to the house in the evening for a real Russian dinner. I get a longing for the foods of my homeland and so do they. We want a meal that starts off with hors d'oeuvres, both hot and cold, followed by borsch with which we serve pirojikis and then on and on through the lengthy menu.

"One thing that my guests always request is a baked fish dish for which my cook is famous. The recipe is so simple that I am sure any American housewife can duplicate it successfully in her kitchen. But I am getting ahead of myself since we really should start with the complete menu."

With pencil in hand, hair tumbling about her face, Miss Sten then wrote down a menu for a Russian dinner which contains a great many of her favorite

foods. It reads like this:

Hot and Cold Hors d'Oeuvres
Borsch with Sour Cream Pirojikis
Baked Fish
Shashlyk or Beef Stroganoff
Vegetables
Fruits Cheese Nuts
Profiteroles Demi-tasse

"There are many strange names on that menu but with a little translation they are not one bit baffling," Anna Sten assured me. And so it proved.

BORSCH is actually a Russian variation of that good, old American stand-by, vegetable soup. I learned. Pirojikis (pronounced "peroush-kees," by the way) are richly shortened biscuits filled with interesting things like chopped chicken. Shashlyk is lamb, pickled overnight, and then barbecued. Profiteroles is a delicious Russian dessert consisting of pastry shells filled with ice cream or whipped cream and then drenched in a delicious chocolate sauce.

And that, my dears, is a dinner such as Anna Sten would serve to her husband, Dr. Eugen Frenke, and their friends, Rouben Mamoulian, Berthold and Salka Viertol, Dmitri Tiomkin (orchestra composer-conductor) and his wife, the famous ballet teacher, Albertina Rasch, and other members of the Russian colony. The setting of the Soviet actress' dinner would be her wood-finished dining room, done in broad panels of light-hued, highly polished hardwood. The floor of this room is covered in blue carpet and the chairs are upholstered in exactly the same shade of blue. The room is typically modern with one exception—a silver samovar of Old Russia reigns from the top of the built-in buffet.

On this buffet, for this typical Russian dinner, would be twenty or thirty kinds of appetizers to which the guests help themselves. (Unlike the Danes, Russians stand as they eat their Hors d'Oeuvres.)

Miss Sten's favorites among her country's many appetizers are the two which I am about to describe. The first may be at slight variance with the average American taste but you'll find that most men like it. It is "Marrow on Toast."

Have the butcher give you a pork, beef or lamb bone containing a large amount of marrow. Boil the bone in slightly salted water until the marrow is tender and can be scooped out with a spoon. Remove marrow from bone and spread on rounds of hot, buttered toast. Season lightly with salt and pepper to taste. Top with a small green onion and serve hot.

The second Hors d'Oeuvres is "Radishes (*Continued on page* 89)

"Careless little bride!"

SAID TATTLE-TALE GRAY

It had been the first big party in her own new home—she had been so thrilled—but suddenly she saw a guest eyeing her tablecloth—and that critical glance ruined her evening.

Why did her clothes have that *tattle-tale gray look?* She always worked hard over her washes—but why must she seem so careless?

Then next day, she found the answer . . .





The thing that robs your clothes of their nice fresh whiteness, a friend told the bride, is left-over dirt—and there's one sure way to get out ALL the dirt.



That way is to use Fels-Naptha—for it's made of *golden soap* that's richer—and there's *lots of dirt-loosening naptha* right in it. You can smell the naptha.



Another nice thing this bride learned about Fels-Naptha—it's *perfectly safe* for daintiest things. And kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every bar.



Now Alice is married a year—her linens still look as fresh and snowy as new—and there's never a hint of tattle-tale gray to make people think she's careless!

Just try it! Give Fels-Naptha Soap a chance at your own wash. You'll get the sweetest, sunniest clothes that ever bobbed on a line.

Whitest, too—because they're clean clear through! "Trick" soaps and cheap soaps skim over dirt—they leave specks behind. But Fels-Naptha gets ALL THE DIRT—even the grimiest, ground-in kind.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's today.

NRA CODE

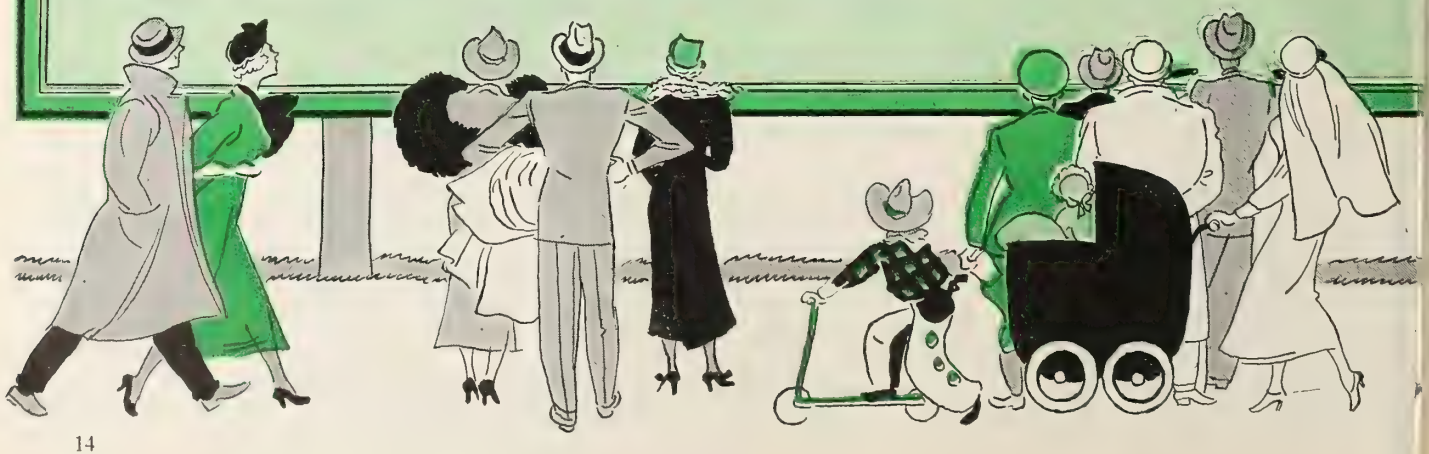
© 1936, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

MODERN SCREEN'S

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News
Age of Innocence (RKO)	+	+	−	+	+	+	+	+
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Babbitt (First National)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Babes in Toyland (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Baboona (Martin Johnsons)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
The Band Plays On (M-G-M)	−	+	+	+	+	○	−	−
The Barretts of Wimpole Street (M-G-M)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++
The Battle (Leon Garganoff)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Behold My Wife (Paramount)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	−	−	−	−	−	−	+	−
Belle of the Nineties (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	+	−	+	+	+	+	○	+
Big Hearted Herbert (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	−	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Bordertown (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+
Bright Eyes (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
British Agent (Warners)	−	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Broadway Bill (Columbia)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++
By Your Leave (RKO)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
The Captain Hates the Sea (Columbia)	+	−	+	+	+	+	−	+
Caravan (Fox)	+	−	+	+	+	+	+	+
Charlie Chan in Paris (Fox)	+	−	+	+	+	+	+	+
Cleopatra (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Clive of India (20th Century)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++
College Rhythm (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
The Count of Monte Cristo (United Artists)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++
The County Chairman (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Dangerous Corner (RKO)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++
The Dude Ranger (Fox)	+	+	○	○	○	○	○	○
Enter Madame (Paramount)	+	+	+	−	+	−	−	+
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Evensong (Gaumont-British)	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+
Evergreen (Gaumont-British)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Father Brown, Detective (Paramount)	−	○	○	−	○	○	○	−
The Firebird (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+

(*Continued on page 70*)



MOVIE SCOREBOARD

N. Y. Daily Mirror	N. Y. World Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	RATING
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	93
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
+	+	○	+	+	+	−	94
+	+	○	+	+	+	+	100
+	+	○	○	○	+	+	100
○	○	○	+	−	+	−	60
++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
+	+	○	+	−	+	+	94
○	○	○	+	+	○	○	
+	−	○	−	+	+	○	40
+	+	○	+	+	+	+	100
+	−	○	+	+	−	−	69
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
○	○	○	+	+	+	○	
+	−	○	+	+	+	+	86
+	−	+	+	+	+	+	93
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	93
++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
○	○	+	+	+	+	−	80
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	87
+	−	+	+	+	+	+	87
+	+	○	+	+	+	+	93
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
○	○	+	+	+	+	○	
++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
+	+	○	−	+	+	+	88
+	+	○	+	+	+	+	79
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
+	−	○	+	+	−	+	85
+	+	○	+	+	+	+	100
+	○	○	+	+	+	+	63
+	−	+	+	+	+	+	66
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100

At last! You can tell at a glance what the nation's most popular film critics have to say about current pictures. Ratings: favorable, plus; unfavorable, minus; zero, no review or review unavailable. Percentage rating based on number of reviews available. When adequate number of reviews not available, percentage is not given.

Modern Screen
REGINA CANNON

New York American
REGINA CREWE

New York Daily Mirror
BLAND JOHANESON

New York Daily News
KATE CAMERON
WANDA HALE

New York Evening Journal
ROSE PELSWICK

New York Herald Tribune
RICHARD WATTS, Jr.

New York Post
THORNTON DELEHANTY
IRENE THIRER

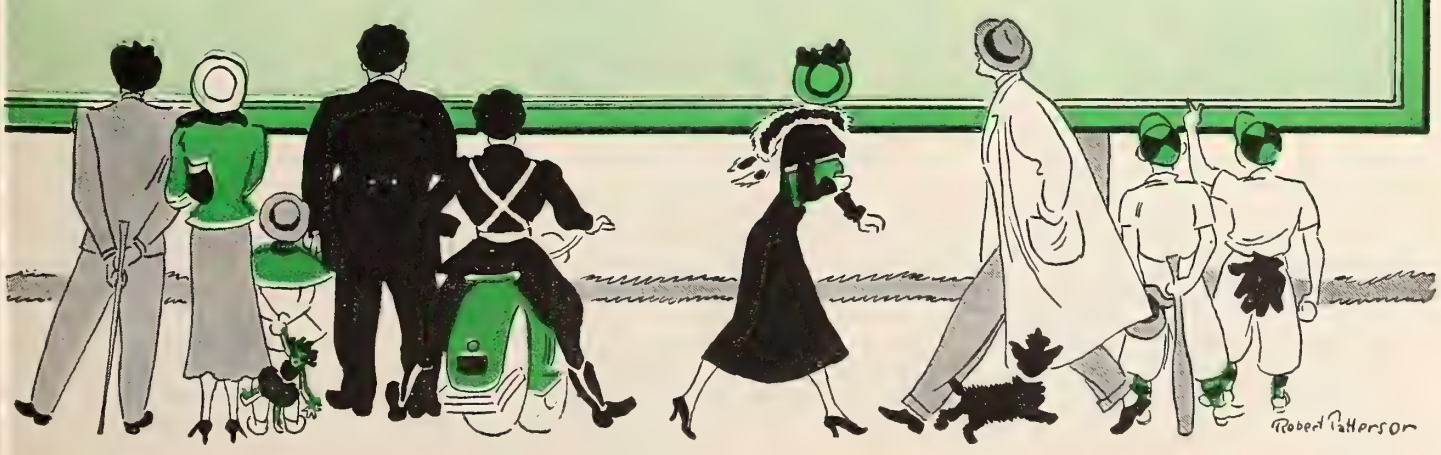
New York Sun
EILEEN CREELMAN

New York Times
ANDRE SENNWALD

New York World Telegram
WILLIAM BOEHNEL

Chicago Herald-Examiner
CAROL FRINK

Los Angeles Examiner
MURIEL BABCOCK
JERRY HOFFMAN
LOUELLA PARSONS





Norma Shearer is the personification of loveliness and good grooming.



Always immaculately dainty and tastefully gowned is Kay Francis.

Beauty Advice

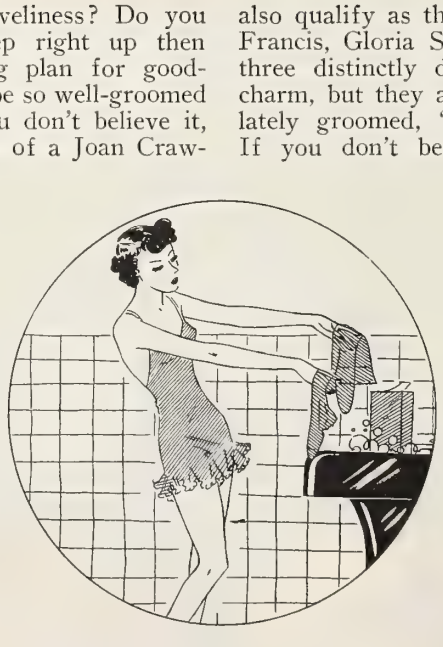
Try to acquire that just-stepped-out-of-the-bandbox look

DO YOU WANT a formula for loveliness? Do you want a prescription for charm? Step right up then and order yourself a definite working plan for good-grooming. You're the doctor! You can be so well-groomed that your loveliness is assured. If you don't believe it, try it. Try it with all the thoroughness of a Joan Crawford or a Norma Shearer, and you'll agree that that doesn't mean any slap-dash, lick-and-a-promise sort of routine.

Let's tear away the mystery from all this glamor business. It is something of a business, you know. Think of the most glamorous women on the screen, and you'll realize they are not the ones with the perfect noses and figures built exactly to scale. They are the ones who have brought skill and determination to bear upon their natural endowments, and have willed themselves to be attractive and admired.

We're really tremendously lucky to belong to this day and age. Men's adoration of beauty and woman's determination to win that adoration has survived through the ages. But of all ages, this is the most advantageous for beauty-building. Never has grooming been placed on such a high pedestal . . . never has daintiness and fragrant cleanliness so outweighed the advantages of classical features.

Three of the most glamorous women on the screen also qualify as three of the best groomed women. Kay Francis, Gloria Swanson, and Norma Shearer represent three distinctly different types of glamorous feminine charm, but they are each alike in their radiant, immaculately groomed, "just-stepped-out-of-the-bandbox" look. If you don't believe that good-grooming is the best formula for loveliness that ever came your way, study the stars, and you'll be convinced.



By MARY BIDDLE

You can't start too early. Young girls will grow into much lovelier young women if habits of daintiness are instilled at the start. We talked about manicuring last month, but since that time a clever little manicuring set has been put on the market for "the very young ladies" which seems worthy of calling to your attention right now in connection with this personal grooming business. It is the neatest trick we've seen yet for encouraging children to be particular about their fingernail grooming. Many a discouraged mother who has tried threats and cajoling to put an end to fingernail biting will find this an easy solution to her problem because it appeals to the child's natural pride. The set is packaged in a way that will appeal to a child's imagination, and to her sense of possession, for it will be her "very own" in her very own shade of polish. She won't want to spoil that beautiful shiny polish on her fingernails for anything!

Here is one important point in connection with cleanliness and daintiness to which we don't give enough consideration. Perhaps some of you aren't entirely aware of it. Did you know that each one of you has a distinct "personal" perfume which is the result of the natural odors that emanate from your skin, your hair, your person? You yourself are probably unconscious of it, but that is because your nose always comes to disregard any scent to which it is habitually accustomed. The sense of smell is the most delicate of all the senses, and becomes fatigued very easily. Thus since your nose won't remember for you, you've got to do your own remembering and keep yourself irreproachably dainty. Lovely and unlovely scents have tremendous power to attract or repel emotionally. People are affected by them almost subconsciously when they meet other people. Hence the best protection for your own happiness is a remembrance of those details of personal grooming which contribute to your natural fragrance. Keep your person wholesomely sweet, and you don't have to worry about giving offense.

MANY a story and poem has romanticized the perfume of a woman's hair. That perfume is the perfume of clean hair. Clean, healthy hair has a delightful fragrance all its own. Whether your hair is inclined to be dry or oily, shampoo it at least once every ten days or two weeks. If you live in the soot-filled city, once a week is better. Brush your hair every night, and keep your brush so clean that the brushing is as much a cleansing process as a stimulating one. It's a smart idea to have a towel, or a clean piece of old linen, to wipe your brush on every once in a while during your routine of vigorous strokes. Part your hair in strands, and brush until you cleanse and burnish every strand.

I can hear your protests already about "spoiling the wave." Don't put off shampooing or brushing when it's a question of healthful cleanliness in preference to a perfect wave. I know you think it's easy enough for me to say that, and you answer me back under your breath that I'm not the one who is going to have to pay for that new wave. If you have naturally curly hair, or a good permanent, let me knock over that old superstition of brushing "spoiling the wave" for you. Every hair specialist who really knows her business will tell you that brushing actually helps to set a permanent or natural wave. Brush your hair, and then push it up into the waves that the brushing will help to reveal. Of course, a finger wave is a little different. It sometimes needs coaxing back (*Continued on page 97*)

Two of the 46,000,000



WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves . . . but about *you* and a problem of *yours!*

Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get . . . thorough, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief . . . well that laxative *must* be *good.* When 46 million people agree on *one* thing, there must be something about it that is different . . . and better.

Why America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is *gentle.* Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take . . . for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

That "Certain Something"

There's something else these millions of Ex-Lax users find in Ex-Lax. A "certain something" beyond the facts just listed. It can't be described in words, or pictures. But it's there. It is the ideal combination of all these Ex-Lax qualities, combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way. Once you try Ex-Lax you'll understand. And nothing else will ever do.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

• • •

COLD WAVE HERE . . . and we mean *colds.* Sneezing, sniffling, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR . . . with Ex-Lax.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MM 45 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name _____
Address _____
_____

When Nature forgets - remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The bigger you are the harder you'll fall for Shirley in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

Another honey from the greatest trouper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in a new type of story . . . the kind of *dramatic* entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!

What a heart-stirring team they make! . . . this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits



"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."

"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic 70's . . . as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some high and fancy steppin'

And the finish—GUESS WHAT! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes and dimpled cheeks!

So take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots this month!

John Lodge and Evelyn Venable



Shirley TEMPLE Lionel BARRYMORE in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

A B. G. De Sylva Production

Based on the story by Annie Fellows Johnston which thrilled millions!

More BEST BETS from the Fox Studios!

WILL ROGERS in "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

The riotous story of a modern country editor. With Richard Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson, George Barbier, Jane Darwell and Slim Summerville supporting your favorite star. Suggested by Walter B. Pitkin's best seller

GAYNOR & BAXTER in "ONE MORE SPRING"

This unusual story from Robert Nathan's stirring novel tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance. With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF '35

The big musical smash of the year! Beauty, Songs, Comedy with George White himself, Alice Faye, Jimmy Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and gorgeous gals.

FOX

Too Lovely!



To a Spaniard there is no one more thrilling than a blonde beauty of his native country. And to Marlene Dietrich's fans, there is no one quite as lovely as she. In her role of Concha, a Spanish dancer, in "Caprice Espagnol," Dietrich reveals a new warmth and humanness in her acting. Von Sternberg directs her despite the fact that Hollywood buzzes with the oft-repeated rumor that the famous acting-directing combination is definitely split this time. Marlene has been seen about town with escorts other than Von Sternberg but that has happened before. Meanwhile work on the picture continues and Marlene sheds her tailored costuming for some of the most gorgeous costumes she has ever worn. This magnificent white lace creation is one. In place of a mantilla, she wears this dramatic hat of lace wired to affect a brim.

Folies Bergères Girl



Ann Sothern never dreamed, when she was signed to a lead with Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergères," that life was going to be so riotous! You see, they're shooting a French version along with the American one, and since French censors aren't so particular, it's pretty spicy. What with everyone on other sets doing "peeping Toms" and French chorus girls imported to replace modest American ones who quit for lack of proper costuming! Ann made such a hit in "Kid Millions" that she was rushed right into another musical extravaganza. Ann and her best boy friend, Roger Pryor, make one of Hollywood's most wistful couples. There's still that matter of a Reno decree for Roger, you see. Such a pretty damsel should never have to look wistful, do you think?



It's a man's size job to to drag Janet Gaynor into the studio gallery for picture taking—that's why a grand picture like this is a special prize. Janet is having a high old time in Central Park, New York City, in her current picture, "One More Spring," with Warner Baxter. The fur covering, above, which may appear to be rather unseasonable, is protection against Central Park zephyrs inasmuch as Janet sleeps under it on an antique bed of Napoleon Bonaparte's. It's all part of the plot. Janet continues to side-step any romantic rumors linking her with a new swain. She is impartial with her escorts, frequently confounding the rumor hounds by taking her mother along to Hollywood social events which she attends.

Ever-Adorable



Smooth

Ole Massa Bing Crosby, all done up with side-burns and frilled shirt bosom to give the fair damsels a new heart flutter in "Mississippi." However, this sad, where-art-thou expression doesn't last throughout the picture because Bing becomes known as a bold, bad river gunman who gets into some pretty scrapes out of which he can't croon himself! Joan Bennett is the lovely flower of the South whom he wins despite his carryings-on. You can always depend upon Bing for a swell performance and that banjo gives you the idea that there probably are some songs you'll be humming long afterwards.



Suave

When Mr. Tullio Carminati looks at his leading lady with this same slightly puzzled but intrigued look, thousands of devoted wives go home to stare unhappily at the nice, open expressions on their hard-working husbands' faces! Everyone has been telling us how disappointed they were not to have Tullio sing in "One Night of Love." They were crazy about his acting but a duet with Grace Moore or even a short ditty on his own would have fixed things up. But just wait for his next picture, "Let's Live Tonight," in which he sings with Lilian Harvey. Victor Schertzinger has written two hit songs for them.





Great Dane

Meet King Rudolph who rules a mythical kingdom but takes time out to swap places with a screen star. In other words, Carl Brisson, the smiling and singing Dane, adroitly plays a dual role in "All the Kings' Horses." Brisson and his charming wife have become very popular in the social swim of Hollywood. They seem to have pleasantly adjusted themselves to a new home, far from their native Denmark. Carl is a grand actor whom we don't see half often enough on the screen. Perhaps this teaming of him with Mary Ellis, of opera fame, will bring him many future roles and more frequent appearances.

Watch him!

Quietly but expertly young Cesar Romero has stolen the picture plum of the season. After brief appearances in "British Agent" and as the gigolo husband in "The Thin Man," he emerges without previous fanfare as the leading man for Dietrich in "Caprice Espagnol." This is a marvelous chance for the handsome Cuban and it is predicted that he is a rising star to watch with interest. Already his "bit" parts in several pictures have caused the fem fans to sit up when he walks into a scene. His romantic Latin appearance is a perfect foil for the blonde Dietrich and as you can see, the Spanish costuming is becoming.



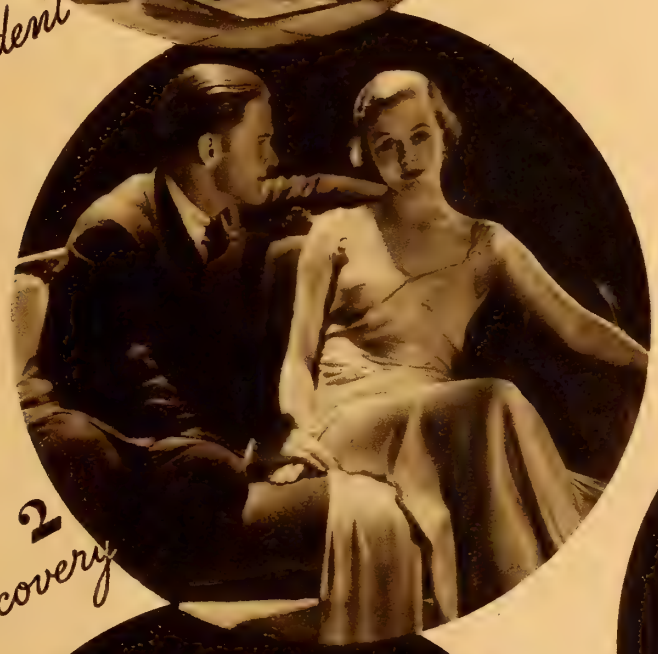
Come-hither

There may be Hollywood sirens who do their "come-hithering" more blatantly than Claudette Colbert, but there's none who receives more increasing acclaim from fans and box-office. It's gotten so that Claudette can't get a toothbrush packed for a well-earned vacation without the studio begging her to please do one more picture first. She'd hardly finished "Gilded Lily" before she was rushed into "Private Worlds" to emote opposite those two dashing leading men, the French Charles Boyer and that very American young man, Joel McCrea. Claudette can look back upon the past year with complete satisfaction. Never before has she shown such versatility and depth to her acting. From the gay, sophisticated comedy of "It Happened One Night," to the sympathetic and understanding mother of "Imitation of Life." A romantic interest in Claudette's life seems to be singularly nil at the moment. Since her marriage with Norman Foster met an impasse, she has devoted herself to work and made very few public appearances about Hollywood. We can't imagine a spinsterish existence appealing to her for long, however, and neither can any of her legion of masculine fans!

Smooth Hands light the flame of LOVE!



1 Accident



2 Discovery



3 Capture



4 Rapture!

Are your hands a thrill? They should be! It's not the chapped rough little hands of this world that men want to hold!

So many girls say that Hinds Honey and Almond Cream *does more* for their hands. This is why: Hinds is richer. It is a luscious *cream in liquid form*. Hinds is penetrating—as you smooth it in, it *soaks the skin* with soothing healing balms. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream works deeply—that's why dry, rough or chapped hands quickly become smooth!

Every time your hands feel dry and drawn, rub in a little Hinds. It supplies the skin with beautifying oils to replace skin-oils stolen by soap suds, March winds, housework. And always Hinds at night—to keep your hands thrillingly smooth. Economical! Big 25¢ and 50¢ sizes in drug stores, 10¢ size at dime store.

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Hinds
Honey and Almond Cream



THE 8 MOST FASCINATING

I CAN think of just eight people in Hollywood who are intriguing. That is to me, anyway.

In my five years here I have been introduced to nearly all of the "big names" in the movie colony, either on studio sets or socially. I've heard the inside stories about practically all those who matter. And I am including not only actors, but the workers behind the scenes.

I am not a blasé, ungrateful cynic, either. Indeed I am thrilled to be among those present in pictures today, for automatically this puts me in contact with so many exceptionally interesting men and women. I frankly adore the stimulation that knowing them gives me.

But with all respect to my personal friends, and I rate myself lucky in having quite a few who are grand, regular sports, only one whom I know really well goes into my group of Hollywood's intriguing people. And in this very special class I number one whom I've never succeeded in meeting.

Perhaps I first should explain my term.

You find many who are attractive; you like them because an inexplicable bond of sympathy and understanding links them to you. There are certain persons whom you admire for their accomplishments; others whose characters draw your respect.

By *intriguing,* however, I mean something more than all that. I reserve this distinction for those who fascinate me, for those who have a strangely provocative quality that perpetually enchants me.

When you stop to carefully consider all the people in your own sphere, how many could you truthfully say possess this rare characteristic?

As I stated, I can think of only eight in all of Hollywood.

I choose Fred Astaire because his quiet humor piques my fancy. He always has a sly twinkle in his eyes and you are never quite sure of what's going on in his rapier-like brain. There is a calm sweetness about him that isn't in the least sappy. You sense that behind his unassuming manner is real power.

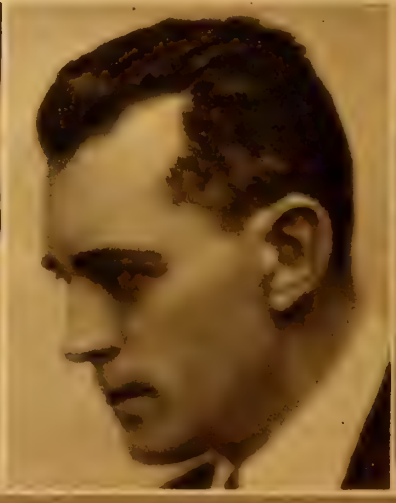
He never reveals much about himself, but when he does care to talk he has something worth saying. I can't think of any other man who is so kind and so gentle, and yet who has such a steely determination hidden within.



Kay likes Perc Westmore's humanity.



. . . Frances Goldwyn's vitality.



. . . W. S. Van Dyke's sincerity.



. . . Anna May Wong's good taste.

PEOPLE IN HOLLYWOOD !

Here's a game! Who are your eight Hollywood entries? Let's hear

By KAY FRANCIS as told to BEN MADDOX

A hard worker with a serious attitude toward his particular line, his shyness, his charm, and his unquestioned ability as a dancer combine to make him a thoroughly captivating man in my estimation.

One more important thing to his credit. I have been so pleased with the way he has behaved in Hollywood. He came here a world-famous stage star and wasn't temperamental when the movies cast him first in a small, supporting role. A genuine trouper, he relied on merit to bring him his deserved attention. Nor did he discourse wildly on his private life to gain publicity.

I pick Joan Blondell because her amazing forthrightness fascinates me. It pervades her every move. And this proves right off that being mysterious is not a requisite for easing into this group. Joan meets life face to face and endeavors to conceal nothing.

Her honesty is so wonderfully consistent. Her wholesomeness, the fact that she is such a devoted wife and mother—these are subordinate reasons for my being intrigued by her. Primarily it's her lack of artifices and complexes that thrills me. It's an achievement to be one hundred per cent sincere and frank.

I don't know Joan well, but I feel that she must have a whirlwind temper when she's imposed upon. I fancy that, with all her sweetness, there is terrific fight in her and that she'd battle to the last ditch for anyone she loves. And she wouldn't care what happened to herself. I shouldn't want her to ever get mad at *me!*

And then I nominate Jimmy Cagney because he simply enchants me on the screen. He is my favorite actor and so I'll admit I may be prejudiced! It's an instinctive liking that I have for him. I often try to analyze his appeal. He isn't handsome. But every single muscle of his seems to be taut. Jimmy is like a leopard, ready to spring. I sit through all his pictures twice because I get such a kick out of watching him.

Because his film personality "gets" me he is to me a fascinating person. We are only casual acquaintances and I run into him just at the studio and at actors' meetings and parties. He is astonishingly quiet and modest, a strange contrast to that fiery self the camera tempts forth. I guess it's a good thing he isn't as devastating "off" as "on," for Cagney in celluloid is irresistible to me!

Next comes Greta Garbo. She is the one on my list whom I've not yet met. One day I was driving down the boulevard when I caught a glimpse of Garbo's back. She was striding the other way and it was the first and only time I've ever seen her in person. If I hadn't been terribly late for an appointment, I would have turned around and gone chasing after her to see exactly what she's like.

She is alluring to me because she is so beautiful on the screen and I want to learn whether she is as glamorous in reality. There's a different quality about Garbo that no one can copy. I feel that although she is giving everything when she expresses her emotions for a film scene, she simultaneously is a woman apart from everyone and every- *(Continued on page 93)*



. . . Joan Blondell's frankness. . . . Jim Cagney's screen appeal. . . . Fred Astaire's quiet humor. . . . Garbo's great screen beauty.

YOU CAN MAKE

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Meet people with friendliness, you'll be rewarded by popularity



Loretta Young puts a ban on catty remarks about other women. You must be kind in your judgments or others will distrust you.

Above, lovely Karen Morley gives loyalty to your own sex as first step in being thoroughly likeable.

TO BE likeable. That's the thing. To have people say, "Oh, I like her! She's swell!" To have people quick to raise their hat or hand in greeting when they see you on the street. To have voices warm when they talk to you. To have people smile when they greet you.

Of course there are some misanthropes who don't care a hoot whether they're likeable or not. But they can be left out of all calculations since they're neither natural nor, fortunately, numerous. Everybody else wants to be likeable.

And everybody can be. That's the grand part of it. Being likeable is simply a matter of acquiring understanding, of doing a good job about adjusting yourself to life.

And you can *learn* to be likeable. Thousands of people have done it. Among them many of the motion picture stars.

There's Joan Bennett, for instance.

"The first thing you must do," according to Joan, "is give people a chance to like you. If you're naturally shy, and so many of us are, this isn't an easy thing to do, I know. For the very defense you adopt to cover your shyness puts others off. For most likely they're diffident, timid and shy, too, and the barrier you present causes them to become even more defensive.

"And there you are for all the world like a couple of porcupines who meet and immediately shoot out quills."

PEOPLE LIKE YOU

We were lunching at Joan's. Her dining-room, with the rest of the house, had just been done over. Joan had planned it herself, in cool, peaceful grays and beiges as a background for the intimate dinners she and her husband, Gene Markey, like to give.

Melinda, eighteen months old, was at luncheon, too. She sat beside Joan and was buckled into a little canvas swing. That morning Joan had been at the studios. That afternoon she was going to the tennis matches where her box, marked Mrs. Gene Markey, would be a favorite gathering place between sets.

AND if I don't have Melinda for a little while every day, I get so lonesome for her," Joan explained, kissing her baby on the top of her head, beside the little blue bow that held a tuft of yellow hair.

"But," I said to Joan, bringing the talk back to the business of learning to be likeable, "you're a Bennett. You probably were born with a natural magnetism for people. You probably never had to *learn* to be liked."

Joan just looked at me. "Don't be crazy," she said. "I was not born with magnetism for people. I most certainly did have to learn to be likeable.

"I was born a Bennett all right, and that for me was no help. The others all had their stride when I came along. And I was more like my mother, quiet and shy.

"Growing up, in defense, I became haughty. I didn't think haughtiness was attractive. I never was that stupid. I knew darn well haughtiness was no fun. I simply preferred seeming haughty to seeming shy.

"I doubt that it ever is easy to be the little sister. It's no boon to anyone's pride to start out socially by being allowed to trail along, by being suffered, so to speak. But to be the little sister of Constance Bennett! That's something! That means taking a back seat and sinking into oblivion. Not because of anything Connie does, but because Connie's naturally a glittering and magnetic personality.

"Both Barbara and I grew up feeling pretty unimportant. Barbara developed sarcasm in defense of her hurt ego and had all the bother of overcoming it later on. Just as I had the bother of overcoming haughtiness before I could get anywhere, personally or professionally."

Then I remembered Joan when she first came to Hollywood. She had been a very haughty young woman indeed. And, needless to say, not the charming and popular person she is today.

"What was the first step you took towards overcoming your haughtiness? Do you remember?" I asked.

JOAN laughed. "I remember well, I took a plunge. One afternoon, at a tea-party, I admitted how difficult it was having a brilliant, magnetic sister. I went on to tell how this relegated you to the background whereupon your ego was hurt and, confused, you proceeded to hide behind haughtiness or something else equally silly. And equally unfriendly.

"Well, several other people at that party had been younger brothers or sisters, too. (*Continued on page 82*)

Below, Jean Harlow is warm and friendly with women as well as men—that's why she's liked. She never acts bored, either.



Below, Sylvia Sidney begs you to be true to yourself first and people, in turn, will be true to you.



A CHANCE TO LIVE AN *Ideal*

In her "Clive of India" role, Loretta Young finds a spur to high courage and renewed faith in earthly love

BY WALTER RAMSEY



In "Clive of India," with Ronald Colman, Loretta portrays a woman fifteen years her senior.



WHEN Darryl Zanuck cast Loretta Young in the role of Meg in "Clive of India," Hollywood thought he had made the mistake of not reading the book!

Every thirty-year-old actress in town who had been "up" for the role—and several who hadn't—almost swooned at the thought of Zanuck's selection. One columnist wrote: "Another of those strange cases of Hollywood casting is the assigning of Loretta Young in the role of Meg opposite Ronald Colman in 'Clive of India.' During a great portion of the action, Meg is a woman thirty or thirty-five years of age . . . with two children. Miss Young is just barely twenty-two!"

But if the critics, the actresses and the casting boys were surprised, theirs might be called a mild case compared to Loretta's own reaction, which was just one degree short of being flabbergasted. For two or three years now, Loretta has been doing character-ingenues in such dramatic offerings as "A Man's Castle" and "White Parade," but even at that, the cinema life span of the leading lady seldom went over the twenty-year mark. It is not at all unusual for an actress of thirty to portray belles of eighteen, but for a girl in her twenties to portray a woman past thirty (when Hollywood is practically overcrowded with the correct-age type) was indeed something!

"I haven't an inferiority complex," smiled Loretta, who looked like a vision of loveliness in the ruffled gown of soft lace she was wearing for a scene in the picture, "but I never went into a part with such an uncomfortable feeling of doubt, wondering if I would be adequate in such a role, wondering if I would be able to look the part, but, more important still, wondering if I would be able to convincingly portray the mature emotions of Meg."

Loretta and I were sitting on the set representing the London home of Loretta and her husband (in the picture) Ronald Colman. Cameramen and electricians were scurrying about "setting up" for the next scene, a very dramatic moment in the film in which Meg chooses between remaining in London with her child or once more accompanying her husband into the dangerous life he leads in India. At this stage of the story, Meg is almost thirty. I stole a curious glance at the girl who plays Meg. Loretta's own soft, brown hair was covered by a marvelously effective transformation of curls built high on her head. Soft shadows of the make-up artist's magic were discernible under her eyes, but with these outward exceptions, no other changes had been made in Loretta's own beautiful face. Later, I learned that Loretta matures in this role through sheer characterization, not by the usual trick make-up effects, using but her voice and a change in carriage to gain the effect of maturity and dignity. Certainly, no telltale lines marred the fresh loveliness of her face as we sat talking. (*Continued on page 116*)

Loretta Young—the most sought-after leading lady in all filmdom.



WHY ONE MAN Loved HER

He loved Carole Lombard for years—and can't forget her!

BY DELL HOGARTH

THE sole reason for relating this episode is because of the insight it affords into the character of Carole Lombard. Otherwise, it's strictly personal.

Jim and I had gone to the El Rey Club to celebrate his last night in town. He didn't want to see Carole while he was in Hollywood—that I knew. And he was anxious to be leaving the next day when he'd be beyond any hazard of a chance meeting.

His motives, at this point, must be explained. They were tragically simple. Jim had been in love with Carole for nearly five years; so hopelessly in love that he couldn't endure the ordinary friendship which she desired. Carole is staunch in her friendships and she wanted, desperately, to keep Jim as one of her closest and best. But Jim's emotions couldn't withstand the strain. He resolved, at last, to save his mangled feelings and preclude, as well, the constant probability of playing the fool.

There was only one way he could do this. Never see her, never to set his yearning eyes on her again. So he straightway packed all his belongings, pulled up stakes and went to New York to start life over. Thus it was, more than two years later, that returning to the Coast on a brief business trip, Jim and I got in touch with each other once more. He hadn't changed. We hadn't been together an hour before I realized that his heart still was ensnared hopelessly by the blonde Diana. For his three days in Hollywood, therefore, he had to control himself sternly. It was largely because of this, his triumph over his rampant emotions, that we went to the El Rey to celebrate.

We celebrated for ten minutes when Carole entered.

SHE came in with a well known actor. As she descended the stairs on his arm, she smilingly acknowledged the sudden ripple of salutations. Before her wraps could be removed, friends eagerly surrounded her. Soon they were laughing and talking with that air of nervous excitement which she always inspires. Her bubbling spirits seemed to affect not only this group but everyone in the room. Indeed, the pulse of the whole place quickened; came suddenly and tensely alive. It was as if her arrival provided the excuse for a high gaiety for which the revelers glumly had been waiting. But during this time my eyes were on Jim. His face had turned pale. For a full, agonizing minute he didn't move. Then he grabbed his glass with shaking fingers, gulped his whiskey sour. "Let's get out of here," he muttered hoarsely.

But we didn't leave. At that moment Carole and her escort were being directed, by the beaming head waiter, toward a table next to the dance floor. As they passed close by, Jim turned his head in the opposite direction. From then on there was nothing to do but stay. From where Carole was seated she could see us walk toward the door. We stayed and drank.

And how Jim drank! The liquor brought on the inevitable result. Finally, he commenced to talk. All about the various ways he tried to get Carole out of his blood. But this phase of his confession is strictly his private concern. What does concern us here are the rather revealing things he said about Carole. He had known her extremely well, as I inferred before, for nearly five years. But it wasn't until he settled down in New York that he really understood her. Understood, that is, the reasons for his love.

Jim swirled the amber liquid in his glass and spoke, now, without lifting his eyes. I had to lean close to catch his voice above the chattering din in the room.





Carole's boundless affection for her friends is one quality which endeared her to this young man.

"I had to understand the reason why I cared for her so," he said. He formed his words with deliberate slowness so that he wouldn't sound mawkish. "I had to. I felt that it was the only thing that would help me get a line on myself. I wanted to know why she stood out among all the women I had ever met. So I began an analysis. I decided, finally, that she possessed just four qualities, four principal qualities, which made her the most irresistible woman I had ever met. They all are ordinary. They all are exceedingly difficult to develop to the highest degree. Well, perhaps that statement is not entirely correct. Perhaps it's natural endowment. For, you see, the first quality Carole possesses is . . ."

I missed the word. The orchestra had started up a rumba. The lights were dim. Couples began shuffling on the floor to that feverish tempo which pounded like blood in your veins. I looked across the floor and soon discovered a sleek, blonde head framed against the dark shoulder of her partner. The head and shoulders didn't move as she and her partner slowly glided among the other couples. "Stepping on eggshells" is the best phrase to describe Carole's dancing. It's so effortless and light; yet imbued, then, with the torrid abandon of the music. I glanced at Jim. As he stared across the smoke filled room, I could perceive that he was following her every move. His eyes were lost in that old enchantment. I touched his hand. He looked at me quickly, unseeing, like one who is under a spell.

"You were telling me something," I said.

HE shook his head and ordered a whiskey neat. The muscles of his jaws flexed. He didn't look back toward the floor. It took one stiff gulp, a long pause, before he could recapture his thoughts.

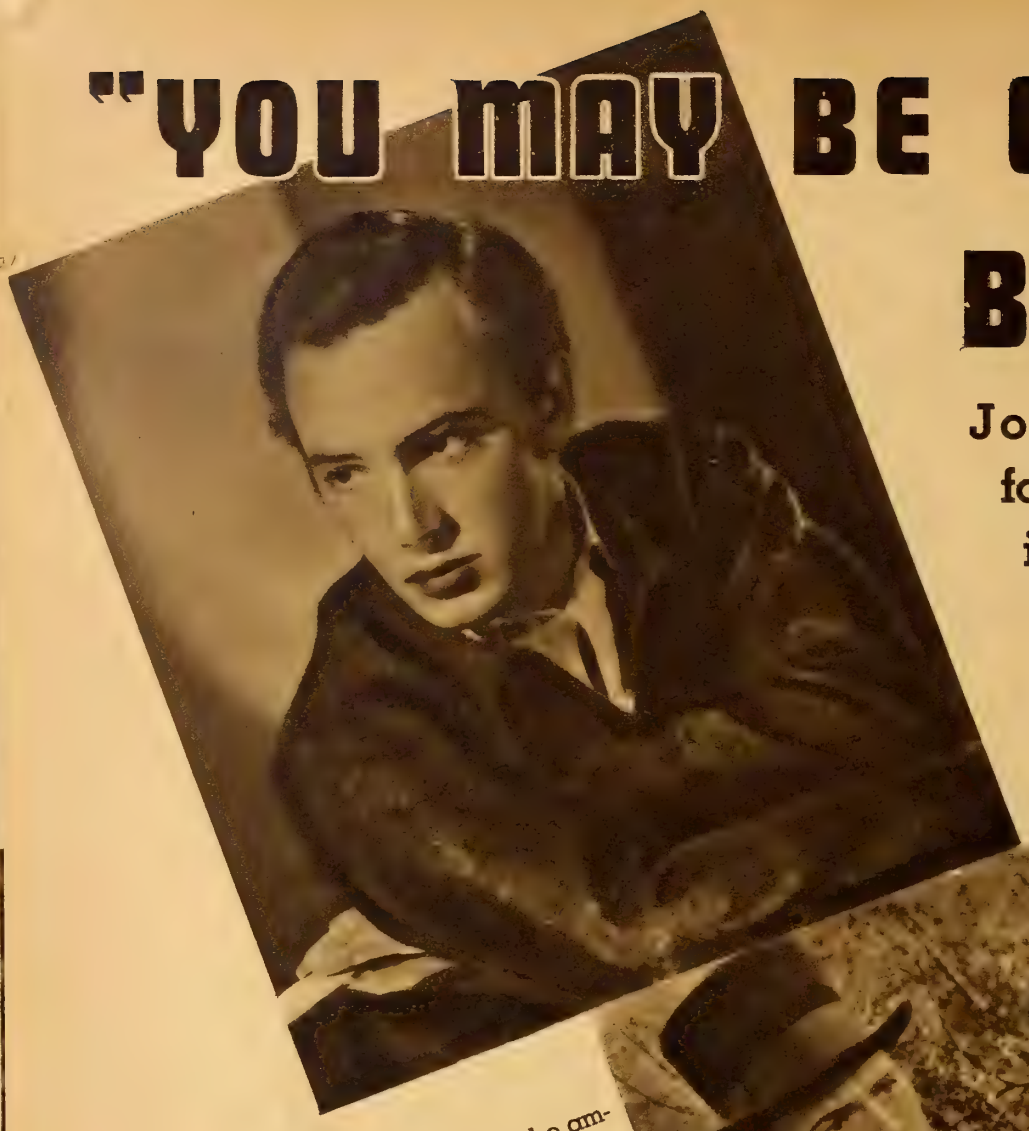
"Oh yes, I was speaking of beauty. That is the first quality Carole possesses. No man ever falls in love with a woman unless she is beautiful. A woman may not be attractive to other men but to the eyes of her lover she is beautiful. And did you ever (*Continued on page 76*)

Carole and George Raft team again for "Rumba," a thrill for their fans.



"YOU MAY BE GOING BLIND!"

John Beal had to face the tragic realization that he might eventually lose his eyesight





John Beal had the ambition and the talent to become a great artist, but it would have meant too much of a strain on his eyes. (Left) He was outstanding with Hepburn in "The Little Minister."

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

JOHN BEAL didn't want to tell this story. He was afraid it might sound as if he were making a bid for sympathy. As a matter of fact, he would not even have told the story to me if I hadn't stumbled upon it.

He had just finished "The Little Minister" with Katharine Hepburn which, incidentally, is going to put him right up there with the big stars, and he was raving about Hepburn's acting. Well, I know a lot about mad Kate. I wanted to know more about John Beal. So to change the subject I asked him to show me some of his drawings.

"I'm afraid they'd bore you," he said simply.

But I finally convinced him that world-famous bores had tried to make me yawn and that I could stand a couple of portfolios without falling asleep. So he brought out his sketch books.

Bored? Not much! I was fascinated. He draws beautifully—vivid character sketches, quick flashing likenesses, nice ironies, strong, sure lines.

"But these are grand," I enthused. "Why don't you do more?"

I expected the usual actor alibi "no time" and then I looked at his face and saw some curious emotional drama struggling in his eyes.

"I do as much as I can," he said softly. "It's my eyes. You see, I almost went blind once. I thought that I would never be able to see again." (*Continued on page 78*)

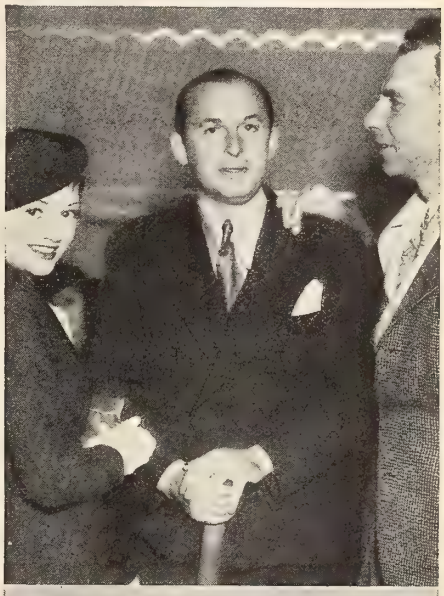


Here, above, is where you find all of sporting Hollywood when the races are being run—the beautiful new Santa Anita track. The gee-gees are lining up!

THE SPORT OF KINGS









Left above, Ricardo Cortez is snapped by Scotty as he arrives at the track. Ric's grin indicates an advanced tip on the races. Left below, Mary Brian gives one of the jockeys her autograph. Right above, it bodes no good for the hosses with this huddle going on! Arline Judge, husband Wes Ruggles and the old Maestro, Ben Bernie, tell each other what's what. Right below, Mae Clarke (and it's nice to see her recovered again), looks amazed at the horses George E. Stone has marked for her.



Regina Cannon on the wire! She tells you the latest hot-from-Hollywood lowdown! Read all about the parties, races, romances—not to mention the etceteras



Mr. and Mrs. Ansunsolo pay their daughter, Dolores Del Rio, their annual visit.

No sooner had Mary Pickford obtained her two-minute, record-breaking divorce than the rumor hounds got busy and predicted that Buddy Rogers would be America's Sweetheart's "next." In fact, word to that effect even traveled across the Atlantic, where Buddy is playing in London. An enterprising reporter there interviewed the lad, who emphatically replied, "Miss Pickford and I are dear friends. Indeed, I may marry, but I have an English woman in mind."

Mary was born in Canada, remember? So—are we a sleuth or just a bad guesser?

■ ■ ■

That ace romantic, Francis Lederer, has transferred his affections from the tempestuous Steffi Duna to scenarist Anita Loos' charming niece, Mary Anita. But is the foreign lady taking the change philosophically? No, indeed. 'Tis said she's been making things around Hollywood, generally, and around Mr. L., particularly, slightly warmer than a Mexican menu! Battle-staging seems to be the gal's forte—and Francis, himself such a pacifist! How embarrassing, to say the least.

Incidentally, the premature announcement of the Czech's engagement brought out the fact that he had once been married, which matter came as sort of front-page news to his enthralled female public.

■ ■ ■

Those famous wits, Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, have met their match at last, and what's more, they enjoy telling about it! It seems that a Mr. Adams, who owns a little movie house somewhere in Illinois, sent in his exhibitor's report after running the boys' first movie venture.



Mary Brian and Norman Foster have a gay old time at the Trocadero, too.

"'Crime Without Passion'," it read, "is terrible. The audience walked out of my theatre when it was shown. Never send me another like it!"

Well, what did Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur do? They sat right down and wrote Mr. A. "Now," they said, "don't throw this note out with your circulars. In the first place, it's probably the only envelope bearing a three-cent stamp you've ever received. And, we're writing in two-syllable words so that you'll be able to understand, etc., etc., etc."

To which, Mr. Adams replied, "Your letter was so swell, it is now



framed and hanging in my lobby, where it is affording my patrons much more entertainment than did your picture. You attack me as an exhibitor? Well, boys, I'm okay there, too. Remember, I got the audience *in*, but it was your film sent 'em *out*."

Whew! One up for Adams.

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich has always said that she wanted to bring up her little daughter, Maria, in an "individual" manner. So perhaps that is why, on a recent midnight, the youngster was glimpsed with her famous mother and her Egyptian escort, and her dad and his beautiful female companion at the gay Trocadero, one of Hollywood's brightest night spots. Wouldn't a lot of children, who have to be in bed by eight, love a treat like that?

■ ■ ■

The fact that most of the cast of "Shadow of Doubt" have donned British accents with their make-up may be laid at the door of the celebrated English actress, Constance Collier. Yes, indeed, the day our scout visited the set, there was cute little Isabel Jewell giving her dialogue the broad "A" with a vengeance.

Incidentally, all is definitely over between Isabel and Lee Tracy, with each displaying enough good taste to refrain from discussing the whys and wherefores. Miss J. has a brand new beau already and Lee isn't the stay-at-home type either.

■ ■ ■

He's known to his public as Mala, and to his intimates as plain Ray Wise, and they do say he actually leans a long way toward being an honest-to-goodness Esquimaux. Anyway, 'tis whispered that Ray is tired of being associated with the frozen North and has asked that stories to the effect that he is part Hawaiian—not Four Hawaiians like Joe Cook's famous quartette—be circulated. Well, get hot, Mala! It's all right with us fans, who think you're a pretty good actor whether your manly form is draped in furs or grass! We still remember your perfectly swell performance in "Eskimo" and would like to see you soon again.



Mary Astor and Fredric March dancing at the writers' shindig at the Trocadero.



This looks like a romance. Jean Negulesco and Landi see "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

That pretty little southern belle, Gail Patrick, is at the moment slightly puzzled over life and studio casting directors. It seems that it took Gail nearly two years to lose her soft Ala-balmy drawl and, no sooner had it gone the way of all memories, than she was put into Bing Crosby's "Mississippi," where she must talk like a girl from way down below the Mason-Dixon line.

■ ■ ■

Believe it or not, Dick Powell has a secret passion. Ah ha! It is not the lovely Mary Brian, nor the equally pretty Margaret Lindsay, but Myrna Loy. Yes, Dick never misses a Loy picture. In fact, he goes to see them all by himself and admits he has stayed through the same feature two or three times. Of course, the last person to know about this is Myrna herself.

Incidentally, Dick has had a heck of a time furnishing his new home in Toluca Lake. Yep, almost all the furniture had to be sent back, as it proved to be just about as uncomfortable as it was expensive. Add trials and tribulations of a rich young bachelor.







More Good News

(Above) The Gables, snapped at the Santa Anita races, don't look precisely chummy—do they?—in spite of denials of divorce rumors. (Down the page) Bob Montgomery, Mrs. Bob, and Chester Morris, at the races. Those two sporty-looking gents are Paul Lukas and Phillip Reed at Palm Springs. The next picture was taken at the Hollywood preview of that winner, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Dignified Sir Guy Standing proudly squired cute Mary Carlisle. Dietrich and Travis Banton were snapped when the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe opened. (Below) Anna Sten and husband, Dr. Frenke, at the Trocadero, after the Ballet Russe performance.

If you would like to attract a little attention—or a whole lot, for that matter—why not try wearing blue denim overalls with a huge corsage of orchids pinned to the shoulder strap? Margaret Sullavan succeeded in stopping traffic on the Universal lot recently by so doing. Of course, that was her intention, and she surely made the grade! By the way, what is the other peppy little exhibitionist, Katie Hepburn, up to these days? No fun lying on the ground reading fan mail any more, what with the dirt all replaced by nice, clean cement.

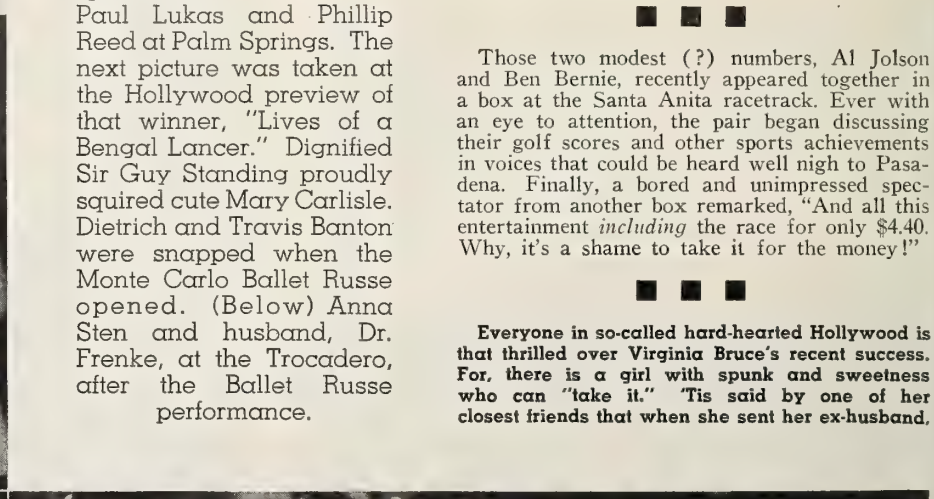
■ ■ ■

Those two modest (?) numbers, Al Jolson and Ben Bernie, recently appeared together in a box at the Santa Anita racetrack. Ever with an eye to attention, the pair began discussing their golf scores and other sports achievements in voices that could be heard well nigh to Pasadena. Finally, a bored and unimpressed spectator from another box remarked, "And all this entertainment *including* the race for only $4.40. Why, it's a shame to take it for the money!"

■ ■ ■

Everyone in so-called hard-hearted Hollywood is that thrilled over Virginia Bruce's recent success. For, there is a girl with spunk and sweetness who can "take it." 'Tis said by one of her closest friends that when she sent her ex-husband,









More Good News

Jack Gilbert, a lovely gift lately, he returned it unopened. Even so, Virginia generously tells everybody that she wishes her baby's father good luck in whatever he undertakes.

■ ■ ■

The players over at Warners' studio have learned a great, big lesson. It seems that all the boys and girls who were not satisfied with their cinematic assignments tried to duck out of 'em by saying they wanted to be in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Well, just for that, the Powers That Be answered right back with, "Certainly, you can appear in that production and your other films, too." Now that's what *you* call an obliging bunch of executives, even though the actors called them something else!

■ ■ ■

W. C. Fields proves to be his studio's "problem child" when it comes to the question of interviews. It seems that the gent just doesn't like to be bothered very much by the writing fraternity. Lately, however, he consented to see a reporter at his home, but on the morning the lad was due, Bill phoned Paramount and murmured sorrowfully, "That poor fellow won't be able to get in here today because this rain has washed away practically my whole driveway. Yes, I'm sure disappointed." What the studio didn't learn until much (*Continued on page 110*)



(Above) The Broadway hit, "Merrily We Roll Along," picks a cast for the Pacific Coast run. Rehearsing are Erin O'Brien Moore, Douglass Montgomery, Virginia Cherrill and Dorothy Wilson. (Down the page) Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson—very excited—at the Santa Anita races. Next, meet the writer of those hits, "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill," Bob Riskin, with Carole Lombard at the Trocadero. Below them are Maureen O'Sullivan and her blond beau, Johnnie Farrow, at the same party. Next, Mr. and Mrs. Chawles Laughton (Elsa Lanchester) at the Ballet Russe. (Below) Anne Shirley with her San Francisco boy friend, Frank O'Connor, at the Grove.



All Photos by Scott





IS THIS Gratitude?

Hollywood takes it on the chin from the very people whom it has made world-famous and wealthy

BY ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

IF, almost overnight, you found yourself lifted from poverty to wealth, from obscurity and frustration to world-wide fame and the idolatrous worship of a hundred million fans; if the portals leading to the realization of all your ambitions and your desires were thrown open before you as though by magic . . .

Would you be grateful?

Don't be too hasty, or too self-confident, in answering. Ponder the question well, for human nature, whether in Hollywood or Timbuctoo, is a tricky, incalculable thing and genuine gratitude is to be found more rarely than pirate gold. Remember the ancient tale of the flounder and the fisherman's wife—or, more apropos, give a thought to the ungrateful guests of Hollywood. They are legion! You can't begin to list them.

Consider, for example, the case of Greta Garbo. Hollywood, to her, has been an Aladdin's Lamp, a Fortuna's Purse. She came here, only a few years ago, a nobody; today, she is, unquestionably, the most famous woman in the world. She came here poor; today, she is — or should be — very wealthy, for her weekly salary is in the neighborhood of $10,000—more than five times that of the President of the United States.

Hollywood has given her mansions to live in, servants to wait upon her, fine cars to drive, the means to care for her once impoverished family, money to gratify her least whim! Hollywood has given her fame and adoration. And Hollywood is merely a mirror — sometimes distorted, usually faithful—which reflects the likes and dislikes of the world's theatre-goers. It is *you,* the untold millions of yous, who have done all these splendid things for Garbo!

Is the Great One grateful?

Just consider the evidence:

The poor, obscure Swedish girl who found a fortune in America, as far as we know, has never applied for citizenship in America. On the contrary, she has frequently intimated that she might retire to her native Sweden whenever her screen career is ended. It's her annual threat.

Nothing is known regarding her charities—if any. Perhaps she gives generously to the unfortunate members of that world-wide audience which has given her stardom and wealth. If so, she has kept her secrets well—for no other star, in all Hollywood history, ever has been able to conceal, completely, his contributions to a deserving charity.

HER attitude toward her adoring fans is too well known to need recounting here. No interviews, no autographs, no personal appearances, no contacts of any kind! En route to Europe, she is said to have demanded that an entire deck be cleared so that she might promenade without rubbing elbows with people. Vacationing in a mountain resort near Los Angeles, she is said to have demanded that all other guests should keep to their cabins, with their window shades drawn, while she and her small retinue registered. Since becoming a star, she has never posed for press pictures, never signed an autograph album, never answered a fan letter—in short, never expressed any sentiment toward those loyal people, her fans, except the frantic desire to avoid every contact with them.

There are those who contend, from all this evidence, that she nurses contempt and dislike for the very public which has made her a star. There are others who argue that her actions are proof indisputable of excessive humility and desire for self-effacement.

Take your choice and bring in your own verdict: "Is Garbo grateful?"

The same question can be asked, or could have been asked, from time to time, about many other stars. For instance, there was a kid named Lew Ayres—a mighty likable kid, too—who skyrocketed to stardom in "All Quiet on the Western Front." He certainly was no great shakes as an actor, but "All Quiet" was so tremendous a story, and the picture was so magnificently directed and produced that it made him a star.

And what did he do, in the first flush of his fame, but put the cart before the horse and conclude that *he* had made the picture.

A year or so later, with Universal paying him the miserable stipend of some $1250 a week to grace with his presence one box-office disaster after another, he is said to have expressed his gratitude by ranting bitterly against the stupidity of the producers and indicting them for forcing him to play in pictures unworthy of his talents.

And, to tell the truth, Lew wasn't greatly to blame, for Hollywood actually goes out of its way to invite ingratitude by making too much fuss over its stars. There isn't a person connected with the motion picture industry who isn't fully aware of the fact that the credit—or blame—for every picture should be shared equally by the authors, the producers, the director, the film editors and the cast. But, unfortunately, of all those who contribute to the finished picture, only the actors are seen by the audience. Consequently, the studios always have concentrated their publicity barrage on their stars. And the critics, recognizing the fact that John and Jane Public have been blinded by that publicity, pretty generally follow suit.

What wonder, then, if a sudden deluge of fan mail and publicity raves, turns many a stellar head? A few reverses, a few critical "pannings" and salary-loss periods

(Reading down, left to right) How have Dietrich, Stuart, Sullavan, Garbo, Gilbert and Lew Ayres shown their gratitude to Hollywood?



usually suffice to restore the sufferer's sense of proportion.

Speaking of gratitude —or lack of it, if you prefer—Hollywood was rather flabbergasted to read a recent interview granted by Margaret Sullavan, the Laemmles' newest hope. It was entitled "I Hate Everything" and in it what a knouting that young lady gave Hollywood, the picture business and everything and everybody connected with it!

"I hate Hollywood," she said. "I hate pictures! I hate producers . . . and interviewers . . . and hairdressers . . . and portrait photographers! I hate everything about this place but the climate!"

Hollywood was just a trifle bewildered, for it was paying Margaret a sum slightly less than the national debt each week and making her name, heretofore unknown outside a limited stage circle, a household word. The thought of all the millions of girls who would barter half of their lives for such a salary and fame becomes a melancholy reflection at times like that.

Hollywood was less shocked when Gloria Stuart went on the warpath about a year ago and is alleged to have declared:

"I might have been a good actress if I hadn't gone into the movies. I might still be if I get away from Hollywood in time. I don't care if I never see another picture. I'd be better off doing nothing than the things I'm doing now. Hollywood is just a razzle-dazzle—I hate all this bickering and pretense!"

Of course, the razzle-dazzle pays Gloria pretty well. It's made her a star, it's given her fame—but after all, what's that? Gloria majored in philosophy.

AND then, there's Dietrich. Marlene, legs and all, was practically an unknown, until Dame Hollywood—which is to say, you and you and you —came along and made her an idol from Nantucket to Point Arguello, and, incidentally, paid her enough in the process that she could afford such trifling extravagances as $1700 a month for the rental of three houses. Marlene was so overcome by gratitude that she informed the world that *her* daughter would be educated abroad. Being somewhat proud of our school system, we were hurt.

And there's John Gilbert. John was "up" for years, up to the tune of $10,000 a week—and Hollywood was a grand, wonderful and altogether lovely place. And then he was "down" for a while (*Continued on page 99*)

. . . MODERN SCREEN

Some clues to this month's set of song titles: one of the pictures was a last year's hit, one is not so new, and the star of the third is an Englishman.



$500 in prizes!
A lot of fun!
Read the details

GATHER 'round, good people, and we will tell you all about this grand contest. The rules and everything are set forth in the two boxes in heavy type on the next page, but perhaps we can explain a little more fully here.

You are probably well launched in last month's installment of this contest—that was the first installment—but in case you missed the last issue of MODERN SCREEN (tch, tch! never let that happen again!) and in case you cannot obtain a copy elsewhere, we will be glad to mail you a copy of that issue, if you will send such a request, your name and address and ten cents to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

We have received a number of questions regarding this contest and we think maybe some of you may be helped if we print the answers to those questions here.

Question: In order to win one of the prizes in the Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, does a contestant have to submit a complete set of lyrics?

Answer: No. All that is required of a contestant, in order to win one of the prizes, is to send in the complete list of songs, titles and tell who sang them, according to the rules given, and to write a composition of not more than one hundred words telling which Warner musical the contestant has liked best to date, with reasons.

Question: Does a contestant have to submit three compositions of one hundred words (or less)—that is, one for each month?

Answer: No. Only one composition of a hundred words or less must be written for the complete contest.

Question: Does neatness count?

Answer: Yes. Neatness will bear weight when the judges decide on the winners. Elaborate entries, however, are not encouraged. Keep your entry simple—and neat.

Question: If a contestant submits five, instead of three answers, for each month's set of Warner musical titles, will he be more favored for a prize?

Answer: No. All contestants will be judged on a three-out-of-five basis.

THERE now! Do those questions and answers clear up any doubtful points in your minds? We hope so.

The titles of the five pictures for this month are listed on page 43. Next month we will give you the final list of five. And as we have said, five were listed last month. Every one of these fifteen pictures were Warner musicals, produced by the same company, in which one or more popular songs were featured.

You are asked to tell what was the most popular song in three out of each set of five pictures. That is to say, three from last month's list, three from this month's list and three from next month's list. That makes nine in all. *You must choose three from each set of five—not any nine from the complete set of fifteen.* You need not necessarily have seen the picture to be able to fulfill the requirements. You need only to have heard the song and to have known who sang it in the picture. Of course, you may, if you wish, fill out the (*Continued on page 117*)

WARNER SONG CONTEST



The two nearest pictures contain clues to two more song titles and the picture at the far left is a scene from Warners' "Golddiggers of 1935."

HERE ARE THE RULES:

The Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest commenced in the last issue of this magazine—the one dated March. If, by any chance, you missed that issue of Modern Screen, and cannot obtain a copy elsewhere, we will be glad to forward you a copy. Send your name and address and ten cents to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The winning contestants in the Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest will be those who fulfil accurately and aptly the following requirements: 1. You are to name the most popular song from three out of each set of five pictures, given in three consecutive issues of this magazine, and tell who sang the song in the picture. For example: "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams," from "Wonder Bar," sung by Dick Powell.

In the paragraph below, you will find this month's list of pictures. Next month, we will give you five more picture titles. You will be asked to fulfil the same requirements next month, with next month's installment of picture titles. DO NOT SEND ANY ENTRIES IN UNTIL YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE LIST.

Here is this month's list: GOLDDIGGERS OF BROADWAY, PARIS, BRIGHT LIGHTS, GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933, and FOOTLIGHT PARADE.

2. Write 100 words—or less—telling which Warner musical you have liked best to date. Give your reasons. The words "a", "an" and "the" do not count.

3. The person, who, in the opinion of the judges, most accurately fulfils requirement number 1 and most aptly fulfils requirement number 2, will win the First Prize of $250. The subsequent prizes of Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; Fourth Prize, $25; 5 Fifth Prizes of $10 each; and 5 Sixth Prizes of $5 each will be awarded, in the order named, to those persons, who, in the opinion of the judges, come nearest to fulfilling the requirements correctly.

4. Each contestant may send as many entries as he wishes.

5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. No entries will be returned.

7. Contest closes at midnight, May 15, 1935. All entries must be mailed before that time to be eligible for the contest.

8. The judges are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Julius P. Witmark, Jr.

9. Send all entries to Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

10. Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except employees of MODERN SCREEN and Warner Brothers.

Elaborate entries stand no better chance of winning a prize than simple ones. Neatness is important.

EXTRA HONOR FOR ALL CONTESTANTS

Have you ever tried your hand at writing the words of a song? We'll bet you often felt that you could. Well, here's your opportunity to try your luck at writing a set of lyrics and having them used in a forthcoming Warner musical production. The article at the bottom of the page tells you in detail about this optional part of the contest—please read it carefully. The rules are listed below, as follows:

1. Each contestant may send a set of lyrics along with his selection of songs, singers and 100-word description. This part of the contest is entirely optional—you may try it if you like, or leave it out, and still stand an equally good chance of winning one of the prizes.

2. The lyric which, in the opinion of the judges, is the best will be used in a forthcoming Warner musical production.

3. For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial, mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.

4. Keep a copy of your lyric for your own use. If it isn't accepted and you wish it returned, merely send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. We will try to comply with your request, but we assume no risk.

5. Remember the contest closes at midnight, May 15, 1935. All lyrics, like entries, must be mailed before that time to be eligible for this contest.

6. The judges of the lyrics are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Mr. Julius P. Witmark, Jr., formerly a member of the music publishing firm of M. Witmark and Sons.



MAE WEST IS IN PRISON!

Dates are taboo for La West. "You can't go out with a man and take a bodyguard along," drawls Mae.

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

"I've always liked a man in the house, but I didn't count on four!" says Mae. Recent threatening letters are the reasons for all this male protection

FOR a year Mae West has lived behind chained doors. For a year that dazzling Diamond Lil gal has gone around more heavily guarded than the crown jewels.

"Private life?" Mae chuckled. "Baby, did you ever try to have one with four special policemen shadowing you, with headquarters checking every telephone call, and no one allowed to see you without a pass? Honey, I *have* to be a lady now!

"See this car?"

I did. It looked like Model A from the auto show, but that was not what Mae meant. She pointed to the especially designed safety lock on the doors. "They can't be opened from the outside, not by hook or crook. The body of the car is made of the same steel as that of



Mae and her entourage at the fights—her manager, Jim Timony, and two bodyguards on the left and right. Two more are lurking around somewhere.



The sex-appeal lady herself in a romantic scene from "How Am I Doing?" with her newest leading man, Grant Withers. Grant appears to like the assignment.

armored cars and the glass is bullet-proof. That gadget over there . . . No, it doesn't hold cigarettes. It's a revolver case. The chauffeur totes a gun, too." She settled herself in the back seat, the tiny West feet disappearing in a thick fur rug.

"What I mind most is this subway effect in the tonneau. I used to love to look at store windows and all the life and excitement on the streets. I used to study people's faces. Why, sometimes you could catch a whole drama between the 'stop' and 'go' signs! But now I'm lucky even to hear the signals! I'm a prisoner!"

It all came about through that spectacular robbery of Mae's. Remember? The papers were full of it for days and headlines blazed across the country. There had been a series of such robberies in Hollywood and the police finally rounded up the gang. Mae didn't prosecute but she was obliged to testify as the state's witness. Then began the most weird succession of mysterious phone calls, messages and letters that any filmite has ever received. It gave everyone the jitters—except Mae. Her life was threatened, her career was threatened. It's an unnerving thing never to be sure when you pick up a letter whether you'll read those ominous words, "If you step into that courtroom, you'll get yours!" Or to hear in cold, deadly tones over the wire, "You speak out and one of these days somebody's going to throw a bottle of acid into your face."

But Mae has enough fight in her to stop a couple of armies. She didn't, however, know that when she said she'd "stick to her guns" she was practically putting herself under padlock and key.

"Me! The gal who told the world to come up and see me some time! That's life for you . . ."

But the District Attorney's office and the studio are taking no chances. The chain on the door of Mae's exclusive apartment is two and a quarter inches thick. There's a grilled slot through which every visitor is inspected before being admitted. Even when they're announced by the office downstairs the butler has been trained to take this precaution for fear someone else has trailed along with them. And there is plenty of evidence that such precautions are necessary.

Just a short time ago Libby, Mae's personal colored maid, was awakened about four (*Continued on page 88*)

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

A: David Copperfield
(M-G-M)

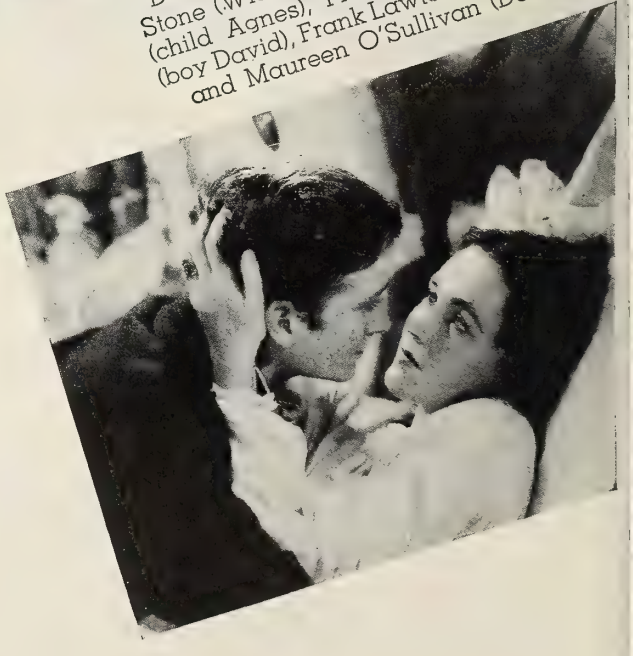
You will see about the best that the screen can afford when you witness the unreeling of Dickens' immortal novel. Large shares of credit are due all around; the director, adapters and photographer come in for at least a gold star apiece. But best of all is the acting. Never has such a list of splendid portrayals been seen in a single picture. No stellar names; just brilliant players.

Edna May Oliver is so realistic as Aunt Betsey Trotwood that she might have just stepped from the novel's pages. Roland Young superbly underplays the "humble" Uriah Heep; W. C. Fields is excellent as the ever-hopeful Micawber; Jessie Ralph is perfect as Peggoty; Elizabeth Allan, charming as the flower-like Mrs. Copperfield; little Freddie Bartholomew marvelous as the boy David, and Frank Lawton superb as the grown-up Copperfield.

The picture is necessarily episodic and the second half tends to drag a bit, but it was no mean task to confine this lengthy tale to program-length entertainment—and such entertainment. However, there is comparatively so little to criticize, that one would be splitting hairs to do so. Yes, "David Copperfield" is a picture gem made lustrous by its many brilliant characterizations.



(Above and below) Scenes from "David Copperfield" with Lewis Stone (Wickfield), Marilyn Knowlden (child Agnes), Freddie Bartholomew (boy David), Frank Lawton (big David) and Maureen O'Sullivan (Dora).



A: Clive of India
(Twentieth Century)

Here indeed is a picture for your "must see" list, for it offers well-nigh everything from the standpoint of cinematic entertainment. First and foremost, there is a tender love story, which is never permitted to meander in the interest of action, counterplot or colorful atmosphere. It deals with loyalty and self-sacrifice, not in a maudlin manner, but by presenting them as thrilling qualities which actually add suspense to the story. One wonders just how long Clive will stand by India, and how long his patient, devoted wife will stand by her adventurer-husband.

Richard Boleslawski can tilt his nose skyward when this film is released, for he has handled the exciting production in a thoroughly tasteful manner, giving due importance to battle sequences, characterization, artistic touches and romantic moments. "Clive of India," replete with thrills and romance, reveals Ronald Colman at his best and Loretta Young as an actress with depth as well as rare beauty.

A: The Gilded Lily
(Paramount)

Chalk up another hit for Paramount, Claudette Colbert and an attractive newcomer named Fred MacMurray, who is a "natural" when it comes to acting ability and charm.

The story itself contains all the ingredients—some of them familiar, but who cares?—calculated to make an A-1 picture pie. There's the roving reporter and the gal who becomes internationally famous through no fault of her own, and the titled Englishman, Ray Milland, who is up to no good. There are many human notes struck, truly dramatic moments unreeled and delightful accents of light comedy injected to lift you to laughter.

And, of course, it all revolves about the luscious-looking Claudette, who makes the most of every scene, by dint of convincing portrayal and divine dressing. Why gild the lily? Ask Paramount! They seem to know the answer.

A: The Whole Town's Talking
(Columbia)

This seems to have turned out to be a veritable picture-praising month and so, we add Edward Robinson's latest film to the list of hits.

With few exceptions, you'll find that this month's movie calendar insures A-1 fare

BY REGINA CANNON



(Above) "Clive of India" with Ronald Colman and Loretta Young. (Below) Fred MacMurray, handsome newcomer, and Claudette Colbert in a charming film called "The Gilded Lily." Another hit for Claudette!

(Above) Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson score in "The Whole Town's Talking." (Below) A vital scene from "Bordertown," with Margaret Lindsay, Bette Davis and Paul Muni, who makes too few pictures.



See page 14 for Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard.

The actor has every opportunity to score and doesn't miss a trick in a dual role packed with sinister and light comedy points. Eddie plays a meek office worker whose appearance is identical to that of "Killer" Mannion, Public Enemy Number 1. Of course you realize the possibilities of this situation—and they're carried out to the fullest.

The film's most hilarious sequence takes place when the meek Robinson gets himself tangled up in the boss's liquor and "tells off" the office force. Another "gay" spot is when the clever Jean Arthur is "taking" the third degree. There is plenty of gun play and thrills galore and splendid incident, all calculated to keep you on the edge of your chair, which indeed they do. Etienne Girardot, as the office manager, and Donald Meek, as the busy-body responsible for Eddie's troubles, come in for their share of praise. Don't miss "The Whole Town's Talking." It's packed with excitement, laughs and perfect portrayals.

And while this glowing mood is upon us, we might as well say that we're glad to see so good an actor as Robinson in a good picture again.

B: Bordertown
(Warner Bros.)

Here is a picture that is worth while. No extravagant praise need be sung as far as the story itself is concerned, but from the standpoint of character portrayal, it is excellent.

Paul Muni gives a brilliant performance as the Mexican lad, brought up in the picturesque but poverty-stricken Mexican section of Los Angeles. His great aim is to follow the life and teachings of Abraham Lincoln. But—maybe you've guessed it—it doesn't take long for him to discover that all men are not created equal! His struggles for recognition, for justice, and for love, afford plenty of dramatic suspense.

Bette Davis' role as the cheap murderess-wife is well acted, but suffers by comparison with her unusually good work in "Of Human Bondage." Soledad Jeminez, a Mexican actress, is deserving of a few laurels for her beautiful interpretation of the aged mother, as is the cameraman for consistently good photography.

Even if the story's a bit long-winded, we miss our guess if you aren't sufficiently amused.

B: The Iron Duke
(Gaumont-British)

George Arliss, as the Duke of Wellington—the magnificent warrior who loved peace—is, as always, the superb actor. We found the picture, on the whole, a little dull. There are some good short scenes—in which a slice of history is crystallized before your eyes in dramatic manner. These bits are too few (*Continued on page* 118)



"Maxine and I are ready whenever you gentlemen are," Saunders said.

BY DALE EUNSON

Dale Eunson is that brilliant young man whose first novel, "Homestead," is being acclaimed by the critics. He has lived in Hollywood, knows the stars and writes about them expertly. "Marriage of Convenience" is based on a true Hollywood incident.

MARRIAGE of

IT WAS funny to watch them together—little, drab Bartlett Saunders, tie never quite right, shoes the grimy black that bespoke home-polishing, trousers bagging at the knee and seat, red hair graying slightly and innocent of a comb for the-Lord-only-knew how long and eyes blinking behind horn-rimmed spectacles at the glitter, dazzle and veneer that was Maxine Vane. They were funny to watch even then, before the vent which could have occurred nowhere except in that exotic, publicity-scorched town masquerading under the innocuous, innocent title—"Hollywood."

It was said that Bartlett Saunders had once been a college professor, and it was easy to believe. He was so true to type that Storm Ericson, the big Swedish casting director, once spotted him on the lot and tried to persuade him to play such a part in a picture. But Bartlett refused. And that seemed perfectly in character, too.

What amazed everyone was that he had ever chanced to cast his lot with motion pictures in the first place, even in such a dull, routine office as voice instructor. People said, afterward, that it must have been that same occasional spirit of rebellion against the commonplace that enabled him to find anything attractive beneath the brittle, hard surface of Maxine Vane.

Maxine had been a star for a little more than a year when "talkies" came along. There were a dozen or more highly colored and somewhat lurid tales concerning Maxine's ascent of the ladder of fame, and some of them were undoubtedly true. A clever studio politician, it was said that she had

MAXINE HAD TO GET MARRIED! BEAUTIFUL, FAMOUS, DESIRABLE



Illustrated by Floherty, Jr.

CONVENIENCE

known where to scatter her favors skillfully.

Be that as it may, by the time talkies came in she had boosted her salary to three thousand a week, had brought her mother and father, numberless brothers and sisters out of the squalor of a Brooklyn tenement to the pseudo-Spanish elegance of a Beverly Hills mansion. And she had perched herself in a magnificent aerie (created by an architect and decorator in a moment of modern madness). Polished chromium staircases and geegaws jutted out and swooped dangerously where least expected, tables of steel and glass, chairs that squatted ridiculously and uncomfortably on the floor itself, and colored lights contributed nothing to the sanity of it all. It was a house that few persons could have lived in, but Maxine liked it. And since it was her home, that was all that mattered. It was so different from the poverty and filth which had spawned the bright plumage of Maxine Vane that it never occurred to her what an atrocity the place really was. When she first took Bartlett Saunders there and he exclaimed over it in somewhat horrified politeness, she said very simply, (*Continued on page 104*)

MAXINE, WHOM ALL MEN LOVED, BUT DID NOT WANT AS A WIFE



WHAT A TEAM..!

Here's the close-up Hollywood is most interested in at the moment—Jean Harlow and Bill Powell. This is all part of their work in "Reckless"—but off-screen, it's love, if you'll believe rumors.

"MY CARDS ARE ON THE TABLE"

Constance Bennett tells why she can't say "yes" when she means "no!"

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

THE publicity girl and I stood in Constance Bennett's dressing-room. Connie nodded briskly in my direction and then turned to the press agent.

"That story," she said, "you let it go out without my okay. How did that happen?"

"I'm sorry," the girl said. "Some messages got confused. It's just one of those things that happen even in the best regulated departments."

"But a promise was made to me, wasn't it? And that promise wasn't kept. I was furious about it. You wouldn't want me to tell you that everything was all right when it wasn't, would you?"

"N—no," said the girl. "No, I wouldn't."

"All right," said Connie. And then she smiled that disarming, frank smile of hers. "Let's not let it happen again."

As I watched this little inside studio encounter, my mind raced back and I recalled a similar situation which had been handled so differently by another star. This other star had smiled sweetly upon the press agent, had thanked him for some favor—oh, if she had had butter in her mouth it would have turned to stone—and the minute he left she said to me, "Do you know what that dirty-double-crossing so-and-so did to me?" I knew *all* about it half an hour later.

Connie couldn't do that. There is something in her nature that makes it utterly impossible for her to say "yes" when she means "no." Connie is frank—utterly and completely frank. She stands or falls by that and you can take her or leave her.

AS a result, of course, she has the reputation for being brutal. Hundreds of stories are repeated concerning her telling people off. So far has this reputation gone before her, that folks who work with her for the first time come near her in fear and trembling. Connie has the Indian sign on Hollywood. Yet to my immediate knowledge nobody has asked for her side of the story. Nobody has really wanted to know why she behaves like that. It was for that purpose that I had come to her. I was just in time to witness the scene I've described.

"Do you do that deliberately?" I asked. "Do you try to intimidate people?"

"Good heavens, no!" she said, "I only treat others as I want to be treated. But I know what they say about me. You always know everything that is said about you in Hollywood. I know that I'm supposed to be a devil. I'm brutal. I'm mean. And I'm sorry if that's what they think, but I am as I am and I can't change.

"I've never wilfully hurt anyone. I don't go around deliberately trying to be nasty. I've a healthy temper, I'll admit, and if I think I've been done a wrong, I go to the source. But I've never said one thing to a person's face and another behind his back, (*Continued on page 123*)



Connie Bennett and Clark Gable in a scene from "After Office Hours."

AMAZING THINGS HAVE HAPPENED TO HER



Anna Sten possesses a rare, compelling beauty.

CAN you imagine your emotions if you suddenly rounded a corner and found yourself running head-on into a glittering rank of bayonets? Icy bayonets of either the advance guard of the new provisional government or the retreating guard of the defeated government, extended and ready to plunge into the heart of any unfortunate pedestrian caught out in the streets.

But the two little Russian girls, watching from the high parade grounds of Kiev that fierce battle on the opposite bank of the narrow Dnieper River, were not terrified.

They took those bloody engagements as a matter of course. What else had they known in their brief lifetime? Every other day Kiev was besieged by another ill-assorted army, and the shaky governments rose and fell almost as regularly as the sun rises and sinks. White Russians fighting Red Russians; peasants fighting townspeople; and, as if that didn't provide enough excitement, guerilla raids, led by savage bandit women from the neighboring woods, frightened citizens off the streets and sent them scuttling to their cellars like so many rats.

Considering the terror of those times, and the nonchalance of these two little girls, it was no wonder they were nicknamed *"bashi buzouk."* Which is a Caucasian expression for daredevil.

Suddenly one of them sprang up from her hiding place behind the bushes. The sun had set, it was growing unpleasantly chilly, and they could no longer distinguish the figures on the other side of the river.

"We must go before the soldiers reach the town," she said.

So they ran past the bandstand, zigzagged through the beautiful, cultivated flower beds, so ghostly now in the fast diminishing light, and down into the narrow cobbled streets of the town. Both were giggling at the excitement of the adventure, but the giggles were a little forced. For they knew that in times of civil war there was little respect for sex or age, and if the soldiers had already crossed the river, they stood a good chance of being shot down.

They began to run faster, taking the narrow corners like polo ponies.

Thud, thud, thud, went the feet of the approaching soldiers—and the hearts of the two *bashi buzouk*. They rounded another corner—and stopped short just about two feet from death! Dozens of glittering bayonets were menacingly aimed at their beating hearts. A squad of soldiers were marching backwards to protect the advancing army from any stray attacks by disloyal citizens.

But there was (*Continued on page 122*)

After revolution and famine do you need ask why Anna Sten finds Hollywood tame?

BY HILARY LYNN



Anna and Gary Cooper are co-starred in "The Wedding Night."



(Above) It's Russell Hardie, not Hardie Albright, with Jean Parker in "Sequoia."

who IS



His last name isn't Standing. It's Stephenson.



First name, Roscoe. Last name, Karns—not Ates.



He's your favorite "Greek" waiter—Henry Armetta.

BY HARRY BRUNDIDGE

HOW do you feel when people whom you've been introduced to fail to remember your name? Doesn't it make you simply furious? Most of us are annoyed at a mere misspelling of our name—an "e" where there should be an "a," for instance. Taking all that into consideration, how do you suppose a screen player reacts when he's been in two hundred or more pictures—as many of them have—to overhear a person watching his performance in a movie say, "Who is that man?" Well, we've asked some of them and here's what we found out.

I was sitting in the roped-off preview section of a little Hollywood theatre with a friend, enjoying a grand picture. Henry Stephenson was giving a swell performance in his big scene. The debonair Stephenson, incidentally, was just two seats removed from us. It was right then that one of those whispering voices that sound like a wind in an empty barn whispered to my companion:

"Who IS that man?"

"Sir Guy Standing," she answered.

Stephenson, I think, turned purple; I couldn't tell for certain, in the semi-darkness. I do know that he choked a bit, and had to adjust his collar. I did not blame him. But later I had to laugh when I recalled an experience of only a few days back. I was lunching with Harold Lloyd. As we started for the door a feminine autograph seeker had grabbed my arm, and asked:

"Isn't your friend a picture star?"

"Sure," I replied. "That's Buster Keaton."

That familiar face on the screen . . . Oh, what IS his name?



that man?



The Morgans—Frank (left) and Ralph (right).



Roland Young as Uriah Heep in "Copperfield."



Nat Pendleton always plays "dumb cluck" roles.

"I knew it," she exulted, and leaving me she grabbed Lloyd and said, "Oh, Mr. Keaton, won't you sign my book?"

THE grinning Lloyd signed "Buster Keaton," and because he is as mischievous as a ten-year-old boy, drew a likeness of his own famous spectacles under the signature! I can imagine what her later confusion must have been!

Lloyd got a terrific kick out of it, admitting that his bronzed and freckled mug is seldom recognized on the streets, although people do turn frequently, look again, and ask, "Who is that man? He's in pictures, but I can't place him."

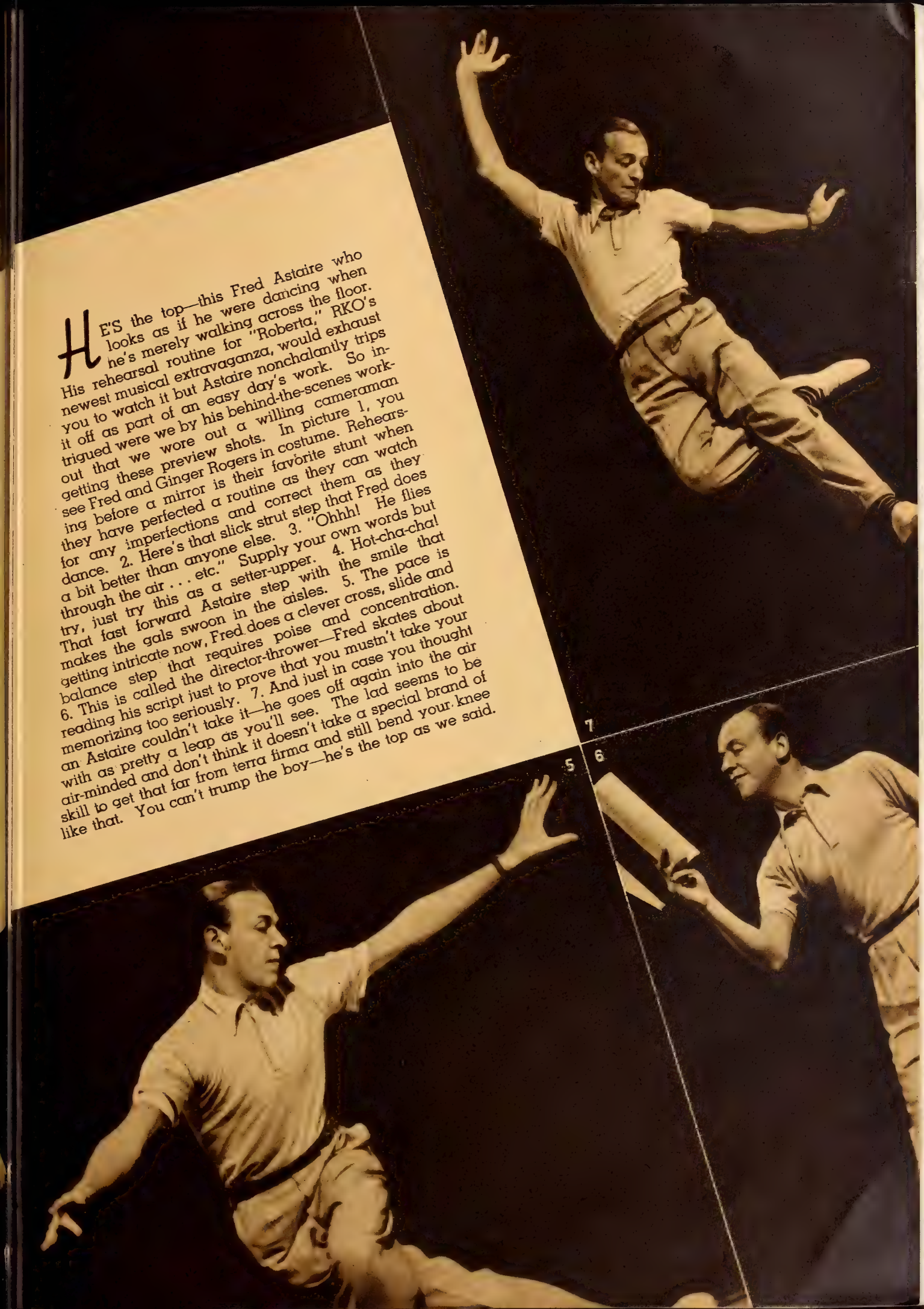
However, that isn't half as embarrassing as having strangers inquire as to your identity while you're doing a swell scene on a screen in front of them. I recalled the fact that, although I've known Eugene Pallette for years and years, I can never recall his name, offhand. I knew the difficulty I always experience in trying to tell whether it's Frank or Ralph Morgan I'm looking at. And I realized that Hollywood is full of featured players—actors who rank very close to stardom—whose names the fans can never remember. We know their faces, can recite long lists of pictures in which we have seen them, but simply can't name them, at the moment. And so I decided to call on a round dozen of Hollywood's Best Known Unknowns, and obtain, at first hand, their experiences, and their reactions to this sort of thing. I was determined to ask, "How does it feel to watch yourself on the screen and hear your neighbor ask, 'Who is that man?'"

Because he's a good friend, (*Continued on page 80*)

Have you asked this question? Here are the answers


HIGH-HAT
Hoofing
Exhausted cameraman chases Mr. Astaire thru "Roberta" dance step rehearsal!
1
2
3
4

HE'S the top—this Fred Astaire who looks as if he were dancing when he's merely walking across the floor. His rehearsal routine for "Roberta," RKO's newest musical extravaganza, would exhaust you to watch it but Astaire nonchalantly trips it off as part of an easy day's work. So intrigued were we by his behind-the-scenes working before a mirror is their favorite stunt when getting these preview shots. In picture 1, you see Fred and Ginger Rogers in costume. Rehearsing they have perfected a routine as they can watch out that we wore out a willing cameraman for any imperfections and correct them as they dance. 2. Here's that slick strut step that Fred does a bit better than anyone else. 3. "Ohhh! He flies through the air . . . etc." Supply your own words but try, just try this as a setter-upper. 4. Hot-cha-cha! That fast forward Astaire step with the smile that makes the gals swoon in the aisles. 5. The pace is getting intricate now, Fred does a clever cross, slide and balance step that requires poise and concentration. 6. This is called the director-thrower—Fred skates about reading his script just to prove that you mustn't take your memorizing too seriously. 7. And just in case you thought an Astaire couldn't take it—he goes off again into the air with as pretty a leap as you'll see. The lad seems to be air-minded and don't think it doesn't take a special brand of skill to get that far from terra firma and still bend your knee like that. You can't trump the boy—he's the top as we said.





Our admiration for Rudy Vallee increased when we read this frank story by his best friend



BY RICHARD ENGLISH

WITH Rudy Vallee, you always know where you stand! He wastes less time quibbling than any man I've every known, celebrity or no celebrity. And I know him well—well enough to have lived with him in Hollywood during the filming of his latest picture, "Sweet Music." Well enough to share a New York apartment with him—the apartment where I am writing this story. I know that, when I get out of line, I'll get the devil deservedly bawled out of me. For the great Vallee has a temper—oh, yes!

One of the greatest factors in his success is that Rudy spares no pains, nor any individual, to achieve perfection. And spares himself least of all. Just recently he was making a recording of "Everyday," a tune from his new



(Center) Rudy and the author and (right) Phil Regan, Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ann Dvorak and Rudy in "Sweet Music."

A PAL AND CRITIC TELLS

picture. When it was over he merely looked at his orchestra, the famed Connecticut Yankees, and remarked emphatically, "Your work was swell, boys, but Vallee stunk!" They made it over. And over again. Until it was the very best that he could do.

Not that he's a hard guy to get along with exactly. But Rudy doesn't mix business and friendship. All he asks of those who work with him is that they work just as hard as he does. And Vallee will work eighteen hours a day for seven weeks at a time and not complain. Every bit as shrewd a business man as he is a showman, Rudy has not one but five careers to handle—five separate businesses. Radio, pictures, night clubs, theatres and recordings. He has no guardian angel, no manager—doesn't need one and wouldn't have one. When it comes to business, Rudy Vallee is a one-man band.

No one will agree more readily than Rudy to the charge of being quick-tempered. But why he has a temper and how, strangely enough, it has become a business asset, has never been told before. He doesn't seek justification, doesn't need it.

HAVE a laugh on me and you'll understand this crooning star a great deal better. As his Hollywood contact man, I'd arranged for a place for him to live during the making of "Sweet Music." Rudy arrived by plane, following a crowded week in Chicago. The rest of the band trailed in two days later on the Chief. Five members of his orchestra lived with us and in the mad scurrying about town, I forgot to get keys for the other boys.

Well, Rudy, the servants and myself retired early that night. The new arrivals, however, decided to find out what made Hollywood tick. In the wee sma' hours, they started coming home, one by one. Arriving every hour, on the hour, with the regularity of street-cars. I was doing a Rip Van Winkle personally, (*Continued on page 96*)

"LET ME BE A MAN FOR A CHANGE!"



Lyle plays a he-man role in "Red-Hot Tires." Mary Astor's the gal.

Lyle Talbot begs you to forget his Lothario publicity. He's a man's man

BY JEWEL SMITH

I'M tired of being "The guy seen with so-and-so."

"I'm tired of being Hollywood's sleek-haired little play-boy written up monthly as engaged to this woman or that.

"I'm disgusted with myself for letting the world think all I'm good for is to escort ladies to night clubs and buy them engagement rings. I'm through making myself seem what I'm not, on the screen or off. A lover's all right in his place. All men are lovers at times. But men are men despite women rather than because of them. I know I'm a man, and I'm going to be one on the screen and off, for a change. Just give me a chance to show you!"

Lyle Talbot's eyes blazed as he poured out this tirade to me across the luncheon table at Warners-First National Studios. I laughed, I laughed because I knew how few people would believe him. Most writers would have said, "Hollywood bologna. Another gag for another story," and let it go at that, I would have, too, if most men had poured out such a tale.

I'M afraid it's going to sound like a press-agent story. I'm afraid my editor isn't going to believe what I have to say about Lyle Talbot. So I'm going to tell you right now, this *is* a press-agent story, for I was once in that capacity for Lyle!

And because I was his press-agent, I believed him. In fact, I knew all about it long before he told me. I've wondered for months how long it would be before he blew up at playing sleek lover's roles, on the screen and off. I've wondered if he was going to ride along forever upon the publicity he'd created for himself by actually letting himself become known as Hollywood's most famous ladies' man, play-boy unexcelled around town.

I suppose the world knows very little about the relations between a motion picture actor and his press agent. It's one of our untold stories, and I have little room to go into it here. But there's a close bond between the actor and the person he pays to both publicize and protect him. There has to be, because the press agent must know the truth about his client. And he must understand that truth with a humanness and a to-be-trusted spirit or he does not remain long a press agent. An actor always trusts his press agent to know all and tell only what will help create illusions.

While I was acting in this capacity for Lyle Talbot, I did many, many stories about his Hollywood personality. I learned the truth about his real one. I could not tell it, then. He was not ready for it. He had made up his mind there was only one way to become known quickly in pictures—through women. He had made five tests in New York and failed in each of them. He had come to Hollywood on his own and managed to get started. He had studied each man and how he had risen to fame. There was Gary Cooper. He'd discovered that Gary's name became a household word before his pictures had even been seen on the screen because his name had been linked with Clara Bow's, Evelyn Brent's, Lupe Velez' and that long list of others. He'd seen how Gilbert Roland had become an international figure . . . how women had helped to build Valentino, George Brent, George Raft, Harry Richman, Joel McCrea, Richard Dix, Max Baer, Adolphe Menjou, etc. He knew that being seen with one glamorous Hollywood woman after another meant international publicity and fame, long before a man (*Continued on page 94*)



SO MUCH ABILITY

Mady's name is short for Marguerite. And you will see her soon again in "The Flame Within."

Hollywood, attention! Don't "type"

Mady Christians, she's too versatile

BY MAUDE CHEATHAM

A DAZZLING beauty in Vienna, Mady Christians was imported to Hollywood only to find herself cast as a drab, hard-working drudge in "A Wicked Woman."

As we chatted over the luncheon table at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, I recalled that lovely Berlin-made film, "The Waltz Dream," which introduced an exciting Mady to our screens a few years ago and I wondered how she felt about drab roles.

Her reply was diplomatic, "Perhaps," she said, "it is well to establish me as an actress first, not just as a personality. We need all sides of life in our film dramas but I believe screen audiences, especially the American ones, prefer romances with glamor."

She added, I thought a bit wistfully, "I hope in my other pictures I can sometimes be decked out in peacock feathers and dazzling frocks. And I want to sing and laugh, too."

Her name, Mady Christians, intrigues one. And the girl herself, a tall, willowy blonde with exuberant spirits and sensitive moods, very definitely stirs the imagination. There's nothing exotic about her and she has no desire to envelop herself in mystery. She's a laughing, wholesome girl finding joy in each hour of the day.

She greets you with a firm clasp of the hand, like a man. She is utterly sincere and has no pretenses whatsoever. She looks straight at you when she talks—and her eyes are the bluest, most expressive I've ever seen. Fearless, independent, yet she is always deliciously feminine.

Born in Vienna, Mady is, however, a citizen of the world, a true cosmopolite. She has lived in many countries and this contact with the peoples of various nations has influenced her basic character and her emotions; her understanding embraces all humanity.

WHILE "A Wicked Woman," offered opportunity for her ability and one senses the power and authority of the finished actress whenever she is on the screen, this story of a Texas swamp woman and her rise in life never once revealed Mady's beauty, her humor or her glamorous personality, which is rather too bad considering how much of all three she has to give.

Nothing could have kept Mady from becoming an actress. Her father was Rudolph Christians, one of Germany's foremost actors. Her mother was an opera singer whose greatest fame was won in singing the role of Marguerite in "Faust." So, it was but natural that this name, lovingly shortened to Mady, should be chosen by the romantic young couple for their baby.

Mady spent her childhood traveling all over Europe with her parents on their professional tours and, while she was still very young, the family came to New York where they established the German Theatre. Their home became the center of a brilliant group of artists, writers and actors. The child was reared in an environment of the finest traditions of the theatre.

Oddly enough, in view of their own successes, neither her father nor her mother wanted her to go on the stage. She explains this by saying that all actors have a sentimental yearning for a home and a quiet family life, both so impossible in their profession. With this in mind, they urged their daughter to marry, have children and settle down far from the excitement of the treatre. But already the love of the stage was (*Continued on page 86*)



Hollywood suggests four charming ideas for spring evenings in this group, above. A bold black and white print for Carole Lombard's tunic dinner gown, at left. Next, back view of the graceful chiffon gown worn by Gail Patrick—the long sash and double tier of skirt flounces give that diaphanous, floating silhouette that is new. Carole again, this time in a thrilling black sheath with over-dress of soft soufflé dotted with paillette discs. Next a sweet spring party frock for a young girl is that of Anne Shirley's. It's crepe in a soft blue with little muff to match. And just below Anne, is the front of Gail's chiffon, showing the cluster of corsage flowers and the flattering ruffled cape which was removed in the back view.

BY ADELIA BIRD

HOLLYWOOD SETS THE TEMPO

HOLLYWOOD has to force itself to think of fashions in terms of seasons. The weather out there doesn't change as radically as it does with us. Not long ago I was discussing this with Madge Evans, who happened to be in New York on a shopping jaunt. Madge had asked me up for tea and I was replying by plying her with questions about what she had bought for spring. She gave me an amused look.

"I'm afraid you aren't going to get much inspiration from me about spring fashions because I have been doing all the resort shops."

"Are you going on to Florida or to Palm Springs when you get back to the coast?" I asked.

"No, indeed, I'm buying my spring wardrobe! We



I have picked three classic suit types for you to use as guides in your shopping. Left, Anne Shirley wears a boldly checked brown and white woolen with a seven-eighths length coat. Lower right, Steffi Duna in contrasting jacket and skirt. Her box jacket and vest are of Scotch plaid woolen, the skirt in a mixed tweed. Another suit is the man-tailored favorite of Hollywood. Above, right, Lombard wears it with a short tuxedo jacket with a pin striped skirt. Rene Hubert, designer, suggests some interesting suit accessories. First a set of bag, scarf and gloves in necktie silk. And a white leather belt with your name in red script. Also a dead white necklace of unusual design.



FOR YOUR SPRING SHOPPING

really jump right into warm weather in California, there's not much of this in-between sort of business you have here. In fact, we try to follow your seasons and change our wardrobes accordingly, but it is a bit of a strain. You see, there's no need to buy heavy winter clothes, and what you term spring clothes, such as suits and light woolen dresses, we wear all through your winter season. I know it must sound confusing but it's true.

"One of the funniest things we do in Hollywood is to start the fall season going. It means introducing fall accessories while we still need to wear summery looking costumes. But in the spring, we really have the jump on you because we are wearing spring-like clothes long before you even start thinking about them!"









What do your favorite stars wear when they are caught by the camera in their off-screen moments? Here's the answer in this group of informal shots made recently. Above, left to right, Rosalind Russell waiting for a traffic light to change and looking very chic in a tweed reefer with belted back. Madge Evans, on a rainy day, wearing a trim brown and white checked raincoat. Jean Harlow—and isn't it a lovely picture of her?—Jean wears a white twin sweater set with a gray woolen skirt. Note the printed linen scarf she wears like a tie under the small sweater collar. And Anne Shirley, at the Santa Anita racetrack, in a perfect, youthful riding habit. At left, you see Astrid Alwyn fence-sitting in a blue, white and gray striped woolen dress which boasts a trimming of ten-penny nails.

Madge went on to explain that she had been buying a whole wardrobe planned around blue and white, the blues from navy to a very soft, light tone. Many of her costumes were white trimmed with blue and complemented by blue accessories.

"I have one linen suit that I've worn for three years. That doesn't sound very exciting, does it? It is one of those grand, comfortable outfits that won't wear out and I can't bear to part with it until it does. I buy new accessories for it and let it go at that. Probably everyone sighs when they see me!"

And this is a very good point to adopt for your own wardrobe: buy one costume so good and so becoming that it can be worn for several seasons with only new accessories to freshen it up. You need never worry about anyone's commenting upon its age; if it's good, it will withstand any amount of comparison with newer and less expensive costumes.

Madge also contributed an interesting suggestion for your spring shopping scheme. She never buys her coat until after she has bought her other clothes. This is the reverse plan of anyone I (*Continued on page 108*)



Aline wants what she wants when she wants it. She's firm against doing too many pictures.



The MacMahon-Kibbee team in a thrilling mystery drama, "While the Patient Slept."

STRONG-MINDED WOMAN

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Get better acquainted with Aline MacMahon; she's one of our more determined actresses

DEAR EDITOR:

Well, I've just come in from doing that interview with Aline MacMahon, like I said I would, and as soon as I change into dry stockings and wring out my coat, I'll tell you how it was.

They were doing a rain scene for "While the Patient Slept" and I haven't seen such wet weather since the Brothers Warner made "Noah's Ark." They had an entire sound stage devoted to the vagaries of the equinox, and mighty moist the whole thing was, with the carpenters drilling holes in the floor to let the excess water escape, and me drilling Miss MacMahon with questions, and *her* trying to escape.

The press agent was very obliging, although he might have provided galoshes and umbrellas, inasmuch as everyone was scurrying around, busy as beavers (and as wet), in sou'westers and rubber boots, and the thunder (artificial) was clapping merrily, just like life. About every two minutes there would be a reverberating crash, like a heavenly cannonade, and then a blinding flash of lightning (also artificial). It made interviewing just dandy.

"What do you want from life?" I shouted at Miss MacMahon, right off, because there's nothing like being vital about such things.

"Why—er—I don't know," she shrieked back, with a giggle, and dodged as a clap of thunder broke over her head. "What *does* one want from life?"

"Well . . . security?" I said as a starter. And just then a streak of green-blue lightning bolted toward me.

"Oh, not that," she said, with a low laugh that started way down in her throat. "I've always had that. It's nothing new. I'm an only child. My parents didn't mind that I went on the stage. I never had to pinch and starve to become an actress. I've always had everything I wanted, and I never wanted a great deal. My life has been very normal, ordinary, with plenty of ease."

Her answer rolled off in a clap of thunder, and the wind machines started their deadly work of whipping the fast-falling rain into a hurricane.

EXCUSE me a moment, please," MacMahon said, "if that girl is going to walk into that rain, she will need my rubbers and a couple of towels, and this umbrella." She pushed her way through the glistening sou' westers, and left me to my thought. There was only one thought, Editor, and that was "Will my lungs hold out if I have to yell above this tropical storm?" because by that time wind machines (huge 'plane propellers, they are), cymbal-like thunder, and flashing lightning were united in one huge Reinhardtian finale. Back came MacMahon, smiling, the ankle-length blue serge of her nurse's uniform, with its fitted bodice, whipping about her sensible black Oxfords. She plays a nurse, a cross between Philo Vance and Florence Nightingale, who solves this mystery drama.

"I understand, Miss MacMahon," I yelled, lustily, "that you are a strong-minded woman. Are you a strong-minded woman?

"Perhaps. Am I?" she answered with a smile. It was a quizzical smile, Editor, MacMahon is past mistress of the quizzical smile, full of unspoken query, amusement, doubt.

"I mean, Miss MacMahon, (*Continued on page 100*)



At eleven, Muni portrayed the role of an old man. When he was twenty-five, a producer said, "I always thought you were 60."



Though they'd rather stay at home and read or dine quietly with friends, occasionally, the Munis do join in Hollywood's gaiety.

TO MY WIFE, BELLA!

BY DENA REED

She's Paul Muni's manager, advisor, pal, cook, nurse, best friend and severest critic

PAUL MUNI, or Muni Weisenfreud as he was named thirty-seven years ago in Vienna, is recognized as one of the finest actors on the screen today. Perhaps you know how he rose step by step from the grind of character parts in the Yiddish Art Theatre, but the Man behind the Actor, and even more so the Woman behind the Man, has remained in a haze of obscurity as far as the general public is concerned. Over ten years ago, that woman was known as Bella Finkel, star of the same Yiddish Art Theatre where Muni rose to prominence. Today, she is known socially as Mrs. Muni, but "Bella Finkel" she remains—especially on the set where Muni's pictures are made, for Bella is the power behind the throne.

It is perhaps bromidic to observe that in the life of every man there is always some woman whose influence either makes or breaks him. Bella has always been that woman for Paul—to her he gives all the credit for his present success. The fact that no one knows much of Bella Finkel Muni is entirely her own fault. Her husband is only too eager to tell the world about her. This petite, dark, round-faced girl has gone all the way with him, perfectly willing and content to stay out of the glaring light of publicity which has fallen upon her man and to take her only reward in the satisfaction of knowing that it is she who helped put him where he is.

Bella Finkel is not merely her husband's inspiration. She is his stabilizer, his tower of strength, his aide de camp, his secretary, his nurse, his pal, his play reader, his cook, his best friend and severest critic. A tough assignment? Perhaps—but not for Bella Finkel.

Their romance began when he was leading man in the Yiddish Art Theatre and she was leading lady. After the show, he would escort her across the street to the Café Royal, a restaurant where actors of all types and denominations gather, and which is still a favorite hang-out of theirs when Muni is playing in New York.

THERE, with the clatter of dishes and the hum of conversation as its accompaniment, Paul Muni asked Bella Finkel to be his wife, and there it was that Bella Finkel willingly and unhesitatingly gave up her own career, and centered all the ambitions that she had had for herself, upon the man whom she later married. Her intuition told her that this quiet, modest man possessed a remarkable genius which only needed development and she decided to direct all her efforts to see that it was recognized.

Under her guidance, his career began to prosper. But the going wasn't easy. There were heartaches and disappointments for Paul Muni. Like many others who are gifted, he has a high-strung and nervous temperament. He might have gone all to pieces, had it not been for the sane ministrations and counsels of his clever and unselfish wife. Fortunately for them both, her own disposition is easy-going, calm and not easily ruffled. She is the cushion which softens the hard blows; she is the shock-absorber which keeps the ship from rocking too much. She is the door which (*Continued on page 101*)

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Allston Boyer, *New York*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr. *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport *New York*
Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, *Chicago*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*
Mrs. William T. Wetmore, *New York*



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Miss Paine's Hattie Carnegie gown is typical of the new "peasant" evening dresses

"Of course I smoke Camels..." MISS DOROTHY PAINE

"They're the most popular cigarettes—everyone is smoking them now," continued this alert young member of New York's inner circle. "Camels have such a grand smooth flavor. I suppose that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I'm tired out and my nerves feel frazzled, then a Camel gives me a nice gentle 'lift' that restores my enthusiasm."

The reason you feel better after smoking a Camel is because it releases your latent energy, which overcomes fatigue. Whether it's social activities, concentration, or exacting work that makes you feel tired, you can get a pleasant, natural "lift" by enjoying a Camel. And you can smoke as often as you wish, for Camels never upset the nerves.

Camels are Milder! MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND


For beauty of lips and neck-line enjoy Double Mint gum. Every day! Wherever and whenever convenient! It is a sure beauty exercise
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
DOUBLE-MINT
DISTILLED
PEPPERMINT
P51

Modern Screen's First Spring Patterns





874

874—(Above) Gertrude Michael in a charming two-piece ensemble. The short-sleeved dress has a striped silk bow. The coat in smock style has shirring at sleeves and back yoke. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.



885



864

885—(Above, left) Dorothy Sanders in a lovely white evening gown. The cape-jacket and the belt with bow tie are nice details. Suited to both silk and cotton fabrics. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40. 864—(Above, right) Wearable silk or woolen jacket dress worn by Susan Fleming. Dress has monotone skirt and figured, short-sleeved top. The one-button jacket has a collar of the print. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing.....(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:
Pattern No..... Size..... Pattern No..... Size.....
Pattern No..... Size.....

Do you want our new Spring Pattern Book?.....

[Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern; 15c when ordered separately. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.]

Name.....

Street Address.....

City and State.....

(Please write in pencil)

Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(Continued from page 15)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	N. Y. World Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	RATING
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	+	−	+	+	+	+	+	87
Fugitive Lady (Columbia)	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	○	○	○	+	+	+	−	80
Gambling (Fox)	−	−	−	−	−	−	+	+	+	+	○	−	−	+	−	36
The Gay Bride of the Rackets (M-G-M)	−	+	−	−	+	−	○	+	+	+	○	+	−	−	−	46
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
Gentlemen Are Born (First National)	+	+	−	+	+	−	−	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	73
Gift of Gab (Universal)	−	−	−	+	+	−	−	+	○	+	○	○	+	+	−	50
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	○	
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	+	+	○	
Great Expectations (Universal)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	+	+	+	
Happiness Ahead (Warners)	+	+	−	+	+	−	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	87
Have A Heart (M-G-M)	+	+	+	○	+	+	−	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	−	85
Helldorado (Fox)	−	+	+	+	+	+	−	○	+	−	○	+	+	+	−	69
Hell in the Heavens (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
I Am A Thief (First National)	−	−	−	+	+	−	−	+	+	−	○	−	+	+	−	57
Imitation of Life (Universal)	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	−	+	−	+	+	+	+	+	80
The Iron Duke (Gaumont British)	+	+	+	−	+	+	+	+	+	−	○	−	−	+	−	64
I Sell Anything (First National)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	−	+	−	86
It's A Gift (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	93
Jealousy (Columbia)	−	○	○	+	○	○	○	○	○	−	+	+	−	+	−	
Judge Priest (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Kansas City Princess (Warners)	−	+	−	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	−	−	−	−	+	53
Kentucky Kernels (RKO)	+	−	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	−	+	+	+	−	+	73
Kid Millions (Sam Goldwyn)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Lady By Choice (Columbia)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
The Last Gentleman (20th Century)	+	○	−	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	85
The Lemon Drop Kid (Paramount)	−	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	+	−	−	+	−	+	+	67
Limehouse Blues (Paramount)	−	−	−	−	+	−	○	−	+	−	○	+	−	−	−	23
The Little Minister (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	++	++	++	++	+	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
A Lost Lady (Warners)	−	○	−	+	+	○	−	+	+	−	+	−	+	+	−	54
Madame Du Barry (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	−	−	+	+	−	+	+	+	+	−	73
Man of Aran (Graumont-British)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	○	○	100
The Man Who Reclaimed His Head (Universal)	+	+	−	+	+	−	+	+	+	−	−	+	+	+	+	73
Marie Galante (Fox)	−	−	−	−	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	−	+	−	53
Menace (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	−	+	+	+	92
The Merry Widow (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100

(Continued on page 72)



LINES, WRINKLES, signs of wasting of the underskin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

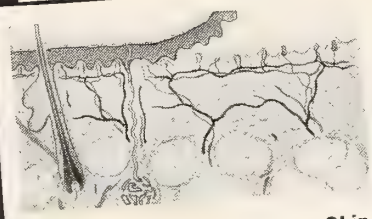
COARSENESS is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

BLACKHEADS come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

DRYNESS is often attributable to poorly functioning underskin, inadequate oil supply.

BLEMISHES. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them loss of tone, inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

SAGGING TISSUES, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles. All occur in *underskin.*



Little known facts about Your Skin

Your skin has two parts—the outer skin, *epidermis;* the true skin, or *corium.* It consists of blood vessels, nerves, fat, muscle, oil, sweat glands . . . When your underskin grows sluggish, faults develop.

Miss Maribelle Rodiger, one of the most charming of last season's debutantes, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from blackheads and blemishes."

If You Could look Under Your Skin!

There's where Lines Wrinkles Blemishes first develop *Skin Authorities say*

ONE of America's leading dermatologists says: "*The beauty of the outer skin depends on the underskin. You cannot be too emphatic about that.*"

Yet women try one thing and another for faults they see on the *outside* of their skin—never dreaming that what their skin really needs is help *underneath.*

How skin faults develop

The underskin is the workshop where the outward beauty of the skin is constantly being created. Once the teens are past, the underskin begins to lose vigor. Oil glands decrease their supply. Fibres lose their snap. All of this slowly but surely shows up in your outer skin in the form of blackheads . . . lines . . . blemishes . . . wrinkles!

How can you ward them off? By *invigorating your underskin!*

There is one cream that goes right in, stirs your underskin to vigorous action—



H. R. H. MARGARET OF DENMARK
Princess René de Bourbon de Parme

"Skin remarkably smooth. Not a trace of lines or crepiness"—Dermatologist's Report. "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my contour firm," Her Royal Highness says.

Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it on, your circulation is quickened. The fresh blood rushes up to nourish shrinking tissue. Failing oil glands are stimulated.

Never let a night pass without cleansing your skin with this thorough germ-free cream. Pat it in briskly—you will feel your skin roused. All the day's dust and grime will float right out of the pores.

The first thing every morning—during the day—every time you make up—cleanse with this cream first, and powder and rouge will go on like a charm.

Send right off for this cream. Use it daily, soon you will see skin faults fade. Lines soften. Blackheads, blemishes disappear. Day by day, your skin will look finer—smoother. Until it glows with that enchanting "bloom of youth."

Mail Coupon today for 9-Treatment supply—

POND'S, Dept D 50 Clinton, Conn. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for nine treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

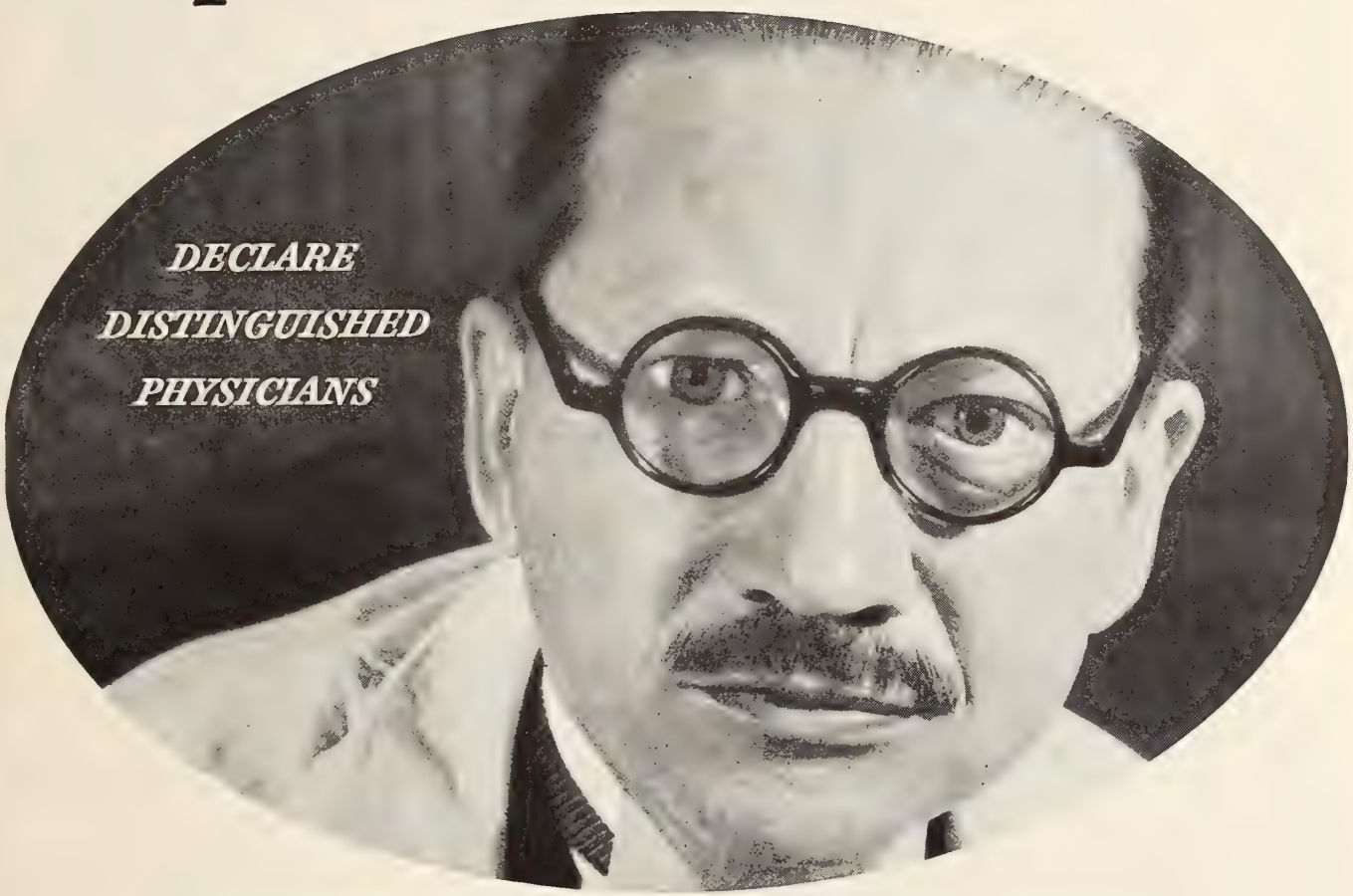
City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

(Continued from page 70)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N.Y.Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	N. Y. World Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	RATING
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Mills of the Gods (Columbia)	−	○	○	−	○	○	○	○	−	○	○	+	−	−	−	
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	○	+	−	+	+	92
Music in the Air (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	+	○	92
My Heart Is Calling (Gaumont-British)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	
The Mystery of Edwin Drood (Universal)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	○	○	
Mystery Woman (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	−	+	+	+	92
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	−	−	+	+	−	+	+	+	−	−	67
Now and Forever (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Outcast Lady (M-G-M)	−	−	−	+	+	−	+	−	+	−	−	+	−	−	−	33
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	−	+	+	87
Peck's Bad Boy (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	93
The President Vanishes (Paramount)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	−	−	+	−	+	−	+	+	+	−	○	+	−	+	−	50
The Pursuit of Happiness (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Ready for Love (Paramount)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	−	○	○	○	−	+	+	−	
Red Head (Monogram)	○	−	+	−	○	+	○	−	+	−	○	−	−	+	−	36
Romance in Manhattan (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	93
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	
Sing Sing Nights (Monogram)	−	−	−	+	+	+	−	○	○	−	○	−	+	+	−	42
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	−	○	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	−	85
The Silver Streak (RKO)	+	−	+	+	+	−	+	+	+	−	○	+	−	+	+	71
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	−	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	87
Sequoia (M-G-M)	−	○	○	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	
There's Always Tomorrow (Universal)	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	92
365 Nights in Hollywood (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	○	+	+	+	−	85
Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round (United Artists)	−	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	−	+	+	+	+	80
Under Pressure (Fox)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	○	○	
Unfinished Symphony (Gaumont-British)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	92
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	○	○	+	○	+	+	+	+	100
Wednesday's Child (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	+	+	93
We Live Again (Sam Goldwyn)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	+	+	+	93
West of the Pecos (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	−	○	+	+	−	○	+	+	+	+	85
What Every Woman Knows (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	+	−	+	+	+	+	+	−	+	−	○	+	○	+	−	64
The White Parade (Fox)	+	+	+	−	+	−	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	87
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	○	+	○	○	
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	+	+	−	−	−	○	−	−	○	−	○	+	+	+	−	42
Women Must Dress (Monogram)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	

The new XR Yeast will solve the cathartic problem for thousands!



DR. JULES BELOUX, noted specialist on the stomach and intestines, editor of a medical publication, reports: "XR Yeast is twice as effective as the former yeast for constipation, indigestion and skin troubles. No one need keep on taking harsh cathartics now!"

Stronger new yeast is far speedier for Constipation, Upset Stomach, Broken-Out Skin and Lack of Energy!

NO LONGER need you constantly "dose" yourself with violent cathartics, for a discovery that doctors call "the greatest advance for treating constipation in years" is here!

It is a far stronger new yeast . . . an entirely new kind of yeast . . . discovered by a great medical scientist in a leading American university!

It has given results to make physicians marvel. As the noted Dr. Beloux says, "It is almost unbelievable how well the new XR Yeast works! It acts by speeding the digestive juices and muscles!

"Food," Dr. Beloux adds, "is digested better . . . carried through the body faster . . . expelled more easily. Also, skin troubles end sooner.

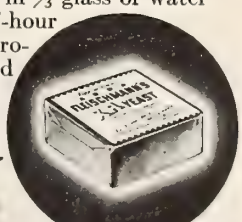
"It is the best remedy I know for constipation and its related ailments—such as indigestion, complexion ills, headaches and lack of energy."

Won't you start eating Fleischmann's XR Yeast today? See how speedily you feel full of pep . . . how quickly your skin is cleared of pimples!

See how you avoid frequent colds—with a clean system and the Vitamin A in this new yeast. It has Vitamins B, D and G, too, and hormone-like substances that aid health.

Start Feeling Better Now!

So get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast right away. Eat 3 cakes every day—plain, or dissolved in ⅓ glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains!



3 millions already eating Fleischmann's new XR Yeast

NRA CODE

(As good as ever for baking, too)

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated



Lonely Girl...



Now "The Only Girl"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

Are you as lonely as I used to be? Sitting home alone night after night?

Then try this easy way to become popular, alluring and to find the man who'll call you his "only girl"... let Blue Waltz Perfume bring you happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment...and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve *your* beauty.

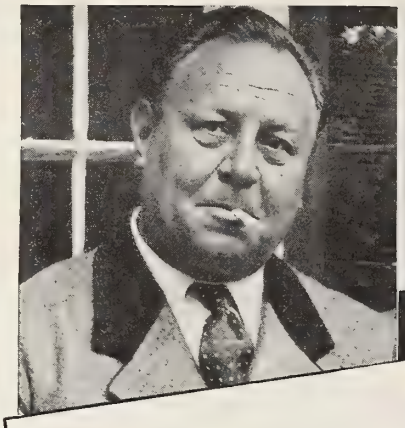
Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious... there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you'll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true ...as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK





THE MOST ROMANTIC STORY EVER TOLD

The talkies made the first wealthy and more famous than he had dreamed of being—Maurice Chevalier. The talkies took gold from the hands of the other and sent him back to Germany—Emil Jannings.

Concluding the movies' history

By KATHERINE ALBERT

BEFORE he died, Edison witnessed his first sound film. I wonder how he felt. I wonder if he laughed when he recalled how many years had passed before the movies had carried out his original plan. For it *was* Edison's original idea that the movies should talk.

In 1926, the movies were thirty years old. When Edison invented the kinetoscope, his idea was to use it merely as a subsidiary gadget for his gramophone. He thought it would be amusing for those listening to the talking machine to *see* the speakers.

Since, however, as we have seen, the history of motion pictures has been entirely accidental, somewhere along the line motion and sound were divorced and for thirty years the movies were mute.

All during this time, men in laboratories were experimenting and every now and then an obscure item, announcing that talking films were "just around the corner," appeared in the papers. Nobody paid much attention.

The producers themselves were becoming gray haired with worry because their magnificent theatres were but half filled, in spite of the fact that they gave the customers elaborate stage shows along with the movies. These producers blamed many outside influences for this drop in attendance. Mostly they blamed the radio—and that was as stupid as if they had blamed mystery novels. What they didn't see was that movies had reached a peak—that the public had become jaded with stupendous productions—and that nothing could lure that (*Continued on page 102*)



Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way...

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them *thoroughly* the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather will sink deep into the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look* it! 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

BARBARA STANWYCK

STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "THE WOMAN IN RED"



KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES
CORK-TIPPED



THE BEST THROAT GUARD...

A cool smoke is always better for you. A KOOL smoke is still better! Light one; draw deep. Refreshing—eh? They're mildly mentholated so that your tongue enjoys the full Turkish-Domestic blend while your throat stays cool and relaxed. Cork-tipped; each pack carries a coupon good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet and switch to throat-protecting KOOLS!

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Why One Man Loved Her

(*Continued from page 33*)

think of what an elusive thing beauty is? It's much more than a perfect face and a bewitching figure. Some girls strike you immediately as the most stunning creatures you have ever seen. Then you realize, despairingly, that they are not beautiful at all. They merely have certain attractive features. Why is that? One girl opens her mouth and her voice is rasping. Another has an unpleasant laugh. So many are ungracious in their movements. Most of them are dumb. What has that got to do with beauty, you say? I'll tell you later, but first look at Carole."

We looked across the room. The music had finished in a primitive throb of drums. Carole and her escort were walking back toward their table. Jim brought his head down quickly so that he wouldn't be recognized. He nervously lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, and continued.

"Well, you know what she looks like. Everyone knows that she has a magnificent figure. But it's the little things that give her her genuine beauty. Her voice is alive and vibrant. When she laughs you know that she is genuinely amused. It has the mirthful quality of a silver bell that is ringing. And, then, grace! That is one of the most precious qualities a woman can possess. Beauty of movement. Is there anything more disappointing than to see a nymph-like figure that is slightly awkward? Look at Carole's hands the next time you are with her. Note the fingers. She is so alive with energy that they are constantly moving. Not jerkily, but with rhythmic vitality. She is like a gazelle. Her whole body expresses her nervous animation with unconscious grace. Then, too, she is intelligent."

Jim raised his eyes to beckon the waiter. His eyes were getting bloodshot, but his voice was steady. "Bring us two more," he said.

I LOOKED over the tiers of heads to one that was shining blonde. Carole was absorbed in some conversation with her escort. Whatever they were talking about I knew it wasn't the movies. She doesn't like to talk shop. The orchestra leader was coming over toward her table. "What piece would you like?" I knew he would ask her. The waiter set the drinks down before us.

"Well," Jim continued, "perhaps I can best illustrate what I mean by beauty and intelligence by recalling one evening at Carole's house when you were present. Beside ourselves, remember, there was a young scientist from Cal-Tech, a chap from Wall Street, some kind of an engineer, and a correspondent of the Washington Post. Carole was the only woman. Yet I don't think six men ever spent a more enjoyable evening. Carole kept the conversation leaping from one subject to another. Every man got to talk about his particular interest, and everyone joined in. Ever stop to think why that evening was so successful? Because Carole didn't try to be the thoughtful hostess, that's why. She was genuinely interested in everything we talked about. She has a greed for knowledge. And she knew enough to keep us all on our toes. And when she didn't know, she wouldn't pretend.

"Now here's the point. When we finally left, I'll wager each man thought she was one of the most beautiful women he had ever met. Why? Because she was so gorgeously ornamental? Because she looked like a Kohinoor diamond framed against that old rose damask of the Empire chair? Partially that, yes. But principally because she was beautiful as a human being. She was like a stimulant. She made everyone feel alive. Her mentality was a challenge. She had the gift to make each person feel important.

CONSIDER the sirens of history. Caesar didn't tarry in Egypt because Cleopatra had a pretty leg. She was plump and fortyish; but she had a brain that he couldn't find among the girls of Rome. And all the others: Diane de Poitiers, Pompadour, Catherine the Great, Madame de Sevigné. Madame de Stael even had young men fall in love with her when she was eighty years old. Their intelligence made men feel that they were beautiful. They had grace. They were charming. In short, there are two kinds of beauty. That which strikes you, and that which grows. Carole has both. The cool loveliness of a painting and the glowing warmth of a vital person. Her personality supplements her external appearance. She . . . say, am I boring you?"

I had glanced up to see some people cluster around Carole's table. The tango had finished and a few friends followed as she left the floor. My mind went back to that evening to which Jim referred. I remembered particularly how she . . . but Jim was talking again.

"I'll make it snappy now. I'm overflowing with words too much, I guess. The second reason I can't get her out of my blood is—those other points I classified as one—is her caprice. An utterly feminine quality. She changes her mind in such a provocative manner. At first you think it is whim. It's not that. Not entirely, anyway. Realizing that all things change, she changes with them. If a person doesn't progress as he lives, she leaves him far behind. She has, as I mentioned, a greed for life. Yet always changing, she still is herself. Get what I mean? Fancy anyone ever being bored around her?

"And then—what is it the French say? —she has the *joie de vivre*. She enjoys every moment of life. She won't permit herself to worry. Each day, for her, is too full of possibilities to allow one precious minute for worry or regret. And I guess she'll be that way when she's sixty years old. Always a kid, eager for tomorrow's adventure.

"But the principal reason of all, I think, is her boundless affection. Remember when I was laid up in the hospital? She sent flowers every day. And I know it is the same with everyone she knows. If she hears that you are discouraged, she'll call you up. It is those little attentions, when a person needs them, that you can't forget. There are a million other things I could mention but these. . . ."

Jim suddenly stopped talking. Carole and her escort were leaving. As they walked toward the door, waving goodbye to friends, Jim bent over his glass. When he looked up, he stared for a moment after his departed dream. Then he shook his head, called for the check, and got unsteadily to his feet. "Let's go," he said.

The reader, I hope, has surmised correctly. My friend's name isn't Jim. I wouldn't dare reveal his real identity.

NOW NEW POWDER SHADES *make their skin Thrilling!*







Over 200 Girls' Skin *"Color Analyzed"*
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How Science discovered hidden Skin Tints

An optical machine which records color in human skin read more than 200 girls' complexions. It showed that blonde skin owed its beauty to hidden notes of *brilliant blue*—brunette skin to hidden tints of *green*. These tints Pond's blends invisibly in their powder to flatter every skin.

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Hidden Tints flatter Every Type

No ordinary powder could do such thrilling things to your skin. The flattering effect is due to hidden tints scientifically blended into this entirely new and different face powder by Pond's.

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We want you to try this new Face Powder, *free*. Rush this coupon right off. You will receive 5 different shades absolutely free. See this scientifically blended powder make a more glamorous "You!"



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POND'S, Dept. D-94, Clinton, Conn. Please send free samples of five different shades of Pond's new Powder enough of each shade for a full five-day test.

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THESE early spring days, with the tang of winter still in the air—how inviting they are—but how hard on the complexion! Dried by exhilarating but cutting winds—with sticky, sooty dust getting into the pores and clinging to the roughened surface, your skin tends to become grimy and "muddy looking" and irritations develop.

To combat this ravaging effect, particular care is necessary, and skin specialists say that cleansing with a pure, mild soap, at least once a day, is indispensable.

When you use Resinol Soap, you can be sure of thorough, safe cleansing, because it is a soap that is kind to every type of skin. Its pure, lightly medicated lather is so creamy, so soft, and leaves your skin so refreshed.

Now, the wind-roughened, irritated skin surface is ready for soothing Resinol Ointment. Its special medication is just what nature needs to help heal the sore, rough, reddened spots. It acts so quickly, too. Just spread it on lightly but freely and you will be amazed to see how soon the surface blemishes and discomfort disappear.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Why not start this treatment today—before these smiling, but rough spring days can seriously mar your complexion? For free trial size package, write to Resinol, Dept. 1-C, Baltimore, Md.



"You May Be Going Blind!"

(*Continued from page 34*)

He said it so quietly, so simply and without dramatization that I begged him to tell me about it. He didn't want to say any more, and most of all he didn't want me to pass it on to you. But when I assured him that I would stress the fact that he was not trying to rouse your sympathies, he consented to its repetition. And I want you to know about it because I think it is an inspiration to all those who have struggled to overcome some handicap.

In college John wanted to be an artist. He was tremendously impressed by what he saw and it seemed to him that if he could interpret his impressions on canvas his soul would be completely satisfied. John, with sketch book and pencil, was a familiar figure on the campus, and those who saw the results of his work knew that talent guided his hand.

John is an intense person. I think you realize that when you watch his fine, sincere performance in "The Little Minister." And being intense, he worked too hard.

It didn't happen suddenly and dramatically, as things like that happen in stories. For several weeks John noticed that after he had drawn a line it looked fuzzy. At first he thought the fault was in his hand and he tried to make the lines sharper. But then he noticed that the faces of the people he saw on the street were blurred.

He thought that he needed glasses, so he made an appointment with an oculist. The doctor examined his eyes and sent him to another specialist. It was the second man who told him what the first had feared.

"YOU must wear glasses, of course," the doctor said. "Also, you must give your eyes a complete rest. Use them only when it is absolutely necessary. I don't want to frighten you unduly. But I do want to impress upon you how important complete rest and relaxation are. I think you may be going blind."

I wonder if, for a moment, you can put yourself in John Beal's place. Imagine what torments would grip the heart of any boy or girl just on the threshold of life and a career who was told that he was going blind. Does the very thought clutch your soul with terror? Then add to this the fact that John was hoping to be a serious artist and that his sole ambition was to interpret on paper the things that he saw. And now he was told that there was a great possibility that he would not be able to see.

I'm sure I don't know how he managed to leave the doctor's office. I don't know what dark thoughts possessed his mind. He wouldn't talk about that part of it. He had bargained to give me the facts. The answer, of course, is that his emotions at that time were too deep to be brought to light by conversation. It would have hurt him too much to recall them with words.

How did he face it? I'll tell you, even if he won't. Courage was the watchword. This thing was given to him to bear and he must go through it as best he could.

First of all he was in college. It was necessary to him, he knew, to finish his education if he must plan for a sightless future. He hired a man to read to him. He paid him fifty cents an hour to read text books. He told no one what the doctor had said, but merely tossed it off with, "I've strained my eyes. Drawing too much, you know. I must give them a complete rest."

With his drawing denied him he knew that he must do something else to fill his life, and that's when he turned to college theatricals. That's when he laid the foundation for the career which has just been climaxed so brilliantly in "The Little Minister." But his sketch books and pencils were piled on a corner of his desk and he could not return to them.

AND then a miracle began to happen. Again it happened slowly. For months he had not used his eyes at all. He had absolutely obeyed the doctor and then he began to notice as he walked along the street that the faces he saw were sharper. The blur seemed to be lifting. It came so slowly that he could not believe his tired eyes at first. He thought: "This is only the wish to see that makes me see better. This isn't real. I simply imagine it."

But even as he thought this he found that objects were much clearer. He went to the doctor again. "Thank God, my fears have not been realized," the doctor told him. "The rest has done the trick. Take it easy for a little while longer. You can't make painting your career, of course, but you can certainly sketch again. You will not lose your sight."

I do not need to describe the waves of relief which swept over him. I'm sure there is something in your own life comparable to it. It cost him something, of course, to give up the thought of being a truly great artist, but in the meantime he had became so interested in dramatics that he felt he could find happiness on the stage. And the important thing—the thrilling, exciting truth was that he was not going blind!

You know his life from then on. You know how he came to New York against his father's wishes—his father wanted him to be a business man—and hounded the Broadway producers until they gave him roles in their plays. You know how he worked at the Hedgerow Theatre—Ann Harding's beloved workshop—with Jasper Deeter. And then, when fame had touched him on Broadway, you know how he came to Hollywood and the movies. You also know that a little less than a year ago he married Helen Craig, an actress and a charming girl, and is now one of the happiest actors in the picture colony.

He might have been able to put those dark months when he thought he was going blind completely out of his mind, had it not been for an anti-climax which occurred while he was making "The Little Minister."

He was doing the fight scene, standing in the midst of the extras who were hurling spears. Suddenly he felt a sharp jab of pain in his temple. There was before his eyes a terrific great white light. It was as if all the world were nothing but brilliant whiteness. He could see nothing but that white, white light. And in that moment, before he fell to the ground, all of the torments of those months in college came back to him. He thought: "It's got me this time. It was planned for me and I couldn't escape."

The next thing he knew the white light was gone and there was nothing but darkness. He felt his head. His eyes were bandaged. Quietly he asked the question, "Will I ever be able to draw again?"

Someone laughed. "Certainly. You're

(*Continued on page 80*)

Sh-h! BILL HAD A RIGHT TO BE CROSS!



(*After the party*)

MABEL: I think you're awfully mean to be so critical! I feel just as badly about it as you do!

BILL: You haven't any business being so careless—do you think I can afford to buy you a new dress every day?



(*Next day*)

MABEL: Isn't it a shame! My new dress is all stained under the arm and Bill is furious.

BETTY: I don't blame him, Sis! You certainly ought to know by now that *whatever else you use*, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields to feel absolutely safe!



(*In the store*)

CLERK: Like *all* Kleinert's Dress Shields—these are guaranteed to protect your dress not only from perspiration but from friction and chemical cosmetics, too.



(*That evening*)

MABEL: Bill, I'm really sorry I was so careless last night. I bought some Kleinert's Dress Shields today so I can promise you it'll never happen again.

BILL: *That's* the girl! Maybe I can dig up enough for a new dress now that I'm sure you'll get your money's worth out of it!





Whatever else **you may do about the perspiration problem, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields. They have no "in-between" days—they are *always* on the job protecting your dresses from friction and perspiration chemicals as well as from the moisture itself. You can buy genuine Kleinert's protection for as little as 25c a pair, or indulge yourself a bit more for Kleinert's Blue Label Shields which are specially treated to make them BOILABLE.**

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DRESS SHIELDS



MARY BRIAN, just one of the Hollywood stars who glorifies her hands with MOON GLOW Nail Polish.



Gives you

MORE POLISH

for your Money

These days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish for their money, because they use so much more of it. Fashion says a different shade for day, a different shade for night — one shade to go with today's dress, another shade for tomorrow's. And toe nails are getting their share of polish, too.

Moon Glow gives you what you deserve—a 25 cent bottle of marvelous lustrous nail polish, two or three times the size you have been getting for twenty-five and thirty-five cents.

One use of Moon Glow Nail Polish will show you why it is a Hollywood favorite. Moon Glow is a new and better blend of polish —applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously—will not chip, peel, crack or fade.

Moon Glow Nail Polish is featured at 25 cents by the country's finest department stores from Sak's in New York to Marshall Field in Chicago and Bullock's in Los Angeles. Leading druggists will tell you that Moon Glow is one of their fastest selling nail polishes. And at your ten cent store, ask for the generous size Moon Glow bottle.

Write for Sample

Try either the clear or new cream Moon Glow, the nail polish made popular by the screen stars in Hollywood—there's a treat in store for you. Send the coupon for a sample size of any one of the six smart shades.

Moon Glow
NAIL POLISH

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Dept. M 45
Hollywood, Calif.
Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Polish ( ) cream ( ) clear. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Blood Red ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral. ( ) Oil Nail Polish Remover.

Name .....

St. and No. .....

City ..... State .....

(*Continued from page 78*)

okay. But, boy, you had a close call. That spear missed your eye by just one-eighth of an inch."

You've seen that scene in the pictures. Now you know the drama that lay behind its filming.

John is well now. There is only the tiniest of scars near his eye. He can still draw. He simply must go easy, that's all. But not a day goes by that he doesn't remember to be thankful that he still has the precious gift of sight.

Who IS that Man?

(*Continued from page 55*)

plump and jovial, I selected Edward Arnold for my first victim. Maybe you saw Arnold in "Sadie McKee" and realized that a man can be fat and forty-five and still have an abundance of that certain something the censors are now frowning upon. He was swell, too, in "Hide Out," "Biography," and a lot of other productions. I put the question to him.

"It has happened so often that I get a laugh out of it," he chuckled. "But it wasn't funny at first. I'd be sitting up straight watching myself, thinking how good I am, and what a big shot I am, when somebody, sitting right next to me, would say, 'Who is that guy? I saw him in a picture onct.' And I'd hear her friend answer, 'I saw him onct, too, but he isn't important or I'd know his name.'

"Early reactions were painful. I wanted to stand up on my seat, beat my chest, and answer. 'It's me—Edward Arnold.' Instead, I slid a bit lower in my chair, hoping I wouldn't be recognized. The more I heard the question, 'Who is that man?' the more I wondered if I would ever really make good. I felt I had been in enough good parts in good pictures to warrant recognition—by name. Then, one night, I heard three people, watching a grand performance by Walter Connolly, debate as to his identity. Again, I was enjoying Roland Young's startling characterization of Uriah Heep in 'David Copperfield' when a woman, sitting next to me, turned to her escort and asked, 'Isn't that Lon Chaney?'"

Here's another personal experience which will serve to drive home the theme of this piece. As a newspaperman I had lots of contacts with gangsters and my favorite screen gangster was—and is—a gent whose name I did not know, but who always does those "dumb cluck" roles —roles, like the pal of Clark Gable in "Manhattan Melodrama," the mug in "Penthouse," the detective in "The Thin Man," and a dozen others. Now, out at M-G-M, during the course of this investigation, publicity hounds were insisting I talk to Nat Pendleton. The name meant nothing to me, but I agreed to see him. Imagine my surprise when in walked my favorite gangster!—Powell's pal in "Reckless," Gable's right-hand man in "Manhattan Melodrama."

Pendleton is one of Hollywood's most unusual characters. He's been about everything from a wrestler to an auditor on the west coast of Africa, prior to his advent in Hollywood. In the past two years he has appeared in 55 pictures. He was a gang leader in "Sing and Like It," the baseball player in "Death on the Diamond," the husband of Carole Lombard in "The Gay Bride," the college wrestler in "Deception" (which he wrote) and the dumb cluck gangster in more films than he can remember.

"I can top any story told by any 'unknown,'" grinned Pendleton. "I was sitting in the preview room of a certain studio, watching a picture in which I had a big part, when some executive turned to the director and said: 'Who's that mug?' That mug was me. The director took another look and said, 'That's—, that's— what the hell is that guy's name?' For the one and only time in my life I stood up and said, 'Me—Pendleton!' I've wanted to do it a dozen times since, but I lacked the nerve. Instead, I just slide down in my seat and hope my mug won't be recognized by the folks who ask, 'Who is that guy?'"

HERMAN BING, that nervous little German, is even more honest than his fellows. Bing, you know (or don't), plays those nervous waiters, impresarios and what-nots, and has a part of some kind in about every third Hollywood production, asserts that his complaint is not that he is not recognized by name, but that the audience never likes him. "I go to the previews to study myself, to see my faults, to determine what is good, and what is bad. I scrutinize my every move, so that I may better myself next time. But I am constantly diverted, constantly disturbed, by what I hear. What do I hear? I will tell you.

"I hear them say, 'I hate that guy, who is he?'

"And do you know what I say to them, when they sit very close to me, and I hear them? I turn and say, 'I am very disgusted with that guy myself.' I am too! I am a dialect comedian. I always try to talk like a zither—but sometimes it comes out like a trombone, and then, when it does, I am especially disgusted. I have heard many questions asked about myself which had to do with 'Who is that bird?' Only once I was complimented. I heard a woman answer, 'Don't you know him—that's George Sidney.'"

One of the most outstanding illustrations of my theme is Henry Armetta, the Italian, who once barbered the "Who's Who" of the Lambs Club, New York. I doubt that any reader will recognize the name, yet Armetta is one of your very favorite character actors. Think of the Greek waiter with the lower lip that rolls up over the upper one and you'll have him spotted. A check-up of actors' activities by the Producers' Association for 1934 reveals that Armetta was fourth among 9,000 thespians in the number of pictures and number of days before the camera.

Armetta has been in so many pictures, hundreds of 'em, that I hesitate to name even one. He's under contract to Universal for some 1600 smackers a week, with a contract that has six years to run. Universal actually makes money "renting him." It was Julius Klein of Universal who introduced us. I shook his hand. "My favorite Greek waiter," I beamed. "Make your face," grinned Julius, and Armetta *pouted!*

"The number of the pictures in which I have had a role has long since passed 250," said Armetta. "And yet I doubt that ten fans, seeing me, can call my name.

"To most of the fans, I'm a Greek waiter."

"Well," I consoled, "I'll admit you are *my* very favorite Greek waiter, too."

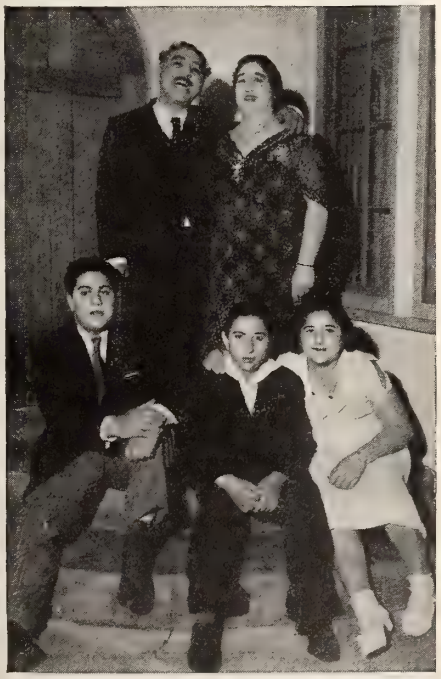
"Thanks," said Armetta, in a mournful tone. "But dammit, I'm an Italian."

WHICH brings me to Roscoe Karns, Paramount player. He's been in hundreds of pictures, and yet he, too, experiences the sinking feeling of hearing people ask, "Who is that man?" He's heard the fans say, "There's Roscoe Ates" and "Isn't that Lee Tracy?" Old ladies and kids, Karns feels, are his best audiences. "When I come on the screen some kid is sure to say, 'There's that guy.' The kids recognize me, but don't know my name. Nor do the shoe salesmen. Only yesterday I was leaving a store, after having purchased a couple pairs of shoes, and gave the clerk, who had been most courteous, a check for my purchase. As I went to the door the clerk bowed, and said, 'Thank you, Mr. Tracy.' And this despite my check. What's a guy gonna do?"

So we come to Russell Hardie, the star of "Sequoia." I'll agree with Hardie that it is about time fans recognize him when he appears on the screen. He had swell roles in "Back Field," "West Point of the Air," "Pursued," "The Band Plays On," and sufficient other M-G-M productions to warrant recognition. But, let's allow Hardie to tell his own story:

"I can't tell you how many times I've heard fans ask, 'Who Is That Guy?' since I broke into pictures. But believe me when I tell you, that at my very lowest ebb, in Buffalo, New York, everybody seemed to know me. I had clicked in stock, in Buffalo, and then, after the company flopped, I had to go to work. I was a horse shoer, by trade, but there were few horses in Buffalo and I got a job in a department store, demonstrating vacuum cleaners.

"I used to put silver dollars and talcum powder on the floor, after which I would demonstrate how OUR cleaner would pick 'em up. Now, I'd been somewhat of a success in stock in Buffalo and it seemed to me that every woman who passed the home economics department in the store



Meet the Armettas! You know Henry, but not the Missus, or John and the twins, Louis and Rosalie. Swell family!



dividends
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You slip a piece of Dentyne into your mouth . . . and, as you enjoy it, you are earning dividends.

AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH—Your teeth, your whole mouth, need exercise which they don't get from today's soft foods. Dentyne provides this regular vigorous exercise so necessary to general mouth health. It stimulates the salivary glands, helps the mouth clean itself, and improves the condition of the teeth.

AS WELL AS A DELICIOUS GUM — You will be delighted with the flavor of Dentyne. Its fresh, stimulating spiciness makes it the favorite chewing gum of thousands and thousands of critical people. You will like, too, the handy vest-pocket package . . . an exclusive feature with Dentyne. The shape originated with, and for many years has identified, Dentyne.

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KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

MEN may hate extreme styles, but there's one beauty point that always gets them, in business or in ballrooms. Lovely eyes! Practice looking eager and attentive; two-thirds of the trick of that "starry-eyed" look is a matter of concentration. The other third is a little patented implement called Kurlash. Slip your eyelashes into this for a few moments each morning. They emerge with the lovely, lasting curl Nature forgot to give them. Curled lashes look *much* longer and make eyes sparkle . . . and Kurlash costs only $1 at any leading store.



Improving on Nature

Men do not like an artificial "beaded" look on eyelashes, which is why so many professional beauties are using new liquid mascara *Lashtint*. $1 buys a charming dressing-table bottle . . . water-proof and tear-proof (remove it with cold cream) to make thin or pale lashes appear dark and luxuriant.



Beauty in the Handbag

Shopping or business over—and a sudden urge for beauty overcomes you! How lucky you are if out of your handbag comes *Lashpac*. From one end a stick of mascara pushes forward to use *both* on lashes and eyebrows. A tiny brush for grooming swings from the other end. Mrs. D. N. writes that it makes a most original $1 bridge prize!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department G-4, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copr. The Kurlash Co., Inc. 1935

took a look at me and said: 'Look, there's that Hardie boy from the stock company trying to sell cleaners.' I couldn't take it. I quit and started doing my demonstrating from door to door.

"It was all very personal back there in Buffalo when I was out of a job, but it's certainly impersonal out here in Hollywood, now that I'm working. Now the ladies say, 'Look, who is that chap?' Why, I ask you, couldn't this situation be reversed? In Buffalo, everyone, it seems, recognized me as a vacuum cleaner salesman who used to be a stock actor. But in Hollywood I'm not even recognized as the ex-home economics expert. As a matter of fact, I'm not even recognized!"

And now speaking quite confidentially, here's a thrilling twist to this story. Not so long ago an unknown sang a song in the M-G-M production, "Student Tour."

The very next day after the picture was released, a thousand or more telephone calls were received at M-G-M, asking the name of the man who sang the song. And throughout the nation, interested persons called newspapers, and film exchanges, asking, "Who is the man who sang the song."

Nelson Eddy sang it. And because of the interest in "Who is that man?" Eddy is being co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta."

Who IS that man?

You Can Make People Like You

(*Continued from page 29*)

And they had pretty much the same experience. They pounced upon what I said and we all began to talk and laugh and to confess to the perfectly horrible times we had endured.

"And I found myself the center of a lively group instead of a haughty young woman sitting in lonely splendor. I liked it and went on from there." So we come to our first rule for being likable:

> Don't be haughty. Admit your fears and doubts and mistakes. All human beings have these things and feel warmer towards you when you admit having them, too.

Loretta Young and I were propped up on opposite ends of a hospital bed, drinking Coca Cola. Beyond, on another stage, the "White Parade" company was working on a scene in which Loretta didn't appear.

We were talking about a girl we both know. Alone with this girl you find her delightful, warm and understanding. But place her in a group and she soon becomes impossible. She will pick out certain people or one person in that group and quarrel with everything they say and do, pounce upon any tiny flaw in a story they tell and hold it up for general inspection.

"And she actually wonders," Loretta said, "why she isn't asked to more parties. She's surprised that she isn't a social success. I really don't believe she's conscious of the trial she proves at times."

I WATCHED Loretta wiggling her straw around in the bottle, intent upon getting the last drop of coke. And I thought how unusual it was for anyone as pretty and as young as Loretta to take the time and energy to think things out the way she does.

"Another thing," she said, referring again to the girl we'd been discussing, "more and more people are coming to distrust her for fear that when they aren't around she will make the same kind of sport at their expense that they've heard her make at the expense of others."

Whereupon we come to our second rule:

> Never place anyone at a disadvantage even lightly for the sake of a joke. As the Chinese put it, never make anyone lose face. People are afraid of unkindness and instinctively withdraw from those who practice it.

It was this loyalty, which too, too few women possess for each other, which occupied Karen Morley not long ago as we sat over a late luncheon at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby.

"You'll hear one woman say of another 'Oh, she's just a little waitress!'" Karen explained. "Or 'My Dear! If you could see her family!'

"As if the girl who earns her living by waiting on table, or the girl born to humble people were even made differently. As if they bore some eradicable mark which forever set them apart as inferior.

"I don't mean to propose that women turn ardent feminists. But I very definitely do propose that they devolop something of the fine fraternity that men have."

UNTIL this happens, certainly the woman who does evince loyalty for her own sex is going to have an advantage. She's going to be more generally liked by women and she's sure to seem warmer and kinder to men. Rule three then:

> Have loyalty for your own sex. It will endear you to women as a confidante to be trusted and recommend you to men as a good sport.

No story about Hollywood people who have learned to be likable would begin to be complete without reference to Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia has become likable in spite of herself.

Sylvia's an independent piece with definite ideas. She hasn't always been especially likable and this used to worry her. A rising young actress at the time, she felt she should make a mark socially, that it was important for people remember her pleasantly.

Her difficulty lay in the fact that she was too definite an individual, that she never tried to tell herself that she was having a good time or interested in things when she wasn't.

"I've never had any gift for social conversation," Sylvia says. "I can't talk about the horse-show because, not particularly interested in horse-shows, I don't go to them. I haven't the faintest idea what it was Freddie did at the last Mayfair party. And I'm always completely in the dark about the terribly amusing thing that happened at Mary's wedding or the Graves' priceless week-end."

"If," Sylvia went on, "it's important to you to be able to take part in such conversations, it's a simple matter to acquire a smattering of all the things people rate smart. With time and effort you can sound like a Michael Arlen heroine.

"If that's what you really want, all right. Then it's time and energy well spent. It simply happens that I've discovered that by directing the same amount of energy in other directions I can acquire things more important to me. So. . . ."





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(*Continued from page 82*)

SO! Exactly! By applying herself to the things which sincerely interest her Sylvia has become stimulating and interesting. By refusing to pretend a knowledge of things she knows and cares little or nothing about, she has gained a reputation for sincerity and individuality which serves her very well indeed. And we find ourselves with a fourth rule:

> Be true to yourself. Have the courage to be what you are, to follow your own interests. Don't attempt to make yourself into a pattern of somebody else.

Jean Harlow is another star rated especially likeable. Not because she's exciting and glamorous and all the other things you'd expect, judging by her screen personality, but because she's quite different really. Because she's warm and friendly with women as well as men.

"I received a great dressing-down the other day," Jean told me the other afternoon as we sat talking in her big white sunroom. "I announced that a certain person annoyed me, and a man I know criticized me severely.

" 'That man whom you say annoys you, is as sensitive a person as there is in Hollywood,' I was told. 'You should sympathize with him if anyone should. If he's rude it's because he's afraid you won't like him and he doesn't want you or anybody else, including himself incidentally, to realize how much he hopes for friendship and favor.' "

Jean played with the zipper at the throat of her pajamas nervously, impatiently.

"I was ashamed of myself," she admitted after a minute or two "for having been so stupid and blind. I'd have recognized that man's rudeness for a defensive measure if I hadn't been so concerned about his behavior towards *me*.

"So often, of course, it's the nicest people who appear the most unpleasant. Nice people are apt to be shy and sensitive. And people who are shy and sensitive inevitably set up a defensive mechanism and parade as rude or haughty, patronizing or effusive."

Jean need not be ashamed of herself in this instance for she's not given to complaining that people either annoy her or bore her. Generally she has an instinctive understanding for people and an intuitive wisdom as to why they act one way when deep inside they feel another way entirely. Which is why Jean's as likeable as she is. Rule five, then:

> Like people. Look beyond any unpleasant characteristics they may manifest at first. And you'll find you will be rewarded with more than enough warm relationships to repay you.

The other day a young girl, just starting out in pictures, came bursting into Ann Meredith's. Ann Meredith's, incidentally, is Hollywood's premiere beauty salon where the walls papered with autographed pictures attest to the esteem in which the different operators are held by the stars.

This girl was enthusiastic in her praise of Claudette Colbert.

"I'm mad about her," she announced. "I just met her and she was so warm and friendly. Why if I'd been somebody important she couldn't have been more interested in what I had to say."

She's so warm and friendly. Why if I'd been somebody important she couldn't have been more interested in what I had to say. . . .

In those two sentences, it seems to me, that girl came pretty close to summing up exactly what makes people likeable.

The average person, as we've seen, has an inferiority complex even though she may hide it fairly successfully. This must be accepted even by those who resent the labels with which the psychiatrists tag certain recognized emotions, fears, and reactions. Most of us would like to be more stimulating, attractive and glamorous than we have any reason to think we are.

I know exactly what that girl meant about Claudette, who has been one of my favorite people for years. Claudette is an intelligent and alert young woman and, therefore, she has many interests. So many subjects of conversation hold importance for her that immediately, by her eager questions and comments, she charms people who introduce these subjects into conversation.

AMONG other things Claudette is interested in people, themselves, as human beings. She is interested in the way they go about shaping their lives, in their ambitions, in their emotions, in the valor they display a hundred different times in a lifetime.

"When I was in school," Claudette said to me, one day when we were driving together, "I remember thinking it smart to be bored by people."

"At that time it never occurred to me," she went on, "that to be bored with most people was an indication that you must be rather dull yourself. Practically everybody has some charm, or an arresting point of view on some things, provided you take the trouble to bring them out." Which brings us to our sixth and last rule:

> Increase your interests so you bring warm attention to many more conversations and, by the same token, to many more people. And, above everything else, be interested in people for their own sakes.

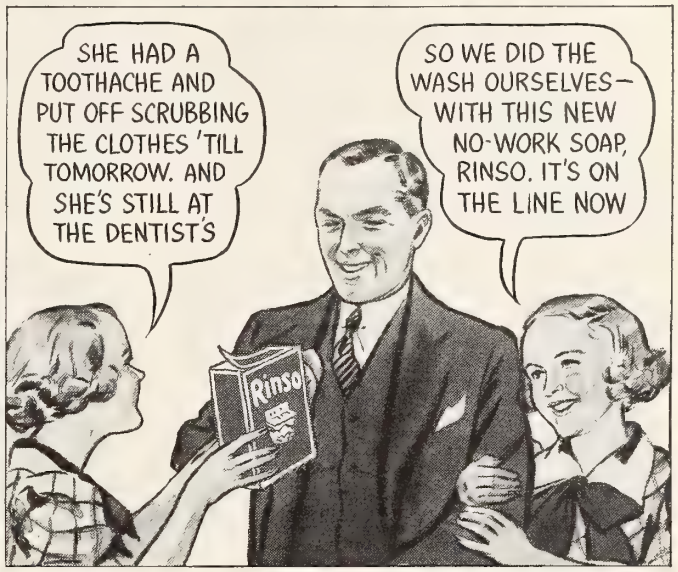
Learning to be likeable is, after all, such a simple process. People are only too eager to like you, if they're given half a chance. For others, in turn, are lonely and eager to be liked. All right then, let's go! Let's:

1. Quit being haughty. Admit our fears and doubts and mistakes.
2. Never cause anyone to lose face, as the Chinese put it.
3. As women, have loyalty for our own sex.
4. Be true to ourselves. Follow our own interests. And never attempt to make ourselves into a pattern of someone else.
5. Look beyond the unpleasant defensive characteristics people may manifest at first.
6. Increase our interests. And be interested in people for their own sakes.

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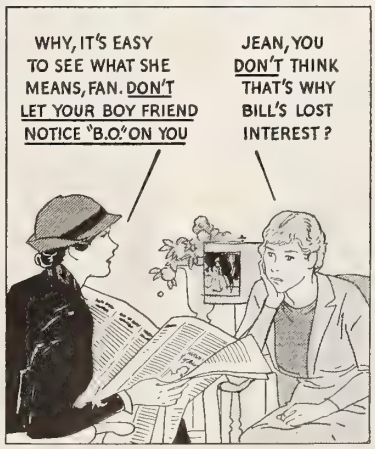
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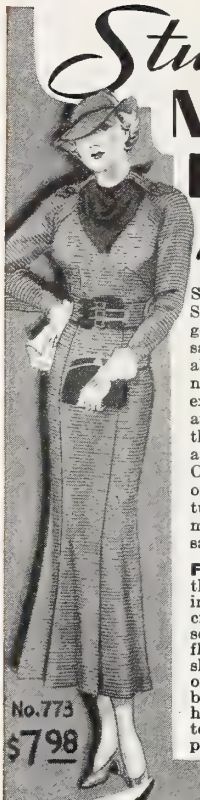


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So Much Ability

(*Continued from page 61*)

in her blood.

After a brief fling in her father's company, when he reluctantly permitted her to play the part of a German girl because she could speak the language fluently, she knew definitely that the stage was her very life.

So, in 1917, after months of discussions, her father gave in and Mady was sent to Berlin where she entered the Max Reinhardt School.

BEING Rudolph Christians' daughter made it hard, for all her father's friends expected so much of her. She didn't know it at the time, but Christians had written ahead to Reinhardt, telling him to disregard all the sentiment of their life-long friendship and make it as difficult as possible for his daughter. He wished to test her sincerity for the career she had chosen.

Mady says she was a tall, lanky girl, terribly scared but stubbornly determined. The more obstacles that appeared, the harder she worked. She knew she had to succeed not only for herself but for her father, whom she adored so extravagantly.

Now, it takes much more than a certain temperament and an inherent aptitude to develop a really fine actress. It requires hard work, hours upon hours of study. It takes experience in a variety of roles in order to learn how to visualize emotions. Above all, one must be imbued with a burning passion to achieve his goal.

Mady was diligent. She studied music and now sings everything from grand opera to the latest jazz in a rich mezzo-soprano voice. She is also, an accomplished pianist. She studied elocution, history, languages. She speaks five languages fluently and has appeared in plays and films in Vienna, Paris, Berlin and London. Already she has eighteen talking pictures to her credit and most of these were made in three languages. To show how sincere she is, she employed a Texas gardener and learned from him how to give the Southern slur to words of her dialogue for "A Wicked Woman," so as to create the authentic color and atmosphere of the Texas locale.

Mady's enthusiasm might deny that struggle and hardship trailed her path, but her triumph as one of the most brilliant actresses of Europe was won slowly and painfully. No spectacular climb to the top, no sudden applause marked those early years of struggle. Her entire career is a lesson in fortitude that should be memorized by every aspiring young actress.

ONE time, when things were going badly and Reinhardt had no place for her in any of his plays, Mady sang torch songs in a little café in the basement of one of Reinhardt's theatres in Berlin. Here she found a warm response from the patrons that bolstered up her courage and renewed her confidence—both so desperately needed at that zero hour.

A year and a half later, she was starring in a great tragedy, "Orestie," in the theatre above. Frequently during the four months' run of the play, Mady would slip down into the cellar café and sing a song just for old time's sake.

Looking back over these years of hard work, heartbreak and disappointments with an occasional bright spot, I think she is grateful that she had a hard beginning, for it built up a spirit of endurance and courage, of which she is very proud. Sudden and easy success is dangerous because it lacks foundation. She insists that to become a good actress requires a lifetime of effort.

"Among my cherished treasures," she told me, "are two yellowed theatre programs. One is of 'The Miser,' the first play I did under Reinhardt's management. The other is that of 'The Son of Casanova,' my first starring play in Berlin, after four years of intensive study. That



Hollywood gaiety at the popular night rendezvous, the Trocadero. Left to right, Frances Drake, Dick Powell and his best girl, Mary Brian, and the big horn blower, Bill Gargan.

marked the happiest moment in my life and—my saddest.

"Father had lost his German theatre in New York after the World War and when he was summoned to Hollywood to make 'Foolish Wives,' he accepted. He was there at this time and I sent him a cable on the opening night, the next morning I mailed a program and some clippings, hoping he would be proud of me. They were returned unopened; my father had died away off in California on the very day of my success in Berlin. He never knew I had won my fight."

Afraid of its memories, Mady determined never to come to Hollywood. Refusing many offers, she waited eleven years, then found that time had softened the sorrow.

It was while she was in New York last year doing Vicki Baum's play, "The Divine Drudge," and Rachel Crothers' "Talent," that she first seriously considered Hollywood. Neither of these plays scored but Mady Christians was lauded by every critic as one of the great artists of the stage. With her theory that all things work for the best, she looks upon this experience as a precious interlude in her career, for it fulfilled her girlhood ambition to return to New York as a dramatic star. Too, she considers both plays a success from a professional point, and the day "Talent" closed she received ten offers from stage, films and radio.

A dozen screen tests for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent the studio executives into raves and they heralded Mady as the next great foreign star. She was immediately put under contract and given what was considered a choice role of the season, that of the tragic wife in "A Wicked Woman." Although the story was mediocre, Mady proved what a splendid actress she really is.

NOW Mady is settled in Hollywood. A tiny house with a tiny garden clinging to a sunny slope in Benedict Canyon is her home. It is all very simple, the only pretentious thing being an electric fountain which is her delight as it is a rendezvous for all the neighboring birds.

Hollywood being the crossroads of the theatrical world, she has met many old-time friends and has become popular with a lot of new ones. She is fast losing the relentlessness that has always been her curse. She is hoping that her young husband, Sven von Muller, a brilliant writer on German national financial affairs in Berlin, will visit her soon. Their marriage is one of those rare, understanding romances where each honors the other's career with no attempt whatever at interference.

She looks to be about thirty but she is the ageless type. Her beauty and appeal do not depend upon the more perishable feminine qualities. She is strong, vital, robust and one wouldn't associate nerves with this girl. Yet, she confesses that, despite her many stage and screen premières, she has never suffered such agonies of apprehension as she did the night her first Hollywood film was to be previewed. It seemed the crux of her career.

She has the humble spirit of the truly great and is not striving for superficial fame that may be won in a single role and forgotten tomorrow. She is building to whatever is worth while in the acting art.

You are going to like her on the screen—she's so real. While laughter and bubbling merriment are always near the surface, Mady Christians is tremendously serious about her work. To her, acting is the greatest of all the Arts!



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Mae West Is in Prison!

(*Continued from page 45*)

o'clock in the morning by a slight scraping at the door. During the last twelve months the ever-faithful Libby has learned to sleep with one ear open and a police whistle under her pillow. She ran to the door and peered out. But the intruder was too quick for her. He was already halfway down the hall. Later she described him to the guards as a "short, stocky man."

"If I could have got my hands on him, he'd be using a couple of collar buttons for vertebrae. Yes sah!" said the girl.

These guards, the District Attorney's men, go through the entire building several times during the night on the lookout for anything or anyone who looks suspicious. And, of course, some funny mix-ups are bound to occur.

There was the time when two very doubtful-looking people appeared in the lobby in the wee sma' hours. They were dressed in patched overalls and wore enormous red bandannas around their necks, and pulled-down caps. One of them had a patch over his eye. "Humph," said the officer, "I'd better see into this." What he discovered were two prominent Hollywood stars who had been attending a "hill-billy" party! They had apartments in the place, but even the night clerk failed to recognize them.

Mae's whole family lives there, too. Her sister, Beverly, and her husband occupy one suite, "Dad" West, when he was living, had another, and the brother had one, but since the scare he's moved in with Mae as extra protection.

They're a devoted lot, these Wests. The threats on the famous daughter of the house have been pretty disturbing so that when a perfectly strange woman came meandering into Beverly's rooms looking for Mae, Mae got decidedly restless. She hadn't bothered to knock. "I've been searching on every floor of this building for Mae!" she told her. Why she hadn't inquired at the desk for her wasn't explained.

"What do you want?" asked Beverly.

"I'm a friend of hers."

"Well, *I* have never met you," asserted Beverly.

THAT'S all right," said the Unsquelchable One. "You're a New Yorker and so am I. What's the difference?" It was at this moment that the nurse came in from her afternoon walk and the other woman went out.

Crazy or clever? And what would have happened if she had actually found Mae's apartment and had been able to enter?

It's easy to understand why even the electricians on the West set have to have passes. Her own brother can't get in without one. And each extra has a pass issued to him in the morning and taken up at night, no matter how long he works in the picture. There must be no slip-ups in protecting Hollywood's curvatious queen of hearts!

Not that she isn't absolutely capable of taking care of herself! "I can honestly say that I have never in my life known fear," she told me once and I believe her. Put her in a lions' den and she'd be telling the little beasties bedtime stories. Drop her off in Zulu and the savages would be her stooges before the next ship docked. That's Mae.

The District Attorney's men thought she ought to know how to shoot. "It's, well, it's wise to be able to," they explained not wanting to scare her.

"Sure," said Mae.

They took her out to the rifle range. They gave her a gun. They spoke to her in the considerate tones gentlemen reserve for poor, helpless ladies. "Now don't get nervous! All you have to do is just look through that sight and don't lift the gun when you shoot!"

Mae nodded. "Okay, boys. Let's start."

The target stood a good hundred and fifty feet away. She took aim . . . fired . . . . Someone gulped. A bull's eye! Calmly, she pulled the trigger again. They couldn't believe it. Once perhaps, a beginner might hit the mark like that, but twice! After the third time Mae dusted her hands eloquently. "I guess that's that."

The men clamored around her. It was sensational! Where had she learned to do it? She gave them that slant-eyed West look, "Boys, I used to work in a shootin' gallery." And that's how Mae established a Los Angeles "police record."

ONE of the things that has puzzled Hollywood most during the past year is the fact that Mae didn't "circulate." She, the "Love Dictator" of the screen, went out only with her business associates. Now the reason comes to light. "I have to sacrifice dates. You see, it's this way. You can't go out with a man and take a bodyguard along. It's apt to cramp your style, if you know what I mean. Besides, it embarrasses him. So when I want to go places, someone like James Timony escorts me. He's been my attorney and manager, so he really understands."

Maybe it would take a bit of understanding at that. When Mae attends the fights, for instance, the four guards close around her. Two go ahead to clear the path and they continue to flank her inside. Picture to yourself, having a "date" like that! She doesn't stop to autograph things on the street anymore. She does it all from the safety of her car. And she's one of the few women I know who would take the trouble to sign autographs under the circumstances.

Mae does an heroic amount of work and she's never alone to do it. When she writes her plays in that white satin bed of hers at night, Libby is nearby to watch. When she's studying her script in the back of the car, there's always someone beside her. Imagine, never being alone. Place yourself in her position.

"It's true I can't go shopping anymore —and I loved that. I went for long walks by myself, too, and to a lot of movies. I like to see the audience's reaction, to find out what makes them laugh and what makes them cry. Now there's always a guard to help me!"

It would probably drive the ordinary person mad—that sense of watchful waiting, of being constantly under surveillance. But Mae isn't ordinary. She shrugs, she gives you that fascinating little half-smile of hers. "I've always liked a man in the house, but I didn't count on four!" says Mae.

The Modern Hostess

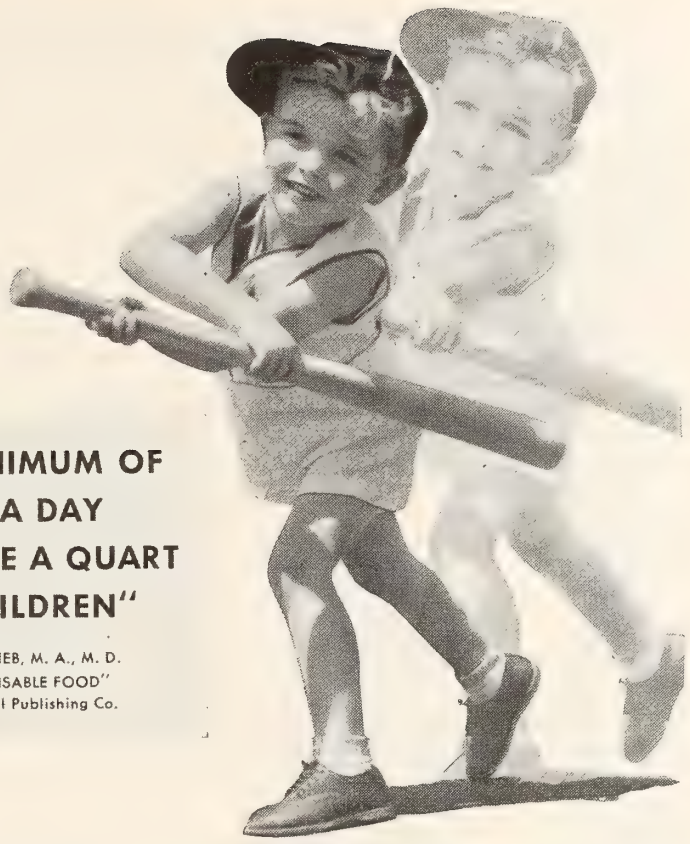
(*Continued from page 13*)

in Cream." It is served traditionally, with black bread. (For the bread I recommend a visit to the nearest delicatessen or the substitution of one of the whole wheat breads.) To fix this dish you really should have the large white radishes which, in America, are called Chinese radishes. The more common variety of red radish may be used, however. Cut radishes into thin slices. Pour one-half pint of sour cream into a bowl and add salt and pepper to taste. Add sliced radishes, cover bowl and shake well, just as though you were shaking a cocktail. When well mixed turn into serving plate.

AFTER the Hors d'Oeuvres, the guests are seated and the Borsch is brought in with silver bowls of sour cream on the side. A tablespoon or more of the sour cream is floated on top of the steaming soup as it is eaten.

I learned an interesting thing about this soup course from another expert on Russian cooking, General Theodor Lodijensky. The General is very much a soldier of the old school and is the proprietor of the film colony's popular Russian Eagle Café, where all of smart Hollywood goes to indulge in the rich mysteries of Russian cookery. According to the General, soups formerly were of vast importance and often as many as ten were served at a meal—crawfish bisque, mushroom or cauliflower purée, soups made of tender young nettles and, of course, Borsch. Anna's memory, however, does not extend back to the more lavish days of Imperialistic Russia since the closest contact Anna has with Czarist days is in her table's flatware. The Sten-Frenke guests eat with the very knives, forks and spoons that were in use in His Imperial Majesty's palace before the Revolution. Anna's husband, Dr. Frenke, secured this elaborate gold service, bearing the Czar's insignia, following the overthrow of the Czarists and brought the beautiful pieces to America with him.

For Anna's guests, then, but one soup, Borsch, is served. It is made the night before. With this comes Russia's most fascinating and palatable morsel. It is Pirojikis which I described briefly before and which you will find in recipe form in this month's Modern Hostess Recipe [illegible] with a simple recipe for



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New indeed — and the color is actually *in advance* of the season—thanks to a new RIT service.

Write today for PARIS COLORS with silk samples of the newest shades for Spring and Summer—and RIT "Color Recipes" for matching them. Simply by combining 2 Rit colors according to the recipe—you get fashionable shades never possible before in home dyeing!

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as Russians use to broil the meat, I prefer to give you another of Anna's meat dishes which is equally good. It is far easier to prepare, too, since it calls for foods and equipment with which we are entirely familiar, even though the combination is an unusual one. This is a dish known as Beef Stroganoff. The recipe will be found in the leaflet, too.

WITH the Shashlyk (which originated in the Caucasus) or the Beef Stroganoff, vegetables are served. Nothing spectacular, nothing unusual, simply asparagas, beans, peas, cauliflower or Brussels sprouts cooked by the steam method with which American housewives are well acquainted. In Russia, vegetables are served as a separate course, but Miss Sten has simplified the service in her American home so that they come in with the meat.

The conventional salad course is omitted (since it does not exist in the Russian meal). The next course, therefore, is that dessert with the tantalizing name of "Profiteroles" and if I may be permitted a really frightful pun—it would *profit* you to learn about these delicious, individually filled pastries. The recipe is yours for the asking, together with the Borsch, the Beef and the Pirojikis—all four of them conveniently printed on cards of filing case size and awaiting but the coupon to make their way to you.

Anna Sten's wine card for this dinner is almost as elaborate as her Romanoff flatware, ranging from Vodka with the appetizers on through Madeira, white wine, red wine and numerous liqueurs and including Champagne, when she is celebrating the completion of a film. With this there is an accompaniment of a great deal of gay and brilliant conversation.

It all sounds very festive and appetizing, doesn't it? Why then don't you imitate Anna Sten and have a Russian dinner—complete or in part? Just send for the recipes—which are free, as always—and you'll find that they are easy to follow, even for the inexperienced cook, and deliciously different as well. Besides, think of the distinction it will give you as a smart hostess to serve a real Russian meal à la Anna Sten!

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.
MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me Anna Sten's recipes for April, 1935.

Name .....
(Print in pencil)

Address .....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

The Information Desk

(Continued from page 8)

picture for Paramount will be "Now I'm a Lady" with Paul Cavanagh and Grant Withers.

BARBARA OLCOTT, Troy, N. Y.—Come, come, Barbara, six questions! Neil Hamilton was born September 9, 1899 and Fay Wray on September 10, 1907. Miriam Hopkins' birthday is October 18 and she is about 26. Neil Hamilton's next flicker isn't scheduled as yet. His last two pictures were "One Exciting Adventure" and "Blind Date." Miriam Hopkins' latest flicker is "Becky Sharp," and her next will be "Barbary Coast" for Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. She might send you a picture if you write her there, or at least tell you how much she charges for one. Miriam is separated from Austin Parker.

ELLEN RIDLEY, Collingswood, N. J.—Tsk! Tsk! Why don't you ask a few questions? Just to teach you I'm not going to answer all eight, so there. Dick Powell's next will be "Gold Diggers of 1935" and after that he's appearing in "Midsummer Night's Dream." Robert Donat is in such demand now, since his big hit in "The Count of Monte Cristo," that the studios are fairly fighting for his services. However, he has signed a long term contract with Warners, his first picture to be "Captain Blood." He is now making "Thirty-nine Steps" with Madeline Carroll for Gaumont British. Carl Brisson's current picture is "All the King's Horses" and his next may be "Waikiki Wedding." Mady Christians made her American screen debut in M-G-M's "A Wicked Woman" and she will appear next in "The Flame Within." Randy Scott has finished two pictures—"The Rocky Mountain Mystery" and "Roberta." Harold Lloyd, Eddie Cantor and Pauline Fredericks are not scheduled for anything at this writing. And that's all eight, cracky!

MISS R. R., Youngstown, Ohio—Yes, indeed. We Barry is still acting, and you can see him in versal's "Night Life of the Gods," his latest.

GLORIANA, Dallas, Tex.—Gene Raymond's recent picture is "Transient Lady." I'm s but there's no telling when and where old tures will show up next. He is also in Woman in Red" with Barbara Stanwyck.

B. ANN WELLY, Fostoria, Ohio; EDITH MARTIN, Chicago, Ill.—More ages and Franchot (Frahn-show) Tone is about 29 and next picture after "Lives of a Bengal Lancer "Reckless." Fred Astaire is about 35 and is ried to Phyllis Potter. Dick Powell is 30. Ma O'Sullivan was born in Boyle, Ireland, on Ma 1911. She is under contract to M-G-M. Her f ite color is green.

INTERESTED—Irene Dunne (that's her real n was born in Louisville, Ky., on July 14, 190

W. LEWIS, Kansas City, Mo.—The natural of Joan Crawford's hair is reddish-brown. R Novarro's real name (prepare yourself) is Ra Samaniegoes.

A BICKFORD FAN—Charles Bickford has back to the screen in a big way. He recently pleted a very strong part in "Under Press for Fox. Did you see him in "Little Marker"? Kay Johnson was the leading lad "Dynamite," and Conrad Nagel was the man. Remember?

HARRIET E. SPIVACK, Oshkosh, Wis.—In in the Heavens" William Stelling played the of Corporal May. He is about 22 and is contract to Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

J. E. FREMAN, Rochester, N. Y.; VIRGINIA HELLER, Columbus, Ohio; H. S., Chicago, Ill.—Did you know that Tullio Carminati is a Count? He is, and his full title is Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla, born in Zara, Dalmatia (an Italian province) on September 21, 1895. An only son, he was educated in Vienna and Salzburg. Because his parents refused to permit him to become an actor, he ran away at the age of 15 and joined a theatrical troupe. He later appeared in a series of Italian motion pictures until the war, and then joined the Italian forces. In 1919 he returned to the movies and in 1920 was again on the stage in Rome. Then Eleanora Duse asked him to be her leading man and director, which he was for 2 years. After Duse's death, Tullio retired from the stage for 6 months; his father died, leaving him his title; and he continued on the stage once again. In 1926 Joseph Schenck brought him to Hollywood to appear with Constance Talmadge in "The Duchess of Buffalo." After making several other films, the advent of the talkies halted his screen career for, although he spoke Italian, French, German and Spanish, he knew very little English. He mastered this language quickly and returned to the stage in America and London. In 1932 he was brought back to America for a role in "Gallant Lady." He next appeared in "Moulin Rouge" and finally in "One Night of Love" in which he was such a hit. He is now making "Let's Live Tonight" for Columbia, opp Lilian Harvey, and is scheduled nex a Te Mary Ellis.

Modern Screen Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 10*)

as pupils to be developed into full fledged actors and actresses for the Broadway stage.

During the course of the afternoon, one young girl of sixteen stepped forward and did a little recitation. The girl was small, intense, charming, and in the few moments allotted to her, she showed so much repose and concentration and was able to project her mood so completely that the board of directors watched her with particular care.

They were eager to give her a chance, but there was one drawback, talented as she obviously was. They could hear her only faintly, yet they were all seated in the tenth row. The voice of the little actress was tiny—a piping, delicate voice pitched way up in the top of her head. So small was the instrument through which she tried to express her emotions that the effect of what she had to say, charming though it was, was almost lost.

THE members of the board turned to Dagmar Perkins, one of its members, and an accomplished and experienced trainer of the speaking voice. They told her that the fate of the girl rested with her. The board would admit her to the school if Miss Perkins felt she could develop her speaking voice.

Miss Perkins saw the intensity and concentration in the girl's performance and said, "The girl's a worker. If she will work with her voice, as she works with her acting, she should be able to develop it so that it's an asset, not a handicap. The girl should be given a chance."

She asked the girl her name. It was Sylvia Sidney.

Sylvia described her own piping voice to me. Yet it was almost impossible to believe that the warm, rich tones which issue from her throat, today, were not God-given. I assure you, they weren't. Sylvia gives all the credit to Dagmar Perkins and she asked Miss Perkins to be this month's guest teacher.

"In order to improve a voice," Miss Perkins told me, "you must, first of all, set yourself a standard. You must be conscious of your own shortcomings. In order to set yourself a standard, it is necessary to listen to good speech and to accustom yourself to the modulations and inflections of refined speaking. Go to good plays, listen to the voices of good actors in motion pictures, over the radio and on phonograph records.

"Good speech is never exaggerated. A good speaking voice should be pitched low and should be melodious but should sound—above all—natural. A voice should be allowed to grow like a flower and, in starting to do things with the voice, you should always relax—let go the muscles of your throat. It is most important to open up and loosen the throat—and you do this with conscious concentration upon relaxation—so that the voice itself has a chance to grow.

"Here's a good exercise: Let the jaw drop. Now practice vocal consonant sounds such as D, G, V, etc., focusing the tone at the roots of the upper teeth. This opens up the pharynx space and amplifies the tone.

"Remember that the voice is partly physical, partly mental and a little vocal. It is vitally necessary to hear, yourself, what's wrong with your own voice.

"It's a good exercise to take a serious



WIVES KEEP MAKING THE *same* OLD *mistake*

EACH season of the year sees another happy lot of girls go confidently into marriage. They are so young, so lovely, so light-hearted about it all. And many of them are as pitiably lacking in understanding as their mothers were before them. The older women know this. Sometimes they are rather inclined to be sad at weddings.

"MY FRIENDS WERE ALL CONFUSED"



It is a shock to the young wife to find that friends married for quite a few years are still confused about the matter of feminine hygiene. Some of these modern women actually talk the way her mother talks.

Some of them seem to have changed from method to method—as though to learn by trial and error. Surely this cannot be right. Surely certain of these methods could never have been right.



"I HAVE SEEN THE TRAGIC RESULTS"

Before the days of Zonite, as any nurse or doctor will tell you, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough for the purpose except poisons. It was a question of poisons or nothing. Surgical cleanliness could be attained in no other way. The *practice* of feminine hygiene was always right. It was the *old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic* which was wrong.

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Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you . . . though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

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You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

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S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

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The winners of the Agfa-Ansco Beauty Contest who are currently appearing in "Women Must Dress," with Minna Gombell, for Monogram. Left to right: Nell Rhoads, Anne Kasper, Madelyn Earle, Harriet deBussman, Anne Johnston.

passage from a book or a poem and read it aloud, and your own good taste will come to your aid, once you have established a standard. For instance, fancy delivering Marc Antony's oration over the death of Caesar in a squeaky voice, or through your nose. It's incongruous, isn't it? There is dignity and repose in every line.

"Likewise, if you take one of the humorous speeches from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' your voice must, in the very nature of things, be light and airy and flexible. It's utterly incongruous to deliver comedy lines, even when reading aloud in the privacy of your own room, in sombre, sonorous tones.

"If a young man or woman has used the voice incorrectly and his own ear hasn't told him it's wrong, then he should have a teacher, but if he knows what his defects are then he can do much to correct them himself.

"A voice is like a violin. It has to be kept in good order—it is the instrument through which emotional content is conveyed. Just as a violinist must keep his arm relaxed, so must the speaker keep his throat relaxed."

THERE—I think those are some good points from one of the world's greatest voice and speech teachers. Often you will hear Miss Perkins over the radio. Her own lovely voice is an inspiration in itself.

And now I want you to have some exercises for volume and control that I have gleaned from some of the speech teachers and coaches in Hollywood.

Volume and the ability to throw the voice, so that even a slightly deaf friend on the back row can hear you, is a matter of breathing properly. When you are speaking on the stage, think that some dear friend who doesn't hear very well is sitting on the last row. Do your utmost to make him hear you.

Learn to breathe from your diaphragm. The way to do that is to lie on the floor with a book on your chest and another on the diaphragm. Breathe so that the book on your chest keeps still and the one on your diaphragm rises and falls as you breathe.

When you have accomplished that, then stand up and speak certain sounds. The vowels are good—A, E, I, O and U. Keep the tip of your tongue at the base of your lower teeth. Without moving the tongue say the vowel sounds and project them out of your mouth as if the breath from your diaphragm were hurling them outwards. Then begin practicing words the same way, except, of course, that your tongue will have to move. But get your volume by practicing on vowels alone.

FOR resonance and flexibility, sit at the piano and strike the key of C. On the note C, sing A, E, I, O, U, with the tip of the tongue held at the base of the lower teeth. Now strike the note D and repeat. Go up and down the scale as far as you can without straining. Whenever your voice becomes strained, too breathy or squeaky—stop at once.

Take the same exercise singing "bee, bay, by, bow, boo" as fast as you can.

Now practice this volume exercise. Completely relaxed, breathing from the diaphragm and keeping the voice low and resonant, repeat some nice passage. A good one is "Beauty is truth and truth beauty, that is all we know on earth and all we need to know." Throw the words out, letting them ride on your breath.

Repeat the same sentence, accenting various words. Now repeat it, making the words rise and fall. Then make the sentence rounded and meaningful—put rhythm in it, as you would into poetry.

Make your voice stronger and stronger, but do it with breathing, never, never strain the voice!

And remember to read aloud an hour a day, thinking every minute about the sound of your own voice. If you've already formed a dramatic club, it would be a splendid idea to open each meeting by having every member of the club read a short passage aloud and then have the others point out voice faults. If you haven't formed a club ask a friend to hear you read and to criticize your speech.

And don't forget that I'm ready at all times to help you with your problems. Be sure to write to me and ask for help in speech problems or ask me for any exercises that I haven't given here. Be sure to address all letters care of MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. Ask anything that will help you in dramatic work and I will try to help you—but don't forget that self-addressed, stamped envelope or else I cannot answer you.

The 8 Most Fascinating People in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 27*)

thing. She is alone.

Of course I have heard a lot about her through mutual friends. And her avoidance of publicity hasn't whet my interest in the slightest. I don't give a hang whether she's brilliant or dumb, or whether it's a magnificent act she's putting on about wanting to be alone.

I BELIEVE that Garbo has utilized all kinds of artificialties to enhance her film glamor. But so skillfully that she gives the impression of being a stern realist. She exudes beauty and strength.

My one close friend who strikes me as intriguing is Frances Goldwyn, wife of Sam Goldwyn, the producer. Her love of life overwhelms me. I've never encountered anyone with such a zest for living. She appreciates everything she has; she squeezes the good from each waking moment and detests going to bed for fear she'll miss something.

Possessing great firmness of character, a brilliant mind, wholesomeness and sophistication, she also has an elegantly ridiculous sense of humor as the final touch. She understands people as well as anyone I've ever known. She's one of the best wives and mothers I know. But it's her unfailing vitality and enthusiasm that delight me most.

A director, W. S. Van Dyke, follows on my line-up. He is a Richard Harding Davis character. As hard as nails, a hard-boiled hombre, he is at the same time sincerely thoughtful of others. To me he's a steel trap with a brain allowing for reservations as to when it should snap.

Van Dyke happens to be a movie director. He is a kindred spirit to a Foreign Legionnaire. A leader of men, a soldier of fortune, he is truly adventurous in this modern, tame world. His kindness is unexpected and so all the more potent. Virile, dominating, he has tramped the by-paths of the world and, somehow, this seeps through.

The fourth man in Hollywood who is intriguing is neither actor, director, nor executive. He is Perc Westmore, the make-up genius. He excites me because he is a man who started from the bottom and built up a splendid organization and yet has time to be absolutely crazy about children. Great tenderness in a self-made success is a very bewildering quality to me.

Very thorough, extraordinarily conscientious, Perc has gathered about him in his business, people who are nice as well as artistic and capable. That's a reflection on his own intrinsic worth, in my estimation.

But I can't get away from his love for children. He has three, two of whom are adopted, and his love for them is marvelous. It denotes much that is beyond mere words.

THE other woman, among all the women of Hollywood, is Anna May Wong. She stands out head and shoulders above the crowd because of the fine manner in which she has handled her personal life. Anna May's exotic, Oriental appearance; her lovely face, hands, and figure are unique in their allure. She is in a class by herself.

Yet it is her sane rise that somehow stimulates me. I don't know her intimately, but I believe that she, more than any woman in pictures, has made the best of her opportunities. So few do, it seems. Here in Hollywood, in New York, and in London, Anna May is a gracious person. Thanks solely to her own efforts, for she easily could have gone berserk. Her problems were peculiarly complicated, but she wasn't daunted in the least.

And there you have them—!

It's really an intangible something that makes one intriguing, and it's been difficult for me to find precisely the right words to explain why only these eight strike my fancy as qualifying for this distinction in Hollywood.

My choice may not be correct. It may bring a flood of rebuke down upon my head. But, at least, I've dared to be perfectly candid about the Hollywoodites whom I honestly like and deeply admire!

To me, Faoen (FAY-ON) is the essence of romance

says Anne C. Parke

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. NORMAN H. PARKE of New York and a descendent of DUNCAN PHYFE.



AMONG the gay young moderns who set the pace for what's correct, Miss Anne Parke plays an important part. What's new in clothes, places to dine, things to see, perfumes to use—she knows what's "being done." It is not surprising therefore, to learn of her preference for FAOEN.

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☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

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Let Me Be a Man for a Change

(*Continued from page 60*)

could prove himself an actor. He'd gone into the game as had so many before him.

And I used to wonder if he'd stop in time. For a man may fall from fame on the very ladder he uses to create it. Look over the list of men I've just named and you'll understand exactly. It has been written many times that Rudy Valentino really passed away just in time. The world was weary of reading about his being just a ladies' man and was ready to turn to a new romantic hero. Incidentally, Rudy knew that. He felt defeat approaching from the fair hands that had made him famous. Yet he could not change a world's mind.

Gary Cooper did change it. Others have. Would Lyle Talbot? How often I had wondered. And it was when I read he'd gone to Warner Brothers and demanded the lead in "The Brute," that he-man picture that contributed to Milton Sills' fame years ago, that I dashed right out to ask him if he'd really awakened in time and was going to be himself at last.

Lyle Talbot is a true man's man. How often I've wanted to write those little truths about him to prove it. And yet I didn't dare because what is good publicity for a man's man is not for a ladies' man!

TAKE the day he saved Margaret Lindsay's life while they were making "Fog Over Frisco." She was wearing a flimsy white dress and someone carelessly threw a lighted match against her. She was in flames in a second, but, in less than a second, while the rest of the men, from prop boy to director, were thinking what to do, Lyle Talbot had his coat off and had rolled Margaret Lindsay on the floor in it. She hardly was scarred and anyone present, I was there, too, will tell you his quick wit and courage saved that girl's life, to say nothing of her beauty.

Could we print it as a story of courage? Certainly not! Lyle Talbot was a ladies' man. He began taking Margaret Lindsay places. He had saved her life and that commenced a romance. He capitalized willingly upon an incident of true bravery as one of romantic import. A part of his Hollywood campaign as he had figured it out from the very beginning.

I have sat for hours and listened to incidents from his life story. I have read his life stories as printed and laughed aloud. The perfect build-up for a ladies' man when, in reality, he was a daredevil from the very beginning.

When his school teacher had hay-fever, he bought some powder that would make her sneeze, put it on an eraser and patted it on the blackboard behind her. She was in bed for several days, and Lyle got a good whipping. But he could take it—he'd had his fun.

Eventually he got tired of that cat o' nine tails because he was always caught. So he decided to do away with it, he buried it where nobody could find it. And the moment that it was gone, there was no real reason to be courageous.

When he left home at seventeen, it wasn't necessary. A ladies' boy would have stayed around home in nice, cozy comfort, but Lyle preferred to take the road. He wanted to become an actor. He wanted to begin young because he figured you could stand starvation better when the blood of youth could make even starvation an adventure. He found it. On his "first night," while playing the old man in a wandering stock company in "Cappy Ricks," he had stage fright so badly he forgot to pull his punch and actually knocked the leading man out. Of course, he was fired. But he begged to be allowed to remain with the company—begged so hard they retained him as the stage hand who swept the theatre and cleaned up the actors' dressing rooms. He could take that, too, with all his dreams of fame! Hard as nails from the beginning.

Eventually, of course, one of the actors became ill and since there was no one else, he was given a second opportunity. At the end of three years, when that company folded, he was exactly where he started. No money. He could have gone home. A sissy would have. He didn't. He became a ballyhoo man at the "Hoopla" stand for a carnival.

There was a fire in that show, too. Lyle was in the tent with one old man. The next show was about to start when he saw flames. He knew what a fire meant to a carnival. If he yelled, there would be panic. There were buckets of water standing ready for the players—wash buckets. First he clapped his hands over the old man's mouth to keep him from giving the alarm, then releasing him, he put out the fire, alone, with their coats and the water from the buckets.

ALL this time, there were no women. A he-man—no time for women. But there was one eventually, a dancer. Perhaps you have read a little about her. But I wonder if anyone has read the true story. Romantic? Of course. Love stories are always romantic. But romance wasn't what I sensed when he told me about it. Rather bravery and determination.

They loved madly. So madly that I wonder if Fate, who seems to stack the cards for or against us, wasn't just a little jealous of this divine love. I sometimes think that when people are too happy they simply magnetize tragedy. These two did. When happiness had crooned its sweetest lyrics for only a short time, Lyle lost his position. She was dancing. They had no money. He could not get a job near her.

What to do? He could give up his career as an actor and get something else. But that would mean regrets later. They could separate and work in separate cities. But that meant tempting a happiness so great that neither could bear to think of it. What would a *man* do in such a situation?

A *man* faced the facts. Faced them with a heart so heavy, but a courage so great that I have never heard a story exactly its equal. They would separate—legally. They would go their own separate ways, remembering bliss, before separation or sacrifice of his career and pride, brought disillusionment. And when he was able to support *her*, they would marry again. They would not spoil marriage, but they would give it a second chance when he had proven his ability to provide for it, forever.

Women! A ladies' man! I remember I cried when Lyle Talbot first told me that story. "I have always loved one woman," he told me. "I have hoped against hope for that second marriage."

So I'd write about his romances with other girls, about his big cars, his purchase of orchids and champagne dinners for the ladies, with both a tear and a smile in my eye. And I didn't feel sorry for the other women, either. Because I knew he'd told them about it. A man would!



Put back on that mustache, Frank Morgan, we know you! Frank looks serious and kinda nude at the races.

I knew he'd made them understand—Sally Blane, Genevieve Tobin, Claire Trevor, Mary Brian, Billie Seward, Margaret Lindsay, Patricia Ellis. One of them told me, "I like to go out with Lyle Talbot because he never tries to maul me. There's nothing synthetic about him—he'd have to mean it." How many men can she say that about?

But could I print that a girl was *safe* with a man who was building a reputation for being a sheik? Could I say that the most-engaged man in motion pictures was merely a companion, and a pal for pretty ladies? Could I tell the truth and remain his press agent?

I COULDN'T even tell his best friends, Pat O'Brien and Joe E. Brown—men's men if you ever saw one. I couldn't explain that between pictures Lyle dashed to the mountains with men pals, that he was an adroit fisherman and skillful sailor. I couldn't write that a ladies' man left the ladies on his holiday.

But then I learned that he had demanded "The Brute"; that he'd refused to play any more namby-pamby heroes until he'd played some he-men.

His eyes kept right on blazing as he continued talking to me. "I've served my apprenticeship, Jewel. If I don't cut out this rot about being a sissy ladies' man, I'll end up a Hollywood gigolo. You take an awful gamble when you start that rep. I knew it then. I know it now. It's a gamble when you try to get out of it, too. People think it's a gag. You've pulled one gag, probably you're pulling another.

"However, spill the beans, now. Be a sport and make them believe it. You see, my ex-wife is coming to Hollywood soon. We're going to talk things over—"

I hope this helps do the trick, Lyle. There's something so heart-warming about a man who plays the game to win, with the knowledge he may lose. He's done it throughout his life. He's doing it now—with his career and his *one woman*.

"Let me be a man for a change," he leaned forward.

And I answered, as I could have answered few men about whom I've written publicity, "There'll be no change, Lyle Talbot."

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Dull, lifeless eyes are a handicap to happiness. Yet *you* can have lovely eyes in 40 seconds! There's no need to envy girls who always have "dates"—you can beautify your eyes so easily, so inexpensively. See how quickly my Winx Mascara glorifies your lashes, giving your face a new charm. Like magic, little eyes appear big. Skimpy lashes look long, lustrous, soft.

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Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will *you*, I'm certain. Winx is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to darken your lashes with Winx.

Winx Mascara and my other Winx Eye Beautifiers are presented in generous purse sizes at 10c. Think how little it costs to accent your eyes and give yourself added attraction.

To learn all the precious secrets of Eye Beauty, mail the coupon for my book—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them." It's free. It tells how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc. Also check coupon for a trial box, if a 10c. counter is not handy.

Louise Ross

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Posed by professional models

NEW WAY ADDS 5 to 15 LBS.

—*in just a few weeks*

STOP being ashamed of your figure—so "skinny" you lose all chances of making friends. This new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh and shapely attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

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Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid, good-looking flesh —*and in a far shorter time.*

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

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Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty, new health come—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

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To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 34, Atlanta, Ga.

A Pal and Critic Tells

(*Continued from page 59*)

so that each time the doorbell rang Windy, Rudy's dog, would bark an effusive greeting to each newcomer. Waking Rudy, not me. Throwing on a bathrobe Rudy would have to gallop to the door and let them in. After the second interruption he couldn't get back to sleep for the rest of the night.

When I got up in the morning, a haggard Vallee confronted me. With a few well chosen words he told me all the events of the night before and then, with solemn face, presented me with a scroll he'd printed during his wakeful hours. As I recall, it was entitled "A Bark in the Dark or the Story of a Sleepless Night." It gave me one of the finest ribbings I ever received and one that neither he nor the boys will ever let me forget.

"But," you say, "why is he so unreasonable? Why get so upset by that?"

You haven't heard the whole story. That morning was Thursday, on which the first work of the picture was scheduled to begin. It was also the day of his first broadcast from the Coast, in which he was welcomed to Hollywood by Mary Pickford. If his broadcast that day was poor, the public would blame Rudy. And if a tired Vallee did badly in the first shots of the picture, he was on the receiving end of the comments. Not me. And yet it was all my fault.

YOU see, Rudy doesn't think so much how adverse criticism affects him, but of its effect on the whole organization, the forty-odd people whose very bread and butter depend on his continued success. The band, his secretaries, all of them are affected. And that's why Rudy will not tolerate slipshod work on the part of anyone, because everybody is hurt by it. The picture public or his radio sponsors might say, "Vallee's slipping!" and with his dismissal, where would the others be?

Rudy has said to me, "The boys in the orchestra wonder why I call them down when things go wrong. So very many musicians are like little children in that you have to explain every little thing to them. Usually, the better musicians they are, the screwier they are. Because our radio hour has long been ranked near the top, the boys are content, willing to rest on their oars. They can't do it any more than I can. There are too many top-notch competitors willing and ready to replace us!"

One result of Rudy's temper and temperament is that everyone is electrified into keeping on his toes. They work harder and do better work and are more alert than they would be with some plodding director at the helm. Musicians will tell you that after having worked with Vallee they find it very easy to get other jobs because leaders know they must be very definitely alert and capable.

Essentially a leader, Rudy has the dogged determination that demands perfection at any cost and gets it, or else—Other band leaders are called "sweet" to work for, yet when you make a mistake you're told in a sad, gentle voice that you're fired. Vallee blows up, there and then, and it's all over with. And you're still working.

Musicians who work with him may have forgotten what it feels like to be fired, out of a job. Rudy hasn't. Some six years ago, he and his band were discharged from the Heigh Ho Club after almost a year's engagement. There was no work in sight. They sat in a band booker's office one morning, plenty downcast, while Rudy said, "Stick with me, boys, and we'll make the real top together. We've just got to hang on until all this radio work we've done helps us." Less than two months later, police reserves were needed to handle the crowds at their initial theatre appearance!

THERE'S also a practical psychology to his occasional outbursts of temper. Intent on his five careers, Rudy has no idle time on his hands. People know him and his reputation for quick action and when they have business to discuss, they tell it fast. And get just as rapid an answer. Rudy says, "There are forty or fifty people a day who want just four or five minutes of my time. If I gave everyone that much time, we wouldn't be able to do our own work and then where would we be?"

Vallee's bark is much, much worse than his bite. To realize what he's up against, you should spend just one full day with him. We can't go into a coffee shop but what some song writer will come up to our table and croon his latest brainchild while we try to down our coffee. Entering his office building, Rudy has to run a gauntlet through the lobby of those who want an audition for their cousin's child, the fellows who know a sure way for Rudy to make them some money, and all types of mysterious individuals with "some very confidential business, Mr. Vallee!" He's as good-natured as the rest of us, but how would you feel after the thirty-fifth interruption?

When he is recording or working in a picture, Rudy keeps his boys working constantly, never leaving their chairs for five hours at a stretch. And does he crack the whip! But when it's over, he'll take them all out to the finest dinner he can buy.

An incident which occurred when Rudy was making the "George White Scandals" a year ago caused a great deal of comment and not even Hollywood knows to this day why Vallee contemplated walking off the picture. There was one sequence that called for Alice Faye and Rudy to skip—and skip is the right word—across some rocks among the lilypads of a garden. He pointed out that such antics might well be offensive to the men in the audience and certainly added no value to the picture as a whole. After cajoling without avail, the executives said that they would omit the scene.

Coming to work the next morning, Rudy was amazed to learn that the company had already been shooting an hour. Going on the set he found they had taken that scene from a long shot, employing his double to do the skipping! That was the final straw for Rudy, already harassed by other troubles. And he hit the ceiling. He told the producer what he specifically thought of his promises and then went to the head of the studio and explained that the scene would be omitted, or else. That individual was as astonished as Rudy and the sequence was, to be sure, promptly eliminated. But how many new and none-too-secure stars would have dared defy the producer, taking a chance on being blacklisted as temperamental? For Rudy was none too secure as a picture star at that time. Caution flew to the winds, however, when it came up against Rudy's conviction of right. He lost his temper, spoke his piece, won his point and went back to work. Temper? Yes. Temperamental? No!

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 17*)

with a good waving lotion; and those new coil curlers which are so comfortable for overnight wear are additional wave coaxing helps. Incidentally, the latter are grand for taking care of "scraggly" ends.

DON'T you think that I fail to realize how difficult it is for many of you to sandwich in those precious minutes that have to be spent on one's daily grooming chores, but do your best to work out a system where you can accomplish the most in the fewest minutes. Plan to take just a few minutes each night to freshen up for the next day. While your bathwater is running, for example, you can pop your hose and underthings into the bowl, and swish them around in warm, sudsy water (always use the tissue thin soap flakes that dissolve so quickly), rinse, and hang up. You'll have fresh underthings ready for the morrow almost in the time it takes to say, "Your bath is ready." Of course you know better than to put on a new pair of silk stockings before you've washed them out. They wear much longer that way. Remember, too, that feet give off impurities and perspiration which makes hose-washing a nightly requisite. A salesgirl gave me a hint recently about making hose wear longer. A few drops of vinegar in the rinse water once every several washings seems to strengthen the silk fibre.

Your before-going-to-bed routine should include any nightly laundering that is necessary for the next day's daintiness. It should include a brushing and mending of clothes for the morrow, too, if you're going to the office, or if, as a housewife, you have any early morning plans. And it should, of course, include a thorough face and neck cleansing with cleansing cream, and then with soap and water. Many an unhappy case of blackheads is directly due to neglect of the nightly cleansing routine. Every night or morning take a cleansing, refreshing bath. A clear skin is a fragrant skin. When you're drying yourself after bathing, remember to push back the cuticle of your nails (hands and feet). The latter will help you save time when you come to your weekly manicure and pedicure.

Have a regular deodorant schedule. It doesn't have to be summer for perspiration to mar the wholesome fragrance of your skin. Perspiration continues, even when we're unaware of it. As a matter of fact, I think we make too much fuss about it in the summer, and too little in the winter. Right now when the weather is so changeable, and we're apt to dress warmly for a cold day in the morning, and find that the cold day has turned "fair and warmer" by noon, a deodorant is supremely important. You may want to keep a small size of that cream deodorant in your desk drawer at the office. But, at any rate, experiment with the different types of cream and liquid deodorants, and find out which one is the best protection for you. Then use it regularly, according to instructions.

Your best safeguard against perspiration unpleasantness is cleanliness, internal and external. Make your plan of beauty include a sane routine of eating, exercising and sleeping. Drink plenty of fruit juice every day . . . any kind of fruit juice that you find easiest and cheapest to secure . . . pineapple, grapefruit, or orange juice every day . . . any kind of fruit juice quota: eight to ten glasses for a well regulated system. Avoid foods that are hard to digest such as heavy pastries and starchy foods. Fresh fruits and vegetables do a



It's a Sign You're Not Reaching that Hidden Dirt, that Dirt that Lies Buried Beneath the Surface!

By *Lady Esther*

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skins—actually makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and *thoroughly* washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

It Calls for a PENETRATING Face Cream!

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores! In other words, a *penetrating* face cream!

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths.

Almost instantly, it dissolves the waxy grime that lies buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you immediately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove it at my Expense!

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) (11) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)

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IT CORRECTED MY CONSTIPATION IN *NO* TIME!



Thousands Now Get Safe Relief from Indigestion, Skin Troubles, "Nerves" with this Pasteurized Yeast

DO you want to stop indigestion, pimples and boils, "jumpy" nerves, and all the other annoying ills caused by a sluggish system? You do? Then try this improved *pasteurized* yeast. Thousands have found that this remarkable corrective food ends constipation and related ills for good!

Science now knows that in countless cases of constipation the real cause is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Elimination becomes incomplete and irregular. Digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized* yeast — and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, constipation soon goes. Indigestion stops. Pimples disappear. Pep returns. You really live again!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body.* Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.



YEAST FOAM TABLETS

better job of keeping your system wholesome and sweet.

I don't know of any more appropriate expression of daintiness and femininity than the new dance and dinner frocks of filmy chiffon and airy ruffled nets. The other day as I was shopping, I chanced upon an old product in a new box; although the product itself might be termed better "new" since it features an entirely new and long-hoped for innovation which is a truly safe protection for personal daintiness at those times when you're afraid to wear sheer, light frocks. It seems to me a particular blessing that it should be introduced now (they've been working to perfect it for two years) when spring is so close at hand, and we can enjoy the prospect of dancing through carefree evenings in a frock light as a spring breeze, without even a shadow of worry or fear. We can wear dainty, light colored dresses to the office without any of the old nagging, self-conscious doubt. You'll be grateful for information about it.

Before your wardrobe starts annexing new spring frocks, give your clothes closet, down to every last sweater and hat, a good airing. If you do this frequently, your clothes won't acquire that stuffy odor that sometimes spoils their freshness. Little sachets pinned to your clothes hangers are helps to fragrant grooming. Some sweet day we're going to devote a whole article to sachets and perfumes. Write me if I can help you with any problems of personal daintiness. I think you'll like my beauty bulletin this month. It's yours for clipping the coupon, and sending along a stamped, self addressed envelope.

MARY BIDDLE,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your Pre-Easter Beauty Bulletin, absolutely free.

Name.....

Address.....
Street

.....
City State

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 6*)

Tips to Stars



Gloria Swanson: Don't look as if posing for a tooth ad.

William Powell: Relax your facial muscles and let your weary eyebrow droop down to its natural level.

Jean Harlow: Use more material for your clothing.

Pola Negri: We tank you should go home (not Garbo).

Ruby Keeler: Donate a part of your eyebrows to Marlene Dietrich who could very well use them.

Rudy Vallee: Consult a physician about your adenoids.

Bing Crosby: Eat less carbohydrates.—"Winchell Twins," Omaha, Neb.

He-Man Holt



I have a small picture of Jack Holt stuck in the corner of my mirror. I'm not a hero worshipper—I do not worship clay—but the personality behind it. I really marvel at his picture for this reason; at a distance his face looks extremely wild, like a lion's after having a big meal, and then close up he almost threatens you to come any closer. He's all the strongmen you read about—both good and bad. To me his face represents strength and I admire that in anyone. If I were an artist, I'd aspire to do Mr. Holt in oils. The picture would suggest solitude, quiet and, oh, what strength!—D. H., No address.

We're interested to know how YOU will answer these fifteen questions. The results of this questionnaire will be published in a future issue of MODERN SCREEN. Fill it out and send it to: Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1. The most beautiful star on the screen is.....
2. The most handsome man on the screen is.....
3. My favorite female star is.....
4. My favorite male star is.....
5. The best dressed woman on the screen is.....
6. The best dressed man on the screen is.....
7. The musical I've liked best to date is.....
8. The most enjoyable film I've seen recently is.....
9. My favorite team is.....
10. I'd like to see.....and.....teamed.
11. I'd like to see.....starred.
12. The "bit" player I like best is.....
13. I'd like to see more pictures with.....
14. My favorite comedian is.....
15. My favorite comedienne is.....

My name is.....

Address.....
(City) (State)

Is This Gratitude?

(*Continued from page 41*)

and venom filled his erstwhile cup of gratitude and spilled over in some mighty nasty remarks about the same producers who had kept him a star while his pictures were losing money. He intimated that there was a conspiracy against him and that the industry was ungrateful to him. He was so bitter in his denunciations that the publicity department kept interviewers from seeing him. And then he was given another chance—and Hollywood again was second only to Paradise.

CHARLIE BICKFORD was alreadv a stage star when he came to Hollywood—not a very brilliant star, maybe, but still a somebody. Why he ever condescended to accept the terrific salary Hollywood offered him is beyond anyone's ken. For he blasted the stupidity of producers, raved against their established methods of production, condemned the roles that were offered him, and went on salary strikes. It was all very amusing for awhile, but, finally, Hollywood lost patience—and Bickford lost his contract.

En passant, a word of advice to fan magazine writers: Don't attempt to interview Connie Bennett on that good old bromide, "What Hollywood Has Done for Me." I know a scribe who tried it once and was told, "Hollywood hasn't done a thing for me, except to give me money!"

Hollywood is used to it, Hollywood expects it, and Hollywood can take it! Hollywood has taken it on the chin from at least fifty per cent of the people whom it has showered with favors. Hollywood will probably go on taking it on the chin—for human nature is human nature, gratitude is rare, and Hollywood makes the mistake of pampering its favorites too greatly.

HOLLYWOOD finds its solace in the few who are loyal. For instance, there's Joan Crawford.

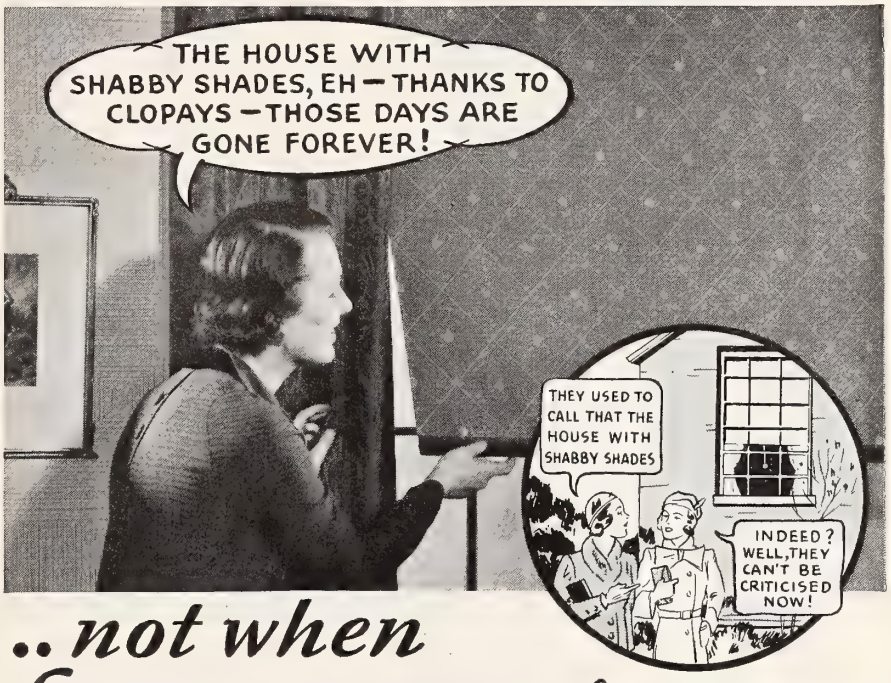
"Hollywood has given me everything I have in the world," she says—and says it with feeling. "I'm deeply grateful to the people who have liked me and I want to prove my gratitude in every way."

And what did she do but endow a private charity clinic in a great hospital and then spend a goodly portion of her



Charming Josephine Hutchinson is now Mrs. James Townsend, and here is the happy bridegroom.

"*No More* Shabby, Cracked Shades at My Windows!"



..not when Lovely CLOPAY Shades are Only 15¢ EACH

"How deeply embarrassed I was when I accidentally overheard someone call my home 'the house with the shabby shades'! But what could I do? I simply couldn't afford to buy all the shades I needed. Luckily I found Clopays, the remarkable fibre window shades that cost only 15c each. Now there are no smarter, neater windows in town than mine. Clopays are simply wonderful. Not only all the popular plain colors, but so many lovely chintz patterns that harmonize with any decoration scheme. What amazing wear, too! Clopays actually outlast shades that cost me 3 or 4 times as much."

Clopays offer many features found in no other shades. Patented gummed strip makes attaching to old rollers easy. No tacks or tools. Patented creped texture makes them hang straight—roll straight—wear longer. Being solid fibre instead of filled cloth, Clopays will not crack, pinhole or ravel at the edges. No other shade regardless of price can give you all these features. Clopays are sold at all 5-and-10c stores and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c for color samples to Clopay Corporation, 1355 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

And . . .

"HOW DID I EVER KEEP HOUSE BEFORE I FOUND FABRAY?"



New FABRAY Gives You Every Advantage of Oilcloth at ⅓ to ½ Lower Cost!

And think of finding a revolutionary new kind of material that serves every purpose oilcloth can serve—does it as well or better—yet costs ⅓ to ½ less! There's real economy. FABRAY—another CLOPAY product—actually outdoes oilcloth. Has an oilcloth surface on a fibre backing. Looks, feels and wears like the best oilcloth but will not crack or peel even when creased because it has a solid fibre backing instead of flimsy cheesecloth. Many lovely new patterns. Comes in 46-inch width for tables, also 12-inch widths for shelves. See FABRAY at leading 5-and-10c stores, or send 10c for a 2½-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State colors preferred.

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1362 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio

You'll never know how
BEAUTIFUL
you can be!

UNTIL YOU DISCOVER THIS SECRET OF MAKE-UP!

It isn't enough, today, that the color-tones of your various cosmetics match your own skin. The important thing is that they *match each other!* Powder, rouge and lipstick should be of complementary shades, so harmonized that they achieve a perfect Color Ensemble.

That's what you get when you use OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Beauty Aids. Regardless of which shade of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder you choose, you can be sure of finding an OUTDOOR GIRL Lipstick and Rouge of the *same tonal quality.*

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energy in seeing that needy patients were ensconced therein.

And there's Norma Shearer, who says: "Where else in the world could I have been given all of the things which have been given me here? I'd still be a nobody without the miracle of pictures. Grateful? I can't find words to express my gratitude or my sense of obligation to all the people whose favors have done so much for me!"

And there's a guy named Gable, who says, more simply: "I'm a fool for luck—and never think that I don't know it darn well!"

Grateful guests. And ungrateful guests.

Be careful how you answer that question. Would *you* be grateful?

Hollywood, in the light of its past experiences, has its doubts!

Strong-Minded Woman

(*Continued from page 65*)

that you are one player who dictates the terms of her contract. That is, certain parts of it. And the studio says 'Yes, ma'am.' Is that right? No little, dribbling vacations of a week-end, but weeks on end, and the privilege of spending them all, consecutively, in New York. That's the way your contract reads, isn't it?"

YES," she answered, through a clap of thunder. "Six months here and six months in New York. I do four pictures a year, and when they are done, I hurry to New York. But four are really too many. I'd like to do one or two, and do them awfully well. I think the arrangement of my time is quite nice, don't you?"

"But this time arrangement is novel, isn't it?" I asked as a mock Jupiter Pluvius knocked his storm clouds together. "No other actress has quite the same provision in her contract, has she?" I continued.

"I don't believe so," answered MacMahon. "You see I insisted upon it when my contract was signed. I made eleven pictures in Hollywood before I finally signed with Warner Brothers, ten of them for that company and one for Universal. Each time I came West because Mervyn LeRoy, the director, for some reason or other, liked my work. Each time I would be invited to sign a contract and each time I said, 'No, the distance is too far from New York, and New York is my home.'

"All of my interests are in New York. My husband, my family, my friends, my activities. As much as I like Hollywood, I could never utterly abandon New York and work out here. That was why we arranged this contract."

"If you are so fond of New York, Miss MacMahon," said I, gossiping like a fish wife, "what do you do for diversion in Hollywood?"

"Ride horses, and walk. There are nice hills in Brentwood, where I have a house. And I read."

"And in New York, how do you live?" I pried, shamelessly, editor, because I knew you'd be curious, too. I was, and I wanted to know all about her.

"In New York, I . . . well, I do about the same things. I walk, and read, and see my friends, and go to concerts and the theatre. And shop! I love to shop," MacMahon said with a rush of girlish enthusiasm.

"I love to buy things. Not clothes, but bits of embroidered linens, things like that. Our apartment in New York is full of discoveries I've made, and bought. I don't keep to period. That's too dull. But I am fond of Early American things, and some of the modern art. Not all of the latter."

You can see, editor, that life, and the shops, are full of infinite variety for MacMahon. The secret of this (and it is no secret at all, because like all well-married women her contentedness is a shining armor), is that MacMahon as Mrs. Clarence Stein, wife of a New York architect, is entirely happy.

Her life (and that may explain the smooth brilliance of her performance) is completely wrapped up in the brown-haired, pleasant-faced, forty-ish man, with glasses, to whom she has been married for a number of years. You ask about this man and whether she, with her flare for decorating, works with him in his craft, planning suitable interiors for his exteriors, and a warmth, a radiance, creeps into her tones (which are correctly Eastern, not Iowan, not Western). "No," she says, with a shake of her seal-brown head, and a little wall, invisible, but protective, arises. Behind this wall is her happiness, guarded carefully from prying outsiders. "He's very clever," she says. "And I am terribly proud of him."

MACMAHON is a strange blend of types. She is at once cool and distant; vivacious, with a giggle as infectious as a schoolgirl's; profoundly moved at the name of an excellent book; radiantly lovely at the mention of her husband. I have seen her walk, mink-clad and alone, into the studio's Green Room Café, and she looked as frostily poised as a duchess at a boat christening. On the set, this day, she was far from frosty. She was, at will, amused, a little bored, faintly embarrassed, even slightly shy. She samples all the human moods, and that's probably why she is forever turning in competent performances.

For four years she has been pursuing the even, uneventful life of a film actress who works in Hollywood and lives in New York. She does not bother much about local night spots, premières, gossip, but within the closely-knit community that is professional Hollywood, she manages to find a few congenial souls with whom to visit and dine.

She has travelled little and would like to travel more, and just because it seemed the correct thing to do, I asked her what was the most dramatic occurrence in her life. With amusement she gazed into the hurricane of the set, trees whipped almost to the ground in the intensity of the gale, thunder crashing. With that a bolt of artificial lightning spun down toward her and instinctively she threw her long, slim, expressive hands to her face. In a moment, they were down and she was laughing:

"That was, I think!" she said, as the rain continued in torrents. So you can see, editor, that strong-minded as she may be in some things, there are moments when MacMahon is just a weak woman.

The next moment she was on her sensible Oxford-clad feet, her right hand extended toward mine. Just thirty-five minutes had elapsed in the equinoxal display. "Good-bye," she said with a firm smile, and handclasp. "I hope I have given you a good story and that you have enough information about me." With these words she turned abruptly, decisively, and walked toward the rioting weather. And I stood in a puddle and watched her.

To My Wife, Bella!

(*Continued from page 66*)

keeps out petty irritations and annoyances which she knows would wear him out. In her, Paul Muni has his greatest asset.

She senses his every mood, his every whim. She knows them so well that she can see the storm approaching when no one else can even detect a cloud. She arranges all his interviews (an ordeal which he detests) without his knowledge, and informs him of them only five minutes before they take place. If he knew about an interview a day ahead, he would work himself up into a lather. Every reporter who interviews Paul Muni is warned that he will speak only on subjects which are of primary interest to him. He will talk about his travels; he'll talk about intellectual books; he'll talk about his work, but he'll glare or blow up if he's asked what kind of toothpaste he uses or what his favorite breakfast food is. Bella sees that he does not have to waste his time with the petty questions that other stars are bothered with.

NO other wife of an actor holds the position on the set that Bella Muni does. Her opinion counts more than the director's. Taken entirely for granted, she sits quietly by while her husband does a scene and watches every detail of his characterization. Make-up, portrayal, diction—all these and more must have her okay before the take is finished. At the end of every scene he turns to her and asks, "Okay, Bella?" If she says "Well, I think you can do better," the scene is taken over again. If her answer is, "Okay," then he knows he has done well, whether the director agrees or not. Directors and studio officials, he has observed, are all too often "yes-men," but Bella tells him the plain truth, and he knows that he can rely on her judgment.

You see, Paul Muni made a picture in Hollywood many years ago. It was called "Seven Faces" and though his characterizations were masterpieces, the picture itself was a flop. He vowed he would never return to make another one. He held fast to that promise until "Counsellor-At-Law," the play in which he scored his greatest success, again brought him to the attention of the motion picture producers. After much persuasion, he finally signed a contract. But he insisted that this time it must be on his own terms—two pictures a year. Whether it is in the contract or whether there is a tacit agreement to that effect, Bella Muni has the final say on them. And more than this, she chooses his vehicles as well. It was she who insisted that he make a light comedy like "Hi-Nellie!" after a tragedy like "The World Changes" so that he wouldn't become typed.

They lead an unpretentious life. Money in itself holds no interest for them. Their house is a simple one. It is not a huge mansion and it has no swimming pool. It is a home that has every comfort without being ostentatious. Their car is a moderately priced one. They eat simply and well. Bella still cooks the dishes that he like best at the Café Royal—sour cream salad and scrambled eggs. They like to travel—that is Muni does and Bella goes along just to be agreeable, like a good wife will. Mostly though, they share the same interests. Both like to read good books and both have simple tastes. Looking at them, and observing the way they live, one would never suspect that their income runs into four figures every week. Their scale of living is like that of any

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The Best Groomed Woman in Hollywood?

Mary Biddle nominates three of Hollywood's most glamorous actresses for the title of the best groomed woman in the film capitol. The beauteous Norma Shearer is first on the list. Turn to page 16 for the other nominees, and for advice on how to acquire that just-stepped-out-of-a-bandbox look. Personal daintiness is of supreme importance to the woman who would star in the role of business woman, wife or sweetheart.

You will want the Pre-Easter Beauty Bulletin Miss Biddle has prepared for you, so fill out the coupon at the conclusion of the article.

Read Mary Biddle Every Month in

MODERN SCREEN

fairly well-to-do business man's. Both enjoy good music—Muni has a passion for the violin, and it is his greatest pleasure to pack up both wife and fiddle and spend a few quiet days in some out-of-the-way corner where no one will molest them.

THEY take no part in the gay, noisy life of Hollywood. The scandals and divorces have not even touched them. They live in a world apart from all of that. They have made very few real friends there. For him, his wife is companion enough. What greater compliment can any man pay a woman?

Here is an incident which I think best illustrates the utter unpretentiousness of Bella Muni. The last time they arrived in New York, she wore a seal coat and carried one of mink on her arm. Photographers were waiting to take pictures. Muni's press agent admonished Bella to take off the seal coat and wear the mink. But Mrs. Muni demurred.

"Everyone knows I've a mink coat," she said. "Why should I bother wearing it?" But the press agent insisted that the public demanded mink coats of their stars' wives.

"All right then, if it will make you happier," said Bella good-naturedly, "but I'm sure it won't make any difference in Muni's acting whether I wear a seal coat or a mink coat." She changed from the seal to the mink, just as she does many things that she doesn't want to do—to be agreeable.

It is Muni's ambition to get enough money together to be able to produce and act in plays that please him whether they happen to be box-office successes or not. Bella does not say whether she would like to give up her post of manager of her husband's very successful screen career, but when the day arrives that will see Muni realizing his ambition, you will doubtless find Bella at his side, still smiling, still helping with the casting, advising him about his role—still content to be his silent partner in anything that will make Muni happy. Bella has made sacrifices before and I'll wager she'll still be good at it ten years from now.

It takes a mighty big and unselfish character to give up one's own identity and center it upon someone else's even though that someone happens to be one's own husband. But Muni's success, and the happiness that he and Bella have achieved together, have proven her choice of ten years ago a wise one.

The Most Romantic Story Ever Told

(*Continued from page 74*)

public back to the theatres but a great novelty.

Yet when William Fox and his chief engineer, Theodore W. Chase, launched the sound-track-on-film idea and Warner Brothers introduced the disk recordings, other film magnets heard the squeaks and squawks, shook their heads nobly and said, "It isn't good enough for our public."

HOW high the movies had flown! Not good enough for the public, indeed. Yet the public had flocked to see "The Great Train Robbery," when the film was so bad that it looked as if it were raining indoors and the actors jumped around the sets like monkeys. But the movies had, since these early days, grown fat and sleek. They were sated with lavishness and expensive mountings and, as always, they ignored the fact that you, you and you—the public—wanted something different, something completely novel.

Oh, at first you protested violently that you had loved the comfort and calm of the silent movies. You said that this new screaming from the screen annoyed you.

Will you ever forget hearing Conrad Nagel suddenly lisp from the screen, "Bet-thy, oh Bet-thy?" The noise seemed to come from his vest pocket. Nagel, being one of the few Hollywood actors who could speak lines, had been hastily grabbed for the part. But his exceedingly presentable diction was spoiled by mechanical imperfections.

For the most part, the early talking films were comedy shorts—acts of old-time vaudevillians—and news reels. Shortly thereafter, talking sequences were added to the silent films in which, with a noise that nearly knocked you out of your seats, the actors, who had been mute before, suddenly burst into loud dialogue.

Conservative theatre owners, thinking that the talkies were merely a passing novelty, refused at first to spend money on "wiring for sound." However, when they contemplated the empty seats and then looked across the street at the other theatres, whose managers had greater vision and were turning customers away, they soon fell in step.

As always, everything happens quickly in Hollywood. Just a few months after the coming of sound, the whole town was in an upheaval.

THE physical aspect of Hollywood changed. The old rambling "silent" stages (which had never been silent) were torn down and great, cool, padded edifices were erected in which the drop of a pin sounded like the report of a gun.

Hundreds of song writers were imported to Hollywood during the "musical" flurry. And when musicals were—too quickly—overdone, almost as many hundreds went back to Tin Pan Alley.

When the talking pictures were mewing in their cribs, one star arose to astonish the world. His success was an accident—like the success of so many. When a story called "The Jazz Singer" was bought by Warner Brothers as their most pretentious bid for talkie fame, George Jessel was approached as a candidate for stardom in it. But something went wrong during the negotiations and Al Jolson was given the contract instead.

Immediately upon the release of "The Jazz Singer" Jolson was the man of the hour, the white hope of the talkies, an entertainer snatched from Broadway's declining show business. There was more excitement over Jolson than over any other star since Garbo. He actually gave the talkies the terrific impetus needed to make the producers go on.

The talkies not only created stars. They snatched the crowns from stars, too. Emil Jannings, deemed the greatest character actor of them all, was forced to go back to his home in Germany (although he was Brooklyn born) because of the thick accent which it was thought, would not record.

TALKIES threw certain stars into the ash-heap of obscurity. It brought others forward miraculously. Bessie Love had been in pictures since 1918. She was, for several years prior to talkies, considered a has-been. She had been playing in vaudeville—the last stand of the star on the way out. But in vaudeville she learned to sing, dance and play the ukulele

and when M-G-M was looking about for a girl to appear in "Broadway Melody," one of their first great musicals, Bessie Love presented herself. Her come-back was spectacular and golden.

Bebe Daniels suddenly blossomed forth with a beautiful singing voice and was given a place in the sun. Conrad Nagel —a "creditable" leading man for years— was at once so much in demand, because he had had stage experience and could "talk," that he could hardly get from studio to studio fast enough. And Betty Compson who—after her popularity in "The Miracle Man" had waned—had resorted to "quickies," was discovered anew and was in constant demand.

Maurice Chevalier came from Paris, to fight for honors with Lawrence Tibbett, the singing son of a California sheriff. Warner Brothers kept John Barrymore under lock and key. Stage stars, lured by fantastic stories, boarded the Century. Some of them clicked and remained to make the movies something of which to be proud. Some of them didn't click—because you didn't like them—and they returned to a sadly depleted Broadway, making sniffish remarks about those too, too childish movies. Beauty took a back seat, to watch talent and training and artistry succeed.

The great stars of the silent days who really had pluck and will power—we think especially of Shearer and Garbo and Crawford—buckled down and learned how to speak lines. Not one of those actresses had ever had stage experience, remember, and they went to the top in the talkies. Determination will do things after all.

When we think back on the best pictures which were made ten—even five years ago, and contrast them with the best ones which are being made today, we become increasingly indignant with the snobbish Smart Alecs who persist in regarding the movies as the poor white trash of the arts. Of "The Barretts," "Of Human Bondage" and "The House of Rothschild" and "David Copperfield" and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." "Broadway Bill." "It Happened One Night." The great musical productions—fantastic and furbelowed, if you will, but so polished in every mechanical detail!

What will be next? What will happen when once more you demand something different? Talkies have reached a high state of perfection. Where do we go from here, from here—where do you want them to go?

Half industry, half art—all make-believe. The history of the movies is certainly the most romantic story ever told.



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Marriage of Convenience

(*Continued from page 49*)

"It's a little wild, but I like it." And she ran the smooth white palm of her hand along a flat chromium surface, looked at it and admired aloud, "See, not a speck of dust."

Maxine met Bartlett Saunders when it became inevitable that talking pictures were here for good. She had submitted to a voice test, and even she had been bewildered by the nasal raspings which had resulted. Indeed, it was later told that she had rushed from the projection room with sobs tearing at her slender body, screaming at the top of her lungs, "I'm through. Oh, My Gawd, I'm ruined." And had not come back to the studio for a week.

When she did, Abe Goldstein sent for Bartlett Saunders, who also had been treated to a running of the test.

"You t'ink you can make a fine talker from Mexine, Mr. Saunders?" Abe asked.

"If Miss Vane will put herself completely in my hands," he said, "for a month—six months, perhaps—I believe that I shall be able to correct the—er—defects, if I may say so, of her voice and English."

"I'll do anythin' you ast," she murmured huskily.

"'*Anything* you *ask*,' Miss Vane," Bartlett corrected. But he laughed, too, and his eyes crinkled pleasantly at the corners. Maxine thought, "He's a funny duck, but I like him."

In learning to speak the King's English, Maxine Vane applied the same unflagging persistence which had lifted her from the station she might so easily have inherited. She took his criticism avidly, was pleased as a schoolgirl when she won his praise, grateful for the time he gave her. She took him to her home, even tried once to give him money for what he was doing.

"But you see," he said, "I'm being paid by the studio."

"That!" she cried. "That measly . . ."

"Stipend," he supplied.

"Stipend," she repeated. "What does that mean?"

"A salary that affords a bare livelihood," he quoted.

"Livelihood!" she snorted. "Why, it ain't even cigarette money!"

"Isn't," he corrected.

"Isn't, then. You've got to let me do something for you. Don't you see, you're making it possible for me to go on and make a living?"

"I hope so," he said. "But you don't understand, Miss Vane."

"Don't call me 'Miss Vane'. Don't you like me? Everybody, from the juicers up, calls me Maxine."

"All right. It's Maxine, then," he said, and blushed. "You don't understand. I couldn't take money from you."

"You're a funny little guy," she said, but she never again tried to force money upon him.

HE stayed on the set with her all during the shooting of the first picture she made under the terror of that new monster, the microphone. Each line she spoke she had rehearsed many times for his private criticism. He meticulously extracted the superfluous "r" from such words as "boil" and "foil" in her speech, and insisted upon it in "verse" and "first." That was easy compared to the hard "g" which was the last to go from words like "long" and "sing." She hung onto those "g's" like a bull pup to a street urchin's pants, but he finally wrenched them loose from her vocabulary. It was not until long after her first picture was released that he even mentioned the nicer refinements of the letter "a." Which no one in the studio would have known or cared about, but Saunders was determined that Maxine's speech should be as nearly perfect as he could make it.

No one knew how much or how little Saunders knew of Maxine's personal life. He never mentioned it to anyone, though each succeeding suppliant for her affection was subject to widespread and exaggerated discussion at the studio. His own dog-like but obvious devotion to her came under the microscope too, though he pretended not to be aware of it. Once one of the writers on the lot, eager for information of the star's love life, said to him,

"You know Maxine Vane pretty well, don't you?"

"I have that honor," Saunders answered.

"Is there any truth in the rumor that she's having an affair with Michael Robertson? If she is, somebody ought to warn her—his wife's a fiend out of hell."

Saunders drew himself up to his scant five-feet six-inches and withered his interrogator with a professorial glance,

"I'm sure I'm not interested in Miss Vane's personal affairs any more than she might be interested in mine. What she does with her life is quite her own affair. Certainly it is none of mine. Nor yours, as I see it."

That remark travelled like lightning about the studio—even to Maxine Vane's own dressing room. It elevated Bartlett Saunders, voice teacher, to an eminence of which he was innocently unaware. Yet there was a simple dignity about the little man that stopped wagging tongues when he entered a room, and he never heard the informal title one of the wags gave him—"Galahad to a Lost Lady."

Nor did Maxine Vane. For Maxine, whatever her morals, was loyal to a fault, and her importance to the studio made the job of anyone who might slander one of her friends as shaky as a Balkan throne. And that Bartlett Saunders was perhaps her best friend Maxine Vane never doubted, even though there were a great many things about him she did not understand. That matter of his not taking money from her, for instance. Almost everyone else took money from Maxine. Money—or other things. And Saunders asked nothing, expected nothing, even refused what she had to give. A funny little man, but she wouldn't tolerate anyone else saying that.

It was some three years after they had become friends that Maxine Vane met Michael Robertson, an English author, recently imported by the studio. Robertson came to Hollywood, alone, and took an apartment for the term of his contract at the Wilshire Arms Apartments where, it was said, he would be joined later by his wife, a fairly prominent English actress.

It happened that Maxine was quite fancy free at the time. She really took him up—though none of her friends would have believed it had she told them, so she did not tell them—because she thought it would be good for her speech to be around a cultured Englishman and listen to him. Besides, he seemed a good enough sort. She had never known any Englishmen before, except a few impoverished members of an entourage left in Hollywood by a hastily departing literary exponent of sin on a tiger skin.

But Robertson was not that kind. He was a gentleman, and it flattered Maxine,

too, that he liked her. Just how much or why he liked her, no one ever knew, but it was presumed, by those in the know, that her flamboyancies, her ready, if somewhat vulgar wit, amused him. Sometimes an onlooker would catch him gazing at Maxine, flashing in her satins, ermines and diamonds with the long ruby pendant at her throat, as if he simply could not believe what he saw. He was to be in Hollywood for only a few months, and if this were Hollywood—well, why not make the most of it?

He would not have introduced her to his friends in England except as a curiosity, but here she was accepted, indeed, was something of a social catch. And none of Michael Robertson's friends lived in Hollywood.

Maxine went everywhere with him, to openings at Grauman's, Wednesday night dances at the Grove, parties at Malibu. It was even said (gossip is seldom whispered in Hollywood) that he was seen leaving Maxine's mountain home, upon occasion, early in the morning. Of course, mornings in California are often foggy, and it is rather difficult to identify anyone at a distance of a hundred feet before ten o'clock.

IT was a Tuesday night that Michael Robertson told Maxine his wife was arriving on The Chief the following Saturday.

"I hope you understand, Maxine," he said, "there can't be any more of this—this sort of thing, I'm afraid."

"You needn't be afraid," Maxine answered.

"You've been 'swell,' isn't that the word? I shan't forget you."

"Let's not go into that. You didn't seduce me, you know."

"Good girl."

She went up to him and kissed him lightly on the mouth, threw her furs about her shoulders, and, without another word, left.

That would be the last of Michael Robertson. That should have been the last of Michael Robertson.

She was at home, of all places, and dozing, at nine o'clock Thursday night when Bill Wilson, head of the publicity department, called her on the telephone.

"Maxie," he said, "I'm down at the foot of the hill. I've got to see you right away. If there's anyone there, get rid of him."

"Listen, Bill," she said, "I'm dead. I can't have you coming up here tonight. I'll leave a bottle of Scotch on the doorstep and you come get it and go away. Do you hear?"

"Can it, Maxie. This is important. I'll be right up."

Five minutes later he arrived.

"What the hell?" she said as he brushed past her and into the room. "Now that you're here you can take off your hat and coat."

She saw that he was excited, and reached for her purse. That usually helped any emergency.

"If you need money, Bill, why of course . . ."

"It isn't that. It's that so-and-so's wife."

"I don't know so-and-so," Maxine said, "but you have my interest."

"That—that Robertson's. She's going to sue him."

"So what?"

"So you're going to be named co-respondent."

"That's a nice name. This should be exciting."

Bill Wilson exploded: "Exciting! Say, for God's sake, Maxie, don't you know this is serious? She's arriving tomorrow night,

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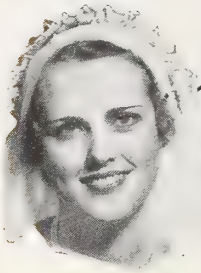
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ALICE WHITE Universal Film Star



Harold Lloyd is an interested bystander while Glenda Farrell, left, tells a bit of gossip to Mildred Davis Lloyd and Marian Nixon Seiter. This group was snapped by Scotty at a recent party at the Trocadero.

and it'll be in Saturday morning's papers—I just got the tip from one of the boys on the Examiner. We can't let 'em do it. Abie Goldstein's having fits right this minute, tearing his hair out in chunks. We've got to *do* something."

"All right. You're the bright boy. What is there to do?"

"Do?" he cried. "It's not up to me. It's you who've got to do it. And there's just one thing you can do—get married—fast!"

Maxine laughed. "Bill, you always were funny, but I never knew quite how funny before. Tell me some more of your jokes."

"You'll think it's funny when your contract's cancelled."

"Still joking, eh?"

"The devil I am." Wilson was shouting now. "You get into that kind of a headline and Goldstein will take advantage of that morality clause so quick you won't know where you've landed."

Maxine had forgotten that clause in her contract. Nobody paid any attention to those things. They were just in there to keep the Hays office quiet. But, true enough, they were in every Hollywood contract. Still . . .

"Listen, Bill," she said, "I'm too valuable a property for Abie to do me that way. My pictures make too much money. He wouldn't dare."

"He'd dare. Who knows how much money your pictures would make after a scandal like that?" Words failed him for a moment and he paced up and down the room. "Maxie, why do you go and get yourself in such a mess?"

"That's my business."

"It's not any more. It's mine and Abie Goldstein's and Will Hays', and it will be the business of every paper in this country Saturday morning. Unless you get married tomorrow."

"All right. Suppose I do get married. What good will it do? I'm not saying I will, mind you. But if I should."

"Why, it'll fix everything up. You get married tomorrow, see? Mrs. Robertson arrives, with the Saturday morning papers announcing your marriage. What chance has she got to name you as co-respondent in the face of a romantic elopement and wedding bells. It's a cinch!"

"But I don't know anybody I'd marry. Nobody'd want to marry me." The whole thing was so ridiculous, so like a nightmare. And it was true, she didn't want to marry anybody. She hadn't wanted to marry anybody for years. She knew what marriage was. Hadn't most of her friends been married three or four times?

Wilson thought that at last she was listening to reason, and jumped in now that he had the advantage:

"There's plenty of men would jump at the chance. And Lord, you don't have to stay married. A little Reno divorce between pictures in four or five months—incompatibility, wife-beating or something—and everything's fine. It may cost us a few thousand, but what the hell? It'll be worth it."

"But I don't know a soul." It was so mad to be awakened at nine o'clock at night and be told that she had to get married. It was so crazy to be thinking over all the men she knew, counting them over on her fingers, trying to pick one of them as a husband, that she began to giggle. Of course, she did not intend to go through with the thing, but it was funny to think about.

Wilson was looking at her quizzically, a little disgusted with her mirth, when she saw a light dawn in his eyes. She stopped laughing.

"Don't tell me," she said, "that I'm in at the birth of an idea in that colossal brain of yours?"

"Maxie!" he cried, leaping from the steel-backed chair. "I've got it! I've got it! Oh, baby, it's perfect."

"You tell me. Let me be the judge."

"Why—Bartlett Saunders! He's nuts about you, has been for years. It'll set him up, too, make a man of him."

Maxine stiffened and glared at him. "Stop that right now," she said. "Right now, you hear? I won't even listen to such a suggestion. Why, he's—he's the only decent man I know."

"Sure he's decent," Wilson said. "He's perfect. He'll be only too glad to do it for you. Where's the telphone?"

"Who're you going to call?"

"Goldstein."

AFTERWARDS we always know what we should have done. Maxine knew a few minutes later that she should not have allowed Wilson to use the telephone. She had been in tight spots before and had always mastered them somehow, and she thought she was doing the right thing now.

So she left Wilson completing the call, dashed out to the garage in her negligée, backed out her roadster, and slid quietly down the mountain road. She did not stop, did not even think very much until she drew up in front of the little bungalow court where she knew Bartlett Saunders

lived. She only hoped she had reached there before Wilson or Goldstein had got him on the telephone.

She had not.

Saunders, in a black dressing gown, greeted her.

"I was expecting you, Maxine," he said.

"They've called you." She sank into the one easy chair in the small room.

She was silent a moment. There was so much she wanted to say, yet she did not know how to begin. While she waited Saunders came over and stood in front of her, shyly took her hand.

"They've hurt you, haven't they? You're afraid. Please don't be."

She looked up at him, and suddenly she saw him through a blur, her arms were around his thin waist, and she was sobbing.

"You're so good," she wept. "You'd let them do this to you. You'd marry me to save me."

He stroked her tawny hair shyly, like a boy. "Of course I would. I will," he said, "if you'll have me."

That made her sob the harder. "If I'll have you!" she cried out. "No, you deserve someone fine and splendid, and noble like you are, not a—a—"

"Hush!" he whispered. "Please don't say those things."

"But I will! I won't let them make a fool of you. What do I care for a contract? I don't need any more money. And I don't owe Goldstein anything. I've made enough for him."

SHE suddenly realized that the doorbell was ringing, that it had been ringing for quite awhile. "Now remember, when they come," she warned, pulling herself to her feet, "you're not to let them do this to you."

The doorbell jangled again. "Leave it all to me," he said.

He started for the door, but she pulled him back, and looked at him rather fiercely, her eyes on a level with his own, her negligée gathered close about her.

"Before they come," she blurted out, "I want you to know I think you're the finest man I've ever known." And kissed him on the mouth, shyly, like a girl kissing her first lover.

He turned from her and opened the door. He let them in, Wilson and Abe Goldstein. They were red of face and puffing from the excitement.

"So you're here," said Wilson. "The Lord be praised."

"Listen, Abe," Maxine began, but Saunders interrupted. There was something rather magnificent in his voice, a ring of authority.

"Maxine and I are ready whenever you gentlemen are," he said.

They were married in a little town in Arizona at six o'clock the next morning, after a justice of the peace had been routed out of bed. Abe Goldstein and Bill Wilson were witnesses. After it was over Goldstein said to Saunders: "We'll make it right by you. You'll be rewarded."

"I have been rewarded already, Mr. Goldstein. Here is my reward."

They say now that something has happened to Maxine Vane, that she is not the same woman she was. There is a sincerity and a tenderness in her work before the camera—perhaps you've noticed—that was never there before.

And she has eyes for no man except funny looking little Bartlett Saunders, whom she worships. She says now that she is happy for the first time, that, at last, she knows what peace and contentment and devotion really mean. They aren't empty words any longer. And for that she is thankful to Hollywood.

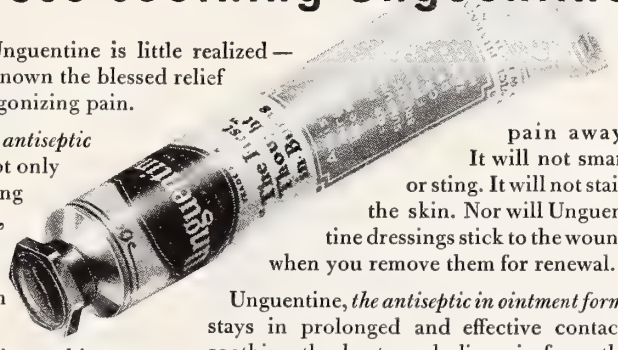
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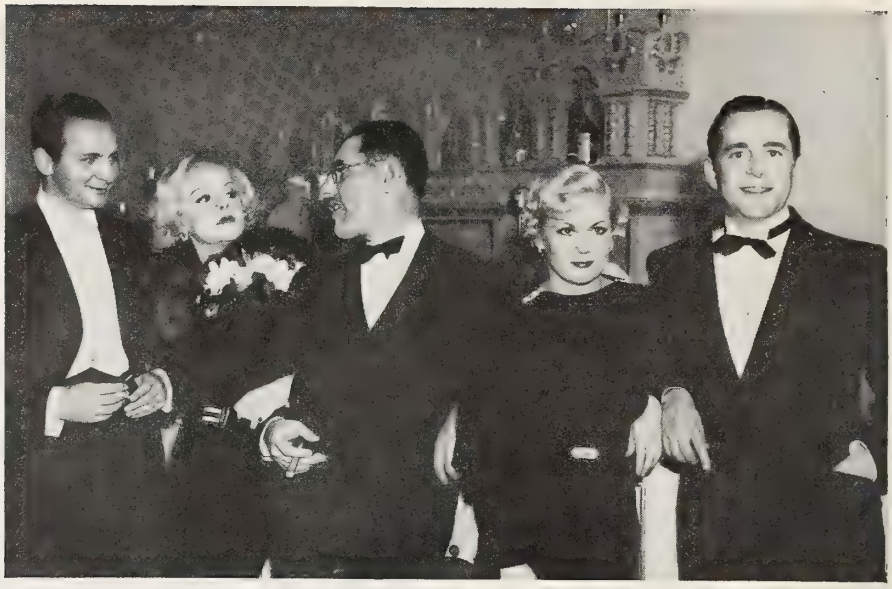


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Where's Rudy Vallee? Here's Alice Faye, done up in gardenias and flanked, left by Jack Donahue, right by Sol Wurtzel. Patricia Lee and Jimmy Dunn, far right.

Hollywood Sets the Tempo

(*Continued from page 64*)

know. Most of us laboriously plan our wardrobes around one single coat, sometimes an old one from the year before, sometimes a new one which has been bought in advance. Although I think there is merit in the latter, especially if you dress to a budget, I was tremendously interested in what Madge had to say.

"I hardly ever think of a coat until after I have bought my dresses and accessories. You see, I like to be able to indulge in whatever color scheme appeals to me, I don't like to be limited constantly to thoughts of a coat. The coat can be adjusted to my new dresses just as easily. Of course, I never go very far away from a definite color scheme each season, mainly because I look best in blue and like to wear it in all shades."

YOU could understand this readily if you could see Madge's coloring. She has reddish gold hair and very bright blue eyes.

Since she wasn't having any pictures taken of her new clothes until she returned to Hollywood, you will have to wait for a later issue to see them. And that's when you will be most interested in them because they are more suited to your summer needs. However, don't miss the smart rain costume she is wearing on page 64. She has another one, too, which is not shown. It's an all-white ensemble of galoshes, umbrella, rain cape and hat. You know, it does rain in Hollywood despite what the old residents say!

We started talking about fabrics, too, and Madge told me that she isn't interested in a costume unless the fabric has some texture or surface interest. This is right in line with all the stylists' reports on your new season's fabrics. Everything from silks, and rayons to woolens have some distinguishing weave or surface characteristic. And a good material with a distinctive weave or patterning can make all the difference between a smart costume and an ordinary one.

Rene Hubert, the clever French designer at Fox, says that all design begins with the fabric. That is why he goes back to his native France every year to see what new ideas the great fabric designers and manufacturers have evolved. Just after a recent trip, he showed me some of the fascinating discoveries he had made. He never selects anything that he doesn't have some forthcoming production and one of his stars in mind.

It is to the studio designers that we look for advance tips at the turn of a new season. They set the pace, often anticipating a season by six months, regardless of what restrictions California's climate may put upon the off-screen dress of their stars.

But to get back to Rene Hubert, he showed me some fabric swatches which he had brought back with him. All of them had exotic textures. Some were shaggy with cellophane threads woven through the materials to give them a hairy look. Others were skillfully executed in stunning patterns. All his costume fabrics are selected with a camera eye—they are chosen in textures that will photograph well and that will give you some idea of "feel" to the fabrics.

Hubert brought back a collection of hats that would have delighted you. They were so giddy, yet so flattering. Most of them had been selected with one of his stars in mind. But the one I adored was a bonnet type that he had picked out for Janet Gaynor. The crown slid back on the head and the brim was drawn up to a peak above the forehead, much like the old-fashioned, scoop-brimmed bonnet of years ago.

Incidentally, you who like the off-the-face hat but find the very bare forehead types severe, are going to be enthusiastic about these bonnets because they give your face a frame while still showing the brow. Sailors will be smart with suits and tailored dresses. And your old favorite, the little Breton hat with the turned-up, childish brim, is good.

The belt, shown on page 63, is another

version of one Hubert bought for Janet while abroad. Hers had her name cut into the leather, while the white one illustrated, has the name written on it in colored metal. He considers accessories a very important part of every spring costume. Even buttons and buckles must have individuality. For instance, he showed me some of the most amusing leather beer barrel buttons to be used for a sports costume. And the scarf, bag and glove set in tie silk, shown on the same page with the belt, is a favorite accessory scheme of his for suits and simple tailored dresses—these should be in interesting contrasting or harmonizing shades. For instance with navy blue, choose lighter blue accessories. And with brown, try a dash of dusty pink for refreshing contrast.

HUBERT sums up spring trends for you by saying, "There will be lots of blue, especially lighter shades often with white as contrast. The draped skirt is gradually insinuating itself into the evening picture. Evening bodices are very decolleté with a veiling of tulle or net. I am going to use a lot of starched collars and short straight sleeves on my daytime creations. Wide belts will be smart. My stars and their fans should dress to appear lady-like and quietly but beautifully groomed."

Suits will be one of the biggest daytime items in all our wardrobes. Of course, Hollywood loves suits better than almost any other costume with the possible exception of pajamas and evening gowns. There isn't a smart star in the town who doesn't have suits in all styles.

Suit jackets are as variable as the wind. You can wear very short, fitted jackets like the one Carole Lombard is wearing on page 63. This is what is known as the tailleur and it appears with the first crocus every year because it can be worn under winter coats long before you wear it alone. Carole uses a nice contrasting idea in her skirt and jacket. The jacket is black men's suiting, while the skirt, also black, has a fine pin stripe in white running through it. A suit like this can achieve infinite variety by having several skirt changes—one to match the jacket and one or two in a contrasting fabric. Carole suggests a nice color scheme, too, with her choice of a maroon blouse and a fresh carnation in her buttonhole in the identical shade. She is creating quite a rage for carnations, preferring them to the more customary gardenias and orchids chosen by other stars.

Then, the long, almost tunic length, jacket is excellent. Anne Shirley's brown and white check one is particularly flattering to slender, youthful figures such as hers. Checks are very important for suits from the small Shepard's check to the bolder size of Anne's. Notice that Anne's coat buttons up the front—one of the newer details. And the childish turnover collar is very flattering. All you young things will look charming in this type of suit.

A SPORTY type of suit is Steffi Duna's choice this spring. It is a grand style to keep in mind, too, when you shop—as good in town as in the country. It has the short box jacket without fastening which is popular this season. Steffi cleverly combines her fabrics by using plaids for vest and coat, a mixed tweed for the skirt. Notice her accessories; they are beautifully chosen to complement the suit.

Besides these three types of suits, the swagger style is still very good. Also the suit with medium-length jacket which is a length between Carole's and Anne's and not quite as short as Steffi's. Capes are in again which brings the becoming cape

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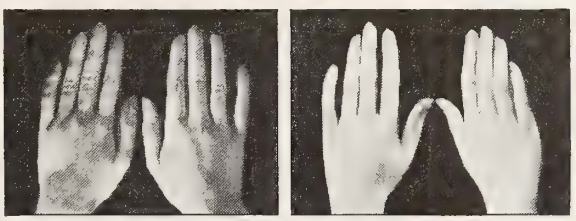
Nurses discovered its value in helping to correct skin faults. "It clears my complexion as nothing else does," one nurse wrote. "It's the best thing ever for rough, chapped face and hands," wrote another.

If your skin is Rough or badly Chapped—if you have Cold Sores, Pimples, Blackheads, Large Pores, just try Noxzema Cream—and see what a big improvement it makes in your skin.

Apply Noxzema at night. Wash it off in the morning with warm water first, then cold water or apply ice. Apply a little Noxzema during the day—as a foundation for powder. Use Noxzema until skin is relieved or blemishes disappear.

Special trial offer

Ask your druggist for a small trial jar—if he cannot supply you send only 15c for generous 25c jar—enough to make a big improvement in your skin. Address Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 54, Baltimore, Md.



Red Chapped Hands Relieved Overnight . . . OR NO COST

Make this test tonight on badly Chapped Hands. Get a jar of Noxzema from your druggist—apply it tonight—as much as the skin will absorb. Notice them in the morning. If soreness has not disappeared—if hands are not softer, whiter, your druggist will gladly refund your money.



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CALLOUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES

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BUNIONS

SOFT CORNS

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De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have the marvelous new, velvety soft, flesh color *Skintex* covering which does not soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Hides foot blemishes. Get a box today. Sold everywhere.

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Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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NOT ASHAMED OF MY SKIN NOW!

NOT a mere cosmetic! Hydrosal is a scientific skin treatment, successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years. Here now is *real* relief from the itching, burning irritation of rashes, eczema, ringworm, pimples and similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you can feel it soothe and cool the tender, inflamed skin. Its astringent action refines the coarsened skin tissues. Promotes healing in burns and hurts, too. At all druggists in Liquid and Ointment forms; 30c and 60c. The Hydrosal Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks

suit back on your shopping list. Your cape may be short or fingertip length. And for you who love your big revers and lapels, they are to be had also. In fact, you can wear just about any sort of suit that becomes you, the main point to keep in mind is that you *must* have at least one!

Blouses for your suits can be chosen in practically any fabric or style. I think you will like the taffeta ones, especially, and some in glazed chintz—yes, very much like your best chair or sofa slip-cover!

Travis Banton, Paramount's designing genius, gives you some grand tips to guide your spring shopping, too. He says sagely, and do follow his good advice, "The evening mode will be a trailing, floating, flowing trend with loads of chiffon, tulle, net and all sorts of diaphanous fabrics. Ruffles and flounces will be used in abundance and panels of chiffon will descend from the normal waistline. Tiers, brief peplums and various variations of the tunic will be highly favored as they will be an outgrowth of the tunic of the past season."

Three Banton-designed dresses on page 62, are grand examples of his ideas. Carole Lombard's printed dinner gown follows the long tunic silhouette. Her black gown is another—it has diaphanous black soufflé, embroidered with paillette discs, posed over a satin sheath. A cape composed of the paillettes on net is an added detail. And Gail Patrick's graceful gray chiffon introduces, not only the trailing and floating silhouette, but employs tiers and ruffles to heighten the flowing line. A cape is part of this costume, too. You will be wearing lots of them for evening. And don't you adore them?

Banton says, also, "I am terribly interested in the Spanish trend which Marlene Dietrich's costumes in "Caprice Espagnol" are bound to provoke. These gowns have already influenced me in many of the modern clothes I am working on. Flowers, fringe and lace are inevitable and offer countless ways of introducing a Spanish note which combines a romantic suggestion with a modern significance in these gay costumes."

What with Rene Hubert telling us to be lady-like and Travis Banton advising great femininity, it looks as if we can go on quite a romantic binge for our more formal moments. And that is where the fun really lies in our new clothes, I think. We can be such fragile, romantic, floating creatures at night and then the next morning, we can be as outdoorish and sporty looking as we wish.

That's why I have finished off my pictures, this month, with some really active outdoor shots of the clothes Hollywood wears at play. Jean Harlow looks utterly charming in the simple sweater and skirt classic that we all wear. And it is a pet costume of hers. Madge Evans looks like any girl who loves to dash about in the rain, provided she has a good-looking rainy day costume. Anne Shirley, to me, is one of the sweetest of the very young starlets. Doesn't she look carefree in her jodphurs, short sweater and blouse? The hand embroidered monogram on her blouse is something to copy. Her riding habit is just the informal sort all young girls adore. And doesn't Rosalind Russell look the picture of trim, tailored chic in her brimmed felt hat and perfectly fitted tweed reefer coat? It's a grand topcoat for town or country and one that will stand a lot of wear.

Time limits further spring clothes chat but since there is so much more to talk about, I have prepared a Spring Color and Clothes Chart for you. The Clothes Chart is planned with an eye to your pocketbook. It lists a well-rounded wardrobe but not an extravagant one. And it gives you a scale of prices for each item so that you can approximate your expenditures. Just send me your request, together with a self-addressed and stamped envelope and both charts are yours. Write to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Good News

(*Continued from page 39*)

later was that the Fields' driveway is made of good, hard concrete! Wotta faker, that Bill!

■ ■ ■

There are some people who feel that Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant may make up, but our guess is the other way 'round. For, though Virginia appeared at the preview of Cary's latest, "Wings in the Dark," and stood about to catch a glimpse of her husband, that young man finally approached, gazed a full moment directly into her pretty face without registering recognition, and walked deliberately away. Except for the few bystanders who caught the silent scene, no one seemed more surprised than Virginia.

■ ■ ■

When "Kid Millions" was finished, Sam Goldwyn invited Eddie Cantor and his wife and children to Palm Springs for a glorious and expensive week-end. After it was over and the host and his guests were about to check out of El Mirador, Sam challenged the star to some penny ante. Eddie won the fifty cents, so his boss induced him to "shoot" again. The actor again landed the money. Sam, now at his wit's end, persuaded Cantor to try once more. And they kept at it until the executive finally won his coin back. "You've gotta be careful of money," he explained, after footing the huge bill for the trip.

■ ■ ■

That family skeleton from the Brisson closet is due for an airing! The "skeleton" happens to be a six-foot, husky male one, whom Carl introduced around Hollywood, these many months, as his brother. Now we understand that gleam in the actor's eyes, for—shhh—Carl is, in reality, his proud papa!

■ ■ ■

Bing Crosby's in the market for either a violin or a dog collar. He says that romantic hair-cut, which he sports in "Mississippi," matches well enough with his green velvet frock coat and purple satin cravat on the set, but somehow, something seems wrong when he gets togged up in his own best clothes—corduroy pants and a baggy sweater. Being an actor, Bing wants to look the part at all times, so these two items head his shopping list.

■ ■ ■

Some meanies around this town are saying that, since her association with the talented writer, Bob Riskin, Carole Lom-

bard is becoming high hat. If that is so, 'twould seem that Bob's success has gone to Carole's head! Mr. R., if you recall, is the gentleman who penned "It Happened One Night" and is partly responsible for "The Whole Town's Talking," two Columbia hits. Miss L. is an actress who dresses beautifully.

■ ■ ■

Since Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles have moved near the Sam Goldwyns, they get a lot of Sam's guests by mistake. Strangers ride up, ring the bell and, on beholding the cute little door-answerer, become baffled. Mrs. Ruggles is used to it now and invites the Goldwyn guests in for a drink before she sends 'em further up the hill to Sammy.

And speaking of entertaining, Director James Cruze keeps such an open house that a lot of people actually think his place is an inn. They appear unasked and order things and, when they discover they are in a private home, do their faces turn a beautiful shade of vermillion? Well, yes!

■ ■ ■

When the heretofore infant industry began to gurgle, her enterprising bosses announced with much pomp: Garbo Talks! And, upon the recent release of "The Painted Veil," we all were edified to learn via the billboards: Garbo Smiles! But, you fans have yet to officially hear that: Garbo Bathes! Honest Injun, she does, for our beautiful blue eyes—which are far too big for pictures—witnessed the Famous One purchasing a bottle of bath salts at a Palm Springs drug store. After the sale, the clerk had himself a bottle of smelling salts "on the house," so thrilled was he to have taken the lady's dollar. As a matter of fact, we've never been considerate enough to inquire as to whether the boy recovered from the nervous shock.

■ ■ ■

And speaking of Greta quite naturally reminds us of George Brent. He is still very much around, so wouldn't the joke be on us skeptics if theirs is an honest-to-goodness romance and not a publicity stunt after all! Yep, although George, while at Palm Springs, did not stay at La Quinta, where Garbo checked in, he did park his trunk five miles away at Del Taquitz, from where he flew each morn to spend the day with the object of his affections.

■ ■ ■

This is worth a good guffaw! Little



It's a two-dollar bet on the hosses for that canny Scotsman, Jimmy Durante!



The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!

By *Lady Esther*

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

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Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this. Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueller still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unfailing test: Send for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in advance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is *enhance it in appearance!*

The Shade for You Is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

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Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

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The Jolsons, Ruby and Al, sing and step together for the first time in "Go Into Your Dance"—and here they are!

George Breakston and his mother were coming to Los Angeles by train. They happened to meet a man who was bemoaning the fate of his three beautiful wolf-hounds, who had to sleep in the baggage car. George's mother, a softie where dogs are concerned, suggested that he sneak them into George's berth, and that her youngster could sleep with her. The next morning a brilliant thought struck her. She wired her husband, "Will be home at 9 P. M., just gave berth to three dogs."

■ ■ ■

For nonchalance, you can't beat Bill Powell! They do be saying it's the very trait that is capturing the fickle Harlow fancy, too. Bill wandered over to her house the other day, and was told that Jean was busy. Nothing daunted, he announced his intentions of remaining until he could see her. The "business" which was so urgent with Jean turned out to be cleaning all her bureau drawers and puttering around as gals will on off days, immersed in cold-cream and curl-papers. Bill chatted comfortably while she puttered, and finally took his nonchalant way home. And the platinum star takes it—and loves it.

■ ■ ■

If you don't think little Freddie Bartholomew, America's newest male starlet, is the answer to a maiden's prayer, then something's out of order in your cardiac regions. He's only ten years old, but as David in "David Copperfield" he displays more charm than Don Juan. They tried to tell us that this was Freddie's first acting experience, but our trusty nose snooped out the news that he's appeared in several English pictures. He's no sophisticate, though, in spite of his experience—which was proved on the night Dickens' story was to be previewed. Freddie suddenly dropped to his knees while dressing and prayed earnestly that both he and the picture might meet with approval.

■ ■ ■

Here's an idea for bringing up father. Elliott Nugent, directing "Win or Lose," has to direct his own Dad, J. C. Nugent, in the part of Dixie Lee's good-for-nothing old pappy.

"If all our kids would encourage our acting this way instead of trying to improve our grammar, we parents would have a happier lot of it," J. C. sighed contentedly the other day on the set. Eddie Nugent is another member of this famous family.

■ ■ ■

The rise and fall of one dancer in Hollywood is worth noting. Rosita, by name, and partner of the noted Ramon of late-spot fame, was suddenly promoted to a featured part in "All the King's Horses." Rosita has extremely long arms and legs, and when she begins waving them around, it's dancing—and swell dancing, too! But t'other day, she kicked *too* high, and landed kerplunk, with more speed than dignity. Rushing to pick her up, everyone asked anxiously, "How do you feel?"

Rosita gingerly patted the areas on which she had landed. "Well," she said gloomily, "I feel like 'All the King's Horses and All the King's Men' could never get me together again!"

■ ■ ■

"Quiet, pleez!" hissed around the set means just that! When singing or talking scenes are to be recorded, a deathly calm instantly settles down on everything and everybody. Even the metronome on the piano is enclosed in a sound-proof box!

■ ■ ■

Five dazzling blondes were used in the finale of a dance number in "All the King's Horses." But when Director Frank Tuttle saw the "rushes," he announced the entire scene would have to be retaken, as he preferred brunettes. Why, Mister Tuttle, and here we thought you were a gentleman, sure enough!

■ ■ ■

But neither the blondes nor the brunettes are the most dazzling thing about that set, by a long shot. For the entire dancing floor is made of mirrors—at a cost of $500 a slice! Seeing's how there are at least thirty-five pieces in all, you can draw your own conclusions as to what Paramount drew on their bank. But, annahoo, 'twas worth it, since these mirrors will make the scene twice as beautiful.

■ ■ ■

Well, Jimmy Durante still has his famous nose left, even though the Santa Anita racetrack has gotten a lot of his shekels. In fact, he took such a walloping there that he moved his gambling activities to another spot and then further on to an ex-



Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., is taking screen honors like his famous dad but as a dancer. Winifred Shaw is his partner in "Golddiggers of 1935."

clusive club featuring the reds and blacks. However, Bad Luck went with him, and finally Jimmy handed over what was left to his wife, who promptly cleaned up. "Beginner's luck," moaned Durante, loath to give credit where it was due.

■ ■ ■

There were so many awards handed out to the aristocratic "pooches" at the recent Palm Springs Dog Show that their owners, Alice White, Bill Gargan, Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell are all swelled up to beat heck.

■ ■ ■

Almost everyone knows that before Fred Keating became a legitimate actor, he was classed A-1 as a magician, his famous bird cage trick being now almost legendary. And so, at a recent Hollywood gathering, Fred's prowess in this direction was being discussed and praised.

"Well," finally contributed Inez Courtney, "I've known him for years and it seems to me that if he was so hot as a magician, he'd have changed my Japanese mink coat into a real one long ago!"

■ ■ ■

There's a little rustic roadhouse near Palm Springs called "The Canebreaks," which features a Hill Billy orchestra. Often of an evening, just by way of giving vent to the "Iturbi" in him, or to hand the natives a treat or sumpin', George Brent goes and plays the piano there. Another unprogrammed artist among those present on the night our scout appeared was Paul Lukas, who danced with a pretty little waitress as long as her heart desired—and her heart wasn't a bit backward either!

And by the way, since the famous pianist Iturbi's name has been brought up, while he was playing in concert at Los Angeles, he was seen everywhere with Ruth Chatterton, George's "ex."

■ ■ ■

Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy have built a beautiful tennis court on their property at Palm Springs with a view to sorta "making a little" on the side. The boys even went so far with their enterprise as to put Mr. Gledhill, a famous tennis expert, in charge. It soon developed, however, that that gentleman's most difficult task was to keep his employers off the court, so that some cash customers could take a shot at the game once in awhile.

But, all is well now, for two more courts have been added and a beautiful clubhouse, too, is in process of construction.

■ ■ ■

Director Woody Van Dyke has this particular type of humor. He took twenty of his "Naughty Marietta" chorus gals out on a real binge the other night—with dinner, dancing and the whole works. The revelry lasted 'til about five, and as he waved goodbye to them in the cold, gray dawn, he shouted cheerfully, "See you all at nine on the set!" Stunned, but helpless, they had to stagger some way to the studio—which they did, only to be sent home immediately by Woody, who reprimanded them severely for showing up so haggard-like.

Of course, there is no woman but what wants the last word—and when there's twenty of them, it means business! So they invited Mr. Van Dyke to a party at the Clover Club a few nights later. They had asked the waiter not to provide a chair for him, as he was the only gentleman invited, and would be busy dancing all evening.

Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting

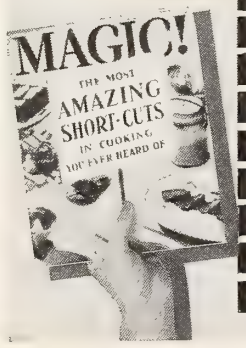


EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! *Never* too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls. ● *But remember . . . Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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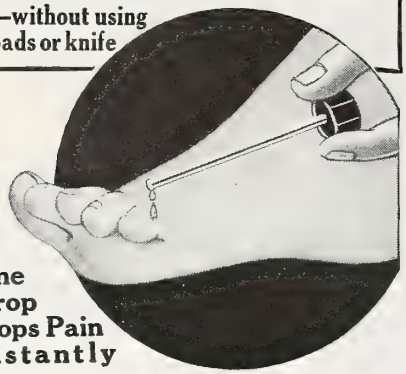
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Charmette
HAIR ERASING PAD



Guess who this white-haired old gal is who makes the suave Menjou tear at his pate in "Golddiggers of 1935"? None other than Alice Brady!

Which he was! Also they requested that every time Woody ordered food, he was to be brought beans—also which he was!

The next morning, pale and wan, he appeared for work—and was soundly reproved for not getting a good night's rest.

■ ■ ■

Tullio Carminati's made a record! A singer of genuine note, this is the first time that his voice has ever been recorded. The song which his fans may now tune in on their phonographs is "Love Passes By" from his recent picture "Let's Live Tonight."

■ ■ ■

"Love me, love my dog," says Charles Farrell, to friends who visit him in his Beverly Hills home. Now, under ordinary circumstances, that wouldn't be so difficult, but—you should see Charlie's dog! It's that great Dane purp that was presented to him after "Seventh Heaven" by an admirer, and its name is Chico. Quite a number of dog biscuits have been devoured since that time, and Chico now resembles an overgrown lion. Unfortunately, he still has hallucinations that he's a lapdog. And Charlie is genuinely hurt because his friends prefer to stand up and visit with him, rather than sit down and let Chico leap into their laps for his snooze.

■ ■ ■

Never look a gift-horse in the mouth—nor pat it on the back, Wynne Gibson will tell you. Wynne, who is among the colony's better horsewomen, was given a new saddle horse recently, and immediately got a party together and all set out over the trails. After a while, Wynne turned to the rider following, to rave about the docility of her steed, and in doing so placed her hand on its back. Like a shot, the horse bucked six feet into the air, sending its fair rider sprawling over its head! Undaunted, Wynne determined to find the cause of this—and sure nuff, every time a hand was placed on that horse's back, he proceeded to buck. So now, Wynne's birthday present can buck to its heart's content in a wide, green meadow of its own.

■ ■ ■

Like the famous prairie flower, Bob Armstrong's garden grows wilder every hour! Bob doesn't agree with most of these Hollywood natives who order a house built, and don't move in 'til every last fixture is in running order—including the garden. So his Mexican ranch house really expresses individuality. And the flowers and shrubbery simply run riot all over the place, because he believes that Mexican landscaping should give an effect of carelessness and age. Well—it does, all right!

■ ■ ■

Yet they say that all husbands are jealous brutes! Just lend an ear to this tale of a husband—Minna Gombell's to be exact, who also happens to be Mr. Joseph Sefton, a big financial figger in San Diego.

Mr. Sefton never introduces his wife other than in this manner. "Meet my wife —Miss Minna Gombell."

When questioned by startled friends (particularly other husbands) he says, "Why not? I believe it's her right to be introduced as Miss Gombell. After all, she established herself as an important person long before she ever knew me, and I'd be pretty selfish to belittle her accomplishments by introducing her by her married name."

■ ■ ■

Some movie actors confine their talents to histrionics—but not David Manners! He goes in for words, too. In fact, he's pounded enough of 'em out on the old typewriter to fill two books and several short stories. Proof—well, a New York publisher has okayed the proof! So any day, now, you can expect to see the results of David's brain waves at your book shop.

■ ■ ■

Bleeve it or not—and we don't think you will—but the little blonde, who looks "sweet sixteen and never been kissed" and plays opposite Joe Morrison in "Win or Lose," is the mother of a strapping three-year-old son and twin boys! Yep—it's Dixie Lee, proud mama, and wife of Bing Crosby, too. She looks young enough to need that nurse-maid for herself instead of for her trio of sons.

■ ■ ■

There's more truth than fiction in these amazing tales of Fred Keating's magic. F'rinstance—on a recent automobile trip, difficulties developed over Fred's colored chauffeur. Seems the hotel managers didn't care to put him up in comfortable quarters.



Richard Dix is the most enthusiastic prospective pa in Hollywood. Here he is with Mrs. Dix and the dogs.

But this did not phase the astute Keating! With two turkish towels and a dime-store brooch he decorated his man Friday, and presto! Racial and social status were changed. The next hotel was "honored" to rent their two best rooms to Mr. Fred Keating and "The Hon. Arbrur Jodphur Singh, cousin of the Maharajah of Rajputana"! Ingenious, what!

■ ■ ■

The "back to the land" movement has hit several of the Hollywood stars. When Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot returned from merrie old England, the first thing they did was scout around for a country estate, agreeing with the Englishy idea that home sweet home must be in the country.

Paul Kelly has a hankering for a New England farm, and recently he received an advertisement of one, stating that the house dated back to pre-revolutionary days; in fact, its Colonial owners were among those awakened by Paul Revere on his memorable ride. Looking up the location of said house on a map, he found it was over two hundred miles from Boston. Mr. Kelly couldn't resist the temptation of writing to inquire as to just when Paul Revere swapped his horse for that motorcycle!

■ ■ ■

Douglass Montgomery had all the ladies of the cast of "Merrily We Roll Along," simply gaga over him, by his daily presentation of gorgeous corsages of red and white camellias and purple violets. Fearing that he was driving himself to the verge of bankruptcy, Erin O'Brien-Moore did some sleuthing on the side. Come to find out, Doug's estate, "Edgecliffe," is simply running wild with camellia bushes and acres of violets! So-o-o-o.

■ ■ ■

Billie Burke's charm enslaves men of all ages. Recently, her agent was frantically trying to have some pictures of Billie sent over from the photographer's, to use in the next day's newspaper. An eighteen-year-old lad in her office overheard the telephone conversation. "Say, lissen," he said, "if you want some pictures of Billie right away, I'll just run home and get some—they're plastered all over my entire room!"

■ ■ ■

Discovered—a Hollywood screen actor who balks at being called a "clothes-horse!" 'Tis none other than Joel McCrea, who in recent months has had the reputation forced upon him. But he's happy again, now, wearing shabby, ill-fitting clothes and an ear-to-ear grin. This apparel is for his new role in "Private Worlds" and Joel claims it's simply grand to feel "back to normal" once more.

■ ■ ■

Here's a tip—not on the market but on nursery walls. Sally Eilers believes that young mothers can be individualistic in spite of all those set formulas about everything from sun-baths to strained spinach for their young hopefuls. So in place of Mother Goose, the Three Little Pigs and Jack and the Beanstalk on the walls of her son's nursery, she has decorated it with a border of photographs of all her friends' babies. Young Master Harry Joe Brown, Jr. is going to get acquainted with his gang rather early! It's a right cute idea, don't you agree?



***Clear up sniffly little noses—help to prevent many colds, too—with* VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**

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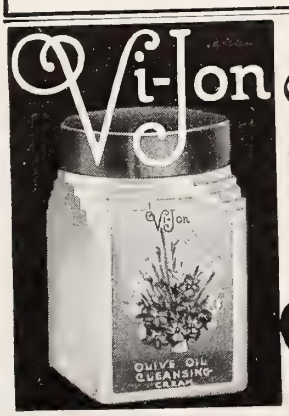
The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitations. The trade-mark "*Va-tro-nol*" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula.

Always ask for *Vicks Va-tro-nol.*

TWO GENEROUS SIZES—30¢ and 50¢

Have you wondered about the young David of "David Copperfield"? Do you want to know all about this remarkable youngster, Freddie Bartholomew, who practically stole the show from all the full-fledged stars in the picture? You're right, he is different from other kids. Read about him in the May issue of MODERN SCREEN.

Also in the same issue, an enlightening story about a certain quality that all of us would like to possess—GLAMOR. Glamor is not a gift, it is acquired. So, get your copies early and learn how to be glamorous.



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A Chance to Live an Ideal

(*Continued from page 31*)

"Mr. Zanuck was very frank when he first told me of his decision to assign me this part. He even mentioned the fact that most of his associates were quite dubious about his plan to give me the role. Well," she laughed, "so was I until I had read the book and the script over many times. I realized immediately, though, that I wanted to play this role as I have never wanted to play another. I wanted to play Meg because I loved her so and, most of all, because it would give me a chance to live the life of my ideal woman. I decided that, at thirty, I should want to be like Meg.

"Then I began to wonder. So many things she did were so foreign to our conventional ideas. But still I was forced to admire her, even though I might disagree at first, because she had the strength and the honesty to live her life as she thought best, without particular regard to the copy-book versions."

AS Loretta talked, I thought she was not only revealing the characteristics of the amazing woman she portrays in a film—but something, as well, of her own ideals and aims in life. And when I suggested this to her, she nodded slowly.

"I have, in a way, compared my own reactions to Meg's and, as far as we go in ages, I think we are not unlike. It is only when Meg matures and makes such courageous and daring decisions in her life that I begin to wonder if I will have the same magnificent courage in facing things.

"For instance, in the early part of the film, she shows a strong sense of adventure when she comes to India to meet Clive, whom she has never seen in her life. He has fallen in love with her photograph and written her asking her to come. She marries him. She has led a quiet, sheltered life, but there was something in Clive's letters, some undercurrent of real love that causes her to ignore the conventionalities under which she had been brought up.

"I can't help but think that there was something of that same feeling of adventure in my own romance and marriage four years ago. Of course, mine was not the daring adventure of going to a strange country to marry a man I had never seen before. But, in a way, it was a stupendous adventure to me. I, too, had been brought up conservatively, sheltered in the heart of my family. It was a terrific step in my life to run away, cut myself off from my mother's guidance at seventeen—for what I thought (just as deeply as did Meg) must be true love. There, our mutual experience ends. For Meg's was an ultimate success, mine a failure. I came back to the shelter of my family, Meg remains to share the tumultuous experience of life with a man who became a military idol of India and a great political figure in England.

"In time they have a child, and for the moment Meg's life seems ideal. Of course she has to put up with the society gossip that says she is not the type of woman who can help advance the career of such a brilliant man as Robert Clive. But it falls on deaf ears. She is too wrapped up in her home, in her husband, in her child. She is a devoted mother. But here again Meg's character becomes surprising. When Clive is called back to India because he is the only man who can quell an uprising, it is up to Meg to choose between staying with her sick child and accompanying her husband. It is a moment of turmoil and indecision in her life. But when the last minute comes, she goes with her husband!

FRANKLY, I'm going to admit that this surprised me. I'd always felt that nothing, not even a husband, could possibly come before a child. I'd always thought I would feel that way about my own child. Even now, I am not sure. I'm not positive what I would do under the same circumstances. I don't know that I can ever reach that point of love that will allow me to put my husband before my child, especially a sick child. Perhaps you will say Meg's maternal instinct was not as deep as it seemed to be. But that is not the case. Meg loved her husband with an almost maternal love. He was a child to her. So, when it came to a choice, it was really between two children. She chose the boy whom she believed needed her most, the one who had the most vital and terrific problems to solve. The child died while they were in India, and it was only that great love for Clive that sustained her.

"I wonder if I would have the courage to put such a strain on modern marriage? I have always thought it a mistake to wrap one's life completely about one person—to the extent that if that one person fails there is nothing left. I would be frightened to trust so much of my life and happiness to another. But Meg is not afraid to test love to the fullest—and, after all, isn't a tested love the only love worth knowing? The modern version of love that says, 'Well, if anything happens, I have this to fall back on or that to fall back on, is a pretty poor substitute, isn't it?

"Playing this part has convinced me of at least one thing for the future—I shall never fall in love—or marry another man—with mental reservations. I have Meg's inspiration for the folly of that.

"Even later in the story, when it comes Clive's turn to choose between Meg and another alternative . . . and he puts adventure and duty before love and home . . . she does not think he has really failed her. She knows Clive too well. She knows it is merely a matter of waiting, waiting until his little-boy world of glamor and military uniforms crashes before him. She has infinite patience with him.

"Could I do that? If I made a great sacrifice in the name of love, I wonder if I wouldn't expect that great sacrifice to be repaid in kind—pound for pound and tear for tear? We women, especially those of us who have careers grow a bit selfish in our outlook. Through Meg's eyes I have come to wonder if Hollywood women ever really give marriage a fair chance. We are so wrapped up in our own problems that we seldom have the time or the inclination to understand someone else's. Through public adulation and critic's cheers, our false pride grows so strong in us. Meg had pride, too. But it was a pride within herself, not a fearful worry about what people would think. We modern women are constantly afraid of what people will say.

Meg doesn't care if the gossips do say that Clive has left her in preference for adventure in India. And when his castles fall and they try to sweep away all his splendor and glory with slander, she knows her place is at his side. She is the one thing in life that doesn't fail him when he needs her the most. She is as

when he needs her the most. She is as fresh and lovely and strong in her love as she was when she first came to him as a young girl."

Loretta spoke with such real feeling and sincerity that I was amazed. It was the first time I had ever known a young actress to be so deeply swayed by the character she portrays on the screen. But Loretta is a serious little girl. So mnay things have recently happened in her life to make her serious. At twenty-two, when most girls are just starting to meet life's battles, Loretta has come through three unhappy romances with flying colors. Her head is up and her strong, youthful chin is out.

"I hope when I am thirty I am such a woman as Meg," she said quietly. "I hope I have found such a love as she found . . . and the high courage to be true to it!"

Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest

(*Continued from page 43*)

complete list of fifteen pictures, but you will be judged on a basis of three out of five.

Remember, you must tell who sang the song which you designate as the most popular hit from each of the pictures which you choose.

Keep each set of five until the contest is complete. DO NOT SEND THIS SET NOW—KEEP IT UNTIL YOU HAVE FULFILLED THE REQUIREMENTS FOR NEXT MONTH. If you misunderstood last month and have already sent in last month's installment, we will try to keep your contribution on file, but we assume no risk.

With your complete set of nine (or more) answers—three chosen from each set of five—you are asked to write one hundred words telling which Warner musical you have liked the best to date—and why. You may use less than a hundred words, but don't use more. The words "a," "an," and "the" will not count.

ASIDE from winning one of the prizes in this contest, do you know the big feature? Yes, you are right. It is writing a set of lyrics. The best of those submitted will be set to music and published by a *real* music publisher and used in a forthcoming Warner Brothers production.

You undoubtedly have some one—may



It's boxing now that engages the fancy of that merry pair, Mickey Mouse and Pluto!



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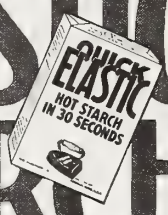
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we surmise a sweetheart, wife or husband?—who has awakened within you a feeling that you could write a poem about them or to them. Well, when you come down to it, a set of lyrics is really a poem which is set to music to make a song. We bring this up as a hint here, because Mr. Julius P. Witmark, Jr., the one who arranged this contest for you has had so much experience with some of the great song writers and he has told us that the most successful lyrics ever written have always been due to some such inspiration. Imagine the great thrill of writing such an inspired lyric, having it accepted, taking the one and only to the movies and having *your* lyric, written about him or her, sung to you from the screen. Yes, sir, it would be a tremendous thrill for both of you and we are sure that under the above conditions you can produce.

You stand just as good a chance of winning one of the prizes—the first prize of $250; the second prize of $100; the third prize of $50! the fourth prize of $25! one of the five fifth prizes of $10 each; or one of the five sixth prizes of $5 each—if you stop at the list of songs and singers and the one-hundred-word description. BUT—an extra added honor goes to the person who writes, in the opinion of the judges, the best set of lyrics. He may or may not win one of the prizes—that depends upon how accurately and aptly, in the opinion of the judges, he fulfills the above requirements. The special honor reserved for the writer of the best set of lyrics is the inclusion of these lyrics—set to music and everything—in a forthcoming Warner musical production.

So get busy, not only in answering the questions in this contest, but also with your lyric. Keep your three sets of answers, composition of one hundred words or less, and lyrics, if you wish to submit a set until after you have completed the three parts of the contest, and send them all to the MODERN SCREEN-WARNER Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., mailing them no later than midnight on May 15, 1935, when the contest closes. All entries must be mailed by that time.

For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial, mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.

No entries will be returned. All lyrics submitted will be returned, if not accepted, upon receipt of your request together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Remember, we assume no risk for the return of same. We advise you to keep a copy of the lyrics you submit.

Send all entries and lyrics to MODERN SCREEN-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except the employees of MODERN SCREEN and employees of Warner Brothers-First National Studios.

The judges of this contest are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Julius P. Witmark.

Please do *not* send elaborate, pretentious entries. They stand no better chance of winning a prize than accurate, simple entries. Neatness is important, of course.

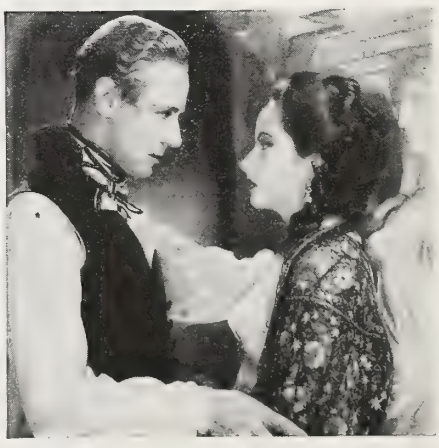
Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 47*)

and too far apart. The Battle of Waterloo, staged at great and very evident cost, is muddled and not as exciting as it should be. To be sure, after each dull spot, Mr. Arliss somehow contrives to snap up your attention with sure and succinct acting and make you feel that this is a pretty good picture, after all. We liked an English actress named Norma Varden in the role of the dignified Duchess of Richmond. We found the acting of Gladys Cooper as the unhappy Duchess D'Angouleme, niece of Louis XVIII, commendable. We did *not* like a pretty but irritating young woman, Leslie Wareing, in the ingenue role of Lady Frances. Of course, we still like Mr. Arliss, no matter what he does.

A: The Scarlet Pimpernel
(United Artists)

You'll love this, if you have a spark of romance and adventure in your soul. Made in England, with Leslie Howard, whom we have come to regard as our own, in the leading role, magnificently directed by Alexander Korda, aptly cast, down to the smallest role, it is indeed a story which will spirit you away from the humdrum cares of 1935 to the dramatic and dangerous days of the French Revolution. To tell you much would spoil your enjoyment in



"The Scarlet Pimpernel" gives you a thrilling pair, Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon.



Chester Morris, Virginia Bruce and Robert Taylor in "Society Doctor."



Together again—Ed Lowe and Vic MacLaglen with Marjorie Rambeau in "Under Pressure."

the thrill and suspense which this story contains. We will only say that it is all about a reckless, brave Englishman who, as the secret leader of a secret band, spirited away brutally condemned French aristocrats from under the very knife of the guillotine. Leslie Howard is called upon to play, in a sense, a dual role. As the daring leader, he is one person. As the too, too elegant, foppish Sir Percy Blakeney, who hides his brave work behind a seemingly idle and worthless life, he brings much wit and comedy to the picture. Merle Oberon, as his wife, is beautiful.

C: Red Hot Tires
(Warner Brothers)

Zoom; They're off! And if you're a race-track fiend, you, too, will be off in a cloud of dust for some scalp-tingling entertainment. But for the rest of us softies, the snail's pace plot dims the flying start. Not that there's any dearth of thrills, what with prison escapes, hectic love affairs, murder trials and airplane stuntings! Still, at the risk of being considered pretty persnickety, we'll take our thrills in somewhat smaller doses, thankin' ye just the same!

Lyle Talbot is convincingly reckless as the racer with nerves of cast-iron and heart of pure gold, but somehow the lovely Mary Astor doesn't seem to fit those mechanic's overalls. Roscoe Karns faithfully flips his customary wisecracks and Frankie Darro grins his grin.

However, if you or yours are on the lookout for a powerful antidote for chronic race-track fever, here's your medicine.

B: Society Doctor
(M-G-M)

Ever since "Grand Hotel," we've all yearned for dramatic tales involving the lives and loves of many people, and their strange influence on one another's destinies. And here's another picture to satisfy that craving for more cross-section squints at life.

With a great city hospital as a background, and characters from every strata of society, the story is intensely interesting—even to the chronic triangular love affair. For Chester Morris and Robert Taylor are such attractive rivals that you'll be as much a-dither as Virginia Bruce, the beautiful blonde nurse.

Billie Burke is good as the prettily helpless and completely brainless patient, who simply *adores* operations! At that, having one's appendix removed a coupla times by such a handsome doctor as Robert Taylor might be a treat.

What this picture lacks in "big names," is more than compensated for by the excellent acting.

B: Under Pressure
(Fox)

"Under Pressure" presents some good, red-blooded, he-mannish entertainment with just a dash of the educational thrown in for good measure. Are you interested in tunnel-building? Have you ever thought about it? Well, you'll do a little of each when you see what men go through to dig a passage way down deep in a river bed. The risks that are run and the lives that are lost!

The story built about this great structural feat is bright enough to hold your attention, with those two friendly enemies, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, supplying laughs and love interest and plenty of action. The popular team give their by-now familiar, but nevertheless capable, performances. Marjorie Rambeau, long in love with Victor, does a fine piece of acting and Florence Rice, the object of Eddie's affections, turns in a nice portrayal.

B: Wings in the Dark
(Paramount)

This is another airplane picture and, even if it does tax your credulity a bit, it is all in the interest of good, clean thrills, so who are we to complain?

The plot reveals Myrna Loy as a stunt-flyer—which type of role is outside of her usual cinematic "beat," you'll agree—and Cary Grant as an aviator who is blinded on the eve of his great flight.

Miss Loy gives a nice, even, though by no means sparkling characterization, and Mr. Grant does a fair job. Roscoe Karns, as the high-powered manager and press agent, is simply slick.

C: The Winning Ticket
(M-G-M)

Metro should hang its head in shame and both Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda blush a beautiful crimson, and the gent who should run out and jump off a cliff is the picture's author. The Honor System and a Girl Scout attitude prevent us from disclosing that unworthy's name.

As its title tends to indicate, this one deals with the Irish Sweepstakes. The winning ticket is held by Leo—for an instant anyway—after which time the baby hides it so that the fun (?) may begin. If the Little One could only have mislaid the



Roscoe Karns, Cary Grant and Myrna Loy in "Wings in the Dark."



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Each One Does its Own Job BETTER



"Carnival" is a circus tale with Lee Tracy and Sally Eilers starring.

plot somewhere! But no, Life is not that kind!

Mr. Carrillo is pretty awful as the Italian barber who mixes his English phraseology along with the shaving soap and Miss Fazenda, as his Irish wife, had better stick to co-called comedy, for her emotional moments are rather horrible. Ted Healy alone, playing her ne'er-do-well brother, shows signs of ability.

C: Night Life of the Gods
(Universal)

Well, you don't have to *be* goofy in order to enjoy this picture, but it'll certainly help! Never have we seen such a conglomeration of pseudo-sophisticated nonsense on any screen at any time. This celluloider, we dare say, was intended to abound in ultra-smart "touches," but the intentions somewhat went the way of the place that is said to be paved with 'em.

The mad—and literally that—yarn deals with a scientist who brings the Greek gods to life and they, associated with some slightly better than nutty moderns, go on a binge around New York City. No, we mean it! At the risk of being thought gaited too low mentally to "get" such sophistry we beg to state that we've attended as many "intelligentsia" soirées, where sentences are left unfinished and licker completely finished, as the next one. And even so, we pity Alan Mowbray, Florine McKinney, Peggy Shannon and Uncle Carl Laemmle for getting into this!

B: Notorious Gentleman
(Universal)

Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley—but this picture is really a *mysterious* mystery story! If it doesn't keep you wide-eyed and wondering to the very end, then you're the one who could make Sherlock Holmes look like a numb-skull.

Though too many conflicting motives are dragged into the murder, suicide hate and love cases, the originality of the situations sustains your interest. Charles Bickford is back in a suitable role—that of the lawyer-murderer who is always on the lookout for a loop-hole in the law and finally hangs himself in it. Onslow Stevens, as the district attorney, proves again that he can deliver the goods, while Dudley Digges is excellent as the old lawyer, steeped in the traditions of the South, suh—and its corn whiskey.

Helen Vinson's character isn't as smooth as her appearance. Seems like she takes a little too much advantage of women's right to change her mind—indulging as she does in three "grande passions" in about as many reels.

B: Life Returns
(Universal)

Here is an entertaining picture, the story of which has been woven around the immensely interesting experiment of bringing the dead back to life, which experiment was conducted recently by the California scientist, Dr. Robert E. Cornish.

The youthful hero's dog has been asphyxiated and is actually "brought back" before your very eyes, in a series of close-ups. There is nothing squeamish or morbid about this; in fact, the preview audience applauded when the first sign of restored breathing was disclosed.

Dr. Eugene Frenke directed, and gleaned a workmanlike job from a slim story and a cast of competent players. Onslow Stevens is sincere as the physician who sacrifices everything for his "great experiment," and young George Breakston proves excellent as the desperate, heart-broken boy whose pet is restored to him at the eleventh hour. Yes, we think there is much in "Life Returns" to interest you.

B: Carniva'
(Columbia)

Bearded ladies, tattooed gentlemen, midgets, monsters and Jimmy Durante, is a good enough cast for any picture, you'll admit. But Lee Tracy and Sally Eilers are among those present, besides!

This yarn of the hard-boiled, soft-hearted folk of a traveling circus, is packed with lotsa plot, laughs and mascara-threatening moments. The trials and tribulations suffered by Lee Tracy, to keep his small son out of the clutches of the welfare authorities, provides plenty of action. You won't wonder that Lee is quite frantic, when you see little Dickie Walters—for the director has let him act as a little boy should and not like a child prodigy shouldn't.

Florence Rice is attractive as the prospective mother of the child, while Sally Eilers, who finally wins the honor of being the mother, does an excellent bit of acting.

When this picture comes to town, it's guaranteed to answer that "what to do this evening" question satisfactorily.

B: The Best Man Wins
(Columbia)

This is a nice entertaining film if you like deep sea divers—and it's pretty good, too, even if you don't go near the water. For, there's a thrill every time



Jack Holt and Edmund Lowe in a polite moment from "The Best Man Wins."



Douglass Montgomery and Valerie Hobson play Dickens' roles in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

a man dons a metal contraption and goes down among the seaweed with the oxygen giving out and the villain up top on the drydock cutting tubes and such-like. Yes, there's a great deal of suspense, all right! Of course, the story itself won't give you brain fag, but then, who wants *that?*

Edmund Lowe and Jack Holt, good men and true—at least Jack is—are in love with the same girl, the lovely Florence Rice. Being an average young lady, she is "that way" about the wrong man. However, Fate steps in and sets her right and you leave the theatre fully convinced that virtue triumphs—in the celluloid, anna-hoo! You'll be pleased with the leading characters' performances and the diving stuff.

B: The Mystery of Edwin Drood
(Universal)

Here is another dish for you Dickens relishers! It isn't guaranteed to be as palatable as "David Copperfield," but Stuart Walker has directed with care, and not attempted to replace the Dickens flavor with any of the modern substitutes. For the rest of us, though, goodly dashes of salty wisdom don't entirely satisfy. We'll take a bit more spice in our entertainment, since the painstaking, slow plot developments and character build-ups drag pretty badly in spots. David Manners, as Edwin Drood, provides the mystery in the story by his strange disappearance. Douglass Montgomery, the young man from Ceylon, is given plenty to think about when he becomes the object of suspicion, while Heather Angel, his poor little fiancée, is simply cuh-razy, what with worrying about it all. Claude Rains adds to the uniformly good work of the cast with his performance of the wicked old uncle.

In short, this is a movie that's to be praised in part, but not at length.

B: Women Must Dress
(Monogram)

If you doubt the veracity of this title, don't miss seeing the picture! Particularly if you're looking comfortably forward to becoming forty and fattish, secure in the affections of your better-half. For, like Minna Gombell, you may discover, like a bolt from the blue, that friend hubby prefers 'em young and slimmish. Still worse—if it's a choice between a paragon of all the virtues and a cute little clothes-horse, he's apt to favor the latter, just as does Gavin Gordon, her erring spouse.

Here, at least, the home-breaker (Lenita Lane) proves beautiful but dumb compared to the wife and model of all the virtues, whose actions when aroused surprise not only her husband, but her ultra-modern daughter, and even Grandma who has long since refused to be surprised by anything. What's more, Minna's tactics will take you by surprise, too!

C. Rumba
(Paramount)

Do you remember the one about the fabulously rich sassiety gal, the petulant lit-tul thrill-seeker who frequents dives just for a lark and, pardon us, even *gets* the bird from the beneath-her-socially gent she chases? Well, in case you don't, the familiar plot is once again unreeled in "Rumba." Of course, the story serves as a big build-up for the sequence in which George Raft and Carole Lombard execute the intricate steps of that colorful dance, and very beautifully they do it, too. But when you've seen that, you've seen about everything the picture has to offer. Indeed, the theme is about as phony as its papier mache-looking sets, with the hero's behavior being more like that of a Bowery baddie than a Mexican dancer. So little suspense is managed that one can even anticipate ensuing situations.

Miss Lombard, looking lovely, does what can be done with a very stupid character, which isn't much. Lynne Overman, as the wise-cracking newspaperman, is good in that very familiar role and Margo, as the Lombard foil, dances beautifully and photographs atrociously. Indeed, even if the order were "On with the dance," it wouldn't be Paramount's "Rumba" for us.

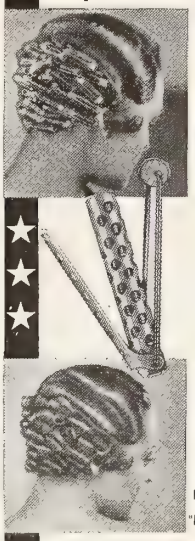
A: My Heart Is Calling
(Gaumont-British)

It is a certified Czech named Jan Kiepura —you may remember him in "Be Mine Tonight"—who makes this picture as enjoyable as it is. His voice is truly magnificent and he sings a generous number of songs. Three new ones—"My Heart Is Calling," Serenade" and "You, Me and Love." There are two arias from "La Tosca," cleverly presented, and other operatic pieces. As for the rest of the picture—the story is well enough, but we find English comedy pretty unfunny. The girl, Marta Eggerth, is attractive and spirited and has a pretty good voice herself, but she really should lose about twenty pounds for her American audiences. Sonnie Hale works himself up into a perspiration in his efforts to be killingly funny all the time and doesn't succeed very well. We forgot everything when Kiepura sang.



Minna Gombell and Hardie Albright in a scene from "Women Must Dress."

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Read the Modern Hostess Department every month in

MODERN SCREEN

Amazing Things Have Happened to Her

(*Continued from page 53*)

no other way to reach home, except by following that death-dealing steel.

The blonde daredevil drew in her breath sharply. She gripped the arm of her brunette chum. "Come," she whispered, "we must follow them. It is the only way! Don't show you're afraid!"

For what seemed an eternity the two chums continued their march of horror, managing to keep about ten paces between themselves and the terrible bayonets. And always the cruel, mask-like faces of the soldiers leering at them silently and evilly. At last they reached the home of the blonde Anna, and darted in to collapse on the floor for a good spell of hysteria.

For that blonde Anna, that daredevil of Kiev was none other than our own Anna Sten, alluring lady of a thousand and one screen moods.

As I gazed on her, stretched out on a couch in her dressing-room in that frilled and flounced organdie dress which she wore as Katusha in the Russian Easter scene from "We Live Again," she seemed the very epitome of shy maidenliness. Her crown of golden braids and a demure sky-blue sash completed the illusion of angelic purity and shrinking modesty. I could scarcely believe that this was the same person who had defied part of the Communist army, and risked death not once, but many times, with a devil-may-care pluckiness that could be envied by many a professional hero.

Take the incident of her defiance of a military command. Again she was walking down the twisted streets of Kiev. And again she shouldn't have been. All at once, she found herself face to face with a squadron of grim looking soldiers, this time marching forward in circular formation around a group of prisoners they were taking to the parade ground for execution. She knew very well that she should have stepped aside to allow this deadly escort to pass, but something in her rebelled.

"The officer in command yelled at me to step back, but I didn't. Why didn't he shoot me?" She looked at me with childish wonderment in her blazing blue eyes. "I don't know to this day, for I know he had instructions to shoot any citizen who interfered with his progress. Maybe some instinct told me he wouldn't, for I continued to walk on in the middle of the street, actually making my steps slower so that he wouldn't reach the parade ground so soon.

"It was madness—I, walking along calmly—that man behind me, yelling to me to step aside or he'd shoot!"

She shook her head solemnly. "Perhaps it was the abnormal life, the terrible happenings every day which made me so—soldiers, battles, executions, flights!"

AS a matter of fact, it was the Cossack blood which ran in her veins that made her "so."

More than any other member in her family, she inherited the dauntless courage and the recklessness of her colorful forebears, who, for generations, had guarded the wild and luxuriant country around Kiev from all invaders. They were born rebels. Actually never happy unless they were defying some law. The stories of their incredible deeds and misdeeds have become the legends of the Ukraine countryside. The very word Cossack spells romance and adventure.

No wonder then that Anna's childhood and youth, endured through the turbulent period of the Russian Revolution, are packed with more exciting suspense than the adventures of "The Count of Monte Cristo." Most children study the history of their country but Anna lived hers, she was raised on revolution and civil turmoil.

Time after time her family, more timorous than she was, would send her out to forage for food. Giggling, she described to me the preparations for those treasure hunts. Each member of the family would bring out some queer article of clothing and bundle her up in it until she looked like a padded barrel with a curly head stuck on top. Tied up in those queer rags, she would crawl down the dark road to the turnip fields, on the outskirts of the town—sometimes on her hands and knees to escape detection. Like a savage animal, she'd dig in the frozen earth for a mouldy turnip that might have been overlooked by other ravenous townspeople, for the Ukraine was faced with famine.

"Aren't you afraid of anything?" I asked. She laughed.

"If you keep it a deep secret, I'll tell you what I'm afraid of—it's staircases and steps! Every new staircase is my mortal enemy." Again she laughed that infectious laugh, covering her wide, laughing mouth with her hands—and looking at me from between spread fingers. She has the mannerisms of a child, gay, unselfconscious and very sensitive to any new stimulus.

And then she told me of her staircase complex. She just can't help either falling up or down stairs. Just present her with a new set of stairs and she's off her feet, in a hurry. Laughing so hard that she could hardly speak, she told me of the time she was invited as guest star from Moscow to act the star role in a picture they were making in Leningrad.

"The day I arrived in Leningrad I was invited to a big party at the motion picture club there. It was to be a celebration in my honor. I didn't know a soul in the city and they didn't know me. I was taken, in great state, by the director of the picture. We arrived late, in order to make a grand entrance into the ballroom where they were waiting to meet me. He took me into an ante room first which led down into the main ballroom by three innocent stairs.

WELL, I was terribly excited and confused by this great affair in my honor—and when I saw the staircase, it was too much!

"All I know was that the door opened from the outside as was planned, but instead of those people seeing me enter the room grandly on the arm of the great director, they saw me sitting on the bottom step, my legs and arms flying out in four directions and my eyes blinking at them like a foolish sheep. Imagine a guest of honor greeting her hosts from that position on the floor. I think I have never since been so terribly embarrassed!"

"When I think back over some of those experiences," she told me with a distant look in her eyes, "I sometimes believe that I have lived five lives in one! That is why, in Hollywood, where people always look for new excitement, my pleasures today seem a little dull." She was thoughtful.

Compared to the adventures she related to me at random that afternoon, her off-screen life does seem somewhat uneventful. Her marriage is an exemplary one. And she admits if she weren't an actress she would be a gardener or a farmerette. (Imagine! She got up four times one night recently to apply hot water bottles to a colic-y brood of baby chickens. Do you think any other Hollywood siren would do this?)

"I suppose you will laugh when I tell you that I am never bored. I would be perfectly content for the rest of my life to putter around my garden, to take care of my husband and my menagerie." The aforementioned husband is the brilliant German, Dr. Frenke. The menagerie consists of a family of turtles, a brood of chickens, various and sundry ducks, cats, and her two beloved Siberian sleigh dogs —Driook, *Little Pal,* and his daughter, Prishok, *Swansdown*—now the proud parents of five puppies.

"It is because I have been through so much, *too* much, that I can so well appreciate such quiet satisfaction as a home, a husband and a garden now."

Once again she laughed. Her laughter is very characteristic—full-throated, compelling and slightly hysterical. It seems to burst from her wide, parted lips and to shiver her body with mirth. "I hope you won't think that this makes me too uninteresting! You see, I reserve my dramatic scenes for the screen!"

And if you've ever seen her act, you'll know she does!

My Cards Are On the Table

(*Continued from page 51*)

and I don't want anyone to do it to me.

"I'm eternally amazed that people ask for your opinion and don't want it. All they want is to be 'yessed.' For instance, a girl I know asked me once if I liked her new hat. I didn't and I said so. She asked for my opinion, didn't she? Why had she asked me if she didn't want it? Yet she was peeved at me because I had said I didn't like the hat. If I had bought a hat that I adored and that I knew looked well on me, I wouldn't ask anyone what she thought of it. If I were sure how I felt, why should I? But if I didn't know, if I were doubtful, I'd certainly ask advice. And I'd most certainly want the truth. I'd want another person's opinion. Then suppose that person said, 'Oh, my dear, why the hat is lovely. It looks adorable on you,'—and all the time she was thinking—'it's a dreadful hat'—well then, why should I waste words asking?

"And if anyone has done something I don't like—I'll tell the person, himself, about it. I hope people do the same to me. I want to know. It's only fair, for if there is some legitimate explanation, it should be given.

"I can't change my character. I'm not defending myself. Nor saying that's the best way. I'm not giving anybody advice. But it's my way, that's all. Perhaps other people are much more popular than I by saying one thing to a person and meaning another. So probably I'm wrong."

"So much for your private life," I said, "But what about it at the studio? How do you get away with not 'yessing' the director?"

WHEN I'm bad in a picture," she answered immediately (Connie always answers immediately), "it's my own fault. I have no alibis. I can't blame it on the director, because I can't do a scene in which I feel no sincerity. I couldn't do it, honestly, I couldn't. When arguments about how a scene should be played arise, I'll fight to the last ditch if I think I'm right. Sometimes there is a compromise and we do it two ways, one his way, one mine. Then we'll look at it in the projection room and take the best one. Lots of times I'm wrong about scenes I do. Well then, it's my own fault. I haven't anyone to blame but myself and I'll take the responsibility. But I can't do a piece of acting well in which I don't believe."

"And how," I asked, "do you cope with it when you're given a just plain, rotten story to do?"

"I can't do anything about that, except try to get out of playing in bad stories. And I don't always succeed. It's difficult then to believe in a character that isn't real.

"But I'm sure I've never been able to figure out why there is so much 'yessing' in Hollywood. I think we'd all be a lot better off if people said what they really meant."

They called her just then to go on the set. That reminded me of something. I very much wanted to see Clark Gable that day. He was working with Bennett but when I had asked to go on the set to see him, there had been a great deal of fluttering and many shocked faces. "Oh no," everyone had said, "You can't possibly even set foot on Bennett's set. She won't allow anyone except those actually working on the picture. No, no, it isn't possible."

I'M a docile soul and had accepted that in spite of the fact that I had a deadline to meet and that it was very important for me to see Gable.

Connie had said she believed in frankness and that she treated others as she wanted to be treated. I put it to the test.

"Look," I said, "I know you don't like to have anyone on your set but it would be a great favor to me if I could see Gable this afternoon. I've a deadline to meet and there's no other time. If you say 'no,' that's okay with me. If you say 'yes,' I'd be very appreciative."

She gave me a long steady look. "The reason I won't have people on my set is because I hate to be stared at aimlessly while I'm at work. Wouldn't you hate having somebody looking over your shoulder all the time you're writing a story? That's all. I have to make the rule good and strong or it wouldn't be taken seriously. You'll be there on business. You'll be talking to Gable."

"Then it's okay?"

Her face broke into that nice Bennett smile. "It's okay."

Some months ago I had asked a star's permission to come on her set. She gave it graciously, but later she had raised her own particular brand of Cain with the publicity department and had said I inveigled her into giving permission.

I went on the Bennett set. I saw Gable. Connie didn't mention the incident to anyone.

Thinking it over, I believe it's pretty swell to be frank!



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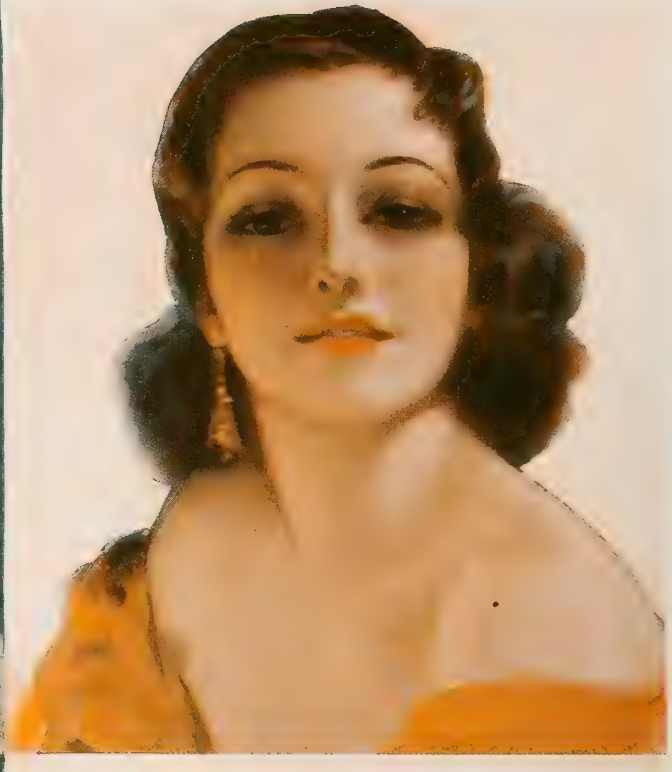


Earl Christy

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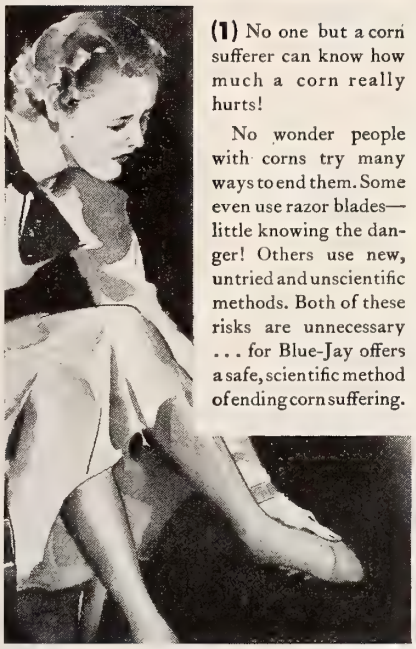
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removes the corn safely and scientifically in 3 days . . .] METHOD USED WITH SUCCESS BY 30,000,000 FORMER CORN SUFFERERS



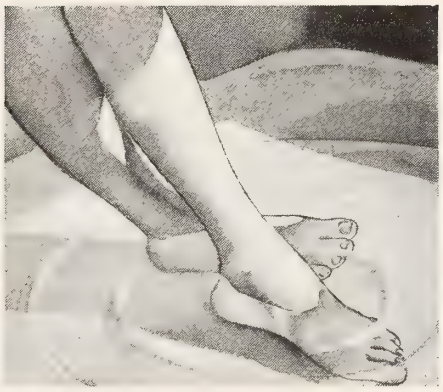
(1) No one but a corn sufferer can know how much a corn really hurts!

No wonder people with corns try many ways to end them. Some even use razor blades—little knowing the danger! Others use new, untried and unscientific methods. Both of these risks are unnecessary . . . for Blue-Jay offers a safe, scientific method of ending corn suffering.



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(4) Then, apply a *Blue-Jay Corn Remover*, centering the pad directly over the corn. The soft, snug fitting pad stops the pain instantly by removing shoe pressure. Does not show under the smartest shoes. Wet-Pruf adhesive strip holds the pad exactly in place . . . allows free bathing . . . does not chafe the stocking. You walk in comfort . . . forget you have a corn.



(5) In the meantime, the mild, gentle Blue-Jay medication is slowly undermining the corn without your knowing it. At the end of three days take off the plaster, soak the foot again in hot water, and the entire corn lifts right out. (Old, tough corns may need a second application—Blue-Jay, though sure-fire, is mild in its action.)

Read these typical letters from BLUE-JAY users!



Recommendation to Nurses. "Blue-Jay is the most effective corn plaster I have ever used," *writes Mrs. Clara Werner, Minneapolis.* "It will remove a corn for me in three days, without the least pain or discomfort. I am a nurse and on my feet most of the time, so it is very important to have well feet. I recommend it to all nurses."



Do You Do This, Too? "When I see a woman hobbling along, or surreptitiously slipping off a shoe in a movie, restaurant or church, I have the inclination to lean over and whisper, 'Why don't you use Blue-Jay?' Long ago I resigned from that 'suffering sisterhood' by using Blue-Jays as soon as the need for treatment of a corn arose."—*Myra Cline, Denver, Colo.*



Corn Pain Shows in Face, *says Miss Gladys Marie Hobart, San Francisco.* "I cannot be happy if my entire nervous system is upset because of the misery of an aching corn. Besides, I want to look fit. I don't want my complexion marked with the irritable lines that suffering from a corn can give. Since corns are inevitable, I am thankful to Blue-Jays for their cure and instant relief from pain."



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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement ... a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty... mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance... you'll laugh at its bright comedy... and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

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☐ Ash Blonde ☐ Medium Brown ☐ Golden Blonde

INFORMATION DESK

What do you want to know next?

Questions asked most frequently and the most interesting ones rate first preference. Don't ask questions which require too much research or infringe upon good taste, and not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

NOTE: The Desk has been fairly swamped with questions about the one and only DICK POWELL. Since it is impossible to list all the names and addresses and still have enough space left for the answers, please look for your answer in the following:

Richard E. Powell, whose real name is just that, was born a country boy in Mountain View, Ark., on November 14, 1904. (Which makes him just 30.) When he was 12, his father, mother and two brothers, Howard and Luther, moved to Little Rock where he attended grammar and high school and Little Rock College for one year. He learned, at this time, to play the saxophone, cornet and clarinet and organized an orchestra. He sang in a church choir, and for weddings and funerals. He made an unsuccessful try at vaudeville in St. Louis, after which he returned to Little Rock and married Mildred Maund. Dick was having a pretty tough time of it until a visiting orchestra, the Royal Peacocks, signed him to a contract and carried him and his wife off to Louisville, Ky. He had various other positions after that, finally ending up as master of ceremonies in a theatre in Pittsburgh, where he stayed for over three years. Then a Warner Brothers scout spotted him, arranged for a screen test and a contract. His first picture was "Blessed Event" which he made in 1932. Outside of film work, he is interested in music, flying, golf, swimming, horseback riding, bridge and football games. He collects musical instruments and enjoys making home-made movies. He is six feet tall, weighs 172 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair. Shortly after Dick came to Hollywood Mildred Maund divorced him, and since then he has been seen most frequently with Mary Brian. Whether they will ever be married is a question only they can answer—and they won't. At present Dick broadcasts every Friday night at 9:30 P.M. on the Columbia network. After "Gold Diggers of 1935" in which Gloria Stuart is his leading lady, he will take the part of Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He is also scheduled to appear in "Broadway Gondolier" and "Radio Jamboree of 1935" with Ruby Keeler. He is under contract to Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif., where you can write him for a photo.

JACK McMAHON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Let the argument cease! Alan Hale was the driver of the Ford and the lusty singer in "It Happened One Night."

HELEN LITTLE, Grantwood, N. J.; ADDIE BROWN, St. Louis, Mo.; ETHEL MARTINEZ, Bronx, N. Y.; JO ANN BARR and LOUISE PRATT, New York City; PHYLLIS FONTAINE, Chicago, Ill.—Since the "Invisible Man" has become visible, he has attracted a great deal of attention. Claude Rains was born in London, England, on November 10, 1889, and made his first stage appearance at the age of 11. From that time on, until the war, Rains appeared in plays in England, Australia and in New Haven, Conn., where he made his American debut. After the war he resumed his career in London and then returned to America where he became well known on Broadway. "The Invisible Man" was his first picture and "Crime Without Passion" his second. He has recently made "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head" and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." His next will be an English-made picture, "The Clairvoyant" with Fay Wray. Mr. Rains is an impressive person. While he is not tall, he is well built. His hair is black and unruly and his features strong. He has mysterious and commanding eyes. He has been married three times—to Isabel Jeans, Marie Hemingway and Beatrice Thompson. He is under contract to Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., where you may reach him.

CLARENCE THOMPSON, Memphis, Tenn.—You're quite right. Doris Kenyon was in "Voltaire" with George Arliss.

KATHERINE ENTAS, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; GLORIA GRANT, Bronx, N. Y.; RUTH HERMANN, Rochester, N. Y.; CHARLOTTE CEKALA, New Britain, Conn.; FRANCES DE LEONARDO, Ellwood City, Pa.; LOIS LEVY, San Francisco, Calif.—Did you know that Phil Regan is none other than the one time "Singing Cop" of radio? Well, he was just that before the movies claimed him. He was really a cop, too, on the New York Police Force, and probably would be still if it hadn't been for that marvelous tenor voice of his. He was born in Brooklyn, May 28, 1908. This handsome young Irish-American is 5 feet 10 inches tall, has hazel eyes and black hair—to say nothing of his charming smile. He has appeared in "The Key," "Housewife," "Sweet Adeline," and is also in "Go Into Your Dance" and "Caliente." After these, he is scheduled for lots more, for Warner Brothers like him. You may reach him at their studio, Burbank, Calif., and maybe he will send you a photo.

BLAKE STEADMAN, Thorold, Ont.—Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer have played in the following pictures together: "Their Own Desire," "The Divorcee," "Riptide" and "Private Lives," a play by Noel Coward first produced on Broadway under the same title. Okay?

PAULINE KELCH, Windsor, Ont.; LEONORE HEFLIN, Philadelphia, Pa.; ANN RAPIER, Waverly, Ky.; BETTY POLONIATAKIS, Pawtucket, R. I.; MARIAN MAREVKA, Chicago, Ill.; ELAINE GAMBLE, Somerville, Mass.—It is only fitting, we suppose, that Ruby Keeler's history should be given almost in the same breath as that of Dick Powell. So here goes. On August 25, 1909, our Ruby took her first look at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and continued to look at it for three years until her family moved to New York. Here she attended public school and later the Professional Children's School, making her stage debut at 13 and appearing in choruses of Broadway musicals while still going to school. She came into the public eye in Texas Guinan's floor show, and Ziegfeld signed her as chief tap dancer for "Whoopee." In 1928 she met Al Jolson and became his missus, after which she was starred in "Show Girl." "42nd Street" first presented her to screen audiences, and since then life has been just one big musical after another. Off the screen she is shy and retiring, dresses modestly and is a grand little wife, according to Al. She likes to fish, play golf and ride horseback. A typical Irish beauty, Ruby has brown, wavy hair and blue eyes. Her weight is 105 and her height 5 feet 4. Right now she and Al are making their first picture

(*Continued on page 13*)



Dick Powell decked out for Spring.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



GO INTO YOUR DANCE with Ruby Keeler in the swellest stepping she's ever done!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE as Al Jolson sings his heart out to Ruby in 5 new ballads!





GO INTO YOUR DANCE to the lilting tunes of 8 grand songs by Warren & Dubin!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE with Glenda Farrell, Patsy Kelly, Helen Morgan, Benny Rubin, and other big stars!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE with 100's of girls in ravishing Bobby Connolly spectacles!

☆

Clap Hands for Another Honey from Warner Bros.—a Lyrical Miracle that Runs Away with April's Blue Ribbon! Even if Its Drama and Music Weren't Blended So Magically into Entertainment That Is Sheer Enchantment, You'd Still Insist on Seeing It Because It Teams for the First Time on the Screen

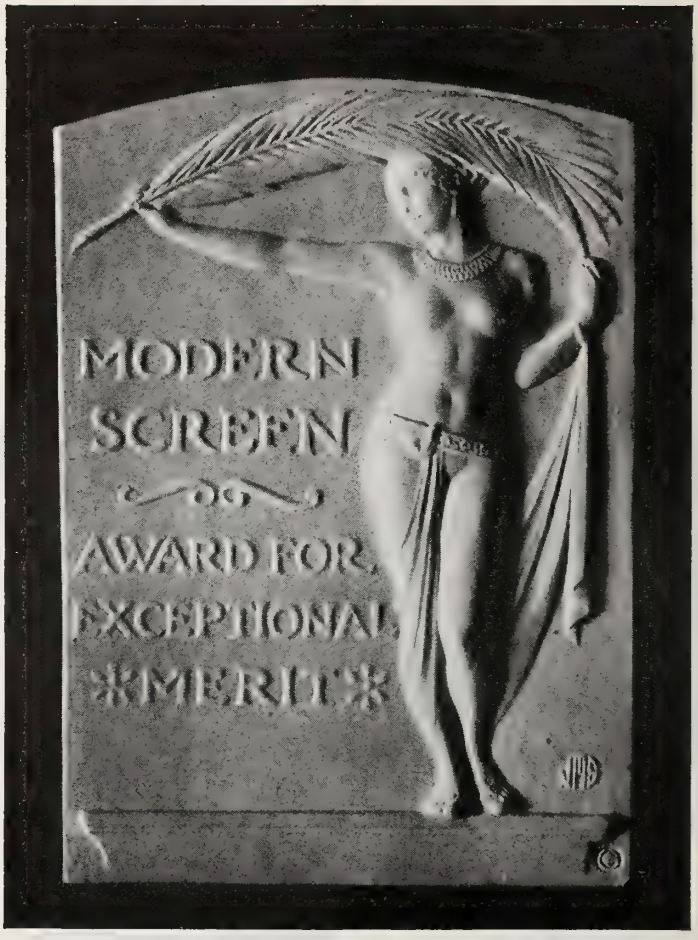
Al JOLSON and Ruby KEELER in "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

Famous "42nd Street's" author, Bradford Ropes, wrote this story of a girl who played with death for her man's life—staged against the thrilling backdrop of New York's hot spots. And you'll like Archie L. Mayo's smart direction for First National Pictures.

☆

we salute
'DAVID COPPERFIELD'

With this issue MODERN SCREEN inaugurates a series of awards for exceptional motion pictures. We take great pleasure in making our first award for exceptional merit to M-G-M's magnificent production, "David Copperfield"



WE salute "David Copperfield" and all those who had a part in making it the great achievement it is. Millions of hearts have felt a great deal warmer, millions of lives have been brightened, as audiences witnessed the beloved characters of Dickens' novel so truthfully portrayed on the screen. It is a picture to see, not once, but many times, for each time one finds something new to laugh over, some new touch of pathos to stir the heart, some new memory to cherish. We are happy to join in the universal acclaim of "David Copperfield."

HOW AM I DOIN'?



Mae West acclaimed Belle of the 1930's, as thousands cheer!

WE'D say, Miss West, that you're doin' okay!

You proved yourself the undisputed "Belle of the Nineties" a while ago. But why limit things? Why don't we acclaim you the "Belle of the 1930's" right now? The five gentlemen who seem so anxious to light your cigarette have already cast their vote. Paramount, blissfully remembering box office receipts on your past pictures, has cast its vote. And we herewith cast ours.

Mae, you were swell in bustles and passementerie, but we've always wanted to see you in some streamline, airflow, 1935 clothes! If you could make husbands absent-minded in puffed sleeves, what could you do to 'em in a Patou? In "How Am I Doin'?" we found out!

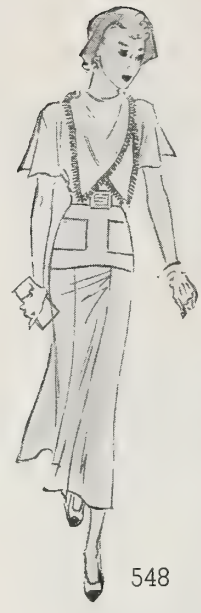
In this picture the girl with the hair-trigger wit sets a few new styles. She is as modern as next season's hat. She wears clothes that will make wives absent-minded, too. And she talks a Westian line of wisecracks that will be quoted by comedians, amateur and professional, for months to come.

Scallions to those who hinted that you needed an hour-glass silhouette and ostrich plumes, gentlemen in peg-top trousers, rococo furniture, and the bad, bad background of the Mauve Decade to set you off. Orchids to you for doing something different. Our hat (last season's, we must, with some sorrow, admit) is off to you!

(Advt.)

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

Remember how you loved the Janet Gaynor Hungarian blouse? Well, this month we have another one for you that we think you will be equally as crazy about. It's number 544, worn by Mary Brian. It's a Russian type of sailor blouse with effective full sleeves and contrasting braid trimming. You may wear the collar either up or down. The flannel skirt is part of the costume and is straight with kick pleat. Pattern 541 is a smart two-piece ensemble of jacket and short-sleeved dress worn by Frances Drake. Polka dotted silk for the fabric and plain crêpe or cotton piqué for the smart collar and jacket trim. Pattern 548 is Gail Patrick's good looking two-piece white dress with a scarf collar that is draped like a bib. The fabric is a waffle weave silk. Cape-like sleeves and fringe edge for the scarf. The skirt has a stitched-down box pleat at front. All of these patterns come in sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38, 40.



548



544



541







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PICTURE NEWS !



The Fred Astaires arrive in high spirits for Kay Francis' nautical shindig. Mrs. Fred was Phyllis Potter and she is pretty enough to be in pictures, don't you think?



Above, Scotty gets around. This time he's at the Cocoanut Grove in time to snap the Cedric Gibbons (need we say Dolores Del Rio?) and Whitney De Rham upon arrival.



Back to the Kay Francis party. Above, the hostess and a guest help Joan Bennett aboard. Below, Kay graciously poses with a dirty, bearded deckhand named Cagney!



Above, more Francis party guests. Admiral Ed Robinson with distinguished lipstick insignia on cheek! And Anna Sten. Below, the Charles Boyers (Pat Paterson).









Above, you see the living-room of Janet's studio bungalow. She eats her lunch here rather than in the commissary because it is so restful. Right, Janet all decked out as a cook, and very pretty, too!



by Marjorie Deen

The MODERN HOSTESS

"MOMMIE," said the little girl at the movies, as a trailer flashed a vivid description of a forthcoming feature, "Mommie, what *is* 'glamor'?"

"Glamor," replied her mother slowly, trying to decide on a simple definition, "glamor is—well, it's what women on the screen have that makes them so popular."

"Oh," replied the very young miss with satisfaction, "then Janet Gaynor has glamor, hasn't she?"

Well, no, my dear, Janet Gaynor is not said to have glamor—nor is she ever described as "seductive," "exotic" or "intense." Why, she is not even supposed to be style conscious! But is she popular? She is, in fact, according to box office receipts, the most popular of all the women stars.

The secret of Janet's success is in the simple things that lie close to the heart. Not for her are stories that are a bit questionable, or roles that call for strange creations of the costume designers and coiffeurs. And because of this very simplicity, little girls, like the inquiring young miss of whom I just spoke, hope they'll "grow up to be like Janet Gaynor," while older women love to think of themselves as having resembled her in their youth. She is what every young man thinks his future bride will be like—and what every father hopes his daughter will resemble.

WHILE other stars "with glamor" flash like meteors across the sky and disappear into the darkness, our little Janet continues to hold the enviable position she has earned in the hearts of millions of fans.

Strange, isn't it, that despite our much vaunted sophistication and modernity we still idealize and idolize a person who typifies exactly the opposite? And since I am dedicating this article to (*Continued on page 70*)

Home-baked foods are Janet Gaynor's culinary pets



Ruby Keeler, screendom's sweetest star.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 6*)

together—"Go Into Your Dance." After that Warner Brothers' little pet will probably be in "Radio Jamboree of 1935," again reunited with that Powell boy. Burbank, Cal., is W. B.'s Studio address.

KAY LANDERS, Boston, Mass.—Joan Crawford's first (very first) picture was "Pretty Ladies," in which she was merely an extra by the name of Lucille LeSueur. Her next was "Old Clothes" with Jackie Coogan. She was, however, also in "Across to Singapore" in 1928 and in "Four Walls," "Rose Marie" and "Our Blushing Brides," as you suspected.

JOANNA, Waxahachie, Tex.; ANNE JORDAN, Syracuse, N. Y.; TED KALE, Central Falls, R. I., DOROTHY MORROW, Decatur, Ill.; MARJORIE GROSS, Chicago, Ill.—Next we have Joe Morrison, a young man who is going places in a hurry. Grand Rapids, Mich., was Joe's birthplace on November 19, 1908. There he attended grammar school, Catholic Central High School, and afterwards spent four years at St. Joseph's Seminary in preparation for priesthood. He decided, however, that his future happiness would best be guaranteed if he pursued a vocal career instead. At 18 he joined a quartette on the RKO vaudeville circuit, and finally landed in Hollywood at the Music Box Theatre in "Nine O'Clock Revue." His hopes that the producers would notice him were shattered, and there he was, in Hollywood, without a job. He flipped a coin, and decided to return to New York, where, for 17 weeks he sang as the "Beloved Vagabond" over WOR. Then followed a year as soloist with George Olsen's orchestra, and finally the successful launching of "The Last Round-Up" which Joe sang to perfection. Then Hollywood came to him, and he made his first picture for Paramount in 1934—"The Old Fashioned Way," followed by "Home on the Range," "One Hour Late" and "Love in Bloom," his latest. His next will be "Four Hours to Kill." Joe has dark brown hair and twinkling blue eyes, weighs 150 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches tall. He isn't married yet, but just wait until the Hollywood gals get wise!

JOHN WAYNE, Sheridan, Pa.—The student nurses who supported Loretta Young in "The White Parade" were Dorothy Wilson, Muriel Kirkland, Astrid Allwyn and Joyce Compton, who took the part of Texas. She was born in Lexington, Ky., and moved to Tulsa, Okla., where she attended high school. (No, the Southern accent wasn't a fake.) A newspaper beauty contest was her ticket to the movies and Hollywood, where she stayed, taking extra parts. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 116 pounds and has flaming red hair and blue eyes. Sounds (and looks) good! She is a free-lance player, but her next picture will be "Mr. Dynamite" for Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., where you may be able to reach her.

TELVIS WALLACE, Evarts, Ky.; MARY GAILBREATH, Washington, D. C.; CECELIA RYNIEC, South Amboy, N. J.; JEAN HIRSCH, Detroit, Mich.; MARIAN E. RYAN, Sennett, N. Y.—Ever heard of Mae Green? Oh, yes you have, only you know her as Jean Parker. Originally (August 11, 1915), of Deer Lodge, Mont., her education was received in Los Angeles and Pasadena, where she attended high school. Jean actually floated into the movies on a bed of roses—she was riding a float in a Pasadena Tournament of Roses when a movie executive saw her. Her first picture was "Divorce in the Family" in 1931. Ambition is this young lady's middle name. She has only five; interpretive dancing, acting, painting, music and writing. She speaks French fluently and likes to dance and swim. Her favorite color is jade green, which goes beautifully with her dark brown hair and blue green eyes. She is only 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds—no wonder her friends call her Robin. She is rumored engaged to a childhood sweetheart—Francis Lucas. She is rarely seen with anyone else. Her most recent picture is "Sequoia" and her next will be "Princess O'Hara" for which Universal borrowed her from M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. "Have a Heart" was an original story.

FULTON A. KING, Weyers Cave, Va.—Doris Davenport is the gal you mean, who took the part of Toots in "Kid Millions." Information about her is scarce, but she is not under contract to any studio, although you may take a chance and write her at Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. That's all, but you're right about her looks.



Sally is a little gossip...*and I'm glad she is!*



"I'm glad you came over to visit me while you wash your dolly's clothes, Sally. Let me lend you some soap."

"No, thanks—I brought my own kind along—'cause I don't want Arabella's clothes to do any tattling on me."



"Why, clothes can't tattle, Sally."

"'Deed they can! My mommy says the little bride across the street works real hard—but her clothes are full of tattle-tale gray—'cause she uses a soap that doesn't unstick *all* the dirt."



"But my mommy's clothes are white as anything—'cause she's smart. She uses this Fels-Naptha Soap! Smell? That's naptha, mommy says—heaps of it."

"M-m-m! So that's why Fels-Naptha gets *all* the dirt. I wonder if . . ."



Few weeks later: "Goody! Goody!—strawberry ice cream!"

"That's a treat for you, Sally. You're a little gossip—but I've got to thank you for making me change to Fels-Naptha. My washes look lots whiter now!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

LITTLE gossips *are* cute—but you would not want any grown-up gossips to see "tattle-tale gray" in your clothes.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets clothes gorgeously *white!*

Fels-Naptha, you see, is richer soap—*good golden soap!* And there's *lots of naptha* in it. When these two cleaners get busy, dirt simply has to let go—ALL OF IT!

Fels-Naptha is *so gentle*, too—you can trust your daintiest silk undies to it! It's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Try Fels-Naptha in tub, basin, or machine. Get a supply at your grocer's! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO. NRA CODE

MODERN SCREEN'S

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Babes in Toyland (M-G-M)	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Babbitt (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Baboona (Martin Johnsons)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	0	3★	4★	3★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	0	2★	2★	2★	1★	2★
Behold My Wife (Paramount)	3★	1★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	0	2½★	3★	2★	0	3★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Big-Hearted Herbert (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★
Bordertown (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	0	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★
Bright Eyes (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Broadway Bill (Columbia)	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	3½★	4★	5★	5★	4★	4★	4★	5★	5★
By Your Leave (RKO)	3★	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	
The Captain Hates the Sea (Columbia)	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★
Charlie Chan in Paris (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	3★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	0	2★	3★	0	4★	3★	4★	3★
The County Chairman (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Dangerous Corner (RKO)	3★	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Enter Madame (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	3★	2★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	4★	3★
Evergreen (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Father Brown, Detective (Paramount)	2★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Firebird (Warners)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	2★
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★

Accurate reports of your favorite critics' ratings of current pictures

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Gambling (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	1★	3★	2½★	2★
The Gay Bride of the Rackets (M-G-M)	1★	2½★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	0	2½★	2★	3★	0	3★	1★	2★	2★	2★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Gentlemen Are Born (First National)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	1★	2★	3★	3★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	2★	4★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Great Expectations (Universal)	4★	0	0	4★	0	0	0	3★	0	0	3★	0	4★	3★	3★	3★
Helldorado (Fox)	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Hell in the Heavens (Fox)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Home on the Range (Paramount)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	0	2½★	3★	1★	0	0	2★	3★	2★	2★
I Am a Thief (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	0	1★	0	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Imitation of Life (Universal)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	4★	2★	3★	0	0	4★	4★	3★
The Iron Duke (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
I Sell Anything (First National)	3★	2½	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★
It's a Gift (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Kansas City Princess (Warners)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	2★	1★	2★	2★
Kentucky Kernels (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	1★	0	0	4★	2★	3★	2★
Kid Millions (Sam Goldwyn)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Lady by Choice (Columbia)	4★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Limehouse Blues (Paramount)	2★	1★	1★	2★	0	1★	0	2★	0	2★	2★	0	2★	1★	2★	2★
Little Men (Mascot)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	0	0	4★	3★	0	2★
The Little Minister (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
The Man Who Reclaimed His Head (Uni.)	3★	3★	2★	4★	2★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★

(*Continued on page 74*)

5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, no review

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

New York Times
Andre Sennwald

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons

Beauty Advice



Madge Evans, beautiful as she is, isn't above wishing for what a million other girls desire—long, heavy eyelashes. And clipping them does the trick.

Is your hair drab and oily? See page 98 for a personal service.

by Mary Biddle

MADGE EVANS is the kind of a girl who represents most any woman's wistful dream of the grown-up daughter she would like to have, or the sweetheart she would like her son to marry. Not so many years ago Madge walked into the hearts of the screen public as an adorable, curly-headed child star and now she is just the kind of a person that that child star should have grown up to be. She is lovely. She is unaffected. There's nothing artificial or made-up about her. She is one of the few actresses who is lovelier off the screen than on, because her flawless complexion is one of her outstanding charms. In other words, she's a "natural" for a selfish beauty editor's column, and I felt pretty lucky to have had an interview with her so that I might be able to tell you all about her.

This was Madge's first good-sized vacation in New York for several years, and she was having a beautiful time. Her suite at the Waldorf-Astoria was literally a bower of roses, so many were the bouquets that graced the tables, the desk, and the fireplace mantel. Some of the roses were a warm cream color with deep golden hearts that seemed to paint their petals with an inner glow . . . an appropriate background for Madge, as her own fair blonde skin has a very lovely golden tinge to it, a sort of radiant underglow that complements her golden hair and blue eyes. She has graceful hands (photographs don't do them justice), and small, milk-white teeth that remind one of the perfect teeth of a child.

EVEN though you love hearing about such Hollywood perfection, perhaps you're getting discouraged right off the reel at hearing about all this "natural-born" charm, so far as your emulating it is concerned. Well, just you wait a bit. It's a little encouraging to know that the Hollywood goddesses are only human after all. Madge

Lovely skin and lustrous hair can be yours, says La Evans

is a very modest person, and her modesty isn't put on; it's a genuine, refreshing thing. She honestly doesn't consider herself at all glamorous. She never wears any sort of bizarre or out-of-the-ordinary make-up effects, because she doesn't feel that she can "carry them off." Now, here's the point. Madge isn't above wanting new "eye-deas" about the very same thing on which I receive hundreds of queries from you. She isn't above wishing for what a million and one other girls wish for—long, heavy eyelashes.

The thing that brought up the discussion was when Madge said she wanted to explain why her eyelashes looked so "chopped off." As a matter of fact, we hadn't even noticed. Anyhow, she explained that a year or so ago she decided to find out if there was anything in the theory of cutting one's eyelashes in order to make them longer and more luxuriant. As she was about to have a vacation after months of hard work at the studios, and the camera wouldn't be there for a while to catch her with its wicked eye, she cut off her eyelashes to about one-third their natural length, and went gallivanting away on her vacation trip. Well, the lashes didn't grow back longer than they were before, but they did grow thicker, so after one successful trial, she was going through the stunt again during this vacation. Madge was highly amused at herself and her experimentation for "more glamorous" eyelashes. She laughingly told about the night she was dressing for a party, and thought the occasion called for some special eye make-up; she started to apply her mascara when her mirror woke her up to the realization that her lashes had gone on a vacation, too.

NOW before you rush madly for the scissors (manicure scissors if you please), remember that it may take your lashes a good long time to grow back in again to their natural length, so unless you're having an extensive vacation, you had better not cut your lashes without due consideration. Some people's lashes grow in much more slowly than others. But if you don't mind the drawbacks, it's well worth trying. Incidentally, after the cutting, I would recommend the morning and nightly application of an eyelash grower, applied with a tiny eyelash brush and a gentle upward brushing motion.

If you want to have heavier eyelashes to sweep down over your cheeks, it naturally follows that you'll want a complexion worthy of the added glamor. Every once in a while I have to raise considerable fuss about the (*Continued on page 98*)

OUR "HOPE CHEST"



-it tells you why you shouldn't try an untried laxative

AT the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go . . . while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year . . . simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax is a chocolated laxative . . . but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The *way* it is made . . . the satisfaction it gives . . . these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit . . . you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

AND . . . THAT "CERTAIN SOMETHING"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that *no other laxative has*. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is . . . at our expense . . . just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MM55 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

IT'S TOPS.. this year more than ever!

Take it from me—this new Scandals is 365 times greater than last year's . . . and what swelegant entertainment *that* was! Only George White himself could have outdazzled his 1934 creation.

You're going to zoom from loud "ha-ha's" at the comedy to gasping "a-ah's" at the beauties to thrilled "o-oh s" at the romance. And you're going to dance out both your shoes this spring to the swingy rhythms of six hit tunes!

STARS
GIRLS
SONGS
DANCES
LAUGHS
SPECTACLE



Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Films' new glamour gal. She has what it takes to hit the cinema heights.

FLASHES from GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS

by Jerry Halliday



A frolicking foursome bubbling with the gaiety of the Gay Nineties number

with

ALICE FAYE
JAMES DUNN
NED SPARKS

Lyda Roberti **Cliff Edwards**
Arline Judge **Eleanor Powell**
Benny Rubin **Emma Dunn**

GEORGE WHITE

Entire Production Conceived, Produced and Directed by George White

Alice plays her grandest role in this picture. And what a marvelous singin'-steppin' duo she and Jimmy Dunn make! • As for Lyda Roberti . . . *well* . . . team up Poland's gift to Hollywood with Ned Sparks and Cliff Edwards . . . then look out below! • Fox Studios have staged this musicale with a lavish hand. And what a great, big hand YOU will give it!



Watch the sparks fly!



Sumptuous settings! Spectacular Dances! Gorgeous girls including 30 beauty contest winners!



Hollywood cheered this masterpiece of that master showman, George White

HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE, DANCE-ABLE TUNES!

"According to the Moonlight"
"It's an Old Southern Custom"
"Hunkadola"
"Oh I didn't know (you'd get that way)"
"I was born too late"
"I got shoes—you got shoesies"

FOX

GINGER ROGERS

Meet Lizzie Gatz putting on her act of being the Countess Scharwenka! Otherwise, our old pal Ginger Rogers out-glamoring the glamor girls for her latest role in the tuneful "Roberta." Ginger and Fred Astaire have a high old time in this opus and you are going to have great trouble keeping your feet still when they dance to the haunting strains of "I'll Be Hard to Handle." It's colossal!





RICARDO CORTEZ

Ricardo's popularity is something many more meteoric stars can envy. Quietly, deftly, he handles the parts given him and each picture shows him to have greater polish and charm. His role of the debonair Sim in "Shadow of Doubt" was just cut to order for the dashing Ric.



HELEN HAYES

Everybody breathlessly awaited "Vanessa," not only because it gave them their beloved Helen Hayes but also because it gave Bob Montgomery a serious role. Although Helen hasn't said much about future plans, she's scheduled for "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie."



JOHN BOLES

Despite the wicked looking shotgun, John Boles seems like a pretty kind-hearted hunter. John is resting between pictures, if you can call tramping around the woods a rest! Having finished "Music in the Air," there's nothing on his schedule until "Redheads on Parade."

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

Rest of any kind doesn't seem to fit into Maureen's hectic schedule. She's so much in demand that she rushes from M-G-M's "West Point of the Air" to United Artists' "Cardinal Richelieu" as a loan to George Arliss. Her spare moments are loaned to one Mr. John Farrow, as you know.





CHARLES BOYER

We talked with Pat Paterson, Charles Boyer's lovely English wife, the day before he was landing from Europe. She was incoherent with excitement, for he had been abroad for six months making pictures. All she could talk about was what a marvelous person he is. And her enthusiasm seems to match that of his fans! Charles is the lucky young gent who replaces Francis Lederer as Hepburn's lead in "Break of Hearts." It's his second American picture.



There are so many feathers in Irene Dunne's cap these days that it ought to look like a war bonnet! Not content with scoring a great hit with her singing role in "Sweet Adeline," Irene packed her make-up kit and hurried back to RKO for "Roberta." And in it, Irene draws her first modern breath in months—she doesn't have to wear stuffy period costumes; instead she revels in an ultramodern Paris couture salon setting. Hear her sing "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."

IRENE DUNNE

(Left) The screen's most sophisticated actor, with a young man who shows no sign of sophistication yet—Bill, Jr. (Right) Carole Lombard, who was Bill's wife not long ago and who is not the girl in this story.

A bittersweet story of a girl who fell in love and a man who didn't. And of a friendship which flourished because there was no fault on either side



ONE GIRL'S HOPELESS

TO understand a man completely, he must be seen through the eyes of a woman—a woman who loved him once and still loves him, even though he cannot love her. A woman who, in spite of this, remains his friend and counts him as a friend, too.

A certain girl—a close friend of mine—allows us this searching glimpse into the character of Bill Powell. She is not Carole Lombard—no—who loved him and was loved by him and who, since the light of that love has failed remains his friend, also. This girl's story is more enlightening than Carole's could be, because this girl suffered the heartache of hopelessness—and found a remedy. As much of a remedy, at least, as a woman can find for such sickness. I am not, of course, going to divulge her name. We will call her Georgia.

It is not easy to explain Georgia's sentiments. Mood is more important than a simple statement of fact. It would be too easy to make the girl sound less intelligent than she is. It would be too easy to make Bill Powell sound less fine and sincere than he is. And so, since the mood which brought all this into focus occurred quite recently, I must tell my story backwards, but I do not think that you will find fault with me for doing so.

Georgia and another young lady—Valerie—had gone out to Bill's at his urgent request. They had just arrived from New York. Georgia went, secretly wondering if this brief reunion would prove much of an emotional strain. Valerie went, confessing with breathless excitement, that she was on tenterhooks at meeting her favorite star. Each jittery for a different reason, they set out.



(Left) The perfect Mr. and Mrs.—on the screen, that is. Bill with Myrna Loy. (Center) The dazzling Jean Harlow, who is busy dazzling Mr. Powell these days, if we are to believe the gossip columns.

by T. B. Fithian

LOVE FOR BILL POWELL

Bill was at the telephone when they arrived. He gayly flipped a kiss to Georgia and saluted a welcome to her companion without a check in his conversation. He gestured to them to remove their wraps and take a seat. He did not, during this dialogue of hands and eyes, lower his voice with tell-tale discretion as he talked over the phone. There was, Georgia ruefully decided, a female at the other end of the wire. Bill brought one hand to his smiling mouth and tilted back his head. The gesture was eloquent. Would his guests like a drink? The houseboy brought in three tall glasses with clinking ice during this continuous pantomime and Georgia marveled, when Valerie pinched her arm to express her delight, how one man could keep three women so thoroughly amused. Then the one on the phone finished. Bill strode over.

HE swept Georgia into his arms—in a gay, unloverlike way, of course. As he bowed before her friend and hauled up a chair, Georgia felt, for a swift instant, that she should resent his kiss. It had been too friendly. So casually friendly. Don't men ever remember those other occasions when . . . But Bill was talking. He recalled the happy times they had had together. That last time, he chuckled, when they had gone fishing. Off Laguna in a rowboat. Not a nibble all day. But it had been so peacefully indolent as they relaxed to the gentle heave of the ground swells. And a sunset which, for a few magical minutes, changed the ocean to wine . . . Then these reminiscences came to an abrupt end. Bill turned to Valerie. "This is no fun for you," he apologized. "Come on. Let's take a look at (*Continued on page 76*)

GLAMOR IS NOT A GIFT

Rules for glamor by four knowing stars. Left to right below: "Be understanding," says Anita Louise. "Stay away from the wall-flowers," warns Kitty Carlisle. "Lack of beauty doesn't bar you from glamor," is May Robson's heartening word. And Norma Shearer begs all women, of all ages, "Hold on to your interest in men!" Such wisdom, such workable axioms, for us all.







Glamor, Hollywood's highest priced commodity, is right within the grasp of every one of you!



by Adele Whitely Fletcher

WHEN a girl or a woman has it, she doesn't need anything else. Glamor, I mean. There are some who are born with it. And that's their good fortune. There are others who never do have it. And that's their fault, their lack of gumption.

Glamor is a warm magic, a brilliant sort of charm. It is something in you which ignites people's imaginations. It is a quality which makes the things you do and say colorful, provocative and appealing. And nine times out of ten, no, nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand, it is a quality born of your point of view.

You can learn to be glamorous. Beauty, for instance, isn't necessary to glamor.

"Watch the Pretties, the Beauties lose out when a girl with a glamorous personality arrives at a party," Peggy Hopkins Joyce said to me once. "I've seen men leave pretty girls high and dry dozens of times to join girls not nearly as attractive who had a warmth and personality which the others lacked."

Because of the glamor Peggy Joyce always has possessed for men, she has become internationally famous. And, if for no other reason than this, she is glamorous to women, too.

Wealthy men have given Peggy diamonds, emeralds and sapphires so large and so flawless that they are known by name to jewellers. Hard-boiled newspaper men meeting Peggy have remembered they were rather sentimental, too. Theatrical and movie producers have paid Peggy terrific sums to appear in their productions. And they have written in roles to suit her.

The day Peggy talked about glamor, I asked her what she felt is the greatest mistake women make in their relationship to men, as far as attracting them is concerned. And I pass on her answer to you as being advice from an expert.

"Girls and women should be careful not to act silly and cold," Peggy said. "Too often a girl, who is terribly intrigued by a man, will hurt his feelings by being defiant, over-independent and cold in an effort to hide her interest and protect her pride.

"The girls and women most glamorous to men are those who have an easy, warm manner, those not eternally on the defensive lest they appear to like a man more than he likes them.

"After all, no matter how lovely a girl may be, she's not going to have a chance at seeming glamorous if she's all tied up with defensive pride."

Excellent advice that, which forms rule one:

Don't act silly and cold with men. Don't forever be afraid you're going to seem to like them more than they like you.

IN Hollywood there are girls besieging the casting offices who are much prettier than the girls who occupy star dressing-rooms. But the girls, who make the grade of star dressing-rooms, have glamor.

There's Norma Shearer. I remember Norma in New York one summer's day, coming into her hotel apartment after a visit to the zoo with little Irving. She scaled her floppy panama hat on a chair, ran quick hands through her crisp hair and kicked off her white kid slippers. Then, twisting her legs under her on the sofa, she told us about a big black bear at the zoo who had showed off while she and Irving stood before his cage. Laughter washed her words bright. And she was glamorous, as glamorous as I've ever known her to be.

Norma, you see, finds life exciting. So she's exciting —and glamorous. For glamor is an imparted excitement among other things.

I've talked to Norma about Hollywood's glamorous girls. And her analysis of these girls is fascinating.

"They're girls who follow their instincts," Norma said. "They do things because they want to do them. They don't dam themselves up all the time.

"People for the most part, it seems to me, would do well to let themselves go a little, and get a thrill out of it.

"Being glamorous is not a matter of a décolleté gown and long earrings. I don't mean externals are not important—just that in themselves they're insufficient. The thing that counts most is the interests which stimulate us."

She jumped up and emptied a small silver ash-tray, with an easy little, "Let me fix that." Not as if to save the arm of the chair from an overflow of ashes, but as if to give her guests comfort.

"Another thing," she said (*Continued on page 120*)

LOVABLE GENIUS





At the age of ten, Freddie

THERE'S no explanation, as far as inheritance goes, for Freddie Bartholomew, the little chap you saw as "David Copperfield." No family record divulges one actor, artist, writer, clergyman or barrister, one professional or artistic grandparent or ancestor upon whom you can put your finger and say: "There! That's where Freddie gets his greatness!"

Freddie's father, Cecil Bartholomew, is in the Ministry of Agriculture. His grandfather is a retired accountant. His mother did nothing but grow up, fall in love, and get married.

Yet here is Freddie throwing critics, producers, directors, stage and screen stars into a dither of amazement by the consummate charm and the histrionics he displayed in "David Copperfield." And this in spite of the fact that his entire previous experience had been limited to appearances at charity bazaars and concerts together with two or three professional engagements in English films.

It is seven years ago now that old Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, Freddie's grandparents, took a cottage at the sea for the summer.

"Wouldn't it be nice," Mrs. Bartholomew asked her daughter Myllicent, called Cissie in the family, "if we could have little Freddie down for a bit, a fortnight say?"

Freddie came. And the proposed two weeks lengthened into six, seven weeks. Seven months. Seven years.

by Roberta Ormiston

At left, top to bottom, you see Freddie with his beloved Aunt Cissie who is his guardian as well as boon companion in all adventures. Next, a picture taken several years ago showing his two sisters, Eileen and Dimples, with his cousin, Peter, his great pal. Of course, you recognize Freddie's curls at the far right. And below them is the side door and gardens to the house of Freddie's grandparents at Warminster where he spends most of his time when in England. And right, Freddie himself, the lovable younger "David Copperfield."





Bartholomew is a little boy with fame in his hands

Always it was Cissie Bartholomew, a little thing with reddish brown hair and crinkly autumn-colored eyes, who pleaded with Freddie's mother and father that he be allowed to remain with them a little longer.

"You have Eileen and Dimples," she would say to them. "Do let Freddie stay for another week or two. He's such a winning child. And so very affectionate. We can't bear to have him go."

In September, when the Bartholomews returned to Warminster, to their little ivy-covered house with its quaint black and white iron fence and its flower-bordered walks, Cissie Bartholomew fixed up a room for Freddie. It seemed to her he must remain with them, always. She had no sense at all of life going on without him.

Freddie returned his aunt's devotion. Whenever he came into the house to find her reading, he climbed up beside her and coaxed her to read the words out loud—even when he was told that it would be too difficult for him to understand.

"Always, however," says Cissie Bartholomew, "Freddie seemed to sense the terror of what I read. Always he knew whether it was happy or sad and whether or not it was amusing.

"I used to read him nursery rhymes. And there would be emotion in his little face. Despair enough to bring tears to your eyes when the kittens lost their mittens. Gleeful laughter when the cow jumped over the moon.

"There was an emotional response from him always."

Gradually other books took their place on the low white shelves in Freddie's room, propped up beside his brown Teddy with one shoe-button eye missing, his leaden soldiers with bright red coats, and the gay kites he loved to sail from the lawn. There were A. A. Milne things, Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," Kipling's "Just So Stories." Then came "David Copperfield." David Copperfield, who was to be Freddie's very favorite book person. Dear Peggotty, horrid Mr. Murdstone, the Micawbers—all were real.

At five Freddie knew Portia's speech from "The Merchant of Venice." And when he recited it, those who heard him knew it, too, better than they ever had known it be-

(*Cont. on p. 111*)





Garbo, after spending an evening at the Trocadero, snapped by Scotty at some expense to his dignity. Below, the Garbo of the screen.



(Below) Has the mediocre success of "The Painted Veil" induced Garbo to seek publicity by means of public appearances?



GARBO VAS DERE!

An eye witness—Scotty to youse—relates the lowdown on Garbo's night out

by J. B. Scott

THREE months ago an important executive of one of our big newspapers made this prediction to me: "Garbo is at the crossroads of her career. She faces a crucial point in her professional life that may spell even greater success or complete oblivion. If 'The Painted Veil' doesn't live up to the expectations of Garbo fans and the American public in general, she will be compelled to take desperate measures to recapture the place she has held in their hearts so long. My guess is that she is through, but I expect to hear of her throwing aside this mask of secrecy that has covered her life in the past and begin making public appearances. You may expect to see her at the popular night clubs, the opera, the races and, in fact, any spot where her fans may see her. Then with much of her old following regained and new converts in addition, as a result of the publicity she will no doubt receive, she will just as suddenly resort to her old tricks—secrecy and silence."

I couldn't agree with him. Garbo might be through. I didn't doubt his mature wisdom there, but to appear boldly in public—never. She lives in fear of the public. I know that. I have witnessed her reactions to crowds and people many times. She is haunted by the fear that they'd literally tear her to shreds, snatch her clothing from her body—understand—I am a cameraman.

She may be justified in her belief. Autograph hounds and souvenir seekers can be utterly thoughtless when caught in the excitement of seeing their idols within easy reach. Garbo is fully aware of this human instinct I was positive in my belief that (*Continued on page 72*)



Does Tullio imagine The One and Only in his arms when he embraces these glamorous sirens —Tala Birell, above, and Lilian Harvey, below, in "Let's Live Tonight"?



THE WOMAN IN HIS LIFE

Though convention keeps them apart, Carminati's love will go on forever

by Martha Kerr

WHEN you saw Tullio Carminati making such suave and deft screen love to Grace Moore in "One Night of Love," I wonder if it seemed strange to you that such an obvious Don Juan had never married and had never, in spite of the fact that he has many women friends, been seriously rumored engaged.

Certainly he has a way with women. Certainly women are interested in him, but Tullio always remains polite, reserved, aloof.

I know why. I discovered the secret not so long ago and the story is so beautiful, so tender, so gallant that I think it will make you admire Tullio even more than you do now.

He is the victim of a great and abiding love, but the name of the woman he loves must forever be shrouded in secrecy. She is married. And neither she nor Tullio believe in divorce.

In fact, it was one day when Tullio and I were talking about divorce that I discovered the secret of his hitherto unrevealed love.

We were sitting quietly together in Tullio's apartment, a restful place with its walls decorated with pictures of the greatest European actors and actresses. An autographed photo of Sarah Bernhardt. Another of Lina Cavalleri.

"I do not believe in divorce," this smart, sophisticated man-of-the-world said to me. "I can recognize its importance when two people, thrown together by marriage, find it absolutely necessary to (*Continued on page 98*)

She looks so poised, so continental. Yet she runs, in terror, from autograph hounds

by Katherine Albert



Kitty Carlisle, after apprenticeship in two Bing Crosby pictures, will appear in "Rose of the Rancho."

VERY DIFFERENT, OFF SCREEN

KITTY CARLISLE'S life is as glamorous and exciting as the crown jewels of Russia. Just listen to this!

Winters in Paris, summers on the Riviera at her mother's villa, finishing school at the Princess Mestchersky's in Paris, a year in Rome—simply because she wanted to learn Italian—smart holidays in Switzerland, winter sports at St. Moritz. That's an extremely brief and kaleidoscopic glance at Kitty's activities before she came to Hollywood.

And, hearing this, what would you expect a girl with that background to be like? Elegant? Smart? Chi-chi? Just too, too divine, my deah, and will you have cream or lemon in your tea?

As a matter of fact, Kitty Carlisle is just a nut, but she's swell. And she's the only person in Hollywood who doesn't take the place seriously. She used to sit in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel thinking she was going quietly insane. Now she sits in her garden and reads and wonders when they will come and take her away.

YOU see," she explained, "I don't know anyone here. Mummy and I didn't know we were going to stay long so we didn't bother getting letters of introduction."

Letters of introduction in Hollywood! In a place where all you have to do to get acquainted is to say, "Hi, pal, what picture are you working in now?"

All this, as you can see, is a holdover from the Chateau Mont Choisi at Lausanne where Kitty went to school when she was a child, a breath of swank from the American colony in Paris. Letters of introduction in Hollywood! My word!

"It's a border town," she laughed, "simply a border town. What does everyone *do?*

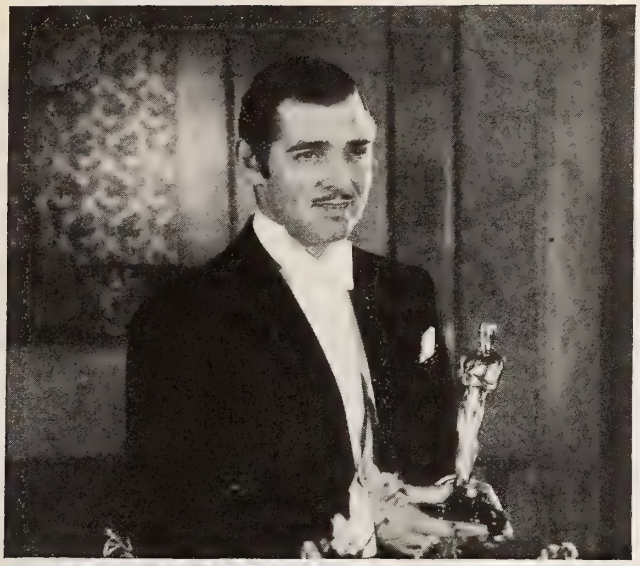
"My mother is no help. She's never seen anything like it before. When people come up to me and ask for my autograph as if I were some great celebrity, my mother just giggles and runs away from me."

"And you?" I asked. "What do you do?"

She opened her eyes very wide, "Why I just put my head down and run, too."

THE picture of the statuesque Kitty Carlisle butting through a crowd of autograph seekers as if she were an All-American halfback bucking the line is one I can conjure up and laugh over in moments of stress. I tell you, the girl is nuts!

"I never wanted to come here. I really didn't. When I was singing on the stage in New York strange people used to walk up to me and say, 'You ought to be in pictures.' But I always answered, (*Continued on page 104*)









After much controversy by Hollywood and the fans, The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presented its 1934 awards at a large banquet. Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert, above left and right, were voted to have given the best screen performances in "It Happened One Night." A special award was voted to Shirley Temple. Claudette, enroute to New York, came to the banquet long enough to be given her award by Shirley. Among the guests who attended were Jean Harlow with Bill Powell, lower left. And Anna Sten with husband Dr. Frenke and a friend, Tai Lackman, lower right.

The ACADEMY AWARDS BANQUET



Gene Raymond and his mother depart for New York and Trouble. One of our spies saw him in N. Y. Story on page 42.



An unusual shot of Charlie Ruggles, Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles at the Hollywood preview of "Ruggles of Red Gap."

GOOD NEWS!

by Regina Cannon

If you don't believe that history repeats itself, here is an ite over which you may ponder. Remember, in the not-so-long-ago, his pre-nuptial-to-Chatterton days, to be exact, George Brent wa cuhrazy about Loretta Young. They made a personal appearanc tour together and played in a couple of pictures. Well it ende with wedding bells for George. But this is 1935 and a new de is in order and, despite all that hectic discussion about Brent an Garbo, the gentleman often calls the beauteous Loretta for a dat He hasn't landed one at this writing, but since "If at first you don succeed" is his favorite adage he feels there's hope.

■ ■ ■

Much speculating has been done as to the seriousness of th Jean Harlow-William Powell romance. Suffice it to say th the servants at the Powell manse are worried. It seems th are averse to having "women folk" in the house. A bachel is so darn easy-going, you know. Report hath it that if B takes unto himself a bride, the below-stairs gentry are reat to give notice. Nothing against the fair Jean, y' understan it's her sex in general that they're agin.

■ ■ ■

Poor Lyda Roberti! She has so much trouble keeping hers organized! When the wardrobe woman approached her recen



with an armful of luscious creations and the photographer came to snap her in them, Lyda was that pleased and proud. However, when the proofs were ready for okay, there appeared the peppy comedienne, elegant in her finery, but beneath the hem of each gown, she stood—pigeon-toed!

■ ■ ■

Everybody likes Ginger Rogers and, when you see her in "Roberta," you're going to be enthralled. At a recent première the little Rogers was all set to sign autograph books when Lew Ayres, her new husband, pulled her away. Ginger looked dismayed and her admirers looked disappointed; but her lord and master had spoken and she obeyed.

Speaking of autograph collectors, there is one ambitious young lady who has rung Ronald Colman's doorbell for close onto a month and as yet had no luck in finding her hero at home. However, she is still undaunted.

■ ■ ■

It looks to his friends as if Franchot Tone has gone hypochondriac! He is so careful of himself these days. Doesn't eat this and won't drink that and warns you against acid if you swallow the other thing. It must be too awful to keep track of your alimentary canal like that! At any rate, it certainly is hard on the neighbors who are constantly reminded what a potato and lamb chop might do if they should meet each other in one's tummy.

■ ■ ■

Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland entered the Trocadero recently and hadn't been seated long when the lady spied the Marquis parked quietly in a corner with the lovely Joan Marsh. During the first dance intermission, Miss B. approached her husband and some brief, though perhaps serious, dialogue ensued. Anyway, Connie hadn't returned to her table ten minutes before Henri and his friend departed. If this were a contest, we'd ask you to send in the best answer to "What did Miss Bennett say?" But spare the pencil and save the time, we're just wondering ourselves.

■ ■ ■

And, while on the subject of the Troc, let us say that it is just about the gayest spot in Hollywood. Undoubtedly the guests make it so, for, once in a while it becomes that informal. F'rinstance, just before dawning the other day, Peggy Fears, Bill Haines and Prince Felixe Rolo sat around on the floor in the foyer (see page 38). Now, you know, they're too big for that, really! Probably it can all be charged to joie de vivre—or just plain joy.

■ ■ ■

Caesar Romero is the town's latest beau. All the girls are having dates with the handsome dark gentleman. And he doesn't seem to play favorites either, which makes it gay for the fair ones. The other evening, after taking Sally Blane home, he returned to the Clover Club with a pretty blonde. They danced until the wee sma' hours and then departed.

■ ■ ■

Was Virginia Bruce's lovely face red! It happened thisaway. She was called to the studio to make some still photos with Pinkie Tomlin, composer of "Object of My Affections" and now an M-G-M



The Gary Coopers (Sandra Shaw) and Mrs. Hathaway at "Bengal Lancers."



Mrs. Virginia Parrott, Eddie Lowe and Tullio Carminati, at the opera.



Zasu Pitts and husband John Woodall, dolefully attend the Santa Anita races.

More GOOD NEWS



"After Office Hours" preview. Connie Bennett and evasive GilbertRoland.

player. Virginia arrived on the minute and for half an hour she waited, frowning and fidgeting. Finally she turned to an awkward young man whom she thought was a studio electrician. "These newcomers," she exclaimed, "make me simply ill! Take that Pinkie Tomlin, for instance. He must think the sun and movie stars rise and set just for him! Don't you hate people like that?"

The bashful boy chewed his gum reflectively. "Wa-al, now," he drawled, "as a general rule these writin' fellers are a purty stuck-up outfit. But now that Pinkie Tomlin! He's one swell guy; in fact, I'm him."

Coming! One smelling salts for a beautiful blonde!

■ ■ ■

It could only happen in Hollywood. Not so long ago, Fox declined to re-sign George O'Brien to a contract because the handsome lad desired to appear in Westerns only. And so they parted —the studio and its star. George's fan appeal was so great, however, that he decided to produce Westerns independently in which he would feature himself. The pictures are money-makers and who do you suppose is releasing them? Fox!

■ ■ ■

Well, they're up to their elbows in accents over on the "Midsummer Night's Dream" set, most of 'em German, of course. Max Reinhardt, incidentally, thinks James Cagney is a guh-rand actor, and compliments him after each scene is shot. Jimmy plays Bottom in the opus and, just to be generous or to improve on Will Shakespeare or sumpin', the scenarists have written in a character called Mrs. Bottom. No, we're *not* fooling! Just wait and see. Anyway, Reinhardt's chauffeur relays to Cagney the Maestro's high opinion of him. Yes, the "yah" system is present on this set, too. Must be an old international custom!

■ ■ ■

The highest praise Hollywood can bestow on a player isn't "the most beautiful" or "the most talented" or any other "most" —it is simply "a swell trouper." We had a sample of why May Robson has been so honored. On the "Strangers All" set, cameras were grinding as Miss Robson was saying her lines. With a sweep of her hand, she emphasized a statement, and in doing so knocked into a large camera. With a resounding clunk, the large glass lens fell on the actress' gray head—but not even a gasp interrupted the smoothness of her lines. A grand trouper, this May Robson, and a great grandmother!

■ ■ ■

In "Village Tale," you'll be treated to a scene of a village church, with worn pews and a genuine old-time organ that has to be "pumped" while played. The beauteous Kay Johnson, who has spent the last few months in England and the handsome Randolph Scott,



Joan Crawford smiles her wide smile. With Franchot Tone at the opera.



Bill Haines, Prince Rolo and Peggy Fears go a bit quaint and informal at the Trocadero.



Dixie Lee Crosby protects her eyes with glasses and Bing threatens his figure with hotdogs — at Santa Anita.



Madge Evans and her undiscussed beau, Tom Gallery, at the professional football game.



Christine Lee quenches her thirst and husband Ric Cortez smokes his pipe. Also at the "pro" football.

who has spent the last few years in Westerns, have the leading roles. It took exactly four hours to photograph one scene satisfactorily—where Randy nails a hymn program on the wall, while Kay marvels how clever he is. Our hero just murmurs modestly, "Oh, that's simple!"

■ ■ ■

"Mr. Cobweb" seems an appropriately fantastic name for the head cameraman on the set of "Midsummer Night's Dream," doesn't it? But in private life with Evelyn Venable, who's Mrs. Hal Mohr, he's Hal. To everyone in the cast, though, he's just Mr. Cobweb—since his recent and brilliant idea of photographing forest scenes to their best advantage. This is done with a special "gum" which spins cobwebs on trees, on which diamond dust is sprinkled to make them glisten with an altogether enchanting effect.

Hal confesses he's pretty sick of cobwebs by now, particularly after coming out of the studio commissary the other day to find his entire car enveloped in a huge cobweb! Joe E. Brown and Jimmy Cagney just happened to be standing nearby, and rushed up to offer their sincerest sympathy!

■ ■ ■

Even studios come to blows once in awhile! Paramount and RKO were the last to exchange words—and some pretty hot ones, too. Seems that RKO was all set to star Anne Shirley in "Spring in Paris," when lo! Paramount announced their new picture was to be entitled "Paris in Spring!" Each studio changed its title—and then changed back again. We can't foretell the finale on this nor if either studio will see Paris in warm weather.

■ ■ ■

Most movies are so easy to look at—but photographing them is a different matter! In "Strangers All," you'll see May Robson and Preston Foster walk quickly from the kitchen to the living-room, through the dining-room. Simple enough—but one of the most intricate "shots" the cameraman ever ran into! You see, the camera must precede them through the three rooms —which doesn't mean a man holding a camera just backs up. It means that fourteen men must pull backward the huge crane on which the camera is hung—and it must be done noiselessly, without the slightest jerk. With such a big contraption, there's no room for furniture in the room—but this problem is solved by several more men, each in charge of a chair, davenport or table, which is snapped into chalk-marked locations on the floor, the second the crane moves from that spot. The camera, you see, being swung out overhead a couple of feet. It's called a "boom shot," if you want to be technical.

More GOOD NEWS

Fred Keating didn't mind being ill so much after he saw Jean De Mars, R.N.



And now it's Florence Rice that Laemmle, Jr., is escorting—at the Troc.



Ann Dvorak, friend Helene McAdoo and two other friends. at Dvorak ranch.





Lyle Talbot and Peggy Walters at the Mayfair Ball. Lyle hates his ladies' man publicity, so we won't say anything.



And here are Colleen Moore, Joan Blondell Barnes and George Barnes at the second Mayfair Ball.

Edward Everett Horton is this kind of a Californian. It was raining pitchforks the other day when Vic McLaglen, head bent against the wind, passed him and yelled, "Wotta storm!" Eddie turned and cried after him, "Storm, nothing! This is just a high fog!"

■ ■ ■

Katharine Hepburn has a new car! No longer does she drive around the set in that big yellow truck picking up all the studio workers for a free ride. The day after the purchase of her elegant means of transportation, Katie drove up to the studio gates with a swish, and imperiously honked the horn for admission. The gatekeeper came running up and looked carefully over the new car and its driver. "Sorry, Miss," he said, "but we've a rule here that anyone we don't know can't enter, unless they've a pass."

Miss Hepburn smiled reassuringly. "But it's all right to pass me—you see, I'm doing a small part in Katharine Hepburn's picture, 'Break of Hearts.'"

The gate-keeper appeared a bit doubtful, but finally allowed the car to pass.

More GOOD NEWS

■ ■ ■

Charles Vidor is fast acquiring a reputation for his excellent work. On the RKO lot he's known as the "robot director" because of his mechanical actions. He is quiet, thoughtful and methodical about every bit of direction he gives—no yells of rage, tearing of hair nor wild exultation for him over any actor's performance! The other day while directing a scene in "Strangers All," he had ordered one scene shot seventeen times, when the assistant director, much exasperated, cried, "Well, that scene's perfect now! It ought to be."

"Not for me," said Mr. Vidor, who in private life is Karen Morley's husband, and forthwith quietly ordered another shot of the scene.

■ ■ ■

Brrrr—the shivers run up and down our spine at the thought of "Star of Midnight," RKO's new mystery thriller. 'Tis said that even Ginger Rogers and William Powell, the stars of the picture, are suffering from chronic creeps. "It's a "closed set" on the lot, which means that no one is allowed to see the picture being made—and for the main and simple reason that the solution to all the mysterious goings-on is so very unexpected and hair-raising that the studio doesn't want any news of it to leak out. Bill Powell swears that the whole business is making a nervous wreck of him, so it must be an honest-to-goodness thriller when you consider the ordeal Bill managed to live through in "The Thin Man."

■ ■ ■

"Three times a bridesmaid and never a bride" seems to be working its fatal charm on Mary Brian. Mary's one of the most popular girls in Hollywood, and has accompanied many a friend to the altar, the last one being Ginger Rogers. And she's equally popular with the unfair sex, with proposals enough to make Peggy Joyce hang her blonde head in shame. But so far, Mary hasn't been noticed poring over any "Marriage vs. Career" literature, or even a cook book. Some say that domesticity was rearing its ugly head, though, these last few



Alice White smiles a Mona Lisa smile and husband Cy Bartlett meditatively smokes. At the Troc.



Bob and Betty Montgomery, Chester and Sue Morris, in their best bibs and tuckers at the Mayfair Ball.



The battling Weissmullers. Lupe looks fiery and Johnny looks wary. But maybe it's love—we wouldn't know.



"Naughty Marietta" MacDonald and "West Point of the Air" Beery come through for dear old M-G-M at the President's Ball.

More GOOD NEWS

Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller were that surprised the other day to be the recipients of a crate of big, red apples. A card attached read, "If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, why not try these on your lawyers?" Which just about voices the feeling of most of Hollywood—except those who know the fiery little Mexican actress and her muscular spouse. It's simple to understand their antics, these friends claim—why, Lupe and Johnny could stand *anything* but monotony! Therefore, this spontaneous combustion, which results in broken dishes and splintered furniture every few days, and ends in the divorce courts where the happy couple kiss and make up, is quite to be expected. But Lupe and Johnny weren't a bit displeased with the apples. Indeed, they're probably throwing them at each other.

■ ■ ■

months when Dick Powell looked so-o-o-o ardent—but Mary remains unsnared.

■ ■ ■

It may be a blessed event for Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman, but it's a cussed event for her studio. You see, Universal and Gloria were quite unsuspecting when she renewed her contract with them recently. But my, my, wotta fuss a few days later when the glad tidings were announced that Gloria would not be able to make a picture for some time now. She offered to break her contract, but the studio weren't satisfied with that suggestion, either, since the blonde actress is too valuable to allow out of their clutches.

■ ■ ■

The dark, voluptuous Katherine De Mille doesn't look like a chip off the old block, for Cecil B. is white-haired and benevolent. But they say out on the "Crusades" set, that she's as good a trouper as her dad is a director. What's more—Katherine got a leading role in this picture through hard work and not parental "drag."

It was hard to believe, watching the crusaders steaming in their armor under a blazing sun, that Loretta Young, the star of the picture, was snowbound. Production had to be held up while waiting for the Oregon mountain snows to melt, where Loretta was on location for "Call of the Wild."

■ ■ ■

There "jest ain't no justice, nohow!" Grace Bradley didn't need to inherit that goodly sum a-tall. She just *looks* like a cool million. On the "Stolen Harmony" set a few days ago, Grace appeared too demure for words, with her golden hair in little ringlets on her forehead and a simple black dress with a childish, round collar. On closer inspection the dress turned out to be chiffon velvet and the collar ermine—and lo! even the gold in her hair was genuine!

■ ■ ■

Our personal nomination for Hollywood's most glorified barroom is in "Paris in Spring." It's enough to make "Wonder Bar" look like the crockery section of the ten-cent store. This resplendent thirst-quenching spot (*Continued on page* 77)

All photos by Scott



We haven't seen Ruth Chatterton for a long time. Her escort is Miriam Hopkins' ex, Austin Parker. At the opera.



Kay Francis, in very smart black and white, and David Nevins say howdy as they enter the opera.

"I WORK IN A FACTORY"

Gene Raymond, eligible bachelor, can't find time for romance!

by Elizabeth Ellis



Gene relaxes between pictures. He has just finished "The Woman in Red" with Stanwyck.

THE first time Gene Raymond and I met, we slid down the side of a snow-covered ravine together, balancing trays of hot dogs in our hands. Recently we met again in New York with a blizzard raging outside!

Waiting for him in the hotel lobby, I wondered what Hollywood had done to him. It was more than possible that it had spoiled Gene for he is one of the most engaging young men I have ever met and I knew Hollywood must have turned upon him all the flattery and adulation that it bestows upon personable young male stars.

Suddenly, in the midst of my pessimistic musings, the revolving door whirled around gustily and snow flew about the lobby as a ruddy cheeked gent divested himself of his trappings. It was obvious that Mr. Gene Raymond had been wading through every drift he could find without benefit of warm limousine or taxicab. No Hollywood fanfare in the traditional manner, certainly.

"Hello, swell weather, isn't it?" he called across to me. Then shaking my hand vigorously in an icy clasp, "So sorry to be late but I had to walk in this snow. You don't know what a treat this is after months of California's well-known sunshine."

At lunch we went into the snowy reminiscences of our first meeting at the ravine weenie roast, several years ago. Gene was then Raymond Guion and had just made his first big stage hit in "Young Sinners." He had been acclaimed the promising juvenile of the season. Every matinee was sold out to ga-ga girls and fluttery old ladies who thought he was too, too handsome and thrilling. Hollywood wasn't even in his thoughts those days and he was too shy to admit he had matinee idol potentialities. His great aim then, as it is now, was to become a really fine dramatic actor.

Mutual friends of ours, who had a charming house perched on the edge of a deep ravine, had invited a great crowd for this Sunday weenie roast. The snow was drifted high but the hardy guests were not daunted by the feat of carrying hot dogs and other ingredients from the warm house, down the side of the ravine, to a cleared place below where an outdoor fireplace was built. No one was invited who would be subject to sissy chilblains or such. Virility was the order of the day. The host had thoughtfully twined a rope around the trees for guests to use as hand support on the slide down—but Gene and I had been such dopes that we had loaded ourselves down with food and couldn't have held onto anything even if an escalator had been provided!

Gene lugged the firewood, cut off frozen twigs to use as roasting spears and got himself unromantically blackened by smoke. Later, he (*Continued on page* 95)

ESPECIALLY FOR REDHEADS

Redheaded Nancy Carroll tells you why you are often criticized

by Adele Clinton

GO BUY a bottle of henna rinse, girls—all of you, at least, who are not natural redheads! Hollywood's platinum tresses are in the dye pots, and the red wave is fast spreading. A new picture "Redheads on Parade" is in production and so scarce are real redheads around Hollywood that a quest is being conducted for the five hundred most beautiful redheads in the country. An octette of these beauties will be chosen by judges who comprise the most famous titian-tressed stars in Hollywood. Who are the judges? There's Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Jeanette MacDonald, Clara Bow, Grace Bradley and Nancy Carroll.

And it is one of these judges, Nancy Carroll, who broke down the other day and told me she had suffered much unkind criticism—all because she is a real redhead!

As you recall, it was only a few years ago that Nancy was constantly getting unfortunate publicity about her temper, her high-and-mightiness. She was constantly rumored to have walked off this set in a huff, to have fought with that director and generally made her coworkers detest her. She was a pain to newspaper and magazine writers. All this because of the good old garden variety of redheaded temper. In fact, Paramount's not renewing her contract, and fewer roles in ensuing years have all been attributed to the well-known Carroll tempestuousness.

Nancy smiles, and she has that nice, broad smile of a good-natured Irish lass, when you mention her temperament. She declares that if she has temperament it is because publicity and press wished it on her!

"You see," she said, "all redheaded women, unfortunately, are immediately dubbed combustible. We're never given a chance to show the nice sides of our dispositions because everybody is on the defensive, imagining that we are going to break right out in a pyrotechnic display.

I THINK it is too bad," she continued, "that redheads are not given a break. All temper isn't expressed in an ugly fashion. Being redheaded is to be endowed with unusual spirit. Haven't you noticed that redheaded girls have more spirit and intensity than the average person?"

I agreed.

"And what's more," Nancy was beginning to glow with some of that very intensity which she was trying to describe, "a redhead will flare up and fight for what she thinks is right. There is no anguish that I can suffer like that of thinking an injustice is being done. I get so wound up trying to prove (*Continued on page 83*)

(Below) Nancy in "I'll Love You Always." Red haired, and her true vivacious self.



And now look at her, below, as a blonde—can you believe this demure person is she?



MODERN SCREEN-WARNER Song CONTEST

Win part of the $500 prize money! Read about the extra honor for original lyrics!

HERE ARE THE RULES:

The Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest commenced in the issue before last of this magazine—the one dated March. If, by any chance, you missed the March or April issue of Modern Screen, and cannot obtain a copy elsewhere, we will be glad to forward you a copy. Send your name and address and ten cents to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The winning contestants in the Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest will be those who fulfil accurately and aptly the following requirements: 1. You are to name the most popular song from three out of each set of five pictures, given in three consecutive issues of this magazine, and tell who sang the song in the picture. For example: "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams," from "Wonder Bar," sung by Dick Powell.

In the paragraph below, you will find this month's list of pictures. This completes the contest. Send in all three installments together, please.

Here is this month's list: ON WITH THE SHOW, BIG BOY, HAPPINESS AHEAD, THE CROONER, and FASHIONS OF 1934.

2. Write 100 words—or less—telling which Warner musical you have liked best to date. Give your reasons. The words "a," "an" and "the" do not count.

3. The person, who, in the opinion of the judges, most accurately fulfils requirement number 1 and most aptly fulfils requirement number 2, will win the First Prize of $250. The subsequent prizes of Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; Fourth Prize, $25; 5 Fifth Prizes of $10 each; and 5 Sixth Prizes of $5 each will be awarded in the order named, to those persons, who, in the opinion of the judges, come nearest to fulfilling the requirements correctly.

4. Each contestant may send as many entries as he wishes.

5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. No entries will be returned.

7. Contest closes at midnight, May 15, 1935. All entries must be mailed before that time to be eligible for the contest.

8. The judges are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Julius P. Witmark, Jr.

9. Send all entries to Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

10. Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except employees of MODERN SCREEN and Warner Brothers.

Elaborate entries stand no better chance of winning a prize than simple ones. Neatness is important.



The five pictures above give you some clues to solving this month's installment of the contest. (Top, left and right) Al Jolson in one of his earlier roles and Ethel Waters putting over a hit. (Bottom, left and right) You ought to guess the Dick Powell one in a minute. And the William Powell-Verree Teasdale one ought to be easy, too. (Large picture) David Manners and Ann Dvorak in—you tell!

Here is an Extra Honor for All Contestants:

Have you ever tried your hand at writing the words of a song? We'll bet you often felt that you could. Well, here's your opportunity to try your luck at writing a set of lyrics and having them used in a forthcoming Warner musical production. The article on this page tells you in detail about this optional part of the contest—please read it carefully. The rules are listed below, as follows:

1. Each contestant may send in a set of lyrics along with his selection of songs, singers and 100-word description. This part of the contest is entirely optional—you may try it if you like, or leave it out, and still stand an equally good chance of winning one of the prizes. You may send in the lyrics without entering the contest.

2. The lyric which, in the opinion of the judges, is the best will be used in a forthcoming Warner musical production.

3. For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial, mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.

4. Keep a copy of your lyric for your own use. If it isn't accepted and you wish it returned, merely send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. We will try to comply with your request, but we assume no risk.

5. Remember the contest closes at midnight, May 15, 1935. All lyrics, like entries, must be mailed before that time to be eligible for this contest.

6. The judges of the lyrics are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Mr. Julius P. Witmark, Jr., formerly a member of the music publishing firm of M. Witmark and Sons.

THIS is the last lap in the epoch-making MODERN SCREEN-Warner Song Contest! It commenced in the March issue. If, by any weird chance, you missed either or both the March or April issue of this magazine, and cannot beg, borrow or steal copies elsewhere, send ten cents (for each issue) to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., with your name and address and your request for the copy or copies you wish.

The mails have brought us, in great quantities, one burning question during the past month from our readers: Many of them want to know if they may send in a set of lyrics *without* entering the contest proper. Sure—if you want to pass up a chance of winning part of five hundred dollars, you can submit a set of lyrics without entering the contest. Remember, the chance to write a set of lyrics is an extra added attraction. You may enter the contest without sending in the lyrics, you may do both, or you may simply send in the lyrics. Okay?

The rules for this contest are set forth on the opposite page. The rules governing the submission of lyrics are set forth on this page in heavy type. We will explain in a bit more detail here.

You have been given, in three consecutive issues of MODERN SCREEN, the names of three sets of five picture titles. This month's list—the (*Continued on page 75*)



REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

by Regina Cannon

★★★★ Roberta (RKO)

Dust off the volume of superlatives, for you're going to need it as a reference book now. Yes, "Roberta" is crammed full of the stuff that goes to comprise perfect picture entertainment. A 14-karat cast giving fine performances, tunes calculated to tantalize the ear, dances created by Fred Astaire and expertly executed by him and Ginger Rogers; well, now, you have at least an idea that as good fun, "it's the tops!"

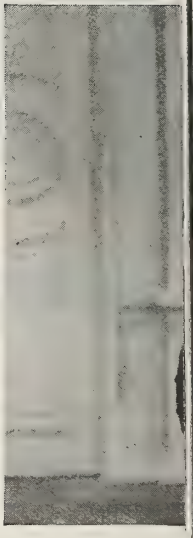
The story itself is punctuated with laugh-inducing gags and just enough emotional moments to bring it down to earth and give it some semblance of plausibility; for, you'll admit that having a football hero suddenly become owner of a swanky gown shop lends itself more to gaiety than to sound sense. But Randolph Scott, out of "westerns" and into dressmaking, makes the transition beautifully and proves he's sorta been wasted on "them thar plains." Fred Astaire is as perfect a comedian as he is a dancer, which is saying plenty, Irene Dunne is divine as a Russian princess "in trade," and Ginger Rogers makes a pert and peppy Indiana native posing as Polish nobility.

Helen Westley plays "Roberta," the famous dressmaker, with her usual skill but, unfortunately, only lives for a few reels! And Claire Dodd, as the shallow American girl loved by Randy Scott, is okay.

★★★★★ Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)

You not only won't want to, but you cannot afford to miss this picture. It boasts one of the finest characterizations ever seen in celluloid—Charles Laughton's interpretation of the English valet who is lost by his titled master in a poker game and travels across the sea to a Western town to work for the rich and rowdy American who won him. His adjustment to his new life, while fraught with laugh-inducing experiences, reveals an underlying pathos that at once wins the sympathy of the spectator. And, when Mr. Laughton recites Lincoln's Gettysburg Address to the inhabitants of a frontier saloon, a highlight in drama, seldom witnessed on the screen, is reached. The first-nighters shrieked with glee when Ruggles let out his first American "Yippee!" Never has there been more spontaneous laughter in a theatre. We could go on for pages about this film and the characterizations of Roland Young, Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland, but it will all be unreeled for you when—not if—you see "Ruggles."

★★★ After Office Hours (M-G-M)



The producer was going to "make sure" when he put his hand to this one, and so we have a lively tale laid among the lively socialites and the still more lively newspapermen. Besides all this, we have Clark Gable in his best role since his characterization in "It Happened One Night," that of a breezy gent of the Fourth Estate who would sell anybody down the river in order to get a scoop. In fact, the gentle business of double-crossing is an art as far as he is concerned. However, since Clark solves a murder mystery as a result of imagination and snooping, all is forgiven and his reward for effort turns out to be—Constance Bennett.

The picture has its quota of laughs, although some of the gags are strained to the breaking point. The lines are bright and the thrills are plentiful. Besides the fine performances by the stars, Gable and Bennett, there is some excellent acting by Stuart Irwin and a priceless sequence of fluttering by Billie Burke, with Henry Armetta inevitably coming in for his "bit" of praise. Indeed, in the lives of this gay troupe, there isn't a dull moment "After Office Hours."

★★★ Life Begins at Forty (Fox)

Right at the outset, Will Rogers philosophizes that, "At forty a man is as old as he feels and a woman is twenty-six." Which is just about the keynote to the picture's gaiety. Of course, a Rogers picture is a Rogers picture and is invariably guaranteed to ring the box-office bell, and this one is no exception to the rule. It is rural and homespun and homely, studded with as many sentiments of sound sense as giggles. Will has a way of "righting the wrong" so as not to make good scout deeds seem sticky. In this one, a hog-calling family inject the hilarity and indirectly help to save the day for the unfortunate youth unjustly charged with robbery.

Besides Mr. Rogers, who takes top honors, you are going to deal out credit to Slim Summerville as a drowsy whittler who unwittingly

Top-notch comedies, stirring romances and swell musicals to entertain you.



(Above) A touching scene from "Vanessa," with Bob Montgomery and Helen Hayes. (Below) Laughton and Mary Boland in "Ruggles of Red Gap."

(Above) There isn't a dull moment in "After Office Hours," co-starring Gable and Constance Bennett. (Below) Cooper and Sten in "The Wedding Night."

(Above) It's "Roberta," with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Irene Dunne. (Below) Dick Cromwell and Will Rogers in "Life Begins at Forty."



saves a situation or two, Jane Darwell, the portly matron who "puts up with" Will, and Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell, the youthful sweethearts. If you are a Rogers fan, of course you won't miss this one, and even if you aren't, "Life Begins at Forty" still offers you top-notch diversion.

★★★ The Little Colonel (Fox)

It looks as if Baby is slated to take still another bow, for as the Little Colonel, Little Temple is as sweet and delectable as ever. Her acting opportunities are big and Shirley comes through once again as the little trouper. Then, there are two dancing sequences in which the Fox starlet tears off a few mean routines with Bill Robinson, who knows something and to spare about tapping. Indeed, Bill's famous stair number is now preserved in celluloid for posterity.

The story, a childhood classic, when viewed through the adult's experienced eyes, creaks a bit and is punctuated with some rather heavy melodrama which, if one went into it in a big way, would prove pretty hard to take. But, it's all in good clean fun and as such, you'll enjoy it. Lionel Barrymore is fine as the stubborn ole "Cunnel" and Evelyn Venable, sweet and capable, as the equally stubborn young mother, and Shirley—well, she's too, too lovely. Youngsters especially will devour this cinema sweetmeat.

★★★ All the King's Horses (Paramount)

This picture is just light-hearted nonsense, but worth while because of the presence of Mary Ellis and Carl Brisson. No wonder those European rumors about this Brisson persist—he has personality plus and good-natured good looks, to say nothing of a pleasing voice. Mary Ellis will charm you, too, for what she may lack in beauty is more than compensated for by her lovely singing.

It's one of those stories with a plot based on a shoe string. Even the prince and the pauper (a movie actor, in this case) who swap places, are dragged in, with Mr. Brisson obligingly playing both roles. Edward Everett Horton doesn't let down his many fans this time, either, and Eugene Pallette is still pleasingly plump.

If you are looking for the means of (Continued on page 78)

Read our Movie Scoreboard (page 14) for critics' ratings of current pictures

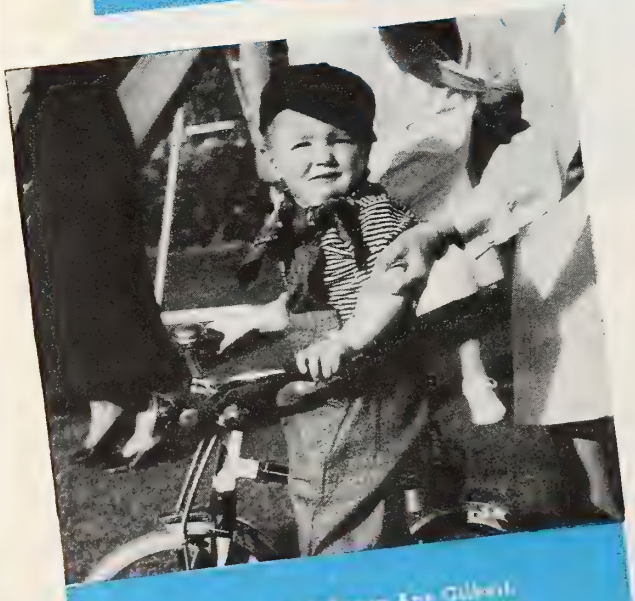




Annie, with her arms full of Cheery twins, Gary Evans Crosby and her own son, who consider themselves too much all at her feet.



That's the merry red car. You get in at the top and slide down. Michael son of Karen Morley and Charles Vidor, finest I can.



No—it's a girl. Susan Ann Gilbert, daughter of Joan Gilbert and Virginia Bruce. No guess which parent she will resemble.



You know the saucy lady on the left—Carol Ann Beery. And meet Marlene, the adopted son and chief delight of Miriam Hopkins.





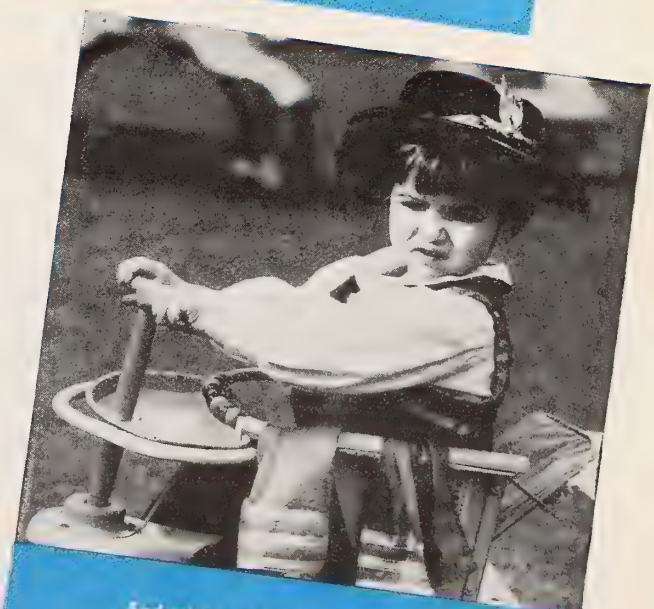
Wild scene silhouette. Meanda, daughter of Jean Bennett and Gene Markey, is goin' to town on a wooden rooster as big as herself.



Connie Bennett's adopted son, Peter, and Joan Bennett's oldest daughter, Diane. It was a circus party—therefore the rowboat and ballet tutus.



Charles Wesley Ruggles reminiscing: "I am two years old. This is a party for the Hollywood youngest set. You've met my mother? Arline Judge."



And who is this? Look at the mouth. And the eyes. And the expression. It's Monty Robinson, son of Edward G., of course.

SOREHEAD? NO, BUT—

Things are always happening to George Raft, somehow. Fights, for example

by Helen Louise Walker

THINGS just seem to happen to Georgie Raft. He has won quite a reputation in the public prints of late as a flinger of fists . . . and yet, in these encounters, George has not struck a blow. Moreover, despite these reports of fistic encounters, you will find few young men more peaceable, more amiable, more genuinely eager to be liked than is George. He's actually a friendly person.

"I don't try to start anything," he told me. "Honestly I don't. I want to get along with people and I try to be polite to them. But . . . things just sort of seem to happen to me!"

Things do "seem to happen" to George. I think there is a psychological reason for it. There is a certain type of male who resents a man like George. He is handsome and sleek and women pursue him. He has risen, by his own efforts and ability, from the sidewalks of New York to be a "big shot" . . . first as a prize fighter, then as a dancer, and now as an actor. He is "in the money" and that is cause for jealousy in any circle. Moreover, because of an excessive shyness and reserve, he is almost forbiddingly aloof. There is none of the genial, Jack Oakie, life-of-the-party, in George. He moves about Hollywood silently, accompanied always by his friend, Mac "Killer" Gray. That dead pan of his which actually masks a boyish lack of self-confidence, gives an impression to strangers that he is being haughty.

There was that time at the fights at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. George and Mac were sitting in the second or third row. A chap in front of them turned and spoke over George's shoulder to someone behind him, wanting to bet on the next event, boasting that his boy would lambaste the stuffing out of his opponent. The enthusiast could find no takers.

"Now, I like to bet as well as anyone," said George speaking of that occasion. "I leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder, politely, and said, 'I'm willing to bet with you if you like. . . .' He whirled round and snarled, 'Who the h— do you think you are?' Just like that!

"So I said, 'I'm sorry, if (*Continued on page* 105)

George Raft and Iris Adrian, above, step through a dance sequence in the Raft-Lombard "Rumba."



"I never want to start anything," says George. But he's not averse to finishing things when he's challenged.







MORE FUN

A day in the private life of La Belle Temple

Little Shirley believes that all work and no play is very dull indeed, so after finishing "The Little Colonel" she decided to have herself some fun. Above, right, we meet the lady on her tricycle and, left, she's busily engaged in feeding the fish. Then, with the irresistible Temple twinkle in her eye, she poses on the swinging gate and, below Shirley's off in her 1935 streamline mode Off to the "Heaven's Gate" set, no doubt, capture the heart of Joel McCrea.





WAS IT RIGHT TO FILM

See if you agree with these famous lawyers,

THE GREATEST drama of the age was played in a little, old courtroom at Flemington, New Jersey, where an alien ex-convict waged a desperate but futile fight to save himself from a death sentence for kidnapping the little baby of America's best-loved hero.

And out of that quiet, country courtroom came the newsreel film that has overturned the motion picture industry and aroused nearly as much controversy as did the question of Bruno Richard Hauptmann's innocence or guilt.

Attorney General David T. Wilentz (Does that "T" stand for Tiger? If you've seen the picture, you'll agree) has threatened the producers with contempt of court proceedings. Newsreel men, on the other hand, publicly deny accusations that "subterfuge, trickery and broken promises" enabled them to get the film.

What's the real story? Only the men who made the picture know. Let's ask them.

Charlie Ford was the man who edited the film and arranged the coverage of the trial for Universal, so I went to his office. He told me the whole inside story, and showed me signed documents to back up salient points.

"There was no trickery at all," he said, as he pointed to a photograph of the courtroom. "Here's the camera, right up in the front of the balcony, and that's Dave Oliver, the cameraman, standing next to it. The camera was housed in a blimp—that's the very one, over there in the corner." He pointed to a big felt-lined wooden box, nearly four feet square and two feet thick.

"You couldn't hide that, could you? And do

Below, four great newsreel companies line up outside the Flemington courthouse—Pathé, Hearst, Universal and Paramount. Roy Edwards, Universal's ace cameraman, second from right.

Below, Hauptmann tells Attorney General Wilentz, "No, I never saw that board before!" This was a tense moment when Hauptmann was on the stand.





THE HAUPTMANN TRIAL ?

newspapermen and expert radio commentators

by Robert Eichberg

you think they would have made us soundproof the camera with that, and with rubber mountings and special, silent fibre gears, if they didn't expect it to be used during periods when silence was necessary?" Everyone could see it plainly.

"But," I countered, "how about the microphone? Winchell says it was hidden under the judge's desk."

"I'll let you talk to George Graham, the man who recorded the sound for the picture," said Ford, and called Graham into his office.

"Why," said the sound technician, "anybody who said that doesn't know sound recording! If it had been under the bench, you would have heard a muffled drone, with lots of courtroom noise drowing out the testimony, instead, it was clear.

"Our microphone was hanging up on the wall facing the witness stand, in full view of everybody. We had to put a piece of curved cardboard in back of it to catch the sound, and I know that some court attendants knew it was there, because one morning when we came in, the cardboard was gone, and we gave one of the attendants two dollars to put it back."

Mr. Ford resumed the story, "All five newsreel companies got together before the first witness took the stand. Here's a copy of the agreement we all signed, showing how we had a schedule of operation worked out, so that we could all take turns on the three cameras we had rigged up, one in the courtroom, one (*Continued on page 114*)

Below, John F. Condon (Jafsie) tells Wilentz, "'John' is Bruno Richard Hauptmann!" Note that Judge Trenchard's chair is empty.

Below, left—the courtroom with the unconcealed camera to the left of the light on the balcony—plainly in sight.

Below, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. His appearance in court and his testimony is believed to have had great influence on the final verdict.



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BECKY SHARP

She was a woman to be noticed, to be admired—to be feared. And in the end, to be reviled!

ALL men, it seemed, were destined to be her victims. And to that end her snares were set with careful skill. She must have learned guile in her very cradle. Learned with her earliest lessons that wit must give her what fortune had denied. But guile and wit were not Becky Sharp's only weapons against an unkind fate. Eyes whose conscious craft seemed gentle innocence. Lips whose skillful lies seemed utter truth. Glamorous vivacity. Languorous charm Swift subtleties of thought and speech and act. And the stillness of a stalking tiger. Yes, she was a woman to be noticed, to be admired, to be feared. And in the end to be reviled. For like all who count neither cost nor credit in attaining the heart's desire, she herself was destined to be at last the most tragic victim of her own cupidity.

The meagre existence which her father, a starveling artist, was able to provide was not enough for Becky Sharp. She should have high fortune, she decided long before her father's death in the sorry garret which was their home. Lords and ladies, she resolved while still a despised pupil-teacher in Miss Pinkerton's select school, should be her equals, not her superiors. And these haughty, aristocratic daughters of the rich, who were her schoolmates, should envy her.

Her first chance came through Amelia Sedley, whose sweetly pliant nature made her treat Becky more kindly than did the others. And, with confidences wisely calculated to impress, Becky succeeded in winning an invitation to visit the Sedleys.

THERE she tried out her powers on Amelia's brother, Joseph. And there she met her first defeat. Fresh from school, she had not yet acquired the technique, the finesse, which were to be her defense, her flashing weapons. True, Joseph himself was easily captivated. He was fat and rather dull, but he would, she was sure, propose. And she intended to marry him. But George Osborne, Amelia's suitor, frustrated that fond hope. He warned the elder Sedleys of the snare that was being set. And how-

George Osborne losing to Rawdon Crawley. But Rawdon's luck was not to last. . . .



"You and I are going away," George Osborne pleaded with Becky.





Becky, with false sweetness, laughs away Amelia's worries about George's debts.



Too late, old Sir Pitt pops the question. Becky might have been Lady Pitt!

ever they might amuse themselves with Amelia's poor little orphan friend, they did not intend that their son should marry a penniless nobody. And Joseph was shipped forthwith to India.

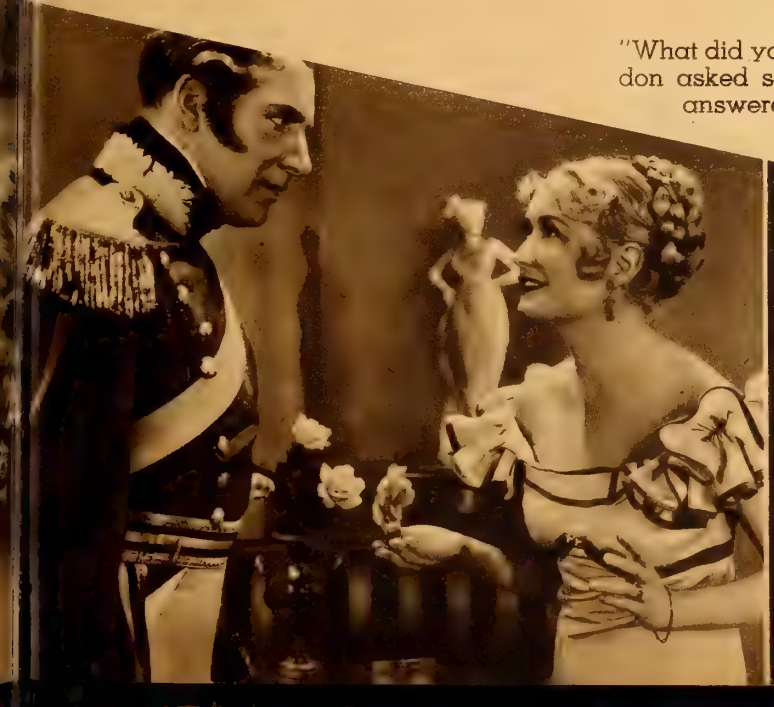
George should pay for that treachery, Becky resolved. Captain Dobbin, too, whom she despised and who was hopelessly in love with Amelia, must have had a hand in that fiasco. He looked on her with disconcerting, cold eyes—the only man she was ever to meet who did not succumb to her calculated charm.

From the Sedleys' Becky went to Queen's Crawley, to be governess to the daughters of Sir Pitt. And there she continued her campaign. Even the old baronet neglected his forlorn wife to spend hours in Becky's company. And the younger Pitt, assuring himself that it was her soul that appealed to him, inveigled her into reading sermons with him. Neither Sir Pitt nor his elder son guessed that the younger son, Rawdon, who came now on more frequent visits from London where he was an officer in the Guards, also found Becky necessary to his happiness.

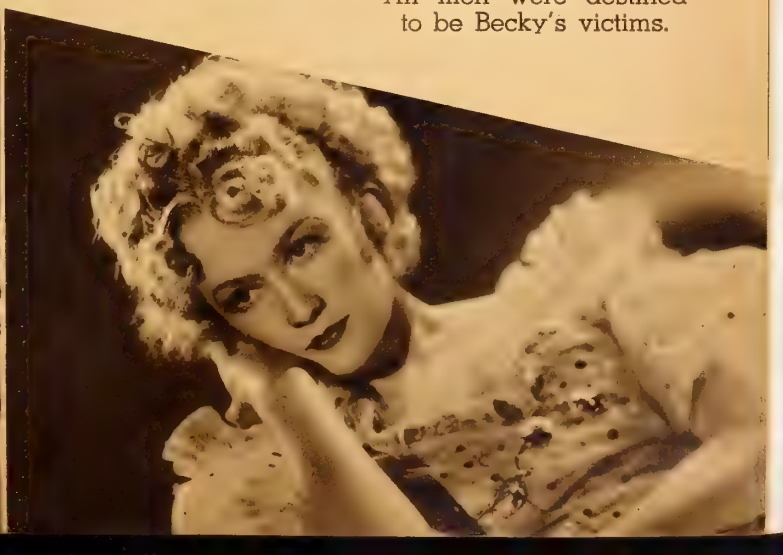
Rawdon, Becky decided after careful thought, would do. He was an amiable weakling, and the pet and favorite of his wealthy aunt, Miss Julia Crawley. It was no secret that he was to be her heir. And Miss Crawley also seemed to like Becky. On one of her rare (*Continued on page 87*)

Becky Sharp.....MIRIAM HOPKINS
Joseph Sedley.....NIGEL BRUCE
George Osborne.....G. P. HUNTLEY, JR.
Rawdon Crawley.....ALAN MOWBRAY
Amelia Sedley.....FRANCES DEE
Marquis of Steyne.....SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
Lady Bareacres.....BILLIE BURKE
Miss Crawley.....ALISON SKIPWORTH
Captain Dobbin.....COLIN TAPLEY
Sir Pitt Crawley.....GEORGE HASSEL
Pitt Crawley.....WILLIAM STECK

—Adapted from the RKO-RADIO picture, produced in technicolor by PIONEER PICTURES. Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN. Based on the play by LANGDON E. MITCHELL. From WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY'S novel, "VANITY FAIR." Fictionized by ETHEL M. POMEROY.



"What did you play?" Rawdon asked sternly. "Dice," answered Becky.



All men were destined to be Becky's victims.



Grace Moore sang in cheap cafés before she got a break in opera or even musical comedy. Below, a painting, done when she was in the "Music Box Revue."

SIX MONTHS IN HELL

by Dell Hogarth

The golden voice gone! The great physician said, "One chance in a thousand—if.." Grace Moore's fame rested on that "if"

HOW lucky she is! Any woman born with a voice like that couldn't help but be famous."

Such a remark often follows the deafening applause which acclaims the singing of Grace Moore. And Grace will smile when she hears it. Smile? It would be more accurate to call it a look of tragic amusement.

The best vantage point from which to consider the darkest episode in the life of any celebrity is from the shining pinnacle of her career. Her moment of supreme triumph.

The crown of laurel was placed on Grace Moore's head at the party given in her honor by Condé Nast. The New York papers proclaimed it the greatest social event since the depression began. It celebrated the première of her picture, "One Night of Love."

Vincent Astor, Lawrence Tibbett, Mr. and Mrs. Al Smith, Harold Lloyd, Amy Vanderbilt, Mau-

rice Chevalier, Mr. and Mrs. Chrysler, and Nelson Rockefeller are just a few of the illustrious names who assembled to pay her tribute.

The two hundred guests occupied the "golden horseshoe" of the Radio City Music Hall Theatre to view her picture and afterwards progressed, in a caravan of limousines, to the famous penthouse apartment of the host for dinner and dancing. There, high above the hum of Park Avenue traffic, praise was spread at the feet of this Venus of Song. Champagne popped. Miss Moore was radiant with felicity. But for one brief instant, that look of tragic amusement returned. It was just nine years before . . .

NINE brief years! An excited Southern girl was jammed in a crowded New York subway that was rushing downtown. Her eyes sparkled with joyous expectation. Unheard by the other passengers, she kept humming the bars of the musical scores which she clutched tightly under her arm. Now and then her nervous fingers found the small mirror in her bag which she held up critically before her face. She didn't know much about make-up then, but she tried desperately to bring out the generous warmth of her mouth, the naïve blueness of her eyes. The stations roared past. Times Square at last. She jostled toward the door and almost ran up the stairs.

For three solid weeks she had practiced day and night for the tryouts for "Hitchy-Koo." To be sure, she had come to New York to go into opera. But one didn't just walk into the Metropolitan, she ruefully discovered, and immediately become a prima donna. So she grimly stayed on in New York, refusing her father's plea to come home, and eked out a lonely existence by singing in a cheap café. Then she was called for this tryout; a lyric soprano was needed for Raymond Hitchcock's new musical comedy.

Grace hurried along the street and turned into the alleyway toward the stage door of the theatre. The doorkeeper watched the willowy girl sweep down upon him with her face flushed and her head erect. She was the picture of confidence. Grace smiled and paused to say "hello" to the old man. Her lips opened, but no sound came forth.

Her hand flew to her throat as astonishment sprang into her eyes. Once again her lips moved. Her voice fell soundlessly on the cold air. Funny little puffs of mist, and nothing more. The doorman was gaping at her now. He stared at her face which began to convulse in frantic efforts to evoke her voice. The expression in her eyes was painful to watch. She stood motionless, transfixed by panic.

The doorman came to his senses and dashed inside to phone a doctor. When he returned she was gone.

After the lonely desolation of a sleepless night, Grace was sitting in the outer office of Dr. Mario Marafioti. Her haggard eyes implored the girl primly ensconced behind the desk to let her see the one man who, she was convinced, could restore her life. But the girl had given her no encouragement.

Dr. Marafioti's position was unique. A graduate M.D. he had long since devoted his time and talents to the first love of his Italian boyhood — the opera. He was now the

(*Continued on page 100*)



(Below, left) Grace Moore with her teacher and discoverer, Dr. Mario Marafioti, who virtually saved her voice by recommending a six-month silence. (Below right) An amazingly young and happy Grace Moore preparing for her next film, "On Wings of Song," which promises to be equally as fine as "One Night of Love."

A LITTLE CHILD

Sandy Burns finds herself pos-



Illustrated by Hoecker



On account of it's Easter, Gracie hung up a little mistletoe as a surprise for George! Their next is "Love in Bloom."

by Sara Hamilton

GEORGE and Gracie, known for a very good reason, to millions of fans as Burns and Allen, have a baby.

A real, live, beautiful baby. And never have you seen such a pair of doting and adoring parents as these two. If Gracie was slightly "teched" in the head before, you should see her now. It's "Sandy did this" and 'Sandy did that" till friends beg for mercy. And George is just as bad. I tell you papa and mama Burns are a team of Sandy rooters and no use trying to get a word in edgeways.

Whether Sandy, now six months old, said "goo goo" or just plain "da da" that morning, is more important to this team of comedians than the number of scenes they have in their new picture or the number of laughs they reap in their weekly broadcast.

And that, boys and girls, is somepin'.

Of course, anyone in their right mind, first gets the baby, then the name and then the nickname. Anyone that is, but Gracie. Gracie, nitwit-like, simply began at the wrong end, as usual, and worked up. First, Gracie got the nickname.

"Don't you think Sandy would be a cute nickname for a baby, George?" Gracie one day asked her patient and harassed husband.

"Yes, I think so, Gracie."

"Sandy Burns would be cuter, wouldn't it? Only what name would Sandy be a nickname for?"

"Gracie, I think 'cuckoo' would be a swell nickname for you, so figure it out."

"Oh George, you say the sweetest things. And I think 'sugar cookie with raisins' would be perfect for you."

"Gracie, you call me that just once and mind, I warn you, I—"

"Oh, I know, George. Sandra. Sandy could be a nickname for Sandra."

"And who's to be called Sandra, may I ask, Gracie?"

"Why, a baby, of course, George. What do you say

SHALL LEAD THEM BY THE NOSE

sessor of Hollywood's nuttiest parents, Gracie and George



Already Sandra Burns has achieved a perpetually bewildered expression at the strange goings-on of her parents, George Burns and Gracie Allen.

we get one? I'll begin saving the coupons today."

"Gracie, you don't get them by saving coupons. And now will you please jump off the nearest bridge and let me read my paper in peace?"

BUT Gracie did no bridge jumping. She immediately wired a Chicago nursing home for something cute that would go with her little blue hat. Weeks later, they wired Gracie, who was then in New York, to come for her baby. The wire came at 12 noon. At two o'clock, Gracie and a friend, were on a train, Chicago bound. "But, Miss Allen, we had no idea you were so tiny," they told her at the home. "From your pictures we imagined you much larger. I'm afraid the six months old baby we selected for you will be too large to handle."

"Well, maybe it will shrink when it's washed," Gracie comforted.

"Now, here's a little five weeks old baby we feel sure you'll love," they told her. And thus came Sandy to the loving, hungry arms of George and Gracie.

But first, Sandy must be transported from Chicago to New York. A large wicker basket for carrying purposes was secured and a traveling outfit was purchased for the baby. The Chicago shops, of course, aren't over this event yet, with Gracie asking what the younger set were wearing that season and to show her something that went well with bubbles as her daughter blew lovely bubbles.

Finally, dressed in her new outfit, complete from bib to tucker, and all four sizes too big, Sandy, in her basket, and with her traveling tray of milk bottles, set out with Gracie for New York.

"Now what do we do?" Gracie asked her friend, once they were settled in their drawing-room on the train.

"Now we fold the diapers," the friend said. "Remember what they told us. They must be folded just so."

For hours Gracie struggled to fold the diapers. "I always have one end left over," she wept, "let's call the conductor."

"Can you help us with these things?" Gracie asked the wide-eyed conductor. "We can't get them to work."

For another hour Gracie, her friend and the conductor struggled with the diapers to no avail. "Now don't cry, miss," he told Gracie when all seemed lost, "when the train makes its next stop, I'll get the engineer back. He's a new father and he'll know how to do this, don't you worry."

"Stop the train now," Gracie wailed, "this is an emergency." Five minutes later, the engineer had flipped together a neat stack of folded diapers and the train proceeded on its surprised way to New York.

All night Gracie sat, white and tense, beside the sleeping baby, afraid to close her eyes for fear the baby would disappear. At five (*Continued on page 86*)



They must be one happy family to live under one roof—Pa Merkel, Una and husband, Mc Merkel.



The versatile Miss Merkel as a dancing girl in the musical, "The Night Is Young."

"I BET I STAY MARRIED"

by Ruth Biery



Una shares acting honors with that other ace comedian, Charlie Butterworth, in "Public Enemy No. 2."

THIS story is to be read aloud, with the reader using Miss Merkel's cunning, completely natural, soft, Southern drawl. Just replace all "r's" with "h's" and lilt the voice at the end of each sentence. Personally I haven't the courage to reproduce Una's accent in print.

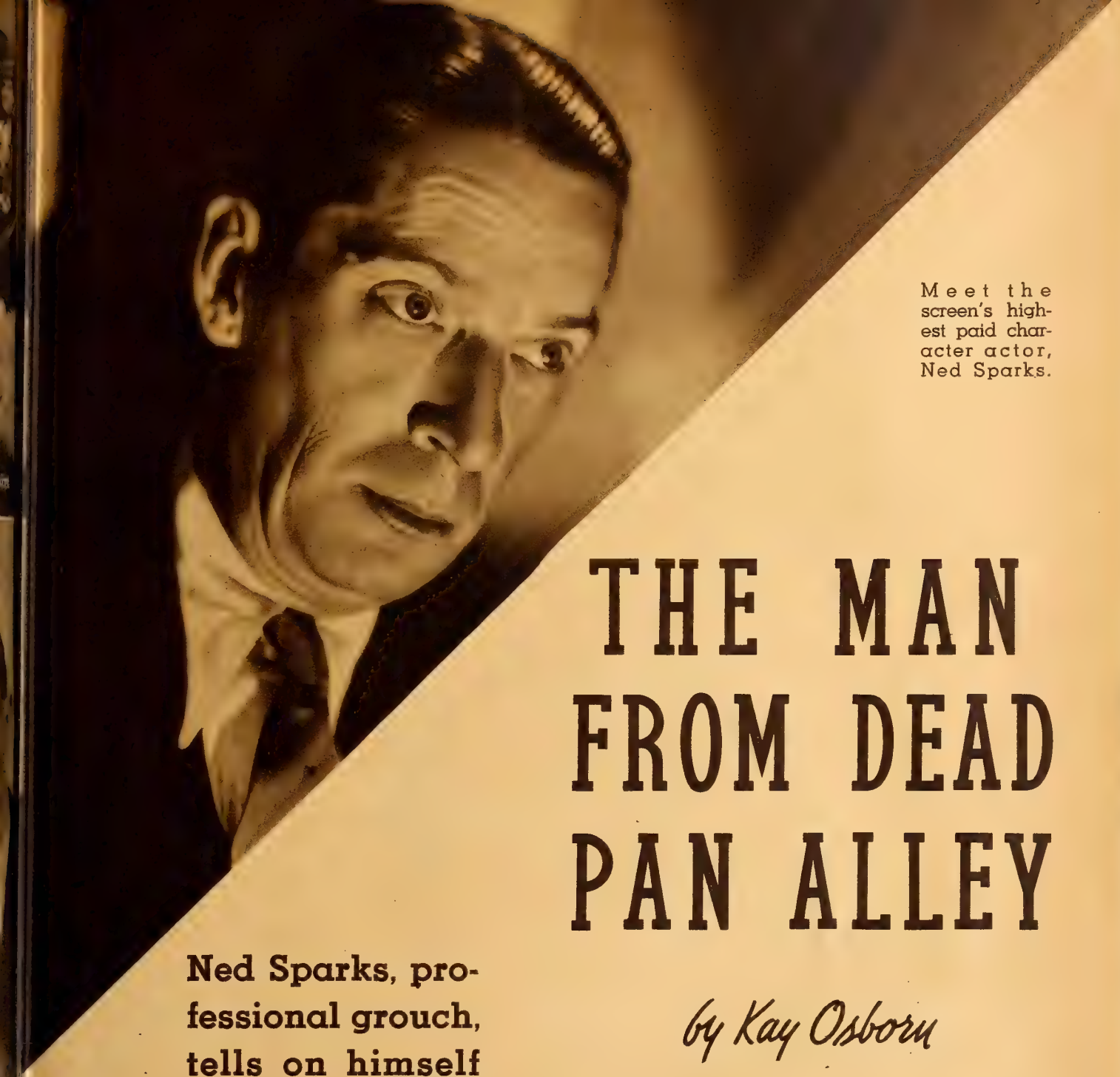
"I promised myself never to talk about my marriage because—no, don't laugh at me—I'm awfully superstitious about it. (She knocked on wood.) You see, I thought I would never get married. I don't believe the gods give one person too much. They sort of balance things up. So I thought I'd never have a husband.

"That's why I said I'd never talk about it. I don't want to tempt those gods. But if you'll be awful careful not to get me in wrong with them—I *do* think it's sort of nice that some of us in Hollywood aren't afraid we won't stay married. Of course, I'd actually bet on mine lasting if it weren't for that little superstition. Betting is sort of making it a gamble. (She knocked on wood.)

"Of course, to understand about Ronni and me and why I sort of keep thinking about those gods, you have to begin at the beginning. You see, we got married first and went together afterwards. Just like my mother and father.

"My mother was seventeen and my father under twenty when I was born. They just met and got married on January first without any courting and then, in about a year, I came along. You see, I (*Continued on page 84*)

Knocking on wood at every turn, cute Una Merkel tells why



Meet the screen's highest paid character actor, Ned Sparks.

THE MAN FROM DEAD PAN ALLEY

Ned Sparks, professional grouch, tells on himself

by Kay Osborn

MEETING the world's greatest grouch at the day's grouchiest hour—nine o'clock in the morning, to be exact—appealed to me not in the least. In fact, I must admit that I was a bit nervous about it. I could laugh at Ned Sparks on the screen and really feel quite chummy toward him as long as there were several theatre rows between us. But face to face with him for the first time, in his own apartment . . . I wondered!

I knocked very boldly and loudly to hide my stage fright. Then I heard the friendly, familiar sound of a typewriter, and my heart leapt. A typewriter, bless its heart, would make me feel right at home. Furthermore, I write on a typewriter . . . Mr. Sparks writes on a typewriter . . . that would be at least one bond between us.

Yes, the voice was gruff, all right, when it said, "Come in!" but I had little chance to examine the face, for as I opened the door I was practically knocked over by the friendly onslaught of a little bull terrier as she leapt into my arms.

Such an enthusiastic greeting bowled me over mentally as well as physically. I could only sit down and take the dog on my lap. "That's Betsy Ann," said Mr. Sparks.

"How do you do, Betsy Ann?" and with this little encouragement the dog brought a rubber ball to throw for her.

"Isn't she cute?" I said, and I really meant it.

"She's the light of my life, the apple of my eye, and the center of my universe," he said in that hard nasal tone of his, and only then was I able to look at him. I found him looking at Betsy Ann with that fixed, unblinking stare. What I used to think was a glassy look in his eyes I now saw was only a moist mirror of affection.

WHAT did you think of my angle for a story on you?" I asked him. "I wrote in my letter how one night years ago, when you were on the stage, you had indigestion, and looked so pained and sour and sad that, the moment the audience saw you, they literally rolled in the aisles. And so you have been purposely looking as though you had indigestion ever since, and have been cashing in on it?"

(*Continued on page 108*)

IS IT A DREAM?

Years of struggle preceded Joe Morrison's climb to the top

by S.R. Mook



SEVERAL years ago I wrote of Clark Gable: "Meaning no disrespect, he reminds me of nothing so much as a mongrel pup who has been kicked around all his life, making shift as best he can. Then suddenly, one day, instead of the customary kick someone gives him a pat and takes him home. He capers around, trying to make friends, unable to believe his good fortune. But, always, in the back of his mind, is a haunting fear that it's all a dream and shortly he's going to wake up and find himself rummaging for a living in life's back alleys again."

The only other person I have ever met who affects me that way is Joe Morrison. Despite his recent success, despite his cheerful grin and unfailing good nature, he has, it seems to me, something pathetic about him. He can't believe his good fortune is real.

Not long ago we sat in his living-room in front of a crackling fire. "I wonder," I speculated idly, "where we'll be five years from now—what we'll be doing?"

He glanced at me curiously but there was no answering smile on his face. "I'm afraid to think," he answered simply. "I haven't the courage to look ahead."

He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan. His mother died when he was three and his father promptly remarried.

HE remembers little of his childhood and, from the scraps I have pieced together, I don't blame him. The biggest thrill of those years, he says, was being allowed to go out into an open field with his cousin and play Indian. I don't believe he has ever had any childhood!

When he was about twelve he entered a seminary to study for the priesthood. There, again, I cannot tell where loyalty stops and fact enters in. I have often wondered if it weren't just that a family in straitened circumstances took that as the easiest way out. I cannot visualize a person of Joe's temperament voluntarily choosing that life. Joe loves life, lights and laughter. But he insists that his embarking on such an undertaking was not a matter of expediency. "Early training, perhaps," he admits, and then shuts up.

During his second year in the seminary his father died. After the second year's training, he had to live at the seminary. The rigid rules and regulations had a depressing effect on him. He stuck it out until he had been in training for four and a half years. Then he went to the head of the seminary and told him that he didn't think he was temperamentally suited to the priesthood. It was with a feeling of vast relief he heard the priest say, "If you hadn't come to me, I was (*Continued on page 118*)



Later, when I returned to meet the producer of the show, I found them making selections for show girls.

YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES

When friends tell you this, read why it's best to forget it!

by Paul Von Sloun

Cartoons by Riveron

YOU'VE heard that song, "You Ought To Be In Pictures!" If anyone ever sings it to you, don't pay any attention. I *know*.

I am the son of a well known character actor. Naturally, at college, I took part in all the college theatricals. After every performance friends came up, slapped me on the back and began, "You ought to be in pictures." Eventually, I came to believe it, particularly when their advice simply added fuel to the flame of a private opinion of my own.

It had been tacitly accepted by the family that I was to follow one of the more substantial professions but I had long cherished different ideas. Reared in a theatrical atmosphere, it was only natural that the theatre should be the breath of life in my nostrils. The bite of the theatrical bug is worse than that of the tarantula. From the latter you either recover or it brings a swift merciful death. From the former you never recover.

About midway of my third year I couldn't stand it any longer so I wired Dad, "Please send me $200 Stop Leaving for Hollywood Thursday Stop Love to Mother Stop Paul." Dad was, by the way, in Hollywood.

While I hadn't said anything in the wire about wanting to get out because I felt I "ought to be in pictures," he must have suspected something of the sort because his reply consisted of only one word—"Why?" It wasn't necessary to answer that at the time. He sent me the money and I was off to fame and fortune.

WHEN I had partaken of the "Fatted Calf" the inevitable question couldn't be postponed any longer. "Why did I want to go into the movies?" There was no answer except that I wanted to. No argument could change that. Dad somewhat sadly accepted it.

Accordingly he took me around to see his agent, introduced me; and from there on I assured him his obligations were over—I would stand on my own feet. The agent appeared to like me at once. I was of the accepted juvenile type much in demand. He immediately called a casting director who was looking for a juvenile. When the latter learned who I was he was most anxious to meet me.

An interview was arranged for the following day. The casting director, in turn, seemed pleased with me and made an appointment for me (*Continued on page 101*)



(Left) To impress the producer I must have their photographer "shoot" me at $8 per dozen!



(Right) Thinking I was somewhat a "collegiate" type, I figured this job was up my alley.

"Smooth" CLOTHES for young Gadabouts

BY ADELIA BIRD

Hollywood's young set dates in clothes like these . . .





Above, left, Wendy Barrie's quilted evening coat. Right, a printed silk frock of Marina Schubert's. Below, left, Wendy in white satin. Right, Maureen O'Sullivan's white organza with blue trimming.





IN YOUR secret moments you may cherish a burning desire to look like Marlene Dietrich —you may mimic her expressions in the mirror and startle your family by looking rather far away and mysterious as she does! But in your clothes, it is far better for you to copy the sprightly young Maureen O'Sullivan, the gay Wendy Barrie, sweet Anne Shirley, Jean Parker or Anita Louise. They're more your type and they are every bit as exciting as Marlene, Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow.

These younger stars are exciting to you because they live much the same sort of life you do only in that glamorous town called Hollywood. Their mothers watch and advise them, they go to tennis matches, roller skate, dance and date with the young beaux in town. And many of them don't have half the fun you do, actually, because they can't indulge in a double chocolate pecan sundae on account of their strict diets—and they have to work hard when often they feel like playing!

YOUNGER Hollywood fashions shelve glamorous sophistication for "smoothness." In fact, according to these youthful stars your whole appearance must be "smooth." No heavy make-up, rather a well-scrubbed looking skin with a light dusting of powder and just enough rouge to give your face a naturally



Above, Wendy Barrie's three-piece woolen suit with plaid jacket. Below, Anne Shirley's cute plaid taffeta shirtwaist frock with velvet bow.



Above, Toby Wing in a smart knitted cape costume. Below, Wendy, again, in an unusual printed silk with velvet trimming.













Above, left, Marjorie Reid's navy straw with white. Right, Maureen's dotted hat. Below, Virginia Reid's white straw. And last, Marjorie Reid, again in an off-the-face model.

rosey look. Your hair either boasts a fluffy, high-off-the-forehead bang or is brushed smoothly back, often tied with a ribbon, or in the evening, held by a flower. No nails dripping with bright red; instead a natural shade that imparts just the faintest glow to them. No heavy perfumes; rather something light, spring-like. And then your clothes—they will be either boyish looking sports clothes or feminine silks by day. In the evening, you will be a fragile, feminine creature in yards of misty chiffon, gay prints or organdies.

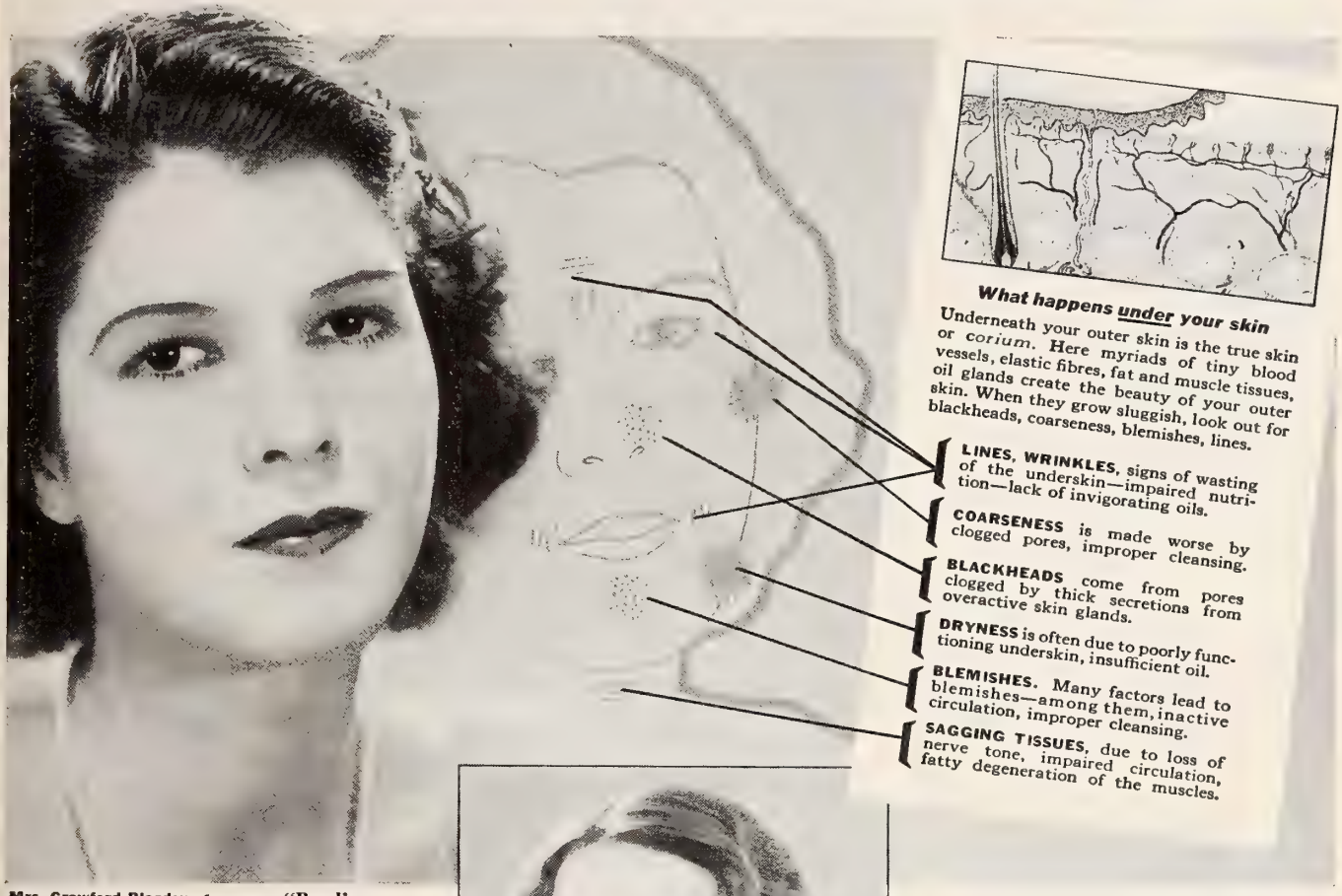
There's your picture—the picture of you and your favorite young star. And here is what you buy to get the effect. Remember that salaries for Hollywood's youngsters aren't the staggering ones of their more glamorous sisters, they haven't grown up to that yet. So a bit of budgeting isn't amiss for either you or them!

You are going to love the colors this spring. They are just your dish, so to speak. Pinks in that flattering dusty tone, violet which you haven't seen in years—and all tones of it, too—and your great favorite, navy and white. Then there's all the other blues like Hyacinth, Aqua and the misty tones. Also yellows and rosey red that look elegant in sweaters and tweeds.

YOU can do all sorts of things with these colors in combining them. For instance, Anita Louise wears a dusty pink cardigan sweater over a Parma violet pull-on. And Madge Evans wears a navy blue cardigan over a plain white sports dress. Wendy Barrie, with her dark hair, looks knockout in a rosey red jacket with the palest of pink sweaters beneath.

And while we are on the subject of colors, have you thought how easily you can revive some of your last summer's dresses and sweaters by using one of those little dyeing wafers that gives a fast color without boiling? You can combine parts of different wafers to get just the newest color scheme. It gives you the feeling of being quite an expert and the results are very professional looking. This goes for underwear, too. Since blue and pink are showing up in lingerie fashions as well as in costumes, you (*Continued on Page 107*)

FIGHT LINES, WRINKLES, BLEMISHES *WHERE THEY BEGIN*—IN YOUR *UNDER SKIN!*



What happens *under* your skin

Underneath your outer skin is the true skin or *corium*. Here myriads of tiny blood vessels, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil glands create the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines.

LINES, WRINKLES, signs of wasting of the underskin—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

COARSENESS is made worse by clogged pores, improper cleansing.

BLACKHEADS come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

DRYNESS is often due to poorly functioning underskin, insufficient oil.

BLEMISHES. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them, inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

SAGGING TISSUES, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles.

Mrs. Crawford Blagden, Jr., says: "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly."



Mrs. Francis Grover Cleveland says: "Pond's Cold Cream seems to wipe away lines and blemishes, gives the skin a fresh look."

SEE SMOOTH GLOWING CHEEKS RETURN AS DEEP-REACHING CREAM STIRS UNDER SKIN BACK TO VIGOROUS ACTION

WHERE do skin faults first begin? In the *under* layers of your skin.

You see, the *under* layers of your skin are full of little nerves, fibres, cells, oil glands, fat and muscle tissues. Keep *them* actively at work, and your outer skin just blooms beauty.

But once the teens are past, oil glands begin to dry up. Circulation slows. Nerves and fibres lose their snap. Result—little blemishes, blackheads—as you grow older, wrinkles, sagging tissues!

Cleanse deep—keep underskin active

That is why it is so important to choose a cream that *goes deep* and keeps your underskin active.

Pond's Cold Cream goes right to the underskin. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it into your skin, you feel the circulation freshened, stimulated. Dirt, make-up, impurities from within the skin itself, are softened, loosened, lifted from the pores by these light, deep-reaching oils. Your underskin is liberated, free to function actively again.

Look in your mirror, after a thorough, deep-skin cleansing and stimulation with this cream. How much fresher and clearer your skin is! With just one treatment!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure, germ-free. Use it *every night* before retiring to flush impurities away, free the skin, stimulate its under layers.

In the daytime, too, to freshen your skin for the day, give it the satiny surface that takes your rouge and make-up so smoothly.

See what 9 treatments will do

It is very easy to try Pond's. Send the coupon for a tube containing enough for 9 treatments! Remember, the healthy, vigorous *underskin* Pond's Cold Cream gives you is a sure means to the lovely, satiny *outer skin* every woman wants.

MAIL COUPON TODAY—*for Generous Package*
including 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream and other beauty aids.

POND'S, Dept. F–50 Clinton, Conn. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

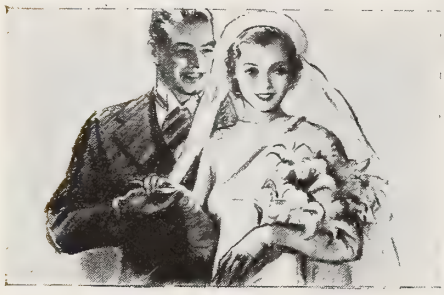
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SAD AND BLUE



NOW "I DO"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

I used to be so sad, so blue. Secretly I was starving for good times, dates. It seems like a miracle to think that all those dreary days are gone and that now I'm a happy bride. And all because I discovered what alluring charm Blue Waltz Perfume can give!

It's almost magic how this exquisite perfume creates a world of enchantment around you... how, like a dreamy waltz in moonlight, it inspires romance and tender yearning.

And you can look lovelier, too. I got the thrill of a lifetime when I tried all of the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. You can get the same thrill!

Make up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. See how temptingly luscious your lips look. Notice how perfectly this fine powder blends with the natural tone of your skin, making it radiantly fresh and youthful. Your mirror will tell you honestly how beautiful you are and what a glorious improvement Blue Waltz Cosmetics have made!

You are really unfair to your beauty if you don't buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, FacePowder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Directed by Katherine Albert

Some practical advice on the subject of crashing the stage or the movies

I WAS so thrilled at the marvelous response I got when we decided to organize dramatic clubs throughout the country. Hundreds of them are now flourishing nicely and that's very cheering news. But there is always room for more. And if you want to have the most fun you ever had just fill in the coupon below. And please, please don't forget to enclose that self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The many requests I've had for club information make me realize just how interested in dramatic art people are everywhere. This is your very own department and I am completely guided by your letters. I do so want to tell you what you want to know.

This month hundreds of letters have come to me asking the question, "How can I get the breaks? If I am anxious to make the step from the amateur stage to the professional stage and thence to pictures, how can I do it? What is my first move?"

WHAT a question! How can it be answered? You see, there are no cut-and-dried rules. There is no golden path to success. It all depends so definitely on circumstances, individual breaks and luck. But it is a question that I cannot shirk. And I will tell you everything I have learned about this subject.

I seriously recommend that all of you content yourselves with the marvelous fun of amateur dramatics, of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School or of Little Theatres. But many people have the urge to do professional acting and so I am going to discuss this with you.

First, I'll tell you the mechanics of it. Get all the amateur dramatic training possible. Specialize in every dramatic course your schools give you. And then, if possible, attend a first-rate (*Continued on page 97*)

Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....



YOU'VE WON HIM— NOW YOU MUST KEEP HIM...

Don't let COSMETIC SKIN spoil your good looks!

SO *much* of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear — appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman, without realizing it, is actually *spoiling her own looks*.

When stale make-up is not properly *removed,* but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You begin to notice tiny blemishes —enlarged pores—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars *protect* their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap —the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks *deep* down into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!



ELISSA LANDI
PARAMOUNT STAR

NRA CODE



ANY GIRL CAN HAVE A SMOOTH, REALLY LOVELY SKIN. YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU WISH IF YOU GUARD YOUR SKIN AS I DO—WITH GENTLE **LUX TOILET SOAP**

NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

AMAZING!

WHAT A SINGLE BOTTLE OF

Hires EXTRACT WILL DO

1 Makes 40 bottles of sparkling Hires Root Beer, easily, quickly with yeast. Economical—8 glasses for 5c!

2 Instant Hires Root Ade can be made, using a teaspoonful of Hires Extract to a quart of ice water. Sweeten to taste. Add juice of half a lemon.

3 Nutritious Hires Milk Shake brings a new appeal in flavors, winning both children and adults. Makes children like milk.

Hires Root Beer is delicious, wholesome and economical—accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods and approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau.

To avoid oil flavored imitations, insist on

Hires R-J ROOT BEER FOR REAL JUICES

FREE—a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 4 quarts of Hires Root Beer—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3¢ to cover postage and handling.

FREE

The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me *free* bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3c for postage and packing. M-5-35

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Canadians should mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 12*)

Janet Gaynor, I am going to profit by her example and stick to the old-fashioned simple type of things that always have been popular, still continue to be popular and, I'm sure, will go on being popular for countless years to come. I refer to the delicious home-baked foods that come out of the family oven, filling the air with the appetite-provoking aroma of "sugar and spice and everything nice."

"Cakes like Mother used to bake" (and pies, biscuits and breads as well) are famed in song and story and take precedence in Janet Gaynor's affections over any other form of home-made foods. That's why, in one form or another, they so often find their way into the basket that Janet's German cook packs to send down to her at the studio.

"I never eat in the studio commissary," petite Miss Gaynor informed me as we settled down for a chat, each in our own corner of the chintz covered divan in the living-room of her little bungalow at the Fox Studios. "I don't mean that as a reflection upon the food they serve there," she continued, "but I find it so much more restful to eat in here."

AND no wonder, I thought, as I looked about me. For Janet Gaynor's dressing-room is just too adorable for words. The same pattern of chintz that covered the divan hung in graceful folds at the window. Framed flower prints hung upon the wall, and still another note of color was brought in through gay dishes standing upright on the shelves of the buffet and the corner cupboard.

In the actual dressing-room of the bungalow, however, which had been shown to me before we sat down, I was interested to observe that Janet had discarded Colonial simplicity and indulged in truly feminine coquetry. Windows on either side of her dressing table were shaded by Venetian blinds with satin pulls, if you please. Curtains of gossamer sheerness on either side of the dressing-table, were held back by bows of satin. A true setting for a Dresden shepherdess—or a French frame for Janet's cameo-like quality. Feminity on the one hand, tasteful simplicity on the other, in short, a visual example of the secret of Janet's success.

And these same qualities should characterize your home-baked goods, according to Miss Gaynor. No strange concoctions for her, no unusual fillings or combinations—just a cake put together with a light feminine touch and a simple icing.

The baked things Janet told me that she likes are certainly not one bit complicated to make, either. Gingerbread, for instance—just plain good old-fashioned gingerbread. Janet's cook often includes a generous square of it in the basket lunch that the chauffeur brings, straight from the Gaynor home, to the Gaynor dressing-room bungalow. Sometimes, the cook puts mounds of sweetened whipped cream on the gingerbread—at other times it is taken hot from the oven, wrapped and delivered quickly, so that it is still warm when served. (Janet also has facilities for reheating things in her bungalow, but gingerbread, somehow, seems to taste better when it retains the original flush of its heat!)

To accompany the gingerbread, when hot, the cook sends a covered glass container of icy cold apple sauce. The contrast of hot and cold foods is always a welcome one, you know.

Another luncheon dessert made by the Gaynor cook is Cheese Tarts—little, flaky pastry bites made with cream cheese for shortening and with dabs of jam for sweetening.

JANET also is particularly partial to Fruit Cake, I learned, but feels that it is too heavy for noonday consumption, especially when she is working in a picture.

"That's a treat I forego until dinner time," she told me. "Fruit Cake makes a frequent appearance on my home menu," she went on, "not because I order it, for I let the cook plan the meals, but because that worthy soul realizes that I'm so fond of it."

This Fruit Cake favorite turned out to be a simplified version that is neither too hard on the digestion nor on the cook's patience.

No mention of baked products is complete without referring to home-baked breads and biscuits, I feel. And when I expressed that conviction to Janet she agreed with me heartily. A novel bread made its appearance one day on her cute little, drop-leaf luncheon table. (The table and four chairs make a real dining-room group, as you will notice in the picture accompanying this article.) It was Banana Bread—and I found, after getting the recipe, that it does not require yeast! That's a feature which makes this bread easy enough for the most amateur cook to attempt with almost certain success crowning her efforts.

At tea-time little cakes or cookies are served, if Janet is home, or knows she will be getting off the set early. I am including a recipe for a rich tea cooky of the type she favors.

The other four recipes for Janet Gaynor's favorite cakes are included in our monthly recipe leaflet. Fill out the coupon, send it in, and recipes for Janet's Spice Gingerbread, Favorite Fruit Cake, Cheese Tea Tarts and Banana Bread are yours! Of course they're FREE—like many other good things in life.

Right here, let us leave Janet Gaynor, and go on to other more prosaic things, not nearly so pleasant to talk about but very important for successful home-baking.

There are four major points about baking to be considered. I have only enough room here to go into them very briefly.

THE first is your mixing, of course. Under this heading would come the use of first class ingredients and measuring equipment. (Gracious me, here I am, riding my pet hobby again and urging you, as before, to use only standard measuring spoons, standard measuring cups and lots of A-1 care. And you *will,* with these recipes, won't you?)

The second is your oven—including an oven thermometer as part of your cooking equipment. (They may be purchased for as little as 20c.) Another consideration, under this heading, is the correct placing of your baking pans so that they do not touch one another or the sides of the oven. This insures a free circulation of air during the baking.

A third heading is utensils. A well-equipped baking kitchen would include pie pans, layer cake pans, cup cake pans, loaf pans, deep baking dishes for thicker types of cakes, cooky sheets, a cake rack for cooling cakes and, if purse and room permit, such luxuries as an angel-food pan and a spring form. With that bak-

ing equipment you should be positively inspired!

The fourth heading is the time required for baking. Nowadays baking time generally is included in the recipe directions—I know I try never to omit time requirements from Modern Hostess recipes. But, unfortunately, baking time varies for one reason or another—a different temperature than that called for in the recipe, a different size in cake or pie pan—these are but two of the many possibilities. So, besides watching your clock, you *must* watch your cake. A five cent cake tester will be a blessing, too.

Here, then, is a new recipe with which to try out your skill and the truth of my statements. The recipes in the leaflet will make Janet Gaynor's name even more popular with you than ever which is saying a good deal for them, is it not?

Chocolate Tea Patties

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 can sweetened condensed milk (1⅓ cups)
¾ cup fine graham cracker crumbs
¼ cup chopped nut meats
½ teaspoon vanilla
A pinch of salt

Melt chocolate over boiling water in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk. Stir and continue cooking over boiling water for 5 minutes until mixture is smooth and thickened. Remove from heat. Roll out enough graham crackers to make ¾ cup fine crumbs (or put crackers through food grinder). Add cracker crumbs, chopped nut meats, vanilla and salt to chocolate mixture. Blend together thoroughly. Spread to ½ inch thickness in well-greased muffin pans. (This will take approximately 1 tablespoonful of batter to each cup). Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven (375° F.). Cool. Makes about 18 patties.

Quick Date Cake

½ cup soft butter
2 eggs
½ cup milk
1¾ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1⅓ cup brown sugar (packed firmly)
½ cup dates, chopped

Allow butter to stand in bowl at room temperature until very soft. Add eggs and milk, sift in the combined flour, baking powder, salt and spices, add sugar and chopped dates. Mix together thoroughly. When mixed, begin beating and beat for 4 minutes. Pour into greased loaf pan and cook in moderate oven (350° F.) until cake shrinks from sides of pan and cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean (40 to 50 minutes). Or turn batter into greased muffin pans or square cake pan and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 to 30 minutes.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.
MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me Janet Gaynor's recipes for May, 1935.

Name .....
(Print in pencil)

Address .....
(City) (State)

.....
(Street and Number)



What a surprise when I tasted its marvelous sauce!

"I'd always felt that no ready-cooked spaghetti could ever come up to the home-cooked kind. But I certainly changed my mind when I tasted Franco-American. *What* a delicious sauce it has—mine simply can't compare with it. Can you wonder I always serve Franco-American now? It means less work for me and *better* spaghetti for all of us."

Franco-American isn't the ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste will tell you how *different* it is. Its sauce contains eleven different ingredients. Luscious, flavorful tomatoes . . choice Cheddar cheese . . delicately piquant spices and seasonings . . blended by the skilled hand of the trained chef into a delectably smooth, rich, savory sauce that good home cooks declare is the *best* they ever tasted.



No cooking or fussing; simply heat and serve. Saves time and *money*, too. You never pay more than ten cents for a can holding three to four portions —less than it costs to buy dry spaghetti and other ingredients and prepare at home!

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!



. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!



"I read an advertisement of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE 10-day trial offer."



"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and weight 20 pounds"

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere *at our expense!* Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slimmer self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer . . .

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

DON'T WAIT! MAIL COUPON NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 535, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

Garbo Vas Dere

(*Continued from page 32*)

she'd never appear in public. But I was wrong! Garbo did step out, and, as ever, the venture was surrounded with an aura of deep, dark mystery.

I know that you have read that she smiled weakly at Dietrich; that she didn't look at Dietrich; that she glared and glowered at Dietrich; that she didn't know that Dietrich was in the place; that she was nervous and shaky; that she was perfectly at ease; that she was ill at ease; that she sat at her table like a scared rabbit, ready to flee any moment.

I know exactly how you feel sitting by your fireside after reading these conflicting reports. You'd like to know the truth, the real truth, about Garbo's night out.

BUT it is a long and mysterious story and so that you won't be denied any precious little detail, I must begin at the very beginning.

Some said it was a clever publicity stunt engineered by the studio. Others said, "Garbo's getting smart. She isn't so dumb, that Swede. She has mapped out a publicity campaign all her own. And she'll get away with it."

Others recalled her flirtation with her director. "Remember the time she went on a skiing party to the Grand Canyon with Mamoulian. There wasn't a flake of snow within hundreds of miles of the place not to mention the fact that it was out of season for snow. As the story broke in the headlines, 'Queen Christina' was released."

Someone else chimed in with, "Yeah, and then all those phoney romance stories with George Brent and the Palm Springs trips broke simultaneously with the showing of the 'Painted Veil,' I'll say that gal isn't dumb."

This was the type of conversation I heard on all sides. It made me furious. No one, it seemed, was willing to give her credit for wanting to be just human.

It happened this way—and I got it straight from members of her party—during an informal gathering of her small, select circle of friends, Garbo expressed the desire to visit the Trocadero. Sincerely believing that a gay evening would do her good, the entire group prevailed upon her to go ahead with her plan. A date was set for Friday, January 25th. The party plans included Max Reinhardt, his son Gottfried, Garbo and her closest friend and adviser, Salka Viertol, a writer at M-G-M. They had a quiet dinner first at Lucey's, a small café on Melrose Avenue across the street from Paramount. At ten-thirty they arrived at the Trocadero.

But wait, I must take you back to the first party, for it was on this occasion that her female friend (not Salka), unable to restrain the desire to let the whole world in on the secret that the great and glamorous, silent Garbo was going to appear in public, got on the phone and called another woman friend. And that little friend wouldn't tell a soul. Oh, no! You know the rest. Five minutes later she had me on the wire. This was about two-thirty in the afternoon.

She was terribly excited.

LISTEN, Scotty," he said, "be at the Troc' tonight at ten-thirty without fail. The greatest thing that ever happened in Hollywood will take place. You'll get the scoop of the year."

She must have told a dozen others the same thing.

Intrigued, I inquired what would happen.

"Oh, I can't tell you over the phone," she replied, breathlessly, "but I'm so excited I can hardly wait. I'm taking a party of stars to see it all and you'll be sorry if you don't show up. Don't say I didn't warn you."

As the afternoon wore on I became highly interested. At least fifteen friends of mine admonished me to be there. I called the maitre d'hotel and asked him what was coming off.

"Nothing special," he said. "The usual Friday night crowd. Not many reservations so far."

A flurry of telephone warnings kept me busy all afternoon. I called him again.

"Say," he said, with high elation, "I don't know what has happened. The house is sold out, more than New Year's Eve. Everybody is here or on the way. Joan Bennett, Alice White, Lupe and Johnny, the Joe E. Browns, Peggy Fears," he rattled the names off rapidly.

I checked my camera equipment and rushed over. The place was filled with celebrities.

The guests were nervous, more so than the employees. They eyed each newcomer with eager expectancy. Some jumped up from their tables every few minutes to run outside and inquire of the doorman or hat check girls, in a decided whisper, "Has she arrived yet?"

All this secrecy was getting too much for me.

"Has who come?" I asked the hat check girl, rather disgustedly.

She flashed me a look of disdainful surprise. "Haven't you heard? Garbo is due at ten-thirty."

"Phooey," says I, with as much nonchalance as I could muster.

Then Felixe Rolo came. He is the wealthy Egyptian who escorted Dietrich places for so long, and incidentally hoaxed Hollywood into believing he was a Prince. He said to the proprietor, "When she comes I want a guard stationed near our table to keep people away. I want the hired help to treat her as if they were accustomed to waiting on her every day. I want her visit to be enjoyable in every way, and if she doesn't show up (ah, ha, I thought there would be a catch), and there is a strong possibility that she may not, then I don't want it mentioned that she was scared away, but rather that she comes here all the time. Don't inform any newspapers (there were eight different press representatives in the house at the time waiting for the big moment) under any circumstances."

The owner agreed.

I STUBBORNLY refused to believe and parked my camera behind some window drapes, which I later regretted.

Promptly at ten-thirty I wandered out to the front curb. I saw a black, dilapidated Lincoln sedan draw up. It bore a California license number, I-P-6108. I knew that Garbo was inside.

Max Reinhardt was the first to step from the car, followed by his son, Gottfried. Then came Salka Viertol. She helped Garbo alight.

She stood there dressed in a neat gray, tailored suit, covered by a light, loose polo coat. The usual black beret graced her head. Her hair was combed straight as in "Queen Christina." And me with-

out a camera! I could have kicked myself.

The station attendant shouted to me, "Garbo ain't comin', is she?"

I "shushed" him as best I could, making grimaces with my face, trying to warn him that she stood at his elbow.

But she had heard his remark and walked hurriedly toward her car. My heart sank as I saw the last glimmering hope of a picture going away from me. She planted one foot on the running board and resorted to woman's oldest artifice—powder. She daubed carelessly here and there at her face in the meager light of the car. Salka took her by the hand and led her into the café. I followed at a discreet distance.

At this point, few inside believed that she was coming. The nervous tension had eased up. The house was gay and happily boisterous. As she appeared in the inner doorway to the room a hushed silence fell over the place. Alice White's eyes almost popped out of her head; Joe E. Brown's mouth snapped shut and for once the incessant chattering of Lupe came to a stop, while Johnny just grumbled something and went on about the serious business of eating. The eyes of Joan Bennett, Dietrich, Fears, Marian Nixon, the Chico Marx', everybody in fact, was directed to the table in the center of the floor. GARBO HAD ARRIVED!

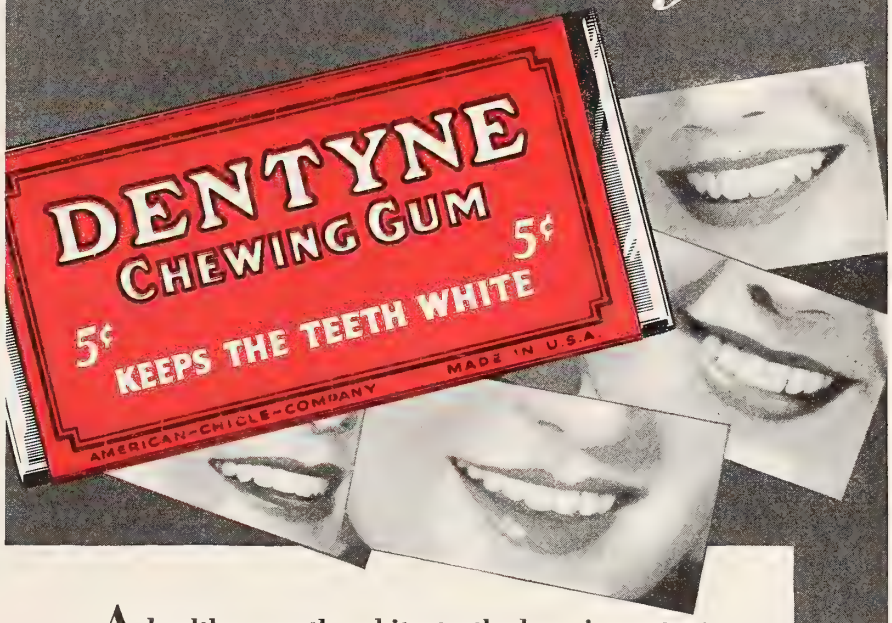
She made her way to the table with the utmost ease, apparently unaware of the furore she had created. She and her party joined Felixe Rolo, accompanied by Princess Natalie Paley, daughter of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia. A few feet away Dietrich sat with an old friend and admirer of Garbo's, Fritz Lang. Despite all assertions to the contrary, she nodded recognition and smiled graciously in Dietrich's direction. She smiled at many others as if she had known them for a long time. Perhaps it was only a lovely gesture to let them know she had seen their work on the screen, but she smiled. She chatted animatedly, laughed freely, smoked almost constantly. During the course of the evening she shook her head negatively to proffers of dancing. The only actual words I heard her express were when someone made a suggestion that she might like to leave and she replied, "Oh, no. Not yet. I'm really enjoying myself."

THE management prevailed upon Frances Langford to sing "Night and Day," to which Garbo responded with much applause.

From the moment she arrived until she departed, my eyes never left Garbo's face. While I enjoyed every moment and considered myself pretty lucky to have seen her, nevertheless I realized that, after all, Garbo is no different from other stars whom we see every day.

Her chauffeur sent word at two-thirty a. m. that the car was ready. I rushed around to the back exit, setting my camera distance as I ran. Fortune favored me, so I thought, by placing a huge, empty wine barrel within ten feet of her car door, where she would have to face me to enter. This was an erroneous impression for fate decreed otherwise. As she left by way of the fire escape, one overanxious cameraman leaped out of the darkness and ran toward her. She saw him in time to cover her face. As she struggled with the door handle I fired my flash and the barrel collapsed simultaneously, leaving me sprawled on the ground at her feet. As Garbo vanished into the night, four weary cameramen scurried toward dark rooms to see how much of her Royal Ladyship had been captured for posterity on photographic plates.

Healthy mouths now come in packages *labelled Dentyne*



A healthy mouth, white teeth, how important they are to any woman and to all well-groomed men, too! Here's an easy way to have them . . .

DENTYNE IS AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH
The extra firm consistency of Dentyne provides just the vigorous mouth exercise everyone needs — the exercise lacking in modern soft-food diets. This chewing stimulates the circulation in the tissues, and keeps the mouth and teeth clean. It prevents flabby muscles, too. Many doctors and dentists recommend it as a regular health habit.

AND A DELICIOUS GUM, TOO — Chewing Dentyne is a pleasant health habit because it is such a delicious gum . . . At the first taste of its spicy, tempting flavor you congratulate yourself on having found a chewing gum that is different . . . thoroughly satisfying. Dentyne has a characteristic, handy, flat shape which makes it easy to carry in your purse or pocket . . . an exclusive feature for many years.

DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(*Continued from page 15*)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
The March of Time (First Division)	4★	4★	4★	0	0	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	0	0	4★	0	4★	4★
Marie Galante (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	0	1★	2★	2★	2★
The Marines Are Coming (Mascot)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	2★	1★	1½★	2★	1★	0	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★
Maybe It's Love (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Menace (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	4★	3★	3★	3★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Mills of the Gods (Columbia)	0	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	0	0	2★	0	2★	2★	0
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Music in the Air (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Mystery Woman (Fox)	2	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	0	2★	2★	2★	2★
Night Life of the Gods (Universal)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	2★
A Notorious Gentleman (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
One Hour Late (Paramount)	3★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	0	0	0	0	0	0	2½★	0
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Outcast Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	2★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★
The President Vanishes (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	0	0	5★	5★	4★	5★
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	2★	2★	3★	3★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★	0	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★
Romance in Manhattan (RKO)	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	0	5★	5★	0	5★
Rumba (Paramount)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	4★	2½★	3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	0	0	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	0	0	3★	0	0	0	1½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	4★	2½★	0
The Silver Streak (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★
Sing Sing Nights (Monogram)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	0	2★	4★	3★	2★	2★
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★
There's Always Tomorrow (Universal)	3★	0	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	4★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
365 Nights in Hollywood (Fox)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	0	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	0	4★	4★	4★	3★
Wednesday's Child (RKO)	2★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	4★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
We Live Again (20th Century)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★
West of the Pecos (RKO)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	3★	4★	3★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2½★	0	2½★	3★	2½★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	3★	0	3★	2★	2★
The White Parade (Fox)	4★	0	3★	0	3★	3★	4★	3½★	0	4★	0	0	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	2★	2★	0	3★	0	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	0	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2★

Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest

(*Continued from page 45*)

final list—is set forth in the box containing the rules on page 44. This list completes the total of fifteen picture titles.

You are asked to tell what was the most popular song in three out of each set of five pictures. That is to say, three from last month's list, three from the list in the issue before that, and three from this month's list. That makes nine in all. *You must choose three from each set of five—not any nine from the complete set of fifteen.* You need not necessarily have seen the picture to be able to fulfill the requirements. You need only to have heard the song and to have known who sang it in the picture. Of course, you may, if you wish, fill out the complete list of fifteen pictures, but you will be judged on a basis of three out of five.

Remember, you must tell who sang the song which you designate as the most popular hit from each of the pictures which you choose.

We have asked you, in the two preceding installments of this contest, to keep each list until you have completed the contest. If you misunderstood and have already sent in the previous installments, we will try to keep your contribution on file, but we assume no risk.

With your complete set of nine (or more) answers—three chosen from each set of five—you are asked to write one hundred words telling which Warner musical you have liked the best to date—and why. You may use less than a hundred words, but don't use more. The words "a," "an," and "the" will not count.

Aside from winning one of the prizes in this contest, do you know the big feature? Yes, you are right. It is writing a set of lyrics. The best of those submitted will be set to music and published by a *real* music publisher and used in a forthcoming Warner Brothers production.

You undoubtedly have someone—may we surmise a sweetheart, wife or husband?—who has awakened within you a feeling that you could write a poem about them or to them. Well, when you come down to it, a set of lyrics is really a poem which is set to music to make a song. We bring this up as a hint here, because Mr. Julius P. Witmark, Jr., the one who arranged this contest for you has had so much experience with some of the great song writers and he has told us that the most successful lyrics ever written have always been due to some such inspiration. Imagine the great thrill of writing such an inspired lyric, having it accepted, taking the one and only to the movies and having *your* lyric sung from the screen.

You stand just as good a chance of winning one of the prizes—the first prize of $250; the second prize of $100; the third prize of $50! the fourth prize of $25! one of the five fifth prizes of $10 each; or one of the five sixth prizes of $5 each—if you stop at the list of songs and singers and the one-hundred-word description. BUT—an extra added honor goes to the person who writes, in the opinion of the judges, the best set of lyrics. He may or may not win one of the prizes—that depends upon how accurately and aptly, in the opinion of the judges, he fulfills the above requirements. The special honor reserved for the writer of the best set of lyrics is the inclusion of these lyrics—set to music and everything—in a forthcoming Warner musical production.

So get busy, not only in answering the questions in this contest, but also with your lyric. Keep your three sets of answers, composition of one hundred words or less, and lyrics, if you wish to submit a set, until after you have completed the three parts of the contest, and send them all to the Modern-Screen-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., mailing them no later than midnight on May 15, 1935, when the contest closes. All entries must be mailed by that time.

For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial, mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.

No entries will be returned. All lyrics submitted will be returned, if not accepted, upon receipt of your request together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Remember, we assume no risk for the return of same.

Send all entries and lyrics to Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except the employees of Modern Screen and employees of Warner Brothers-First National Studios.

The judges of this contest are the editors of Modern Screen and Julius Witmark.

Please do *not* send elaborate, pretentious entries. They stand no better chance of winning a prize than accurate, simple entries. Neatness is important, of course.





Pretty on the **TABLE . . .** *and grand for* **BAKING** *in the* **OVEN**

YES, those platters and serving dishes, those round and oval bowls, those cute little French one-handled casseroles, even the cups, saucers and plates, will all stand oven heat.

So bake in them . . . pies, puddings, meats, vegetables, anything you like. And whisk them from oven to table. They save work in serving. Save dishwashing.

Next time you're in a Five, Ten or Dollar Store, look over OvenServe dishes. They cost but a trifle. And you can do with them what you can't do with any other table dishes . . . use them in the oven!

Guaranteed To Withstand Changes of Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
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One Girl's Hopeless Love for Bill Powell

(*Continued from page 27*)

the house."

Glasses in hand, they were ushered about the house. Into the bar, the study upstairs, and, heads together, they pored over the blueprint of the new home he was building. How typical of Bill, Georgia thought! When she had presented him to her friend, she had proudly mentioned that Valerie was an up-and-coming interior decorator of New York. Now Valerie was in her element. Her eyes sparkled and Bill, prodding her enthusiasm, asked her advice on the furnishing of his new home. In his usual effortless, charming way, he was making her feel important. They gabbled like a couple of children with a new toy. Then Bill straightened up. "Say," he smiled, "this is work for you! And look at that sunshine outside. Let's take a swim." Valerie blinked up into his face. "But we haven't any bathing suits!" she declared. "That's all right. Show her, Georgia." As the bewildered Valerie was led downstairs, Bill called after them, "I'll beat you in." He dashed into his bedroom.

In the commodious dressing quarters hard by the swimming pool, Georgia pulled back panels and opened drawers to show her friend a complete array of bathing suits, pajamas, and robes. On the vanity and dresser were powders and rouge of every shade. Valerie caught her breath. She stood motionless, gaping about her, until Bill's voice came from the balcony.

"Is everything all right?" he called. With a squeal of joy Valerie started to rummage frantically for a suit of her size.

Bill, however, didn't beat them into the pool. A director arrived for a conference. So when the ladies dashed out, Bill met them in his old bathrobe and trotted them up to the loggia where introductions to the director were quickly made. Then the men went to work.

GEORGIA'S mind was reviewing the things which had taken place since their arrival. Her friend poked her with her elbow. "What's the matter," Valerie complained, "can't you hear? I just said that any woman who married him wouldn't have a dull moment all of her life."

"I know," answered Georgia. "Excuse me. I was thinking."

"Why didn't you tell me you knew him so well? I thought I was your friend?"

"There's nothing to tell. I just knew him, that's all."

Good old Valerie. She would understand. She left her friend to her memories. Later, perhaps, she would know. Georgia cupped her chin on the back of her hands and peered through half-opened eyes toward the spare figure talking so earnestly in the shade of the loggia. Two men. And one of them Bill.

She remembered the first time that they had gone out together. On that memorable evening, years ago, she recalled the misery she felt before he arrived. Her head was splitting. A throbbing ache brought on, no doubt, by her nervous excitement. She knew that she would be poor company. And Bill, she felt sure, wouldn't care to see her again. So when he arrived, blandly smiling, she did her best not to spoil the occasion. Tried desperately hard to be gay and amusing.

But Bill, she soon discovered, is too sensitive a nature not to sense immediately the mood of any person he is with. She had to confess the intolerable ache. His hand reached over and folded gently around hers. "After all," he said, "we can't stand this." He swung the car to the curb. They bustled into a drug store. There, perched on high stools, he watched her drink two bromos. "Now do you feel better?" he asked.

From that time on her heart was not quite her own. They went on to their party only because she refused to return home to spend a quiet evening. And for three miraculous hours, she was unconscious of the agony in her head. She floated on a roseate cloud, supported by the envious glances of women, the flattering attentions of men. All because, she understood afterwards, her popular cavalier never relaxed his solicitude. He took her home early. Next morning she was awakened by the fragrance of his flowers, which her maid had quietly brought into the room. And that day he phoned three times to inquire how she was feeling.

AH YES, Bill was so sweet. Always attentive. And his manners had that careless quality of one who is confident in his heart that he won't hurt the feelings of another person, even unintentionally. But were these the reasons why she fell in love?

Now, as Georgia's eyes caressed the figure on the loggia, she had to admit that they certainly were not. Silly, even to think so. So many polished gentlemen are frightful bores. What Valerie had said was exactly right. There was never a dull moment with Bill. Whenever she went out with him, she never failed to have a glorious time. Behind his bland exterior was a robust sense of adventure. Always ready for anything. That night, for instance, when she had said to him, "Bill, I feel like raising the devil. Let's cut loose. Let's do something really wild." Without a word, Bill called for his check and they left the night club. Leaving his car they hailed a taxi. . . .

But Georgia's chain of memory was rudely broken. Valerie was speaking close to her ear. "Say," she exclaimed with hushed enthusiasm, "I've just discovered something. It's been troubling me all the time. You know, this is the most livable house I've ever been in. Yet it's sumptuous. Almost lavish. Know the secret? It's Bill. He is so informal. Look at that old bathrobe. Makes you feel you can be yourself. And at the same time you feel that all good things are not just ornaments. They're to be used and enjoyed."

"I know," replied Georgia absentmindedly. "Yes, I know."

"Look," said Valerie excitedly. "I think that man is going. Good!"

Georgia looked up to see the director rise to his feet. Bill arose also to pace back and forth. Odd, the way he does that when he tries to settle some irritating point in a discussion. Talking so softly, the other person has to walk beside him in order to hear. Talking so indifferently, as if it really didn't matter anyway.

Had she always had a good time with Bill? Rubbish! True—every moment with him had been crowded with enjoyment because he was never bored. Never bored even with himself. But every time she was with him she felt miserable inside. That was the reason she loved him. He made her experience a constant hurt.

His indifference! The most captivating and the most irritating quality a man can possess. A sweetness that warms the heart, little attentions that flatter, and then the blank wall of emotional indifference. How many times had she beat against that

wall in vain! Flattery was a useless weapon. Bill was immune. He always flattered the other person just a little more than he was flattered. With his tongue in his cheek. Then—that time just before she left for New York. In a rowboat off Laguna. That heavenly half-hour when the ocean was changed into claret . . . She wanted to say something then . . . To prod him, but she didn't. Bill was the type who had to make up his own mind.

No. A woman would never know just how much he cared for her until he asked her to marry him. Only then would she fully enter that secret life which he must have. The secret life which must hold fretful worries about tomorrow while he enjoys today.

Well, Georgia reflected sadly, even if she had been excluded from so much of this, it at least was worth a try. Bill was not a man to pride himself upon conquests. And a man who really loves, seldom expresses that emotion in empty words. For a moment, she thought wildly, "Perhaps—I *haven't* failed. Perhaps it needs time!" time!"

Valerie was on her feet. Bill was dashing across the lawn letting his old robe fall off behind him.

"Beat you into the pool," yelled Bill.

Two lithe bodies plunged in simultaneously. Georgia pulled on her cap.

"Be content, old girl," she chided herself firmly. "There's no 'perhaps.' And Bill makes a dandy friend."

Good News

(*Continued from page* 41)

is made of shining copper, and decorated in scarlet and black, while the bottles are of every shape, size and color. Mary Ellis, the star of the picture, was heard to moan on seeing the display, "Bottles, bottles, everywhere—and not a drop to drink!"

■ ■ ■

Wouldn't you expect a stony-faced, ultra correct valet of English extract to be hovering in George Raft's background? Wrong again! George is shadowed by a small cullud boy in sloppy overalls and sweater, with a disreputable cap on his kinky head, who attends to all the gentleman's wants. Sambo was hanging around the studio gates one day and George was so attracted by his amiable toothy grin that he hired him on the spot. "Ah sho nuff had a rabbit foot in mah pocket dat day!" says Sambo, rolling his chocolate eyes.

■ ■ ■

"Go West, young man" is easy advice to follow for any young man after seeing the beauteous Mae. But in the star's recent picture even an elephant became enamoured of her! Sneaking up behind her one day, he encircled her with his trunk and swung her high into the air. Mae was quite composed when finally set on terra firma, only remarking pleasantly, "Just try that once more, baby, and I'll break every bone in your body."

And did you know that the public's palsy-walsy is actually trying to out-Garbo Garbo? Yep—Mae will have no one on her set while emoting, any more. Says she's getting too bashful!

■ ■ ■

No wonder Joe Morrison gets ahead with such leaps and bounds—he's always on the jump! He'd be a swell example for the perpetual motion theorists, too, aside from his present important position as a feminine pulse-pounder. On the "Small Miracle" set, Joe was busy every minute, singing, running up and down steps, tap-dancing, doing all kinds of gymnastics, talking and laughing—and always chewing gum. And if you want to see a team which we feel justified in calling "cute," see Joe and little Helen Mack together. Helen, by the way, married Charles Irwin recently.

"Who's afraid of the big baboon, the big baboon," caroled the cast of a recent picture out at Paramount, where said baboon, securely caged, was waiting to appear in a picture with Carole Lombard. But one day there was no singing—everyone was too busy climbing adjacent trees. Seems that while the trainer was lost in admiration of Carole, the wily animal decided to have some fun. Being a creature of initiative, he loosened the catch on his cage, and then it began! For his first playmates he chose two portly ladies who were visiting on the set, and gayly chased them all over the lot before he was finally corralled. Which all clears up the whys and wherefores that visitors ask nowadays when they have to sign a statement that the studio is not responsible for any ill effects suffered while looking about.

■ ■ ■

Wild Indians may be a thing of the past, but scalping is still prevalent in Hollywood! You aren't a bit more stunned than we were on seeing the gentle art revived. It happened to Henry Wilcoxon, whom we were admiring while a hair-dresser arranged his blond locks for a scene in the "Crusades." Suddenly a shrill call came for him from the set. He leaped up and rushed off—and we were *that* amazed to see those blond locks dangling from the hair-dresser's hands!

■ ■ ■

Jean Arthur's capital has gone up, but her stock's hit a new low out at Columbia, since a recent pool was made up among the studio workers—electricians, script girls and extras, among others. Jean was the lucky winner of fifty dollars, and promised the whole gang a real blow-out as she tucked the booty into her purse. So, all in the party mood, the gang waited and waited—and waited. Finally, someone stopped her on the lot and asked about her party plans. "Party?" inquired Miss Arthur, perplexed, "Why, I've never mentioned a word about a party!"

■ ■ ■

Rejoice, all you Tom Mix fans! For the handsome, fearless hero of many a "wild western" is planning to stage a comeback. Tom has been financially embarrassed for the past year, due to spending all his for-



—You can't whiz along the road to health on fresh air and exercise alone. It takes a well-balanced diet to really keep you going at full speed. And here's my recipe for a breakfast that gives you a flying start: Delicious Shredded Wheat and milk, heaped high with fresh fruits or berries."

Crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat gives you a perfect balance of Nature's vital health elements in their most appetizing and digestible form. Try it tomorrow morning.



SHREDDED WHEAT



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneeda Seal.

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NEWEST UNUSUAL
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for old frocks
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Address.....
City.....*State*.....



The youngest Young steps out. Georgiana Young with sister Sally Blane and Monte Bell at the Opera.

tune on monograms. Shirts, shorts, houses, horses, automobiles and airplanes—all bore the gleaming letters T. M.!

■ ■ ■

Our cameraman was attending the preview of "All the King's Horses," Carl Brisson's new picture t'other evening, when the small boy next to him tugged at his sleeve. "Y'know," he whispered, "these sure are swell seats, ain't they? I never sat in preview seats afore, have you?"

Scotty admitted that he had, but asked the boy how he happened to come by this honor. "Well, y'see," came the confidential whisper, "Mr. Brisson told me I could sit here, so's I could start the applause when he shows up. "Course," he added hastily, "I promised I wouldn't tell nobody—and I won't neither."

■ ■ ■

In his private dining-room adjoining the dressing-rooms at M-G-M, Louis Mayer was entertaining some distinguished guests for luncheon. His final hospitable gesture was to invite Jeanette MacDonald to warble a few notes for the party. She selected an aria from "La Boheme," and on reaching the chorus, a rich baritone voice joined in the singing—seemingly pouring from the walls! On investigation it developed that Nelson Eddy's dressing-room was next door.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 47)

killing an evening painlessly, this picture might serve as a good weapon.

★★★ Devil Dogs of the Air
(Warners)

This is an excellent picture if you've ever craved to be a marine or an aviator. In fact, it's a good picture even if you haven't had such suppressed desires. The government has obligingly coöperated with the studio by furnishing the use of their training camp in San Diego and the studio has done its part by furnishing Pat O'Brien, Jimmy Cagney and Margaret Lindsay, so you can figure on a good time.

Jimmy is the dare-devil aviator who decides that the air corps needs him. Therefore, it takes some time for him to become convinced that it can really get along quite nicely without him. Pat O'Brien and Margaret Lindsay join forces to squelch the young man, with some hilarious results.

The photography is remarkable, showing the best pictures of stunt flying and war manoeuvers that we've ever seen.

★★★ The Good Fairy
(Universal)

To be sure, it's a little on the "whimsy" side, but this picture is so rapidly paced and boasts such excellent characterizations that its decidedly fairy-tale tone is somehow lost in the shuffle of probable reality. It is the one about an orphan, just emerged from the protective asylum, intent upon doing the good deed she has long been trained to perform.

Cinderella, herself, was never thrown into such a contradictory wonder world of men, some of whom mean no good by a gal and others who are overanxious to lend protection! First acting honors go to Frank Morgan as the wolf in millionaire's clothing, although Reginald Owen, Margaret Sullavan and Herbert Marshall all give splendid accounts of themselves,



Some call it glamour

I call it FAOEN

Miss Williams is well known both here and abroad not only for her excellent stage and screen characterizations, but for her keen perception for what's correct in fashions and things fashionable. She is now featured in the current Broadway musical success, "Life Begins at 8:40".



says FRANCES WILLIAMS

"To be successful, an actress must possess that subtle something that accentuates her charm," says lovely Miss Williams. "Some call it glamour—but I call it FAOEN! Naturally, I have tried many expensive perfumes and cosmetics but frankly, I find that FAOEN beauty aids are more beneficial to my complexion. They've kept my skin smooth, firm and fine. As for the perfume . . . . glamourous . appealing . compelling . . . call it what you will—I *prefer* it!"

In her inimitable way, Miss Williams has deftly expressed the preference of many fascinating women for FAOEN perfume and beauty aids. Let FAOEN show *you* the way to glamour!



FAOEN *Beauty Aids*
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FAOEN perfumes and beauty aids in compact sizes as illustrated, are on sale at your local five and ten cent store.

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(FAY-ON)
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too. The story is replete with excitement and laughter and Director William Wyler occasionally stresses pathos by accenting the näivete and sincerity of the refreshing heroine.

★★★ Murder on a Honeymoon (RKO)

If the enterprising RKO doesn't arrange to team Edna May Oliver and James Gleason in another as good as this very soon, they are not doing right by the fans. While the story chiefly concerns itself with a murder committed in an airplane, it is the Grade-A comedy rather than the interesting and morbid details of the plot which will thrill you. The principal characters glean almost a laugh a minute through lines and situations. Miss Oliver, you see, is an amateur detective and, while Mr. Gleason rates the status of professional, his "gumshoeing" is more often calculated to warn the criminals than to apprehend them. Of course, although the most unlikely member of the cast is the guilty one, the suspense is maintained until the very last sequence.

Besides the expert playing of Miss Oliver and Mr. Gleason, there is an excellent piece of acting turned in by Dorothy Libaire, the bride on her honeymoon.

★★ Transient Lady (Universal)

With a sleepy town of the Old South as a background, this picture ambles along too slowly. There is a thread of plot, but it becomes sadly tangled by darky dialect, illogical love affairs, political skullduggery and some more darky dialect.

The actors, one and all, give convincing performances, as far as the meandering story will allow. June Clayworth embodies all your ideas of what a charming southern girl should be, and Frances Drake shows possibilities of becoming a comet in the cinema skies, if she is provided with a suitable role. Gene Raymond, as the young lawyer who is torn between two loves and a political machine, does as well as might be expected under the circumstances. A really humorous touch is given the story by Helen Lowell and Clara Blandick as the strait-laced, kindly spinster sisters.

★★★ Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)

You won't know until the last sequence is run who steals the gun, but you do know before the first reel is over who steals the picture! She is Constance Collier, famous stage recruit from New York and London, who makes her cinematic bow in this fast-moving mystery which is punctuated with hilarity and murders; yes, plural, for before it's all over, three bad men and untrue pass on to their doubtful rewards.

Miss Collier enacts a testy, rich spinster who plays jazz on the organ, drinks champagne in night clubs and disapproves of her nephew's intentions to marry an actress. In a scene in which she pretends to be feeling the effects of a quart of the very best, she solves the guh-rate crime. Yes, the story *is* a bit hard to swallow, but it's such fun that you somehow get it "down." Ricardo Cortez gives his famous polished performance as a scion of millions, Virginia Bruce makes a pretty leading woman, Isabel Jewell is as good as usual, and Regis Toomey rates a bow or two.

★★★★ Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)

When a picture is as good as this one, it is difficult to review. Everything concerning "Naughty Marietta" is well-nigh perfect. The enchanting, lilting Victor Herbert tunes, their delightful renditions by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the charming, light story of the naughty, adventurous princess, and the usual fine direction of W. S. Van Dyke.

Miss MacDonald looks simply luscious and is in especially good voice. Her acting is deft and sure, and so—let's go on to Mr. Eddy. He has become a sort of "man of the hour" in movies. The concert and opera stages know him well; the radio, too. And now it is our chance at Mr. Eddy, who has everything it takes, and a little bit more for good measure. The movies gave him the run-around for nearly two years and now they've returned to pray. Do not miss this picture.

★★★ The Wedding Night (Samuel Goldwyn)

Insofar as plot is concerned, this story seems like a hangover from the Scott Fitzgerald days, days when the giddy young set tossed off cocktails and highballs, while one in their midst recorded their activities for posterity. Gary Cooper does just that in this picture. He is having a book turned down by a publisher when the film begins to unreel, so he and the lit-tul woman, Helen Vinson, have "another" on the bad news. Because of lack of funds, they move to their Connecticut farm house and, as next-door neighbors, find Anna Sten and her Polish family. Helen departs. Gary remains to work—and love. There is drama—much drama, some of it even great; all of it truly touching. Somehow one feels that the picture should have been better, that King Vidor did not make the most of his directorial opportunities. Scenes that should have been colorful, somehow are not. Miss Sten's performance is simple and sincere. It is indeed her best work to date. Cooper tries hard, but seems to be too impressed with his surroundings. Helen Vinson is excellent as the rah-rah wife, who learns to appreciate what she has had only after losing it.

★★★ Folies Bergere (Twentieth Century)

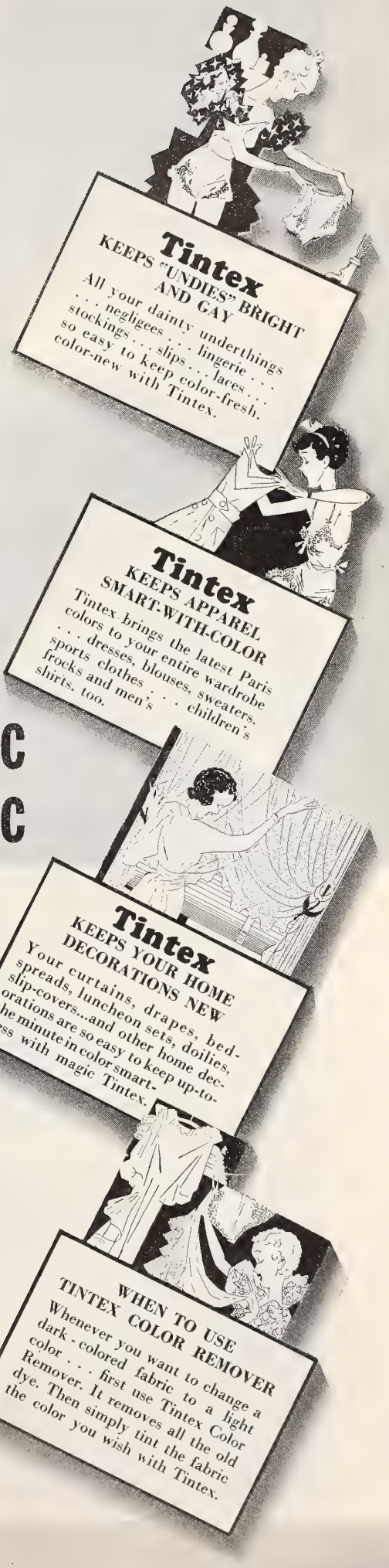
Glamor, glitter, girls and Chevalier; that's "Folies Bergere." And let it be said that the gentleman from Paris hasn't fared so well cinematically in many a movie moon. Yes, Maurice has come back and in a sure-fire dual role, which gives him every chance to sing, clown, act and exude his famous charm. The story is as light and frothy as champagne without the morning-after effect. It's all good fun—most of it clean, too. There are divine dancing routines staged by Dave Gould and peppy melodies and plenty of cuties, for much of the "plot" is laid backstage at France's favorite girl show.

Ann Sothern is splendid as the tempestuous dancer in love with the star of the Folies (Chevalier). She doesn't believe in sparing the rod—in this case her small, pink palm—when her sweetie becomes recalcitrant. Merle Oberon, made up to look like a celebration in Chinatown, is seen as the other woman. Wotta woman! If this is exoticism, let us root for the blue-sashed ingenue. But the picture is fun and exciting and colorful.



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★★★ One More Spring (Fox)

Those who like "realism" will have a field day in this one. It is life in the "roar," emphasizing what we mortals, devoid of the world's goods, must go through in this vale of tears. It reveals suffering, privation, kindliness, rebellion and a host of traits people are wont to display when things persist in going wrong.

A bankrupt auctioneer, a jobless musician, a helpless actress and a cheerful street cleaner are the humans comprising the vortex of life's whirlpool insofar as this story is concerned. How they survive and manage to help each other and do good are pointedly emphasized by Henry King, the director. First acting honors go to Roger Imhof as Mr. Sweeney, the street cleaner who wants to play the violin. Walter King, who feels that the world owes him a living, comes in for goodly praise, as do Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor.

★★ The Devil Is a Woman (Paramount)

If the outcome of this celluloid opera doesn't convince both Marlene Dietrich and the Powers That Be over Paramount way that the star needs another director—or perhaps merely *a* director—well then they'll *never* be persuaded. Von Sternberg is responsible for the indifferent direction and the excellent photography of this picture. As a cameraman, Joe is something to cheer about, but as a megaphone-wielder—the less said the kindlier. Once again, he has subserviated everything—plot, characterization and dialogue—to endless sequences of pictorial effects.

La Dietrich is gotten up like something you warn your son against at sixteen—a frowsy little number you would think that any man with the intelligence of a Lionel Atwill would run from and not towards. But, for the purposes of plot (if any) Atwill ruins himself over her. Caesar Romero, handsome, personable and talented, is about to do likewise as "finis" is written to this dull piece. Poor Marlene!

★★★ Vanessa (M-G-M)

If, once in a while, you enjoy a good cry—but a *good* one— here is your meat and gravy, with perhaps a vegetable or two for good measure. "Vanessa" was undoubtedly fashioned for women who weep. It is a love story—love, suffering; love, enduring; love, triumphant and just plain love.

Helen Hayes plays the title role, that of a young woman who knows her man and, despite advice, sticks to him. Through a misunderstanding their ultimate marriage is delayed until the final sequence. There are several sacrifices to be made and impulsive moral debts to be paid. There is the hero's hasty marriage to be undone and the heroine's obligations to her insane husband. Well, you at least get the idea, by now. Miss Hayes, as usual, is excellent—sincere, direct and convincing. May turns in a good performance. Bob Montgomery is better than adequate.

★★★ Car 99 (Paramount)

Here is a thriller and, while it may have been designed to give the young boys a treat, everyone is going to share in and enjoy the excitement. It's all about the operations of the Michigan State Police, how they get their man and how Old Man Law will catch up with you if you have anything in your past or present that warrants being caught up with.

The picture gives you an opportunity to see Sir Guy Standing in the role of a smooth, confident, cruel master mind of a gang of crooks. He can burn thousands of dollars worth of marked money—which *he* didn't risk his life to get—without batting an eyelash. But he and his pals come to a bad end, for there is one Fred MacMurray, who saves the day and wins the girl. There is a thrilling automobile-motorcycle race to make the blood chase up and down your spine and, besides the performances of Standing and MacMurray, an excellent characterization of a dull-witted sheriff, played by Frank Craven, that is calculated to entertain you.

★★★ The Casino Murder Case (M-G-M)

If this thriller doesn't make your blood run cold, you can give yourself credit for cast-iron nerves. For these murders aren't committed by such trite methods as guns or strangling, but mysteriously administered doses of poison. Paul Lukas does the Philo-Vancing for this unhappy situation. Very efficiently he manages his sleuthing, too, but gets himself in for some unsuspected emotional entanglements.

An excellent setting for the strange occurrences is the wealthy family, with its assortment of hysterical sons, daughters, uncles, aunts and servants—any one of whom might be suspected of ulterior motives. Alison Skipworth is splendid as the domineering mother, Rosalind Russell makes a lovely, harassed secretary, while Donald Cook and Isabel Jewell are outstanding as the spoiled offspring.

★★ Mississippi (Paramount)

Somehow, it all seems like a bad dream and we heartily wish, for the sakes of director, players and producers, it was. But no, there is "Mississippi" right up there on the screen for the fan to contemplate its tangibility! There is Bing Crosby "stooging" for W. C. Fields, and poor Bill Fields doing what he can with sets of hopeless, time-worn gags and little Queenie Smith, recruited from the New York stage, where as a comedienne, she is something to reckon with, permitted to do nothing. Joan Bennett is as graceful as a young maple—and just as sappy! There are songs—and even Rogers and Hart didn't come through here—and the famous "Swannee River," warbled rather effectively by Bing.

★★★ West Point of the Air (M-G-M)

Seems like the studio execs can't keep their feet on the ground anymore when selecting stories, for here's another aviation tale! But from the flying start to the final happy landing, this one is good entertainment, though packed with some too, too familiar emotional devices—triangular passions and patriotic fervor. Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone are the fond fathers of two budding aviators, and give sincere, convincing performances. Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Rosalind Russell manage the heart-involving quite capably.

Randolph Field is the army training school locale where West Point men come for their aviation training. The photography of air activities is the best yet, with some thrilling escapades that will stir up the most sluggish blood pressure and make every last one of you yearn to don a snappy uniform and do a few somersaults and swan dives up in the ozone. This picture is as good an antidote as we can suggest for "that tired feeling."

Especially for Redheads

(*Continued from page 43*)

something is unjust that I always end up by having my intensity act as a boomerang. We redheads start out being the heroes of a fight but end up being the detested heavy—the real villain of the piece!"

Can't you see some of the youthful Carroll emotion and vim being interpreted as over-zealousness and downright temperament? Can't you imagine the fiery hair adding an extra emphasis to any point? I asked her if she felt her red hair had caused her unhappiness. She said yes. She feels that she has been frightened into losing much of her native Irish spirit. She feels that the many unkind jibes about her temperament have caused her to check her emotional, volatile spirit with the result that she appears less colorful and dynamic upon the screen.

"I seem to play roles now in which I worry about everyone in the story. If I am not looking out for my little brother or an aging father, I am trying to untangle some other difficulty. I like gay parts, light comedy in which I can express the person I really am."

She is a gay soul, just made for parts that call for light, skillful comedy. Let's hope, now that she is staging a come-back, (you'll see her soon in "I'll Love You Always") that producers will appreciate this side of her.

EVEN though Nancy is a natural redhead—she has been a blonde and brunette, too! And here is where her story takes an unusual twist. Nancy is an individualist, she believes in doing what she wants regardless of silly criticism. Haven't you felt that you could make a magic change in your life if you could just become another person for awhile? The same feeling of change struck Nancy Carroll. Right at a time when things weren't running so smoothly and she was beginning to feel that her red hair wasn't such a crowning glory after all, she decided to become a blonde. So off to the hairdresser she trotted—she does everything impetuously and worries later. She emerged a blonde.

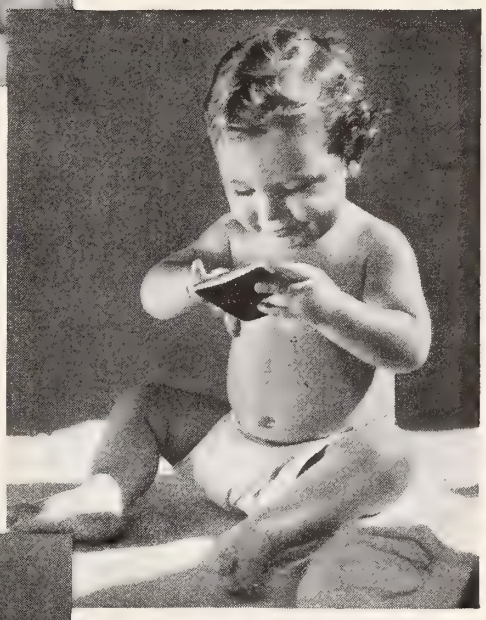
"I didn't notice that my change from redhead to blonde made such a difference with people who knew me well, but the change in the attitude of people who didn't know me was amazing. Especially among the men. They became so solicitous, they wanted to wait on me, protect me. No one ever bothered to protect red-haired Nancy Carroll, I can tell you; she could fight her own battles was the thought. I never experienced such a lovely, languid feeling—I could feel myself mentally relaxing, not wanting to express myself quite so forcefully. In fact, I felt sweet! A sissy.

"One of the most amusing experiences I had when I was a blonde was in a golf tournament. A prominent society woman, who is an expert golfer, was instructing a group of us on our weak points. Turning to me, she said, 'Now here's a little girl who will make a grand golfer. She has an easy swing and no temper.' Needless to say, she had never heard of Nancy Carroll!"

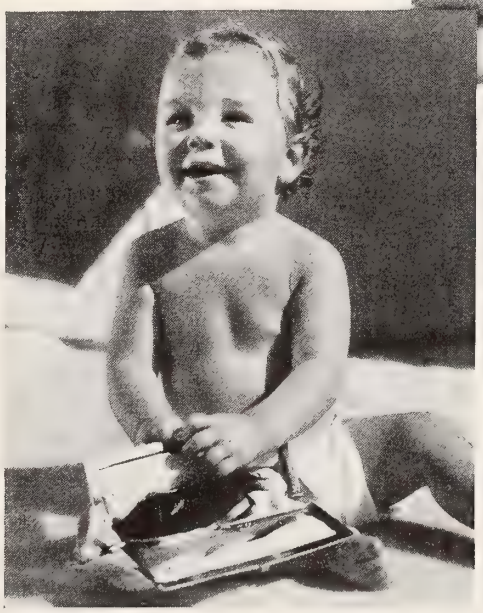
Even Nancy's husband felt that she was somehow different as a blonde. "He hated my blonde hair," Nancy explained. "He didn't complain about it but I knew that he thought it unbecoming, unlike me. Then one evening, when we were out dancing, I made some little complimentary



"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah... that's the trick!"

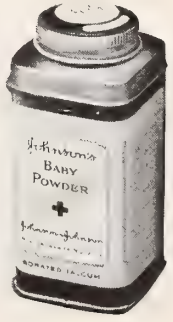


"Look what I found! Contraption with a looking-glass! (I'm looking very well today.)... And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that!... Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"

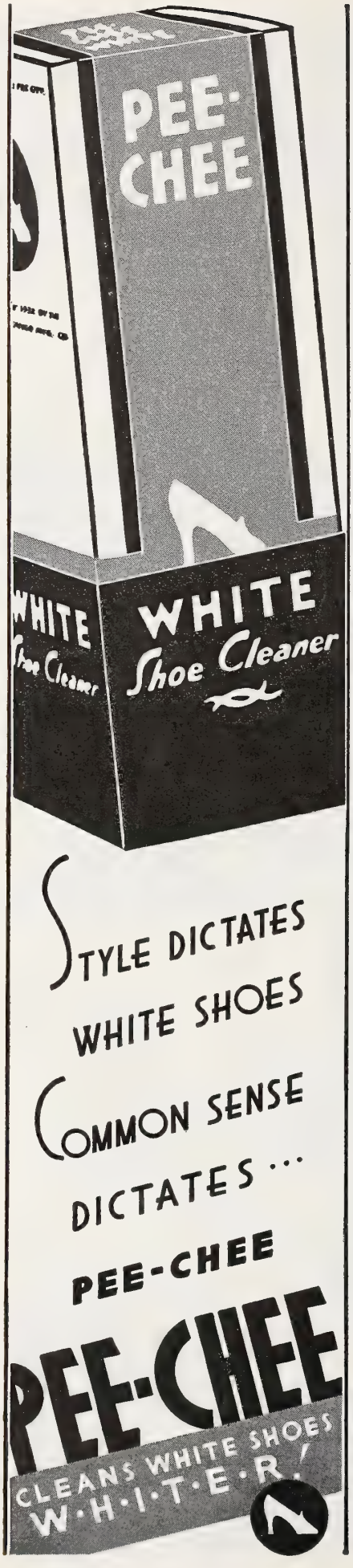


"Hi, Aunt Pat! I tried your powder... but honest, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snuggly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder, Auntie... and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie just like me!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... a real protection against chafing and rashes. Your thumb and finger will tell you why... I'm made of fine satiny Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either... Be sure to try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"



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remark to him. He stood away from me, viewed me with surprise and made the astonishing remark, 'Now I know why I don't like you as a blonde, Nancy. I don't believe you when you say such sweet nothings. I keep thinking you are just giving me a line! You don't seem like yourself.'"

And that was when Nancy hastened back to the hairdresser to return to her own natural coloring!

A YEAR or so later, the need for change struck Nancy again—she loves change in everything. Her nature doesn't enjoy any very static state. This time it was jet black hair. Nancy said she looked like a hybrid. Not daunted by its peculiar hue, the first thing she did upon emerging from the dye, was to go shopping for every wild color she had never been able to wear as a redhead. Cerise and pink headed the list. However, people told her she looked demure and the Carroll individuality couldn't stand that. So, back to red again—and red it stays.

And here is a thought from Nancy who has been blonde and brunette but is redheaded. "Whenever boredom with yourself becomes too much to bear, go ahead and change your type. If you decide to dye your hair, be sure to go to an expert and have it done gradually so that your hair won't suffer. And be more than sure that you are brave enough to suffer the consequences of its growing back to its normal color when you are tired of the dyed shade."

In the matter of make-up, Nancy advocates the following for redheads. Use a yellowish powder, one on the yellow-copper side, this to tone down the blue-whiteness of the skin nearly all natural redheads possess. Use an orange-red lipstick. And wear colors so neutral in themselves that they make your hair stand out in contrast. Beige and brown are two of her favorite costume shades. She never wears more than two colors at a time.

Nancy's going to click again in Hollywood—and when she does it will be because of that bright red hair and the gay, fiery spirit that goes with it. Nancy's a redhead, all dye pots and experimental changes to the contrary, and Hollywood wants more of them.

I Bet I Stay Married

(*Continued from page 60*)

sort of raised my parents and that's one reason I thought I'd never get married. We are just a part of one another. I remember bringing them up. I'd tell mother, 'Now, father didn't mean that, mother. He'll say he's sorry later.'

"Of course, they quarreled. Any family that doesn't quarrel must get awful bored with each other. Only Ronni, my husband, has the disposition of an angel. He couldn't live with me if he hadn't. It's awful hard to quarrel with Ronni. He won't! He just goes out and slams the door as a climax, when he's had enough of what I'm saying.

"But you understand about my mother and father and me? They were so young. And I was, too. So we all grew up together. And I thought they were all the family I'd ever have and they were enough—

"I was goin' with another boy and he introduced me to Ronni. I thought he was awful good lookin' and dignified. And he asked me if I would go out with him and I said 'yes' and then he never took me out!

"Late in October, two years ago, he gave a dinner party. Six couples. He took Rochelle Hudson and I went with the other boy. When we danced, he asked me again to go out and I said 'yes' but he'd asked me before and then never done it. And he said he didn't think I meant it. I was in movies and all that sort of thing. But I told him I always meant what I said. And I do.

"I was working and somehow we couldn't get together. Until one night, at ten o'clock and just for awhile.

"My father was in Europe and, of course, I couldn't see too much of Ronni, anyway, until I knew what father thought about it. When he came home, I mentioned Ronni and father said, 'Oh, yes, I remember him. A nice person. I liked him.' So that was all right. But I was still working and we didn't get together.

THEN father and mother decided to take me to Agua Caliente for New Year's Eve to get me away. I'd been working awful hard. The only thing Ronni worries about now is I work so hard. He's afraid I can't stand it. But I have the constitution of an ox for which I am very thankful. (She knocked on wood.)

"And father said, 'Why don't you ask that nice young chap, Ronni Burla (and please spell his name right. It isn't Burlap) to go along.' And Ronni and I talked a lot going down and sort of decided we'd like to get married the next spring. And we wondered how we could tell father. And then, at five minutes of twelve—er, oh, I forgot. We changed our plans and went to Coronado. Father said, 'Now, your mother and I can see you two want to get married. Why don't you help us celebrate our wedding anniversary and do it?'

"'And wait a whole year?' I asked him.

"'It will be our wedding anniversary in five minutes. I mean tomorrow.'

"So we did. In Tia Juana. And Ronni said it looked like a shot-gun wedding with three Merkels on the wedding license. Because, of course, my mother and father were witnesses. And it was sort of funny. We had a bungalow at Coronado and mother and I had one room and father and Ronni the other. And when we came back from Tia Juana we had to change our luggage all around. And mother and father were right there to help us celebrate our honeymoon. Only we didn't have much time. We had to come back to Hollywood the next day and an agent came in that evening down there and tried to sign me up. And I was so busy talkin' to him, Ronni didn't have much chance to talk to me.

"And we thought we would keep it a secret. But we stopped on the way back to buy some fruit and we read it in the newspapers.

"And then, you see, after we were married, we sort of started going together. And we still are. (She knocked on wood.)

"Oh, I forgot. When we read it in the newspaper, Ronni and I were awful worried because we hadn't told his mother and father. We went right up to see them and explained we'd intended to keep it a secret from everyone but them. And we had! I just hate tea. I can't stand it. But when Ronni's mother served us tea, I just shut my eyes and swallowed hard. I was just determined to make a good im-

pression on her.

"In a week, we had bought a big house and all moved into it. I love it.

"Oh, no, it's nice having two families. I can't keep house and work all the time. And my mother and father just love Ronni. They take his part. That's a good thing. I would get awfully indignant if they didn't.

"He always falls upstairs. And I'm always getting awfully mad at him for that. He was an aviator, you know, and he's always goin' around with his head sort of in the clouds.

"Oh, yes, he went to college. Several. I don't quite understand whether he changed his mind or was kicked out or what. You see, he went to Stanford and then to some college in Oregon to take aviation and right away he was almost teachin' aviation. He was in Mexico City for two years; head of an aviation field. Then he was in a smash-up and the oil burned his eyes and he's color blind so now he's with a steel company and they're training him to be a junior engineer.

CERTAINLY we are going to have children. My father is German and my mother is French and Irish, from New Orleans. Ronni's mother and father were Swedish, Spanish and French. His grandfather was really a Basque. So I don't know what our children will be. Probably explosions! And Ronni says we've got to have triplets so there'll be one left over for us. My mother and father will have to have one, and his mother and father. So I've just got to have triplets, but not until I can give them a little personal attention.

"Oh, no, he doesn't have a thing to do with taking care of my money. Nor my mother or father, either. I do that. I have little books—they cost a nickel—and I have every cent I ever earned in them. From the first five dollars I made posing. And until just a little while ago I had every cent I ever spent in them, too. Now, I don't put in every little item that I spend but I do put in everything I make. And nobody else takes care of anything for me. And they never interfere.

"Oh, yes, I posed. I posed because I thought I might meet some theatrical people that way. You see, I didn't know anybody. But so many had started by posing. So I posed for pictures for the true story magazines and I always tried to get the serials because they lasted longer. I was 'the little country girl betrayed by the big city man.' I've been betrayed more times!

"I've always worked awful hard. Even at bein' betrayed. But I guess I'd work until my legs crumpled beneath me. But when I complain to my mother and father and Ronni, they say, 'If the studio didn't call you for three days, you'd be telephoning the casting office to see what is the matter.' I guess they're right. They usually are. Although I don't always admit it like this. Not when I'm talking to them.

"And I don't see why he married me. Because he just loves to swim and play golf and ride polo ponies and tennis. And I just hate them. Oh, I like to swim. Ronni would laugh at that. I went in once last summer.

"And he's a wonderful dancer. At least, they tell me he is. I don't care for it much and I'm not good on a dance floor. I guess I'll rent him around to the girls who like dancing. So you see, we don't fit, exactly, as people are supposed to who stay married. But if I weren't so superstitious I'd bet we are going to stay married even though I am a motion picture actress. He really doesn't mind that. And I don't either."



Miss Susan Hall, fair-skinned brunette (below) Miss Dorothy Richards, dark brunette

Should Brunettes use Brunette Powder?

Optical Machine Gives Surprising Answer

Yes and No!

Nothing could be more foolish than for a girl to choose her face powder by the color of her hair! Some of the blackest hair is found with very white skin. Some girls with brown-black hair have a muddy skin which needs to be cleared up. Others are pale. Their skin needs to be warmed up.

With an optical machine Pond's color-tested the skin of over 200 girls. They found that blonde skin owes its transparent beauty to hidden notes of brilliant *blue* in it—brunette skin owes its allure to hidden tints of bright *green*. They blended these tints *invisibly* in the new Pond's shades. Now every girl can find the powder that will give her skin the lively look it lacks.

If you are dissatisfied with your skin, try these new Pond's shades—

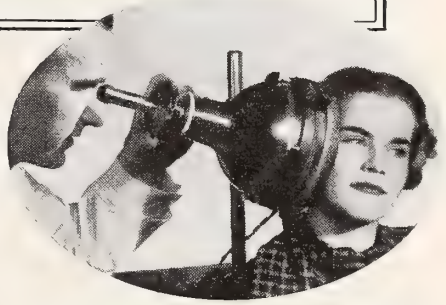
Rose Cream—lovely on many clear-skinned brunettes

Brunette—a wholly new brunette shade—gives a velvety look

Rose Brunette—gives a warm glow to dull skins

Light Cream—lightens the skin.

So that you may try Pond's new powder shades free of charge—we will send you absolutely free generous samples of 5 different shades—enough of each to last five days so that you may test this powder thoroughly on the three points most important in a face powder—smoothness, staying quality and, above all, flattering color.



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new powder shades.

5 DIFFERENT SHADES—FREE!

... mail coupon today

(THIS OFFER EXPIRES JULY 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept.E-94 Clinton, Conn.

Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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New!
AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA
that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question. *Louise Ross*

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

(1) It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

(2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.

(3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, *for any reason,* return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.



A Little Child Shall Lead Them by the Nose

(*Continued from page 59*)

minute intervals she made her reports to the worried train crew. "It's still breathing," Gracie would whisper through the door and the word traveled like lightning from baggage coach to club room. "It made a funny noise." "It yawned." "It hissed in Ohio," went out the reports.

Waiting in New York was George and a reception committee including Jack Benny, the baby's new nurse, everyone, in fact, but Gracie's brother who couldn't pry the handcuffs off in time to make it.

Grandly, Gracie descended the train steps with Sandy in the basket over her arm. And then, a terrible thing happened.

The baby sneezed.

"Oh, now it's ruined," Gracie moaned while everyone tried to locate Sandy in her size four coat.

From that moment on, life for the Burnses became one long, sad trek in search of food. Where once cozy breakfasts and tasty dinners had been prepared in the Burnses kitchenette, only milk bottles were now prepared. "Out," the nurse would command the cook. "I need this kitchenette for Sandy's milk bottles." And George and Gracie would creep out to the nearest tea room.

When Sandy had reached the ripe old age of six months, the Burnses arrived in Hollywood to make "Love in Bloom," which Gracie insisted be called "Love in Rubber Bloomers" for Sandy. Suddenly, George and Gracie found Sandy the center of attraction, while they were invited to take a back seat. "Is Sandy receiving today?" friends would ask over the phone. And, if Sandy felt like receiving, the Burnses saw their friends. If instead, Sandy wanted to "spit" up her milk alone and in peace, George and Gracie remained alone, completely ignored.

The nurse, to George's bewilderment, immediately became Sandy's mouthpiece. "And how are we feeling this morning?" George would ask Sandy each morning. "Oh, we're feeling fine, thank you," the nurse would say, which just mixed up George more than ever.

"And how did you sleep, honey?" George would ask Sandy, taking hold of her little pink toe.

"Oh, we slept fine and don't play with our tootsies," would come from the nurse, while George would reel out of the room in a stupor.

"Why, Sandy, you didn't drink all your milk," Gracie said one day. "You won't grow nice and fat if you don't drink your milk."

"I know we won't," the nurse pipes up. "That's just what I've been telling her. If we don't take our bottle we won't grow up to be rosy like W. C. Fields. I'll bet he always takes his bottle." And even Gracie felt that somewhere, something was wrong. But what?

A LOUD clamor in the hallway of their very exclusive apartment greeted George and Gracie one day on their return from the studio. "I'll have you know we're Sandy Burns, that's who I'll have you know we are," the nurse's angry voice cried.

"What is this? What's going on here?" George asked.

"Him," the nurse pointed to the assistant manager of the apartment house who stood by nervously wiping his forehead. "Wanting Sandy and me to go down the service elevator in our baby buggy. We're paying guests, I'll have him know, and we'll go down no freight elevator or out no back door. If dogs ride in these elevators and walk out the front door, so do we. Come on, Sandy," and into the elevator popped Miss Sandy Burns in her carriage, with her indignant nurse.

Then came George's birthday with the cake and the presents and the invited guests. All dressed up, with a blue ribbon tied around her six little hairs, Sandy made her appearance. She eyed George curiously. "Da, da, da, da, da," she gurgled and that was enough. Like a mad man George tore through the apartment house rapping on doors and calling through transoms. "It's my birthday and she called me 'da da.' She knows me," he yelped. "She called me 'da da.'" It took days for him to calm down while, in the meantime, twenty-seven guests and thirteen Pekingese moved right out.

Every gag that Burns and Allen flip over the radio or from a movie screen, is first tried out on Sandy. If Sandy laughs, or even smiles, the gag is in. If Sandy fails to laugh or ups with the coddled egg and throws it at papa's head, the gag is out. Many a priceless quip is thus lost to a waiting world simply because Sandy didn't think it so hot. One day production was actually held up while George and Gracie went over their gags before Sandy. There wasn't a smile. In fact, there wasn't even a slight yawn, and in the midst of the funniest gag Sandy simply rolled over and went to sleep.

Carefully, the nurse carried her into the bedroom. The door had scarcely closed when, suddenly, a loud baby chuckle followed by a long, loud raspberry reached George and Gracie in the other room.

They still can't make it out.

It's the regular evening game with the Burnses to hide in the room and listen to Sandy's baby gurgling. If Sandy sees anyone about, smart girl that she is, she refuses to talk, but left to herself Sandy will babble for dear life.

The Burnses had promised an interview to a prominent English writer, and when he arrived he was ushered into what seemed a room devoid of anyone. As he sat waiting, his attention was attracted by a loud "ssss-sss-sss" from under the davenport. Gracie's black, curly head popped out. "Hide. Get back of the chair. We're listening to Sandy." An equally loud hiss came from George behind the drapes. "Hide, hide," George cried. Bewildered, but convinced the two were as nutty off screen as on, the dignified Englishman hid behind the chair. And Sandy, from her carriage in the corner, babbled on.

THE jealousy that goes on these days among Hollywood parents is one for the book and, have no fear, Gracie is top-notch among them all. "Poor Bing Crosby," Gracie will say, "even when his new baby came with a stand-in, he couldn't get a girl. And anyhow our Sandy is twice as smart as the Crosby twins."

"Quiet, Gracie," George will say, "you don't know anything about the Crosby twins."

"Ah, I know, George, but I'm just getting in practice for my sister-in-law, wait till I tell her how much smarter our baby is than hers."

Of course, Hollywood will never get over the day a frantic message came to the studio for George and Gracie to come



Gracie Allen thought "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was about doctors until she and George Burns saw the première!

at once, Sandy had a tooth. "Upper or lower?" George kept gasping over the phone, "Upper or lower?"

"What's the difference?" Gracie cried, "I can't sleep on a train anyhow. Let's take a taxi."

Gracie, dressed in a Fatima costume for a scene in her picture, tore from the studio to the apartment. Guests swooned at the sight of a harem skirt swishing through the lobby with a wild-eyed man in pursuit.

"It is. It's a tooth. A real tooth. Now what do we do?" they cried.

"Bring on a newsreel camera," George phoned the studio, "we'll take a newsreel of it."

"No, I want it in technicolor," Gracie cried. "If they can make 'La Cucaracha' in color they can take Sandy's tooth in color."

They're still trying to figure out a way to take a technicolor newsreel of Sandy's tooth with music and a part written in for Charles Laughton.

Oh dear!

If this happened just once in a lifetime a body could accept it as one of life's many crosses and go on. But no. It's going to happen all over again, for one fine day very soon, George and Gracie are planning on a little baby brother for Sandy. Gracie is busy now saving coupons. And true to form she's got the name long before the baby.

It's to be Alan Burns. "Short," Gracie says, "for Burns and Allen."

And people worry about inflation and things!

Becky Sharp

(*Continued from page 55*)

visits to Queen's Crawley she had appeared quite captivated by the blonde governess.

Becky did not suspect that it was her guileful scheming which intrigued the redoubtable spinster. That Miss Julia was wickedly amused by her mendacious charm.

"The girl hasn't a principle to bless herself with," Miss Crawley chuckled to her outraged elderly companion, Briggs. "That's why I like her!" And, indifferent to the protests of Sir Pitt, she carried Becky off with her to London.

Becky was delighted. Though it was no easy task to cater to the whims of the elderly aristocrat, she felt sure that she



Wait! Spanking may be the wrong prescription

At times a child's behavior may call for a bit of sturdy, old-fashioned discipline. But nine times out of ten—*no!*



If your child is unduly fretful, or hard to manage—suspect that something is wrong! Often you will find it is childhood's commonest ailment—*constipation.*



Give him a laxative, but—be careful! A bad-tasting laxative may upset his whole digestive system. A laxative which may be all right for grown-ups, may do your child more harm than good.



Give him Fletcher's Castoria—*the laxative made especially for children.* For it is *safe.* It is gentle, yet it is thorough. Your doctor will tell you that it contains nothing that is not suitable for a child's delicately-balanced system.



And children love the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. Get Fletcher's Castoria today—and *save money by getting the large, family-size bottle!*

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CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years

Cary Grant
PICKS MOST
KISSABLE LIPS
IN INTERESTING TEST!



HERE ARE THE LIPS CARY GRANT SAW



UNTOUCHED PAINTED TANGEE

Famous star tells why Tangee lips appealed most to him

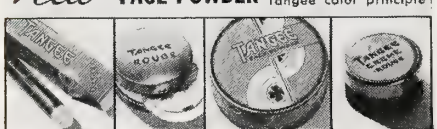


• Cary Grant takes time out from **"Wings in the Dark"**, a **Paramount** picture, to make this unusual lipstick test.

● "I see too much grease paint on the lot," said Cary Grant emphatically. "Away from the studio I want a girl to look feminine. She can't do it if her lips are caked with paint."

Tangee lips are never "caked with paint". Because Tangee isn't paint. It is the one lipstick in the world with the Tangee magic color-change principle . . . one lipstick that *on your lips* changes to your own most becoming shade of blush rose. It costs just 39 cents and $1.10. And if you'd like to try *all* the Tangee products, send 10 cents with the coupon for the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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had won her heart. Joyously she visioned herself and Rawdon spending Aunt Julia's money. And one evening, after giving the matter careful thought, Becky slipped out with Rawdon—and they were married!

Rawdon, too, felt sure that Aunt Julia would smile on their romance. But when next day he came to ask her approval, she disillusioned him with cruel firmness, before he even could break the news to her!

"Did you hope to find Becky Sharp at home?" She thrust her cane at him with sinister emphasis. "She's out—gone when I want her! But I won't have you look at Becky," she went on. "I won't have her twist you around her little finger as she did that fat Joseph Sedley!"

"Aunt Julia—I assure you—" Rawdon stammered nervously.

"Don't assure me! I'll assure you! I have been generous with you. I have paid your card debts. And I have been amused at your extravagance. But I will not have you ensnared by any calculating little snip of a menial! The woman you marry will be a lady of quality."

Rawdon's brow creased with anxiety. Like one in an unhappy dream, he heard the fateful words:

"Disobey me and not a penny of mine will you get! I'll disinherit you!"

And before he could find words to frame a plea, other visitors had come—Amelia Sedley, George Osborne, Captain Dobbin. And then Briggs burst in to report that Becky had not come back. Her closets were empty and a trunk was standing in her room.

Rawdon paled as his aunt demanded to see the contents of the trunk. But he dared not assert his rights, as Becky's husband, to forbid it. Unhappily he watched the rifling of the trunk.

How bitter life could be, Becky thought passionately, when you were an underling! That Miss Crawley should dare to open her trunk! To pass from hand to curious hand its treasured contents! She had opened the door unobserved upon this extraordinary scene. Had heard Amelia exclaim, over a pair of sequin-spangled tights, "Her mother must have been a French dancer!" Heard Captain Dobbin, "Her father was a third-rate painter fellow—brought her up in poverty." Heard Rawdon's outraged protest, "I don't believe a word of it."

BELIEVE it, Captain Crawley!" With icy dignity Becky advanced toward the group. "Believe anything—everything!" Her eyes blazed. "But these relics—they are mine! No hands are to touch them but my own!" She sighed with tragic grief. "Yes, my mother was a dancer. But she was an aristocrat. The finest blood of France. Exiled. Her fortune taken from her. Yes, she danced to feed her baby—her only child!" She stole a glance at her audience, observing beneath their hostile curiosity a grudging willingness to believe. "Do you wonder," her voice shook with suppressed sobs, "why I treasure these things that remind me of my sainted mother?"

Touched, Miss Crawley and Amelia moved toward her. But as if unaware of them, her eyes glazed with tears, Becky walked past them out of the room, closing the door behind her.

As she mounted the long staircase, Rawdon overtook her. "Becky!" He clasped her in his arms. "Becky, sweet! Do you suppose I would have cared?"

She looked at him tensely. He had been so impressed with her story of aristocratic lineage! "Don't pity me! Perhaps I'm lying, inventing the story."

"I don't care," he said doggedly. "I still love you!"

Her expression softened. "That is what I wanted to hear," she said tenderly. "Love me, Rawdon! Love me! I've had so little love in my life! Take me away from here," she went on passionately. "Let's not care what happens. That's why I had my trunk packed. We're going away."

He looked confused. How could they live? He had no income save what Miss Crawley provided. No skill, save at cards and dice, and that not always! If Aunt Julia should disinherit him . . .

But she clung to him. "Get a hackney coach. Come for me when it's dark. Oh, Rawdon, kiss me! Never stop kissing me!" She held him away from her, after a moment. "I could have married others. Why did I want you, my silly? What have you but your flashing eyes? Not a penny! Not a plan! Not an ambition!" She ran her hand fondly through his hair. "But we'll make out, my Rawdon. Life owes me many things, but one can get everything, if one has wit. She laughed. "Don't look so disturbed. I don't expect you to supply the wit. That's my dowry to you."

But that evening, as she stole softly down the staircase on her way to Rawdon, the opening of the outer door checked her secret flight.

"Ah, there you are, my pretty!" Old Sir Pitt gazed up at her fatuously. Lady Crawley, he explained, had died, and he wanted her. "To make short o' long, Becky," he finished, "you must come back!" And he took her hand in his gnarled old one.

She gazed at him, astonished. "Come as—as what, sir?"

"Dang it, come as Lady Crawley!"

Becky's eyes widened. *As Lady Crawley!* She bit her lips. "It's too late," she said in a shaken voice. "I'm already married."

"Married? Who's it to you're married?"

"Oh, why didn't you come a day sooner? Oh, dear Sir Pitt—" she clung to his hand, "if I can't be your wife, let me be your daughter!"

At the foot of the stairs the drawing-room door had opened, framing the startled faces of Julia Crawley and Briggs.

"Daughter!" Miss Crawley echoed in a shocked whisper. Then, with an inarticulate groan, she tottered. Fell fainting as Becky, with a frightened cry, sped down the stairs and out of the door.

THE door, closing softly behind her, closed, as Becky soon learned, on many fond hopes that now never would be realized. Miss Crawley disinherited her nephew and discontinued his allowance. Sir Pitt was implacable. The younger Pitt presently married a distant cousin, Lady Jane, but he thought of Becky frequently, and with charity, as he believed.

But charity did not pay bills. And for Becky and Rawdon now there were only his gift for gambling and her wit and charm. But Becky was not dissatisfied with her bargain. As much as it was in her to love anyone other than herself, she loved Rawdon. He was always amiable. Always impressed with her superior intelligence. Whatever she wanted to do was right in his eyes. And one day, Becky felt sure, they would win the position and fortune that should be theirs.

To their apartment in Mayfair, Rawdon's fellow officers came often, delighted to play at dice or cards so long as Becky was there to smile upon them. George Osborne came, too. He was married to Amelia now. And Becky set herself to be especially charming to him.

Amelia came one day to beg her not to let George play with Rawdon, since he so invariably lost. "He already is in debt,"

she pleaded. "I am afraid . . ."

"Debt?" Becky laughed sagely. "We must owe money to every shopkeeper in London. Let them do the worrying." She patted Amelia's cheek. "You make life happy for your George."

"That is my only dream!" Amelia looked at her wistfully. She could not confess to Becky how it hurt that George should come here, evening after evening, while she sat at home in lonely despair.

But this interlude ended suddenly. Napoleon escaped from Elba. And Rawdon's regiment was ordered into Belgium. He was not sorry. His winnings were a drop in the bucket, and debtors threatened prison. And besides, Becky somehow had acquired a pair of silver dice which with great glee she had shown Rawdon. *They were loaded!* If she should ever use them . . . He shivered.

Becky openly exulted at the news. "What dazzling luck!"

"Are you out of your mind?"

"I'm crazy for joy! Belgium—a new start. Officers, their wives, the best people, the richest people! Society, Rawdon! A new life!"

And as always, Rawdon felt that Becky must be right.

It did seem so, at first. Life in Belgium was a series of gay and glittering events, with no hint of the enemy creeping closer, closer . . . Color and gaiety. Dancing and laughter and wine. And gambling . . .

With superb aplomb, Becky moved always to the front. Who knew how she contrived to be at the Duchess of Richmond's ball? Let Lady Southdown look down her nose at a mere ex-governess. Let Lady Bareacres offer her ineffectual snubs. Lord Bareacres asked her to dance. Lord Tarquin and Prince Peterwaradin vied for her favors. Even the Duke of Wellington asked her for a waltz!

Becky was intoxicated with her triumph. She could scorn Joseph Sedley now, returned from India, trying pompously to seem important—a mere civilian amid dazzling soldiery and glittering nobility. Smiling, she drifted away on the dance floor with George Osborne.

Followed by the faithful Dobbin, Amelia fled to the garden. "She is trying to take him away from me," she sobbed. "William, how long is this to go on?"

NAPOLEON is not likely to attack for another fortnight," Captain Dobbin kept his eyes resolutely on the ground. He longed to take her in his arms. But she thought only of George.



As we go to press the fickle Mr. Bert Wheeler is beauing about the attractive Miss Sally Haines, above with him.



That hideous feeling of panic —now ended by the new

"CERTAIN-SAFE" MODESS

Here's news! REAL NEWS!

. . . more startling than the invention that made sanitary napkins disposable. . . . more important than the improvements that have made napkins soft and comfortable.

Now—at last—comes a napkin that gives complete protection from embarrassing "accidents!"

It is the new "Certain-Safe" Modess—only recently perfected in the Modess research laboratories.

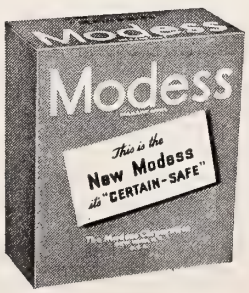
The secret? It lies in a combination of THREE special features. Two of these features may sometimes be found in other brands of napkins. But the third is absolutely new—and *exclusive with Modess.* It is the combination of *all three* features that gives complete protection.

Test this three-way protection!

Just do this. Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't risk a penny . . . see Money Back guarantee below.) Read the printed slip that you'll find in the box. Look at the diagrams shown on the slip and compare them with the napkin itself. *See* and *feel* the three new features that bring you dependable protection against (1) striking through; (2) tearing away; (3) incomplete absorption.

Then wear the new Modess! You'll never again feel safe or satisfied with any other napkin!

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU'RE NOT CONVINCED!



Here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear as many napkins as you need to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return the box and the remaining napkins to The Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE

Glorifies THE HAIR!



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• For those sleek effects so much in vogue right now, your hair must be uniformly colorful, soft and pliant, with a subtle lustre. Dull, faded, harsh hair simply will not respond to these new, modish hair dressings.

But don't worry about it. Just put ColoRinse in the shampoo wash. Use as much as you want to . . . it's harmless vegetable compound, not a dye or a bleach, and you have 10 lovely shades to choose from. The instant result will delight you, for your hair will glow with renewed youthful color and glamour . . . that "Sheen of Youth" you never want to lose.

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

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And George, dancing with Becky, whispered fiercely, "Why didn't you answer my letter?"

"Because," Becky said calmly, "only madmen put such things in writing. What if Rawdon read it? What if Amelia found out?"

"I can't be concerned with them. You and I are going away . . ."

"I love Rawdon," she declared. "Always remember that!"

"I remember it daily," he said bitterly, "when I lose to him. Ten pounds. Fifty pounds. I tell myself this will buy silk for Becky. Champagne for her. You've been expensive, Becky. But I lost willingly. But now I've no more. I'm in debt."

"Have you tried to borrow?"

"There's no one left to borrow from. But it doesn't matter, does it? It changes nothing between us?"

The moonlight softly flooded her lovely face. But her eyes were cold.

"Oh, you're silent. Perhaps it does alter things. Is there bigger game in the offing?" His eyes followed hers, which turned away from him to the foot of the great staircase, where the Marquis of Steyne was standing. Then he laughed hoarsely. "How perfect your instincts are. Is the millionaire Marquis of Steyne distinguished enough, rich enough, to meet with your approval? Perhaps he also is fond of dicing!"

Her lips parted as if to say something withering. But without a word she turned and left him. Anguished, he watched her dancing presently with Steyne.

Suddenly a flare brighter than the mellow moonlight lit the sky. It was followed by a low, ominous rumble. Stricken, the dancers paused.

"Cannon!" a hushed voice exclaimed.

And now the sound increased in volume. The sky seemed seared with racing meteors of fire. *"The French! Artillery! Bonaparte!"* terrified voices babbled.

The lights in the ballroom dimmed. Outside a bugler sounded a summoning call. Hurriedly soldiers gathered. Women cried out for their husbands and rushed, panicky, to the exits.

"Wait for me," Steyne said quickly to Becky. "I'll take you home. You will wait?" And, as she nodded eagerly, he hurried off.

Amelia's arms were about George's neck. "I won't let you go!" she cried.

But he disengaged her clinging arms. "I must look for—someone."

"You'll never come back to me," she wept. "I'll never see you alive again. George . . . George!" But he was gone.

"Becky!" He hurried up to her breathlessly. "You're coming with me!" His voice was shaken with passion. "I'll desert, Becky! We'll go somewhere—anywhere—"

She laughed. Drew him back to the forlorn Amelia. "George, here's your little wife! Take good care of my poor Emmy." And she swept away.

Rawdon came hurrying toward her.

"Where have you been?" Becky flung her arms about him.

"Wellington's orders . . ." He was breathless. "I dashed back for a moment. There's so much to tell you before I go . . ." He gazed tensely at her. "Becky, I've been happy with you. I want you to know that. I love you!" His voice broke. "We understand each other, don't we?"

"We've always understood each other," she said softly.

"Take this—" he drew some money from his pocket. "Not much. Not enough. But I shan't need it. If I catch a bullet, I'll need even less. Sell my rings. My watch. My horses. Oh, we've so many debts! All I want to keep is your locket."

"Don't think about money," Becky urged, genuinely touched. "I'll get on, Rawdon. And I'll pray for you! I've never loved anyone else! I want you back!" She held him close. Her lips were warm on his.

"I must go!" Regretfully he loosed that dear embrace. "But—never forget—I worship you, Becky!" He kissed her again. Then, obedient to the summoning bugle, he hurried off.

"Rawdon!" She was weeping now. Rawdon! I love you!" Slowly she moved across the deserted ballroom to a window. Pushing aside the portières, she looked down into the street. Torches flared. To the shrill sound of the fife, the mutter of the drum, lines of men marched.

There was a sound behind her. The Marquis of Steyne stood there, watching her thoughtfully. She turned to him, eyes shining. "There they go," she murmured. "In an hour they'll be dying for their country!" For a moment her eyes were far away, as if visioning that brave sacrifice. Then she laughed. "Well, I'm dying for my breakfast!"

And the Marquis of Steyne came forward and took her arm.

THE Duke of Wellington won his famous victory, and the men returned from the battlefields. But George Osborne was not among them. A tablet in a London church was inscribed to his memory, and Amelia went in tragic black, her face wan with weeping. The faithful Dobbin continued unobtrusively to serve her, and his eyes worshiped her with a love that seemed destined always to be denied. For Amelia, lost in the dream of a love that never had been real, could not recognize the reality that might be hers.

Becky's apartment in Mayfair now was gayer than ever before. And if underneath the gayety lay a threat, only Rawdon, perhaps, was keenly aware of it. There were whispers about Becky. And there were debts he could not pay. But Becky was concerned only with their new position in society, their new friends. Beau Brummel. Count D'Orsay. Even, though incognito, the Prince of Wales, to whom she had been presented at Court. And the Marquis of Steyne. . . .

No warning of the price she was paying for this gratifying position troubled Becky's complacent thoughts. They would manage somehow. Perhaps Rawdon's brother, now Sir Pitt since their father's death, would help him. . . .

Joseph Sedley frequented the gay gatherings, losing at dice with the complacency of those who saw Becky adorned with the winnings. Though one evening he complained to her, "I say, Becky, every time I enter this house it costs me money."

"Have you ever considered stopping your visits?" she retorted.

He looked at her languishingly. "You know I couldn't do that."

And then the absent Rawdon returned. Greeting him joyously, Becky dismissed Joseph. Rawdon's face was lined.

"What's happened, Rawdon?"

"Nothing. . . . Everything!" He turned toward her desperately. "I had a nasty night of it at the club—almost came to blows with Deuceace. He threatened me—demanded immediate payment of the four hundred pounds I owe him."

"A pretty time he picked!" Becky frowned. "We haven't a penny!"

"I know. That's the devil of it!" He sighed. "After the argument—it became a matter for the club. A debt of honor. I was instructed to pay—or be expelled. Captain Dobbin is in charge of collecting it."

"Deuceace . . ." Becky muttered savagely. "He was here only last

week, and never even mentioned the debt. He and I gambled while you played billiards with the boys."

"Gambled . . ." Rawdon looked at her with sudden doubt. "What did you play?"

"Dice . . ."

"For heaven's sake! You didn't by chance——"

"The loaded dice?" She had herself in hand now. "I promised you I never would." She laughed. "I don't even know where they are. I seem to have lost them." She drew him down beside her on a sofa. "Why do you look at me like that? What do you see? A cheat? A liar?"

"No, no!" he protested, longing as always to believe her. "But I'm worried, Becky. Where is all this leading us?"

"Who knows? Who cares? We live elegantly on nothing a year."

"We're paying heavily—little bits of ourselves!" He sighed.

"It's worth the price! Women who cut me last year would give their eyes to be where I am now. They envy me. This is what I've worked for. Oh, darling, enjoy it with me!"

"I can't get Deuceace out of my mind," he said gloomily.

"I could borrow the money, from——"

"Steyne?" He stiffened. "You won't! Not from him! I won't have all London thinking that . . ."

"You don't trust me? Is that what *you* wish to believe?"

"No! I'll believe only what you tell me and nothing that you deny."

She leaned close to him. "Then believe that I'm your Becky and that I love you. And that nothing else matters. Perhaps Dobbin can be persuaded to wait. . . ."

It would be better to go to see Dobbin, she decided. Desperate with anxiety she planned her campaign. As yet her self-confidence was unimpaired. She would bring it off somehow. She had one trump card, she thought complacently. If nothing else would serve, that would win him.

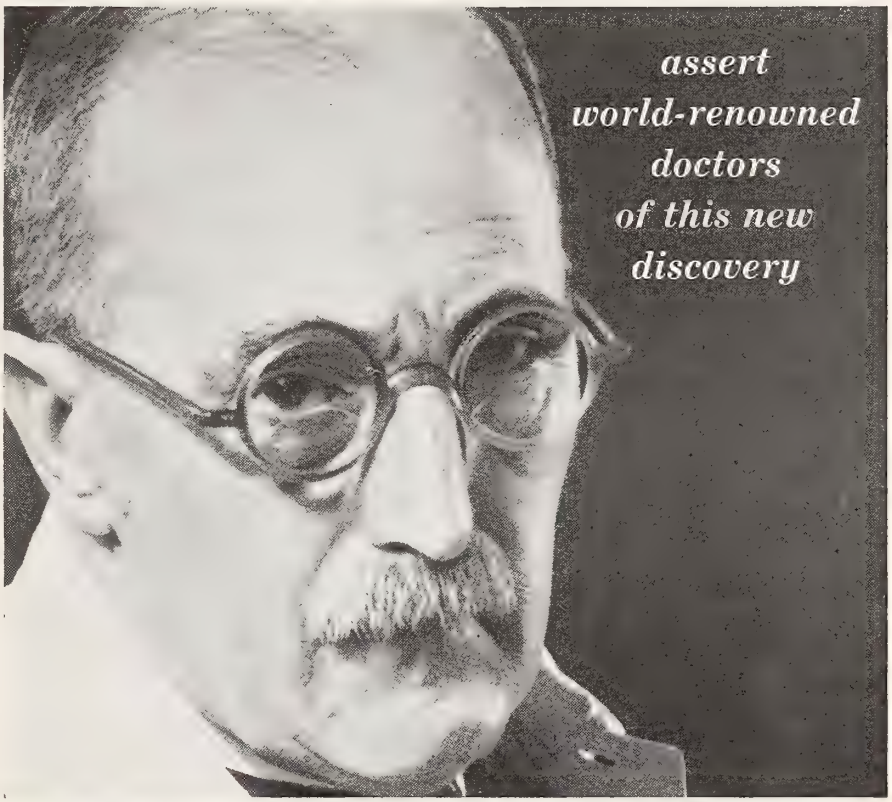
Rawdon, sitting wearily beside her had no suspicion of her devious plans. If he had said that he did not trust her, things might have been very different for them both. But so long as nothing disturbed his confidence in her, Becky continued her arrogant scheming, unperturbed by the thought of a reckoning day.

Still, as she sat in Dobbin's apartment the next day, she felt faintly nervous. He was so cold, so unyielding. Her smile



The Charles Butterworths arrive for the San Carlos Opera. Bet you didn't know Charlie was high-brow!

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TODAY, in clinics everywhere, remarkable results are being obtained in cases of chronic constipation by a new food recently developed—the new Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It is the richest known source of certain "protective substances" the stomach and bowels need to work right.

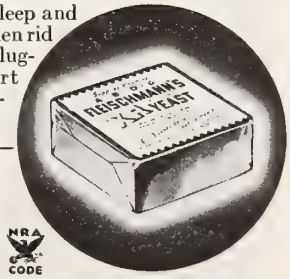
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Begin today to *overcome* constipation by eating 3 or more cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a half-hour before meals—plain, or dissolved in water. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

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Louis B. Mayer, Connie Bennett and the ever-devoted swain, Gilbert Roland, have their own little joke at the President's Birthday Ball.

grew fixed as he told her the debt must be paid.

"Where do you propose I turn for the four hundred pounds?" she demanded.

"I have no suggestions to make," his voice was icy, "save this—you will have to raise five hundred, not four."

"Really!" Becky gasped. "A hundred pounds added for interest? Or for damages to Deuceace's wounded feelings?"

Quietly, coldly Dobbin explained, "Mr. Deuceace came to me privately. He was too much the gentleman to charge this before the club." He paused. "It seems," he went on, "he played dice with you last week and he lost a hundred pounds. You used a pair of silver dice." He put his hand in his pocket and brought out the fateful dice. "*Loaded dice!* He managed to take them with him, after the game." His eyes were dark with contempt as he looked at Becky.

For a moment her lips parted soundlessly. "Really!" she managed at last. "I've never seen them before! You've always hated me. And now I'm in your power!"

"You're not in my power. And I'm trying to help Rawdon."

OH, Rawdon, of course." She seized at a straw. "You would lend the money?" Then, as he stared at her fixedly, sternly, without replying, she reached for her last card. "Well, I didn't think you would. That's why I came prepared—I have something to sell—something you might be interested in buying. By the way, I was broken-hearted to hear that Amelia had rejected you again!" Fumbling in her bag she brought out George's letter. "He proposed that we elope," she explained. "Do you remember the Duchess of Richmond's ball, before Waterloo? We were to go away that night. It would be invaluable in your courtship of Amelia," she urged insinuatingly. "It's for sale—five hundred pounds!"

"Mrs. Crawley!" he gasped. "Women like you——"

She drew herself up haughtily. "How much time have I to pay," she asked.

"Till tomorrow morning."

"Oh, generous! You'll have the money. I can get it elsewhere, most easily!" She smiled confidently as she departed.

But in her heart was a growing fear. Whom should she turn to now? Rawdon had forbidden her to ask Steyne. And while that alone would not have checked her, she was troubled by an uneasy sense of probable consequences. She must get it elsewhere.

She found herself walking up and down before Pitt Crawley's hotel. At last, with sudden resolution, she went in.

He was just as always, she thought with bitter contempt, as she listened to his sanctimonious words. He would help her—yes—but on condition that she give up her "unholy and imprudent connection" with the Marquis of Steyne.

That Becky could have promised. Promises never disturbed her. But as Pitt proposed to compensate her for the loss of the Marquis' company by having her come to read sermons with him, she drew back.

Pitt kissed her hand, babbling of conscience and brotherly love.

A shudder of distaste shook Becky. "At least," she murmured as if to herself, "the Marquis of Steyne has no conscience! And as for brotherly love—not an ounce of it!" She laughed, as once more she went out.

Lord Steyne promised the money readily. But there was in his manner, in his words, indeed, a hint that payment of a sort would be expected. "Perhaps," he suggested, "you would consider granting me that—er—little supper which you have promised so long now?"

Becky temporized. Rawdon, she said, would be entertaining some friends that evening.

Lord Steyne's eyes held hers. Rawdon, he suggested, would be hurrying to the club, to pay that unfortunate debt.

And so it was the Marquis of Steyne's money with which Becky presently surprised Rawdon.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"Young Southdown—he just paid me five hundred he owed me."

"You never told me Southdown owed you money."

DIDN'T I?" She laughed nervously. "Well, he did! Now you must be off with it. There's no time to lose! Our last debt, Rawdon! Once this debt is paid——" her voice broke. "Why don't you stay at the club this evening and play billiards," she added. "You need amusement."

Rawdon looked at her narrowly. Then he smiled, a thin, bitter smile, and went out.

It was midnight when Steyne called. Becky was alone, but she received him confidently. Invited him to sit at a little table before the fire and have some strawberries with her. Rawdon, she thought contentedly, would be back at any moment.

But Rawdon, it appeared, would not be back at any moment. Lord Steyne explained that he had arranged for that! Rawdon had been arrested as he left the house. In the morning it would be explained as a practical joke. Till then . . .

Becky tried to rally all her resources. There still must be some way. . . . She attempted casual conversation. Lord Steyne smiled.

"I suppose," Becky chattered, "our friends would hold up their hands in horror at this innocent little feast."

"This innocent little feast!" The Marquis smiled again. He rose. Bending over her, he fastened a string of priceless pearls about her neck. Then his arms went about her.

"My lord!" Becky gasped.

But he held her close. "How do you do it, eh? How the devil did you ever catch my fancy?" Despite her struggles he held her firmly. "There's not an ounce of goodness and sweetness about you! That's your attraction! There's the sting to it!"

Becky trembled violently. "Didn't you hear something?"

He laughed. "You heard your own wicked little heart!"

But she was listening for another sound. Her frightened eyes observed the latch of the door, pressed slowly downward.

The door opened.

"Rawdon!" Becky's smile was ghastly. "My lord and I are just . . . We're having a little . . . Won't you—join us?"

Rawdon stood on the threshold, trembling, silent.

It was Lord Steyne who spoke first. "So, this is a trap!" His voice vibrated with fury. "Timed to the minute! Well, sir, how much am I blackmailed for?"

"Rawdon, I've done nothing!" Becky pleaded frantically. "I'm innocent!" She turned to Steyne. "My lord, tell him I am innocent!"

But Steyne checked her contemptuously. Again he faced Rawdon. "Come, let me hear the amount. I've already given you five hundred——"

"You lie!" Rawdon's voice rasped hoarsely. His fist shot out, striking Lord Steyne savagely in the face. And as the Marquis staggered, he struck him again, laughing grimly as he fell, unconscious.

"Rawdon!" Becky screamed. "Rawdon!"

"Come here!" He stared at her. "Those pearls . . ."

She had forgotten them! Instinctively her hands flew to her neck as if to cover them. "I'll explain," she stammered, trembling.

"Take them off!"

She tried, but her nervous fingers failed to find the catch. And with an angry movement he seized them. Broke the string.

"Yes, let them go!" Becky sobbed. "I

Smooth Hands find Station "L-O-V-E!"



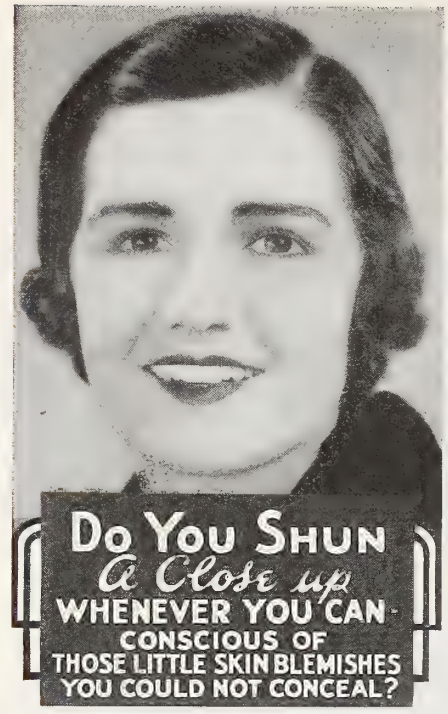
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Your hands were born to be loved and kissed! They were meant to give *him* a smooth soft thrill! So get that exciting lovable smoothness quickly with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream!

Hinds soothes chapping, roughness and sore cracked skin *at once*. Yes, it works so fast because Hinds is *liquid cream*. Rich in softening oils, you see. Hinds does much more than leave a slick surface-coating that lasts only an hour. When you rub in Hinds, it *soaks* the skin deeply with healing balms and beauty oils. It softens dry harsh skin into silky-smoothness.

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Your skin is *sick* when it is broken out and irritated from clogged, sluggish pores or blackheads or perhaps some temporary internal disturbance. It needs external *medication*—not beautifiers—to aid in relieving the disorder and promoting the return of natural loveliness.

The special medication in Resinol Ointment makes it particularly effective for such cases. It is so gentle, so soothing, so beneficial in its action that doctors and nurses have been using and recommending it for nearly forty years in the treatment of sick skins. Almost as soon as Resinol is applied, the soreness is relieved, and in a short time the irritated spots begin to improve. It does not smart or sting and is kind to the tenderest skin.

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Bathing the skin first with the lightly medicated, non-irritating lather of Resinol Soap, quickens the pleasing effect of the Resinol treatment. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Get them today—use them when you have sick skin—then see the improvement. For a convincing free sample of each write to Resinol, Dept. 1-D Baltimore, Md.



don't want them! I want only you! Rawdon!" She tried to seize his arm, but he turned as if he had not heard her.

"Rawdon!" She rushed after him. "I won't let you go! I won't be flung off!"

But the door banged shut between them. He was gone.

Becky's arms fell limply to her sides. She shuddered. "They'll laugh——" she murmured brokenly. "How they'll laugh!"

Such a long way to go. . . . Such a little way! From that glittering Mayfair apartment to a drab *pension* in Germany. From lords and dukes and princes to shabby college students with scarcely a banknote between them. No more jewels and silks and Lucullan feasts. Only a worn black dress. Only a dingy room.

The furnishings of the Mayfair apartment had been sold for the benefit of creditors. Captain Crawley's name had been stricken from the membership rolls of his club. And Rawdon himself had gone—where, Becky could not learn. She had written him frantic letters, which came back to her unopened. She had written to Pitt. She even had written to Amelia. And waited despairingly for an answering word.

But one day visitors came to the sorry inn. Sir Pitt and Lady Jane! Becky's face glowed with new, incredible hope. Hope that faded to hopelessness, when they said that she could go back with them to Queen's Crawley to help with the accounts, to read sermons with Pitt, to teach the children. . . .

"It would be a new start for you," Pitt said unctuously.

"Not a new start!" Becky's voice was harsh with despair. "The same start all over again. But not the same prospects ahead."

They would come back later, they said, and take her to church with them. In the meantime, she must pray for guidance.

"For guidance," Becky murmured bitterly. And under her breath she whispered, "And for escape!"

But as she lay weeping on her wretched bed, more visitors came. Amelia! And Joseph! Captain Dobbin, Amelia explained, flushing, was waiting below.

"He wouldn't come up?" Becky's face was hard with malice. "He still remembers things? Well, so do I!"

"Don't!" Amelia said gently. "The past must be forgotten." She sat down beside Becky. "Dear, you can't stay in this place. You are coming to live with me. Jos," she turned to her brother, "go down and stay with Dobbin. I want to talk with Becky."

"Do you know what you're saying?" Becky gasped as Joseph went out. "That I am saved from Queen's Crawley! From those miserable children! From Pitt's clammy hands! Oh, I'm so happy! For the first time, I'm happy again!"

A knock at the door checked her raptures. Dobbin entered. His face was stern. He ignored Becky's outstretched hand. Joseph, he said to Amelia, had told him of her invitation to Becky.

"Yes, I have asked my oldest friend to live with me," she said.

"She was not always a friend to you!"

"I don't care to remember that," Amelia said proudly. "Becky needs my help."

"Even if it should mean the end of our friendship?"

Amelia trembled. "William, I must do what is right!"

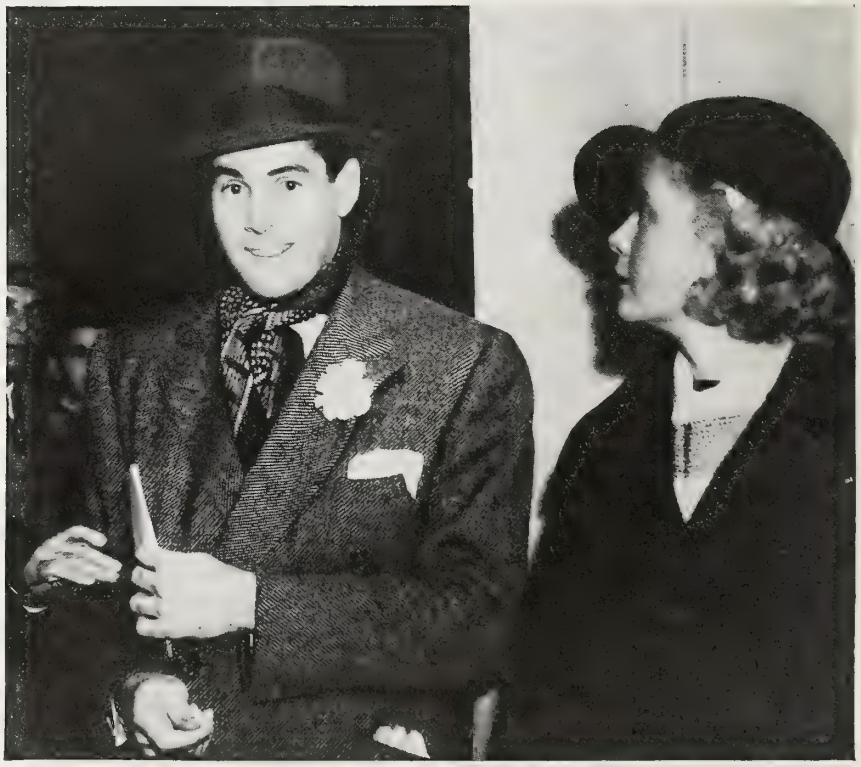
Stunned, Dobbin gazed at her. Then he bowed, and went out.

Becky drew a long, relieved breath. "Now he is out of your life!" she exulted. "We're alone together, you and I! What are you crying about?" she demanded, as Amelia covered her face with her hands. "You're in love with the man! You can't live without him!" She laughed scornfully. "And there go my hopes!"

"No, no!" Amelia protested.

"Oh, yes! It's just as well. . . . I know what it would come to. . . . Go, get back your Dobbin. Marry him. Be happy!"

"I couldn't—forget George!"



Jean Muir may claim she's a wallflower but Scotty caught her out with her current best, Phillip Reed.

"George!" Becky rummaged in a table drawer for the letter kept as a weapon or a tool. "Here, read this, he made love to me a week after he married you! He wrote this to me! Your husband! *Now you know!*"

She stood in the doorway watching Amelia, as, still sobbing, she stumbled down the stairs. Well, she had done one good deed for Amelia! Now there was nothing left for her but—Pitt!

"What's this?" Joseph came hurrying up to Becky. "Emmy going to marry Dobbin? Why, that's beautiful!"

Becky went close to him. "Would you like to be as happy?" she ventured. She urged him to sit down. Brought crackers, cheese and brandy. "Do you like brandy, Joseph?" she asked, with all the air of the old, beguiling Becky.

"How would it sit with the beer in me?" Joseph giggled. What a woman, he thought. What a marvellous woman, to be merry in a place like this! He was glad he had done something for her. "Becky," he leaned toward her, "your bills are paid! Joseph Sedley is no miser!"

"Dear Jos!" This was unexpected.

"Come closer," he urged, his arm about her. "Oh, Becky, maybe you're a widow! Let's go back to England and find out—and then—I'll make you *my* widow next!"

"Jos! You frighten me!" She was becoming coy. Then she tensed. Footsteps on the stairs. "It's Sir Pitt and Lady Jane"! she gasped. "They've come to take me to church!"

"Lock the door!" Joseph cried.

"What shall I do with you?" She flew to lock it.

"Lock me up, too!" He grinned rapturously. "Forever!"

"You delightful man!" Becky thrust him behind a screen. "Wait for me! I'll get the money from Sir Pitt. Then you and I . . ."

"I'll wait!" Joseph kissed her warm, red lips. "Forever!"

"We thought there was someone with you," Pitt said as she opened the door. "Are you quite alone?"

"Oh, quite!" Becky sighed mournfully. "Always alone."

"Come, we shall be late for the service." Lady Jane and Pitt stepped out through the door.

Becky turned toward the screen. "Oh, the joy of it," she said loudly. "I know that a new life is about to begin for me. The happiness of those who——"

Joseph's head appeared above the screen. He threw her a kiss.

"——wait patiently!" Becky gave him a roguish, adoring glance.

Then she flew out the door.

"I Work in a Factory"

(*Continued from page 42*)

stuffed me and everyone else with charred hotdogs and finished off the afternoon by literally pushing several larger female guests back up the side of the ravine to the house. No posturing young actor stuff at all.

Hollywood success hasn't changed the Raymond Guion I met then. It has made Gene Raymond a little older and wiser, perhaps, but it hasn't stripped him of his enthusiasm or his general likeableness. There's no posing about Gene—he hasn't delusions of importance—he's what your small brother would term a "swell guy."

I asked him how different he found his life, as a young-man-about-Hollywood, to his former mode of living in New York.

He laughed. "You can't call me any

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WHEN YOU ASK FOR

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Notice your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, *her* eyes express *her*. More than any other feature *your* eyes express *you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, *instantly*, with the pure and *harmless* Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



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IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you . . . though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone . . . if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

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S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again



young-man-about-Hollywood. My social life is practically nil. It has to be. Hollywood is a factory! Your whole life is wrapped up in work from early morning until late at night. The little time there is for recreation is spent "talking shop"—everyone does, you have to join in, regardless of how tired of it all you may be.

"Why, you wouldn't believe it, if I described to you a typical evening of relaxation in Hollywood. It goes something like this. You've been invited to a dinner party. You race home from the studio, dog-tired—you manage to get a shower, get into a dinner jacket and sprint to your hostess' house before the butler announces dinner. If you arrive in time for a cocktail, you down two or three to get yourself into a slightly festive frame of mind. Dinner is announced and you sneak your cocktail to the table with you in the hope of sustaining the little animation you now feel. The minute you are seated, your partner asks you how production is going on your new picture. Wearily you tell her, then politely ask her how are tricks on her set. In no time, everyone (they've all been waiting for their turn) is launched into their own song and dance on work.

"As the dinner wears on, your glow wears off—and so does that of everyone else. By the end of dinner conversation is at a standstill so the hostess hurries you into her projection room to show you the rushes on her newest picture—or someone else's newest picture. This starts Hollywood's conversational ball rolling again. After you've seen the picture, you return to the living-room and sit about discussing its merit or lack of it. Your hostess serves highballs and soon everyone starts saying good-night because he or she has to be at the studio in the morning."

"But what of romantic interests for the eligible Hollywood bachelor, such as you?" I asked. Gene has been rumored interested in this one and that one, but never seems to get himself committed seriously.

"Hollywood ruins friendships! You can't be seen with a girl more than a few times before every gossip column has you headed for Yuma. You never get to find out," he continued, "whether or not you might feel romantic about any particular person because you or she are scared off before you have had two dates together. There were several girls that I liked tremendously and would like to have felt free to call up now and then, but after I had gone out with them a few times, everybody was calling it a match. Then when I called back, they began to be very busy. They didn't want to be linked romantically with me anymore than I did with them. They would have enjoyed a good average friendship but Hollywood never gave us a break!"

I remembered how often Janet Gaynor's name had been linked with Gene's and I wondered if she was another good friendship gone Hollywood!

"Don't you miss the stage?" I asked.

"Yes, very much. In fact, I have had a play in mind for sometime that I have wanted to do but no opportunity has presented itself as yet. Perhaps next year, at least, I hope so."

NO amount of picture success will ever wean Gene from his first love, the stage. And it is quite understandable when you realize that he had been on the stage ever since he was five years old, up to the time he went out to Hollywood. His first work was with a stock company.

His first important stage appearance did not occur until 1924 when he appeared in "The Potters." This play ran for two years in New York and on the road, and by the end of its run, Raymond Guion's name was known. He played parts in a number of hits between the closing of "The Potters" and the opening of "Young Sinners." The latter was his play; for the first time he didn't have to share the spotlight with any veterans of the stage, he was a full-fledged star and he made the most of his chance. It was during the two years that this ran along, that Hollywood noticed him.

Gene has turned in consistently good performances in his past few years in Hollywood; he's one of the most popular of the leading men. However, he has some interesting viewpoints on his career.

"The reason I want to get back to the stage soon is because I don't want to lose ambition. Hollywood does that to young stars. You see, the psychology is all wrong. You make, say, a hundred thousand dollars for a year, but instead of returning to the stage for awhile, you figure that you better wait until next year, when you can probably make two hundred thousand dollars. That would leave you in better shape to take a flop on Broadway, should it turn out that way.

YOU know," Gene continued, "an actor needs to get away from his work at the studio when a picture is finished. It's bad business to hang around Hollywood when you're at leisure. You have to get away to get some perspective on yourself. You know a chap who manages to do it to perfection? That's Clark Gable. Clark finishes a picture, goes home and packs his stuff for a trip. He doesn't linger around, he gets just as far away as he can and I tell you, he is one of the most regular people in the industry.

"I'll never forget the riot he let Ria, his wife, and me in for on a trip West one time. I was returning to the Coast and discovered that Clark and Mrs. Gable were on the same train. They were going to stop off in St. Louis for a personal appearance that was scheduled for Clark. I kidded Clark all the way out about having to interrupt a vacation with stuffy personal appearances. He just grinned good-naturedly.

"And then, when we reached St. Louis, I discovered that my baggage was following theirs. Clark had quietly arranged for me to be shanghaied into an appearance with him!

"After St. Louis had been treated to a personal appearance of two stars for the price of one, Clark was mobbed by the fans. So in going back to the train, Mrs. Gable and I walked nonchalantly along with one policeman as guard, while a whole force was trying to quell the riot around Clark. Ria and I were chuckling at his discomfort and in no way trying to aid him. Well, everything was swell, until the fans and police had pushed Clark safely inside the train gates. Then, in turning around, they recognized me. With shouts of "There's Gene Raymond and his wife!" The gang turned on us and our one lone police escort. The last glimpse we had of Clark was a hand gingerly raised to the nose, as he loped down the platform and into our car, leaving us to fight our way after him with no help from his departed police guard!"

Gene was dashing off to see Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest," so we gulped down the last of our lunch and raced for a cab. "Good-bye and I hope to heaven that I haven't sounded like the earnest young actor or something. It was great seeing you again and let's be sure to get together on my next trip back. Maybe I'll be sending you orchestra seats to my playing opening by then, who knows?"

Modern Screen Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 68*)

dramatic school. Discover for yourself—and you must use your ingenuity to do so—where are the summer stock companies or first-rate Little Theatres near you and try to get work—no matter in how small a role—with them.

Naturalness is the keynote of good acting, it is true, but you must know the mechanics of acting first. A very great actor once told me that the best rule was "Learn all the rules, all the tricks, all the technique—and then forget them." Now why, you ask, should one learn the tricks? Because they give you a background, a basis upon which to work, upon which to develop your *own* technique, a technique which will give the *effect* of naturalness.

If you are fortunate enough to connect with some Little Theatre or stock company you will meet people, make contacts with the directors, who will be able to advise you about real professional work. These contacts are valuable. They open the door for you.

TO SHOW you that there are no absolute rules concerning the journey to success let me tell you the various ways in which the big stars broke into pictures.

If ever there were an inspiration to those who are discouraged, Clark Gable is that inspiration. How he studied! How he worked with his voice! How many bitter heartaches he has known! One evening he saw a performance of a certain play. He knew, that night, that he *must* become an actor. He applied for work numberless times before he finally got a small role. He was in and out of the theatre a dozen times. And when, at last, he came to Hollywood he was ignored for years. He had innumerable tests for roles which he didn't get. He played many, many roles—and played them badly. And then he did one role which caught on. He gave a few moments to the screen which excited the public and he was a success.

And there are other routes not so arduous. Take little Betty Furness, for instance. In summer, during her school holidays, she posed for commercial advertising. One of the artists for whom she worked thought she was picture material. He had a friend who worked for a studio. He got a test for Betty. She looked charming in the test and showed the vital spark. So she got a Hollywood contract.

Narrowed down, the elements of success are: natural ability and technical knowledge, plus someone who knows someone who puts you on the right road to making theatrical contacts, plus enormous talent, energy, will power and good health and ambition to forge ahead and make the most of the first break.

I cannot tell you how all this is done. No one can tell you. You must work out your own salvation. You must use your ingenuity and you must steel yourself to expects failure.

Don't forget that I am ready to answer your personal problems. Please tell me what you want included in these pages which will help you to gain a knowledge of dramatic art. And more power to the dramatic clubs. Tell me how you're getting on and let me help you with your productions whenever you need me. Address: Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. And remember that self-addressed, stamped envelope.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

—yet 8 out of 10 don't



EVERY woman should recognize this fact: Nothing ages the face more than *the wrong powder, crudely put on.* Often it adds 5 to 10 years.

Every woman should know how to powder, yet many don't. And all should know about one ultra-modern powder that actually subtracts years, giving the complexion a youthful, fresh glow that is adorable—natural. It is superior because of an exclusive process—*it's stratified* (rolled into tiny, clinging wafers). Hence no grit. Its delicate texture blends softly into the skin, lasts infinitely longer—conceals pores, but cannot enlarge them.

The name of this sensational new powder that is being welcomed all over the country is SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, so flattering and youthifying.

It meets the latest French vogue of *powdering to look un-powdered,* now widely advocated by American beauty experts. It stands the severest "close-up" inspection—flat and shineless—as your mirror will agree.

The new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo is presented in five flattering shades, caressingly perfumed, 50c and $1. Buy a box today. See how quickly this super-powder makes you look younger, more natural.

NOTE: To obtain the new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, you *must* ask for the gold box with the *blue edge,* which distinguishes it from our Facial-tone Mello-glo (Heavy) in gold box with *white edge.*

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6 Shades of
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Colorless
Natural
Rose
Coral
Ruby
Deep

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N.Y.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 17*)

part a healthy circulation plays in the acquiring of a glowing, petal-smooth skin. I asked Madge what she used for cleansing her skin, and I kept my fingers crossed until she said cleansing cream and soap and a complexion brush. Her skin was so radiant that I would almost have been willing to wager that she used all three of the cleansing aids, with especial stress on the complexion brush in the interests of a vital, vigorous circulation. She uses a small brush with a rotary motion which gives her grand facial exercise. Of course, she gets plenty of sunshine and fresh air tonic, and outdoor exercise, too. She loves to swim and ride, and the beaches and bridle paths see her often. Perfect health always reflects itself in one's complexion.

Most of us aren't fortunate enough to have the California sunshine, and the opportunity for swimming and riding. However, now that spring is here, we can all plan some sort of definite exercise program, even if it's only walking and "a daily dozen" exercising. I'll help you if you'll write me. The exercises I give you are selected from those recommended by the finest physical culture authorities in this country.

DEAR Miss Biddle: I'm desperate. What CAN I do about my complexion?" That's the theme song of many a letter that you write me. I think that in some cases the best possible complexion aid that I could suggest would be an electric shock every time you reach for candy, or another piece of cake, or any form of heavy pastry. Or maybe a more sugar-coated method would be to pretend you're a Madge Evans who honestly doesn't care for sweets of any kind. She really doesn't. Even as a child, she wasn't susceptible to candy bribes. And if you're susceptible to a good complexion bribe, you'll swear off too many sweets.

Madge is fortunate enough to have been born with naturally curly hair, but she has worked hard at keeping it lovely. That's a mighty valuable point for mothers to consider. As a matter of fact, the rules for children's hair health and beauty are the same as for grown-ups: plenty of sunshine and fresh air, frequent shampooing, and brushing, brushing, brushing. If more children acquired the hairbrush habit along with the toothbrush habit, there'd be a lot more crowning glories all along the line. Brushing helps to cultivate the natural wave in one's hair. Oh, I know you've heard that before but I doubt whether you've tried it. If you or your daughter have a tendency to naturally wavy hair, you can brush that tendency right into a stubborn curling streak. I've found the very hairbrush to do it, which I'll be glad to tell you about upon your request.

The other day I received a letter from a reader saying that she had naturally wavy hair on top, but that the ends and the back part refused to curl. She wanted to know if she should resort to a permanent. Well, if she did, she might ruin her natural wave; and it seems to me that with the many excellent waving lotions we have on the market, and the type of curlers that are not only effective, but comfortable to sleep on at night, we have the right solution for the treatment of partially wavy hair.

I have set myself to work to outline some common sense, strictly practical advice for you on "what to do about your hair." I've gone over my experiences and studies of the past years; I've interviewed outstanding hair and scalp specialists; and I've put down in black and white the gist of what you can do for your hair if it's too oily or too dry or too drab . . . or you name it! What's your trouble? I have this information available for you in multigraphed form, and it's yours for the asking and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. And, as usual, I'm at your service to help you with any other beauty problems that confront you. And a Happy Easter to you!

Mary Biddle,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your advice on the care of the hair. My hair is:

Too oily.....
Too dry.....
Dull and drab.....
Streaked with gray.....

Name.....

Address.....
Street

.....
City State

(Just check the coupon and send it in with stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

The Woman in His Life

(*Continued from page 33*)

break apart. But my religion forbids divorce. Marriage, I have been taught, is a holy thing. That is why, in Europe, we frown upon divorce and yet you will find that love is given full opportunity despite the restrictions of marriage and convention."

I saw a strange cloud pass across his face. Written upon his features was a curious emotion which I was then unable to read. There was a long silence.

At last he said, "I know what it is to love and to find that love handicapped because convention looks askance upon romance when the loved one is married."

And then the story—or as much of the story as Tullio could tell—poured out. And I realized the greatness of that love, or Tullio could not be so content with the few crumbs tossed him.

He met her many years ago. She was beautiful, gracious, charming. At that time Tullio was in the throes of discouragements and disappointments. He thought his career was going badly. He was afraid that he would never be the actor his ambition told him he might be. It was during that troubled time that he

met her, and she with her great woman's wisdom helped him over his doubts and fears, advised him and helped him with his career. And he fell in love with her.

KNOWING she was married, Tullio was determined that he would not mention his love to her. And then he began to know—not through words, but through those slight gestures, the turn of her head, the interest in her eyes, all those mystic encounters apparent only to the lover—that she loved him, too.

For months they did not speak, but when they met their eyes told each other what they dared not say. And then at last they could refrain from a declaration of love no longer.

When this tremendous fact was at last shared by them they talked it over as calmly as two people desperately in love can talk to each other. Her religion and Tullio's forbade divorce. They were destined, they knew, to be victimized by unrequited love. There was no other way, but their affection is so great that it lasts on and on.

She is of high birth. Her name and reputation must remain beyond reproach. So when, for a few brief moments, they meet there is always a chaperon present.

"Occasionally I write to her. And sometimes, she will reply," Tullio said. "I see her when I am abroad or when she is here. But at all times I know and realize that she loves me and that some day, some time, I will be able to go to her, to acknowledge to the world that she is the one woman I love.

"And this explains why I am content to live here, alone, happy in those few days when she comes to America or when I can go to Europe to see her."

Although I cannot tell you her name I can reveal this much. She has a title. Her husband is an important dignitary and she is widely known abroad for her kindness and her many charities.

This calm acceptance of the marriage code on Tullio's part, this bowing to a convention when he is so obviously and deeply in love amazed me. He is a fiery, vivid Dalmatian. How is it possible, then, for him to sit back quietly knowing that the woman he loves is married to another?

CONVENTION forbids a divorce. In certain European circles, you see, society will condone an occasional indiscretion, but it will not forgive divorce. Yet here society will forgive divorce and chastise the indiscreet.

"That is why I cannot understand Hollywood. I feel that divorce is too free, much too easy. Somehow, despite an occasional slip from the path of convention, I feel that marriage is too beautiful a thing to be broken easily.

"And my personal case has nothing to do with my views. A marriage, perhaps, may be easily broken when there are no children or close ties, other than the enforced intimacy of living together. But when there are children, the family becomes important.

"Unless the parents are so temperamentally unbalanced as to make their lives together most difficult they should forget occasional differences and adjust themselves to furthering the happiness of their children. That, to me, is most important. If they then wish to find love elsewhere, they can do so. They can still be happy in their home life and find the need for romance satisfied elsewhere. That is not indiscretion—that is common sense."

"And this woman you love? When will you see her again?" I asked

He shrugged his shoulders. His is a great patience. "I do not know," he said, "but when I do we will know what we

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have always known. She will still love me and I will feel toward her exactly as I did when I first met her."

So, even though they meet so seldom, even though there are only occasional letters, she is a part of his life. She is the keeper of his heart. He can go on year after year alone because he knows that they have a love which "passeth understanding."

And I wonder if, when Tullio enfolds some glamorous screen star in his arms as the cameras click before them, the star ceases to exist and in her stead he imagines that he is holding the beautiful, titled, glamorous woman he loves.

Six Months in Hell

(*Continued from page 57*)

maestro and throat specialist for the Metropolitan. Grace had always dreamed of coming under the tutelage of this man who had coached Caruso, Scotti, Mary Garden, and so many other great ones. And now this country girl waited in his office with a voice that couldn't speak.

But her eyes begged. There was nothing, the girl informed her, that she could do. The doctor's time was completely booked. He couldn't spare a moment for the next three days.

Three days! Grace scrawled a note to ask if she could wait in the outer office. He might have just one spare moment for her.

The girl tapped her on the shoulder. It was time to close the office. Grace clutched the collar of her coat about her throat and trudged home.

Next morning she was back. Another long weary day of waiting. But she was more resigned now. She didn't jump nervously every time footsteps approached close to the door inside of the studio office. The doctor, she was told, always came and went by another entrance.

On the afternoon of the third day, the information girl did something that almost cost her her job. New to the position, she was naturally fearful lest she do something to cause the disfavor of her temperamental boss. The sight of that silent young lady sitting there hour after hour finally became too much. She marched into the studio and asked Dr. Marafioti to see the persistent woman.

Afterwards, Dr. Marafioti upbraided her mercilessly for not telling him about her before.

There is nothing so touching as eyes lifted up to receive a verdict that may mean life or death. Dr. Marafioti's wooden expression didn't relax. He stared for long minutes into her throat. Then he straightened up, took off his headlight, carefully laid aside the laryngeal mirror, and drew up a chair and sat down.

THERE is just one chance in a thousand," he growled, "that you can ever sing again."

A clock ticked in the cold silence. The brave smile that suddenly froze on Grace's lips was more tragic than a flood of tears.

"One chance in a thousand," the accented voice droned on. "And you'll never take it."

Grace had no need of language to ask the next question. The reply was brief.

"Absolute silence. You must not even whisper for the next six months."

Gretchen Smidt was the faithful companion and housekeeper for a courageous young lady who didn't utter a sound for six long months. These two women lived alone on Petite Beouf Island, one of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River.

It is there that Grace Moore went on the second day after leaving the doctor's studio. Her gypsy feet insisted that she go some place where she had never been before. She wired home for funds, secured a housekeeper, packed a few things, and caught the train.

It was a lonely spot. But for Grace it is rich in memories. It is there that she made the acquaintance of one who, for lack of a better term, we might call her spiritual affinity. But this is getting ahead of our story.

IT was bitterly cold. At night she would lie in her bed listening to the gentle lapping of water against the pebbles on the shore and the symphony of the wind in the pines. It was the language of nature that her sensitive ear understood. But at first, on those nights, she would suddenly start up in a cold sweat. One chance in a thousand! What if she never regained her voice? What if this sacrifice proved in vain?

Dr. Marafioti had pronounced it a temporary paralysis brought on by overstraining her vocal cords. She had been singing the wrong sort of way. The question was, would they ever come back to normal?

This uncertainty constantly plagued her mind and clutched icy fingers about her heart, but she became accustomed even to that. So she played the piano, and trudged about her tiny domain in the snow, studied her French, and read the novels she had brought along.

It was in a French novel that she met her—that phantom creature from long ago who was thereafter destined to be her intimate companion in so many solitary moments of her life. Philomela was the daughter of a legendary king of ancient Greece. Her beauty and charm made her beloved by every young man of the kingdom. Her sisters, in a fit of jealousy, poked out her eyes. But this did not alter her disposition and the magic of her voice still held sway over the hearts of men. The sisters hired slaves to tear out her tongue. Zeus, looking down from Olympus, took pity on the girl and changed her into a nightingale. Thereafter she sang to lovers as they whispered at night.

Back in the deafening rush and roar of New York, Grace Moore sped to the studio of Dr. Marafioti. Her first words were: "I did it." Then she wept.

"I knew immediately," Dr. Marafioti told me a few days ago, "that anyone who had the courage and determination to go through an ordeal like that was bound to be famous."

Grace was overjoyed when the great maestro insisted that she become his pupil. They worked easily. He had her sing naturally, without effort. The luminous carpet of fame gradually unfolded before her feet to lead from triumph to triumph. The crown of thorns was changed for a crown of laurel.

But there, high up at her penthouse party, that look of tragic amusement brought back, I fancy, the shades of that princess from long ago. She seems to smile when people are happy.

You Ought To Be in Pictures

(*Continued from page 63*)

to meet the director of the picture. What a cinch I thought. Is this all there is to breaking into the movies? Two days in Hollywood and already on my way to big things. Why didn't I come out here sooner?

But (my first *but*) when I met the director I was not the type he was looking for. This staggered me a bit, but I took it on the chin—there were other jobs. There were, no doubt, but I was never quite the type. Naturally, after a time, when the agent found he couldn't sell me, he forgot all about me.

"Oh, well," I thought, "I can find another." I did, but when they found that I had but little experience, they did not wish to handle me. It did not take me long to find out that the only reason the one agent even bothered with me at first was as a favor to my father. All right! Since no reputable agent wanted me, I'd get to the studio casting directors direct. I'd stand on my own feet. The only satisfaction I got was "I'll keep you in mind, Paul." What a poor memory those guys must have.

As one hope after another dwindled and faded, my fine resolve to ask no favors collapsed like a pricked balloon. I began clutching at straws.

I had the entrée—through my father—to almost anyone in Hollywood I wanted to see. Not only casting directors but writers, directors, producers. A lot of good it did me. I've almost come to the conclusion that "pull" hinders more than it helps.

Finally, against Dad's advice, I managed to secure some extra work. I was convinced, in my own mind, that if I watched every scene being made, instead of playing bridge or gossiping as most extras do, the directors would notice me and wonder who the boy was who was so determined to learn the technique of picture-making and acting. It didn't take me long, however, to discover that although I learned something by watching



"Don't look now, but who is that?" Maybe that's what Elsa Lanchester Laughton is saying to husband, Charles!

The extracts below are quoted from authentic testimonials, the originals of which are in our files and free to inspection.



FIRST DAY

". . . Formerly my hair was thin and straggling . . ."



TENTH DAY

". . . But thanks to your excellent comb, my hair is now soft, wavy and beautiful . . ." M. H.

.....



FIRST DAY

". . . am now 49 years old. Already at about thirty my hair started to get gray, especially at the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray . . ."

TENTH DAY



". . . but in spite of the short time I have been using your comb, I must say that the result is wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and MORE. My hair is a lot darker already, also a quantity of new, dark hair is coming forth . . . The time given by you for testing is ample, because already after 4 or 5 days the effect of the comb is obvious to anybody.' C. M. L.

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DRY, DULL HAIR GAINED NEW LIFE; became wonderfully lustrous.

STRAIGHT AND THIN HAIR gets thick . . . glistening . . . soft . . . wavy. . . .

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR have been checked in a few days. You and your friends will be equally surprised at the health and beauty of your hair.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! This is perhaps your comment on reading the above claims, but we have received thousands of letters which prove that Evans Comb really has worked wonders. European specialists explain this miraculous phenomena thus:—that the gentle, shockless electric current passing from the battery through the teeth of the comb to your hair and scalp is able to reach the weakened hair roots—literally pouring its life-giving energy over them, waking them up and stimulating them. Over one million Evans Electric Combs are now being used by men and women all over the world. The electric current is generated by a battery concealed in the handle of the comb. NO SHOCKS—NO SPARKS. You cannot feel the current, but if you put a pocket lamp bulb against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts several months—spare battery costs only a few cents. Thus at a cost of only about 5c a month you get a hair treatment which otherwise would cost you hundreds of dollars per year.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS—HUNDREDS OF OTHERS

The original letters from which the extracts below are taken, were sent to us voluntarily and are in our files. A reward is offered to anyone who can prove that any of these letters are not genuine.

". . . I have recommended your comb to friends and acquaintances as an expression of my great satisfaction." (Signed Dr. M. K.)

". . . My hair, which was formerly thin, has now grown thick and beautifully glossy. I recommend the comb to everybody who wants to have beautiful hair." (Signed M. W.)

". . . I had formerly rough, thin hair, with dandruff, but after a few days only, I was free from this, and after further treatment I got healthy and soft hair, which was beautifully wavy." (Signed A. L.)

This is to certify that the foregoing in extract is true and correct.

Ex officio:
NOTARY PUBLIC

Do you want your hair more beautiful . . . healthier . . . better . . . then don't delay in obtaining the EVANS ELECTRIC COMB. Use it for seven days and if you are not satisfied in every way with improvement in your hair, just mail it back to us, and we will immediately refund your money. If you are not thoroughly convinced of what this new invention can do for your hair it has not cost you a cent to try it.

Money back if not satisfied CUT NOW.

Mail This Coupon at Once to

GUARANTEE COUPON

G. LINDHOLM CO.
Dept. MG-5, 607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me the Evans Electric Comb I have checked, in plain package, with full instructions and ready for use. I will deposit with the postman the amount indicated, plus few cents postage.

☐ Evans Electric Comb, Standard model, at $3.25 complete.

☐ Evans Electric Comb, gold plated deluxe model, $5.00 complete.

Under guarantee—you undertake to return my money if I send the comb back within seven days and say I am not satisfied with the results. This is an absolute condition of my order.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

☐ Check here if you prefer to send money with coupon, thus saving postage. Same guarantee applies, of course. Outside of U. S. A cash with order



Some women still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

Others have put this martyrdom behind them. The days they used to dread are just a memory. They approach this time without any fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

Midol has made periodic pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

"Oh, yes," say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

True, there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison. And the comfort is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the start.

The best time to begin with Midol is before any discomfort is felt. You may escape all pain. You are sure to have an easier time. The action of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Why postpone this comfort another month? One reason some women still hesitate to try Midol is their doubt of its being as effective as advertised. Doubters should just ask anyone who has tried it! Another reason for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may be a narcotic. It is not.

The next time you are in a drug store, pick up a package of Midol. You'll find it on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol.

the stars work, the directors were also busy watching them and never even knew I was on the lot.

I had been told, over and over again, to "get into a show, let 'em see what you can do, that's the only chance a beginner has to land a movie job." There are plenty of shows produced both in Hollywood and Los Angeles and they are considered the ideal "show windows" for movie engagements. I was off on a new track. I didn't overlook a chance. Dramatic agents, leads from friends, rumors, ads from papers. And it was here my fun really began. Ten cheap rackets to one legitimate proposition.

"Casting for Musical Comedy. Wanted: actors, singers and dancers." From a local newspaper.

I WENT to the address designated. Their well-furnished offices were staffed with courteous attendants to disarm the "suckers." The agent was sure I was just the type they were looking for—I have since found out that everybody is. The salary was satisfactory. He also informed me they were negotiating with a prominent movie star for the leading role.

Later, when I returned to meet the producer of the show, I found them making the selections for show girls. There must have been at least seventy-five of them. Many were pretty enough for any musical but some were not so hot. I noticed, however, that none of them were rejected.

My interview with the producer was most satisfactory. The job was mine. He now explained to the entire cast of at least one hundred, that the show was a patriotic musical extravaganza, backed by an angel with unlimited money and sanctioned by the United States government as propaganda for the Naval Air Corps. Rehearsals would start in two weeks.

We were warned, under no conditions, to speak of the show to anyone. They wanted no publicity until they were ready to release their own. I couldn't quite see the reason of this secrecy, but the mention of the U. S. Naval Air Corps gave it an authentic ring. I had a job.

The two weeks finally dragged by, and I received my rehearsal call on the phone and would I please come down that evening to sign the contract. Would I? Rather.

In relays of six, we were ushered into the presence of the producer and the agent. The agent had given up his office and had become business manager for the show. Swell, I thought. If a man will give up a well-established business to manage a show, it must be going places.

We were told that the show would open in Seattle in six weeks, *but* (our old friend "but") the "angel" had died since our last interview. The producer's own funds were in liquidation and, rather than postpone the opening or allow an outsider to buy into a sure gold mine, and so on; here was his proposition: For $10.00 we could each buy a share in the show. This money was to be used to finance the rehearsals and fares to the opening, and which would be returned to us after that opening. In other words the show was ours until it made money.

A number fell for it. I didn't commit myself, but when I got home and figured that at $10.00 a throw for, say, one hundred people he'd realize approximately a "grand," I took off my hat to his pretty little racket but kept my hand in my pocket.

The show never opened. Later I met the "prominent movie star." She had never heard of it. But a month later I saw another ad of theirs with a new address and the ball no doubt started rolling again.

A LITTLE more suspicious and, like Oliver Twist ready to come back for more, I started off again. A friend told me that a certain manager was casting a new show and looking for a juvenile. Hot on the scent, I lost no time in getting to the manager's office. I was welcomed into the gentleman's private office and, maybe you've guessed it, proved to be the type he was looking for. In fact, the job was mine, but, "would I mind returning later to read the part for the backer?" Of course, I had no objection.

The following evening I returned, but discovered it was a general reading and I was not the only one to read "my part." My surprised look was answered with the whispered reassurance that this was only a matter of form. I read "satisfactorily" and the job was mine.

On being told to report for rehearsals the next week I asked if I could have a copy of my part so as to study it meanwhile. Gladly, only a few minor changes were being made in the manuscript and the clean copies wouldn't be ready for awhile.

I accepted the explanation and reported for rehearsals when called. I found the room crowded with aspirants, surely the cast wasn't that large. I soon found out. There were at least six for each role, and before being given our typed "parts" it was explained that they had lost so many copies in the past that it was necessary to charge a nominal sum for them. Not much, just $2.50 to cover the cost of paper and typing. When you figure one hundred applicants at $2.50 each it means $250. Chicken feed, maybe, but not bad for five days work. Racket Number 2.

So much for the alleged producer. How about the shyster agent? He also comes in for his cuts. He is entitled to 10 percent of your salary as a commission. On small jobs this naturally wouldn't net him much but he has his ace in the hole, too. He confidentially informs you that he knows of a certain job that so and so (another agent) is filling, but that that agent has no one on his list of actors suitable for the part. Now, "I'll land it for you, but, of course, so and so (the other agent) must have his 10 percent, too." You fall because you want the job.

Of course, there is no other agent involved at all and he quietly takes 20 per cent. There are cases I've met where more than two supposed agents are involved and though the job pays $25.00 per day, by the time you've paid three or four 10 per cents, car fare is about all you have left. But the eternal hope that it will "lead to something better" always brings you up smiling and ready for more.

And how about the cheap movie producer? Well—here's one racket I encountered. I heard that a small independent motion picture company was interviewing young people for a series of Collegiate Shorts. Being somewhat of the accepted "collegiate" type I figured here was a job up my alley. I went to their offices which looked to be more or less of a temporary nature. There was no difficulty about seeing the casting director. Oh, yes! I was the type all right. Would I bring a few photos of myself to show the producer? Yes indeed I would —and did.

He thought them "quite fair BUT," but he was most anxious that I get the part, and to clinch it with the producer, advised my having new ones taken in poses characteristic of the part wanted. It was very fortunate that they had on their lot a photographer who knew just what was

needed. He could get him at a very cheap price, since he would take them in the evening outside of his regular hours, at $8.00 a dozen.

I did some rapid thinking. Why jeopardize my chances of landing the job for want of proper photos? I made the appointment for the following evening and thanked him for putting me wise.

WHEN I got on to the studio stage, where the pictures were to be taken, I found a mob of collegians and co-eds there, in fact, it looked like a sophomore prom. I did some calculation (I was always figuring)—75 sophomores at $8.00 per throw, not bad. I decided to wait for the senior prom!

Later, I had a chance to compare notes with one of the fair co-eds, who had fallen for it, and all she had to show for her eight dollars were twelve "photomaton" pictures—but no job. The company "postponed production."

One day a friend of mine suggested that there was still one avenue open to me which in many cases had led right up to and through the studio doors—it was radio! An idea! I had often been told and I believed it, that I had a good speaking voice. I took up the scent. Again the old ad appeared in the paper. "Wanted. Talented young radio performers. Must be exceptionally good."

We all know that we are exceptionally good. My first interview with the casting director was most cordial, almost gushing. I wasn't told "just the type" but a variation of the gag—"A radio personality if I ever saw one."

He outlined the proposition to me: "We are organizing a company of talented players to present thirty-minute sketches over a coast network. These programs will be sponsored by (here he mentioned the name of a reputable manufacturing concern) and the first three are in the nature of a trial. If satisfactory to the sponsor, they will contract the program for a year. Naturally, we are not paid for these preliminary broadcasts; but I can tell you that with the plays we have outlined, that contract is as good as signed now. I have you in mind for the juvenile lead."

The company was to be made up of "new voices" (that's what is wanted) and the lack of experience was no handicap since he had engaged a well-known radio dramatic director to rehearse the people. But—this director was a high-priced man, and so he was obliged to charge each applicant $2.50 a rehearsal. This rehearsal period was to last from three to five weeks. When I asked him if he would give me a contract, he replied that there was no question in his mind that of all the applicants I was the man he wanted, still as a matter of form he would have to allow a few others to rehearse. Here was the same old game. I bowed out.

I heard the sequel to this a few months later. They did rehearse—some thirty of them. They did have an audition on some small, out-of-the-way station. The time probably had been only too gladly given the producer to break the monotony of the regular twelve-hour phonograph record broadcasts. Whether the "sponsor" listened in will always be in doubt, but the producer announced that the contract was pending. It still is. I got my trusty pencil again—thirty people, two rehearsals a week at $2.50 per for five weeks equals $750. Not big but not bad.

The count on me by this time was somewhere around nine but I came up for one more blow before my knees buckled. This ad merely said, "Wanted. Radio Performers." The very brevity of it seemed to guarantee professional stability. I was



Pay no attention to them ..get the real facts yourself

JUST as though it were about something of slight importance, this tossing back and forth of hearsay goes on and on—among women. "Hearsay" or "misinformation," which is it? The two words are really synonymous when this most serious subject of feminine hygiene is being discussed. Don't pay any attention to all the worthless talk. Here are the real facts.

There has been a sweeping change in the whole idea of feminine hygiene. Many women, otherwise modern, are surprisingly unaware of this. The change is in the *antiseptic.*

Zonite is safe and strong

In the field of antiseptics there is an improvement which is breath-taking in its benefit to women. Do you know *Zonite?* This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. And *it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be safely allowed on the human body.*

A generation ago it would have seemed incredible that an antiseptic like Zonite could exist. In those days the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Yet here is this marvelous Zonite now available to every woman in America!

Zonite is strong and Zonite is safe. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause any damage to sensitive tissues, never leave an area of scar tissue. On the contrary, Zonite is gentle and soothing in its action. Sold at all drug stores, in bottles, at 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Zonite Suppositories Also Sold

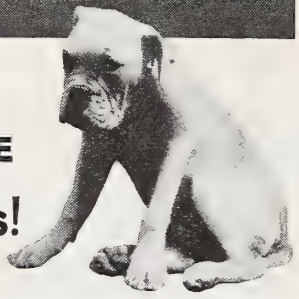
Zonite also comes in semi-solid forms called Zonite Suppositories and your druggist has these for sale, at $1.00 for a box of a dozen. Zonite Suppositories are dainty, white and greaseless. Each is hygienically sealed in its own glass vial.

Get the booklet, "Facts for Women." It has information of great value to women given in more detail than is possible here. Read this booklet. Pass it on to other women. It contains real facts. Mail coupon below.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below. MM-55
☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
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(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

"Please HELP ME"



BEWARE OF WORMS!

Have you wormed your dog lately? Worms kill thousands of dogs. All puppies and dogs should be wormed regularly. For safe, sure results use SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES for worms in pups; SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES for older dogs. Sold by druggists and pet shops everywhere.

Write for Free Dog Book » » »

Do you know the symptoms of worms and the many diseases to which your dog may fall prey? Do you know how to feed your dog to keep him well and strong? Do you know how to train your dog to be well-behaved and obedient? Give your dog the benefit of expert care. It is yours for the asking. All this information, and much more is yours in the famous "SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK." 46 pages and many illustrations. All you have to do to get it is to send us your name. It may save your dog's life. Write at once.

EXPERT ADVICE FREE. Our own veterinarian will gladly advise you about your dog's health. Write fully, stating all symptoms and the age, breed and sex of your dog. There is no charge.

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Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

BEWARE DIRT



This nipple does not become porous

Made of soft *moulded* rubber. Food cannot become imbedded in the walls, even after constant use. These bottles too, are safer. Wide mouthed, easy to clean.

HYGEIA
The Safe Nursing Bottle

GRAY FADED HAIR
Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **"SHAMPO-KOLOR,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. **Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 39, 254 W. 31 St., N. Y.**

REMINGTON PORTABLE
ONLY 10¢ A DAY
FREE TYPING COURSE



Buy this beautiful brand new Remington Portable No. 5 direct from factory for only 10c a day! Standard 4-row keyboard, standard width carriage, margin release on keyboard, back spacer, automatic ribbon reverse —*every essential feature found in standard type-writers!* Carrying case, typing course *free.* Special *10-day free trial offer.* You don't risk a cent! Write Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 140-5, 205 E. 42nd St. N.Y.C. Don't delay. Act *now!*

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

given a short audition, which was satisfactory enough to warrant a more extended one. This was to be an electrical transcription to present me to a producer assembling a program sponsored by a nationally known product. This "electrical transcription"—you've guessed it—cost $5.00. The finished article—a 25 cent phonograph record. When I came to, the arena was empty.

What am I doing now? I'll tell you. I know I have the "sesame" to open those mysterious studio gates. I am writing a movie scenario. There is a part in it (and one that *can't* be cut) the physical counterpart of myself—even to the extracted right molar and the plot depends on that cavity. There is only one "BUT" to *this—But* will they buy it? The script, I mean. They should. They can get me with it at a very small additional cost or maybe no extra cost at all. And I ought to be in pictures, oughtn't I? My friends all told me so.

Very Different, Off Screen

(*Continued from page 34*)

'Go away, go away, I'm too tall.' Of course, I'm still too tall but here I am."

Obviously these people, whoever they were (and probably they were the most important executives, didn't go away, for Kitty had a screen test.

"I screamed when I saw it," she said. "I mean I screamed with laughter. It was all too fantastic, my going to Hollywood. My mother. . . ."

Ah, I thought, here comes the parental objection story. It was, too, and because it had happened to Kitty it had a different angle.

They knew a lot of musicians in Paris. Kitty thought she had a voice. She took lessons with Connelli and it suddenly occurred to her that she would like to sing on the stage. She made an appointment with an impressario.

Her mother was in Paris at the time. She picked up her dainty boudoir telephone and got the impressario on the wire. "I'm calling about my daughter, Kitty," she announced. "She's conceived the most fantastic notion. She thinks she wants to go on the stage. Now when you hear her sing this morning you will, of course, tell her that she hasn't a voice and that it's quite stupid of her to persist in this bizarre idea. I can trust you?"

I'M afraid not," the voice over the wire came back. "You see, madame, your daughter has just sung for me. And I have told her the truth—as I should have told her in any case—that hers will be a marvelous professional career."

"Poor mother," Kitty sighed, "she didn't know, of course, that all that would lead to Hollywood. She simply doesn't understand it. And it's really awfully embarrassing when she comes to the studio and my director or someone is kind enough to introduce her to the stars and she looks them straight in the face and repeats their names—sometimes incorrectly because she doesn't know who they are at all for she doesn't go to the movies."

Kitty's mother looked at the divine Marlene and said, "It is so nice to meet you, Miss Deetman," without at all meaning to be rude, but honestly not getting the name.

In Paris, on the Riviera, at St. Moritz, in Switzerland they knew plenty of celebrities, mostly great musicians. But these people, whose faces were not projected from thousands of silver screens could walk the boulevards or stroll along the beach without ever being followed by autograph seekers, without ever being mobbed by fans, yet they were great artists. Why then, both Kitty and her mother wonder, must picture people disguise themselves if they are to accomplish an hour's quiet shopping?

Kitty has slightly more ideas about it than her mother. She was born in New Orleans and went to school there for a time and, perhaps, in school got something of the "fan" feeling.

Kitty loved watching movies and used to go in Paris, but she saw them only when they were two or three years old and only the films which could be appreciated and understood by a foreign audience. Her mother never went at all.

In Hollywood Kitty is a complete anachronism. In a town where boys and girls, men and women have struggled, have sacrificed, have worked to attain their ambitions, in Hollywood where the heart of almost every star is scarred by the pain of defeat and bitterness and disappointment—here in Hollywood is Kitty Carlisle who never had to struggle to achieve a goal and to whom stardom is not important.

SHE did work hard at her singing lessons. She studied with the best and most difficult taskmasters. And then, when she thought she was ready, she came to New York and got an agent who got her a job singing in a miniature version of "Rio Rita." It was as simple as that. And when that show closed the agent got her a job in "Champagne Sec," where she was a great success and where people were always saying, "You ought to go into pictures." Then she had a test made. Paramount gave her a contract to sign. It was as simple as that.

No struggle, no heartache, no defeats.

She giggled. Her giggle is the herald which announces her entrance on the set. "Oh, I do wish I'd been in a railroad accident, in an awful fire, where I just barely escaped with my life. I wish something had happened to me."

You see? I told you she was a nut because she thinks winters in Paris, summers on the Riviera and Paramount contracts are nothing.

"I work—oh, don't make me laugh. Honestly, I work twice as hard as if it had been difficult for me to get jobs. I feel as if I should make up for not having had to struggle for jobs. I do work at my singing—that's important. I think that's more important than pictures, don't you?"

But I didn't have a chance to answer. She was giggling again. Such a nutty giggle.

"I'm worried," but she didn't look it. "You've got me worried. Do you suppose people really want me to write my name in their autograph books? I thought it was just a joke. Maybe it was wrong of me to run away.

"But I don't know. Someone told me once that anything could happen in Hollywood."

Anything can and does happen in Hollywood. And I believe it, since Kitty Carlisle came to town. If she is bewildered by Hollywood, just imagine what Hollywood must be!

Sorehead? No, But—

(*Continued from page 50*)

you feel that way about it, we'll just forget it.' But he wouldn't forget it. He kept looking around and saying things and one remark led to another until finally he stood up and made a pass at me. I grabbed his arms and made him sit down. By this time people were looking at us and the people next to me moved away.

(I could see exactly how they felt about it!)

"Then," George continued, "he came around and sat down beside me, making more unpleasant remarks. I was getting pretty tired of him by this time and I suggested that we might step outside and settle the matter. But he wouldn't do that.

"Mac was beginning to get excited by this time and that worried me. I said to this stranger, 'Now, I never saw you before. I don't care if I never see you again! Why don't you be a good guy and just go away and keep quiet before something happens?' I was pleading with him.

AT that he made a pass at me, and before I could do anything, somebody grabbed him and the next thing I knew a lot of people were shoving each other and swinging and I wasn't even in it! The only part I managed to have in it was that I did pull his shirt out!"

That last item of accomplishment apparently still gives George a small and wistful satisfaction. But the morning papers had him swinging like a windmill in the midst of the fray.

Then there was the more recent occurrence in the Brown Derby.

"I had just given Mac, here, a little birthday present," related George, indicating "The Killer." "We'd had his nose fixed up a little bit for him. And I had had a scar on my ear fixed. This had taken place at ten that morning and at noon we went into the Derby for lunch. Mac had bandages and tape on his face.

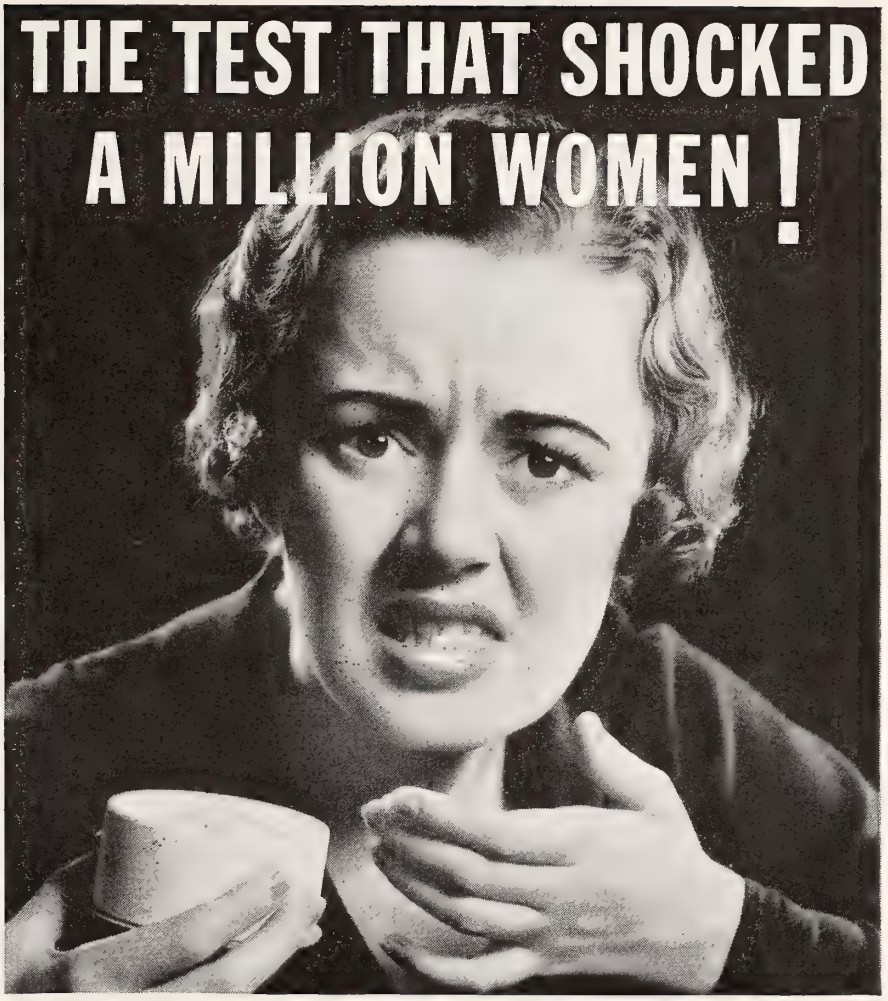
"Now, there was a chap there whom I had seen before in a night club. I don't drink and I usually hear things better than the people who do. I had thought that I heard this chap pass a remark about me in the club. I'd never seen him before so I couldn't be sure it was meant for me. But I remembered it. . . .

"This day at the Derby he passed another remark . . . not to me. I heard him say something about, 'There go a couple of bums, trying to make themselves look pretty!' Even then I let it pass, although I was beginning to simmer inside. I suppose that it would have been better to pay no attention to him at all, but when we went to get our car from the parking station, he was standing in the middle of the drive and he wouldn't move out of the way when the car was brought.

"I stepped up to him and said, 'Look! If you have any remarks to make about me, you make them *to* me because if I have anything to say about you, you will hear it directly from me!' He was wearing glasses and I told him to take them off. I was pretty mad by then.

"Just then Mac stepped in between us and they began shoving one another and I was afraid that Mac would be hit on his new, sore nose, so I tried to separate them. By this time a lot of people had gathered and they separated everybody.

"I wanted very much," George concluded, mournfully, "to hit that one!"



Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

"I Dropped the Box, I was so Horrified", Writes One Woman!

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and *at Lady Esther's expense!* Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is *the* one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER (12)
2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

*NAME*_____

*ADDRESS*_____

*CITY*_____ *STATE*_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

"This Perfume seems to add a kind of charm to a woman"



Says GEORGE RAFT

Paramount Featured Player

The fragrance is *April Showers, the perfume of youth.* You can enjoy its luxury at low cost . . . in *April Showers Talc*, the world's most famous and best loved talcum powder. There is no finer.

April Showers TALC

Exquisite, but not expensive



CHERAMY PARIS

Don't Worry Over GRAY HAIR



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We can't decide whether its the "pro" football game or Mr. Raft's company that is making Virginia Pine look so bitter. Mr. Raft, however, looks placid and interested in the game. This romantic team is still keeping Hollywood guessing.

PERSONALLY, if I were a belligerent male, I shouldn't "choose" George without thinking the matter over rather carefully beforehand. His apparent slightness belies the strength of the wiry, fight-trained, dancing-trained body. He grew up in circles where fists were important, where they were almost necessary to survival. He keeps himself in excellent physical trim and he can move with the swift agility of the well-known cat, if he chooses. Despite his customary patience, his Latin temper boils abruptly upon occasion. I should use discretion about making untoward remarks to George!

There was a third encounter of which I had not heard before and George thinks it was the most amusing of all. It happened a few weeks ago while he was in Chicago.

"I had been invited to a late party at a night club with some people whom I did not know very well," he related. "When I arrived they had been there some little time and I could see that they were a little bit tight. I had a young lady with me and we spoke to our host and hostess and met the other guests and then we danced. The dance floor was rather crowded.

"The second number, after our arrival, was a tango and one of the men at the table leaned over to me and said, 'I wish you would dance with my wife.' I told him that I should be very happy to dance with her as soon as some other people got up to dance.

"I am like that, you know. Even if I weren't sort of in the public eye, I shouldn't like to get up alone on a dance floor. People might think that I was trying to show off, they might think that I was conceited about my dancing. I don't want to appear to be conceited!"

George's shyness . . . again.

WELL . . . the man insisted. He said 'I want you to get up and dance with her *now!*' I said, 'I'm sorry. I don't feel like dancing now, if you will excuse me. A little later. . . .

"I didn't dance again that evening. When we were waiting for our cars in front of the place, I said to the lady, 'Goodnight. I am happy to have met you.'

"She said, 'I don't want to say goodnight to you!'

"I said, 'I am very sorry about that.' And I turned to her husband, held out my hand and said, 'Goodnight.'

"He just looked at me and said, 'Scram!'

"Now," said George in real bewilderment, "what would you make of that? I hadn't insulted her, had I? It was simply that I didn't want to make either of us conspicuous. I won't get up in a place like that when it looks as if I am trying to show off. I won't do it for anybody. And that's that.

"He made some more remarks and I stood as much as I could, and then I said, 'Listen! I don't have to take remarks like that from anyone. I'm not one of the pretty Hollywood actors who has to be careful of his face. I'm not good looking and I don't have to be afraid to tangle with anyone. I asked him to step over to the parking lot and settle the matter. But he wouldn't come and people came between us and finally took him away. I didn't start this argument and I wasn't allowed to finish it!

"It just happened!"

I think it is downright discouraging, the difficulty that George has in persuading his adversaries to step outside and let him deal with them in person. People are willing and ready to make unpleasant remarks to him, apparently, but no one has the courage to follow the matter with a real encounter. I earnestly hope that the next time anyone gets fresh with him, the bystanders will mind their own business. I think it is high time that George had the opportunity to take a good poke at one of these belligerent boys. I'll wager that they would not be quite so free with their language again!

"Smooth" Clothes for Young Gadabouts

(*Continued from page 66*)

can tint your underwear to the desired shade and it gives it a new lease on smartness. Colored neckwear and gloves are going to be very big in fashion, too. So get out some of your white collars and cuffs along with some of your white, washable gloves and dip them into the dye. Be sure to read my dyeing chart offer at the end of this article.

I have picked four evening gowns that I thought you would love. They express the special fashion fads of the stars who wear them. And all of them are perfect for spring and summer dates.

THERE'S Wendy Barrie's quilted black crepe evening coat on page 64. Wendy, you know, is the lovely young English star who has just arrived here to make pictures for Paramount. Already, she is one of the belles of Hollywood's younger set, having a crew of young blades begging her for dates. This evening coat is a grand summer wrap—it is worn for cool nights yet light enough for warm ones. The short puffed sleeves and the wide stitched collar are trick details. Those big lozenge-looking buttons are rhinestone.

Marina Schubert is another newcomer, and isn't she sweet? You will see her in "All the King's Horses." Her printed crepe gown, shown next to Wendy's evening wrap, is a gem. The all-over pattern is in a variety of flower tones on a navy background. The dress is simple with the skirt fullness concentrated at the back so that Marina has a graceful billow follow her as she dances about the floor.

The cape is shirred at the shoulders with emerald velvet used for the tie. Marina, you see, wears the high, fluffy bang I mentioned earlier.

Then on the bottom row, same page, you see Wendy in the evening gown she wears beneath her quilted coat. Here's the sort of half-way sophistication that you can attempt safely. Wendy's dress is a unique ribbed satin with a tricky collar that makes shoulder caps. Isn't that gold kid belt pretty swish?

Next to her, is Maureen O'Sullivan in a sweet, cross-barred organza. Pleated ruffles of the material provide most of the trimming, being used to edge the hem, the brief sleeves and the V neckline. Kingfisher blue velvet for the belt and the bow that ties her dark hair back from her face. That little nosegay of field flowers, pinned at her neckline, is just perfect. You will be wearing flowers, like these, tucked into the belts of your dresses, worn at the necks of your blouses, or pinned to the lapels of your jackets.

MAUREEN'S string of pearls is the nicest jewelry she could have picked. Pearls are in again for all times of the day; you may wear them even over the neckline of your sweaters, if you like.

Next, look at the daytime clothes on page 65. You could picture yourself in any of them, couldn't you? Especially Wendy's woolen ensemble. She bought this to wear out to Santa Anita to the races—the most exciting date in Hollywood these days is one that takes you out to watch the horses run. The jacket is one of those new finger-tip length ones in a plaid that can be worn with both dresses and skirts. This one of Wendy's



Tom's Mother said she was careless..

AND SHE WAS!

BETTY: What's the matter?

BABS: (in tears) Tom's mother told him I was careless! And I did so want to make a good impression.

BETTY: I don't like to say it but I'm afraid I agree with her.

BABS: Just because I had that little bit of a stain under my arm?

BETTY: Yes! Your dress will never be really fresh and new-looking again.

BABS: But everybody has trouble sometimes with perspiration.

BETTY: Of course! That's just why you shouldn't risk a dress even *once* without Kleinert's Dress Shields.

BABS: I'll sew some in this very day! Then my dresses will last longer, too!

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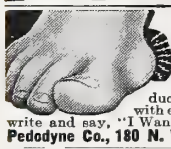
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is lined with the gold jersey of the blouse. The colors in the jacket are repeated in the gold, yellow, black and white flecked tweed of the skirt. The combining of three different types of woolens is a clever thought.

Besides this type of jacket, everyone is wearing the short jacket with belted back and shirring under a shoulder yoke that is known as the "Clark Gable" jacket, dubbed, of course, for that well-known heart throbber of the same name. This you wear with your skirts and it is usually in either a plaid, checked, monotone or tweed woolen.

Maureen O'Sullivan wears a Norfolk jacket in a gray check with a plain gray skirt when she flys. Since all of you are so air-minded these days, it is a good idea to know what to wear. So many of the stars have to fly back and forth from coast to coast, that they have air-travel clothes down to a fine point. Usually a suit is the choice with either a warm topcoat or fur coat worn over it.

I was tremendously interested, not long ago, to find Lilian Harvey wearing one of the new divided or trouser skirts as an air costume. Lilian was returning to England and I went down to the boat to bid her goodbye. There she sat, looking incredibly young with her golden hair falling loosely, almost to her shoulders. She scorns much off-screen make-up and consequently, she has a very childish look. I noticed that she seemed to be wearing a beautifully cut tweed suit under her mink coat, but when I commented upon it, she laughed and stretched her feet out to show me the divided skirt.

"Oh, I love it," she said. "It is the most perfect costume for flying because it is so warm around the legs. It doesn't make any difference how de luxe the airline is, it is sure to be cold when you get up a ways. This skirt was a wonderful protection and the nice part of it is, no one guesses unless I show them, like this, that the skirt isn't just a nice plain one with an inverted pleat."

I asked her if she liked divided skirts better than the slacks that she and all Hollywood stars adore so.

"Oh, no," she said. "The divided skirts are grand for travel and for sports, but give me my comfortable slacks for wear to the studio and around home."

LILIAN wore a simple tailored blouse with this, also a cardigan sweater under her suit jacket. She said that she suffered so from the cold that she piled on clothing regardless of whether she looked stuffed or not.

When you see her with Tullio Carminati in "Let's Live Tonight," you will see the sort of soft, feminine costumes that she likes best. She likes slightly more ingenue things than many stars. All of her evening dresses, for instance, are made with high waistlines and soft, billowing fullness in the skirts. Lilian is very smart in that she sticks to the type of costume she feels happiest in, regardless of whether it is the last gasp in fashion or not.

But back to our own fashion gallery. Next to Wendy Barrie's ensemble is Toby Wing's knitted jacket costume. It is three-piece with skirt and cape in yellow knit, the blouse in a rose and yellow stripe. Toby, and she is a cute trick, wears a woolen hat with wired brim to match.

Capes in every form are good and they are just made for slender young figures like yours and Toby's. Try one of the cape suits or coats for early spring.

Taffeta rustles through both daytime and evening fashions. And the one of Anne Shirley's is a darling. Red, white and black plaid, it is made in the favorite shirtwaist manner with short sleeves and a turnover collar. The bright red velvet bow makes a gay splash.

Again Wendy crashes through with a grand suggestion, this time for the classic printed dress we all wear every spring and summer. The design of hers is delightfully cock-eyed, being made of plaid squares printed in a patch-work quilt effect on a white background. Her collar is gathered around the throat, tying with velvet ribbon.

WE'LL have to start galloping over the last page in order to have time to squeeze the hats in. Most of you with unfurrowed young brows are shouting with delight at the return of the off-the-face hats and such whimsies as bonnets—but don't indulge in either unless they really suit your type. I've picked four distinctly different types that you can wear with nonchalance.

There's Maureen O'Sullivan's cute polka-dotted affair to match her silk shirtwaist dress. It's casual, sporty and generally becoming to all types of faces. Then there's Virginia Reid's Chinese coolie hat with the brim turned up like a Breton sailor. Sounds as if I had my countries mixed a bit, doesn't it? But it's the best way I can think to describe it. This style is always becoming to youthful faces.

The broad-brimmed hat turned up at back is nice for soft silk dresses. Marjorie Reid wears one in a navy blue straw with the brim faced in white felt and the trimming of white felt, too. The gardenias close to her face are fascinating.

And last, but by no means least, the beloved off-the-face straw hat. Marjorie Reid wears this, too. The draping back of the brim, almost as if it were fabric, is clever. An enamel flower nestles under the brim fold at one side.

If you will send your name and address to me, I will send you immediately a marvelous spring dyeing chart that gives you every imaginable color combination to make things look new and smart. And it is so easy to accomplish that you will find it fun. If you want added help on your fashion problems, include a stamped, self-addressed envelope also. Write to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, New York.

The Man from Dead Pan Alley

(*Continued from page 61*)

"Where'd you hear that?" He was looking right through me as he said it. But I was beyond quivering. Betsy Ann had shown me the light.

"I read it in a newspaper."

"That's trash," he said, and just to prove that that's what he thought of it, he handed me back my letter, and I saw that he had scrawled the word, "trash," in no uncertain manner right across the page. (It happens to be one of his favorite words, I soon discovered.)

"You want to tell people that the Ned Sparks they see on the screen is the result of a physical ailment, when Ned Sparks is really a mental creation that

I've worked over for twenty years! Oh, come now, have a heart. There's a well-thought-out reason for Ned Sparks. I met him first years ago in the character of a night clerk at a small mid-western hotel, one of the grouchiest, grumpiest, most inhospitable persons that I have ever seen, inside or outside a hotel. He stared at me belligerently when I went up to to the desk to register. I said 'How do you do?' and instead of answering he came out from behind the desk and peered at my luggage critically. Then he went back again, and as I was about to reach for the register, he took it away from me, looked at it himself for a while, and when he thought that he had annoyed me sufficiently he returned it to me. But he didn't annoy me, he amused me. Everything he did, or didn't do, was like that. I later put his character into a show on Broadway called 'Little Miss Brown.' Madge Kennedy was in it, too. Believe it or not, the newspapers actually wrote editorials about my night clerk. The theatre had never seen a character like that before—gruff, grim, and belligerent, but funny. I've met Ned Sparks a hundred times since . . . a backwoods fisherman who'd rather die than tell you where was the best place to fish . . . an undertaker who'd growl at you even while he was burying you . . . a Puritan farmer who thought it was a sin to smile . . . Everyone knows a Ned Sparks. There's one in every town and often in every family."

YES, I've got an uncle like that," I said.

"And you like him, don't you? I mean he's not terribly pleasant to have around, but you tolerate him, even think he's funny sometimes, don't you?"

I agreed.

"Well, then please don't print any trash about me. Tell 'em the truth. Ned Sparks is my own conscious creation. I created him because he is a character that everyone knows, but doesn't understand, until I showed him up as somebody to be laughed at. Most of the stories that get around about me are ridiculous. About my chauffeur, for example. I am supposed to have a chauffeur just so I can be irritated at him and thus keep myself in an irritable frame of mind. Trash, plain trash. I have a chauffeur because I need someone to drive my car. What else would anybody have a chauffeur for?"

"Well, isn't it true that you have a clause in your contract that the studio can't make you laugh, or even smile in a picture, unless you agree to it?"

He gave me that dead pan again and



The very "dead pan" Mr. Sparks in one of his glummer moments with Ann Dvorak in "Sweet Music."

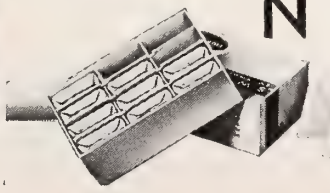


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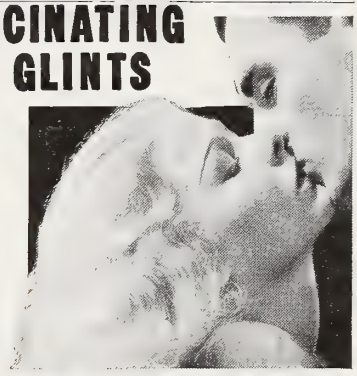
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he didn't even have to say it to let me know what he was thinking. Trash, rubbish, and nonsense. "It's true, though, that I do have a clause in my contract which permits me to write or re-write my dialogue, and to originate my own lines. So I suppose it amounts to about the same thing. I've always written my own lines, even years ago on the stage, like the time I wrote in the part of the night clerk for myself."

"Haven't you ever wanted to go back to the stage?"

"What should I want to go back to the stage for? This movie work suits me fine."

I gasped. For once an actor hadn't gone off into a discussion of his first and last love, the theatre, at the drop of a hat.

"There are only two things I want to do now," he went on. "I want to make less pictures, so people won't get fed up with my dead pan. I made eleven pictures last year and next year I'm only going to make four. Then in a couple of years I want to retire, and spend the rest of my life fishing and hunting. I like that better than anything in the world."

I had already judged that was the case since there were several stacks of outdoor magazines piled around the room. That room, incidentally, was as cheery and cozy and friendly as Mr. Sparks isn't on the screen. It was lined with books—not the kind that haven't been off the shelf since a distant relative willed them to you—but the kind that are new and modern and show signs of having been read several times. There was a cheery little cuckoo clock ticking on the wall. A busy-looking desk in the corner, behind which Ned sat and looked as though he were quite used to sitting and working there. And there were at least half a dozen small rubber animals around which I guessed were Betsy Ann's own personal possessions.

INCIDENTALLY, Betsy Ann's bed is an exact replica of Mr. Sparks, only miniature, of course. It has sheets and pillows just like a real person's bed. "Why not?" said Mr. Sparks. "She is a real person to me, why shouldn't I treat her as one. We have long talks together. She's the best audience and the best company I've ever had. I used to think she was sort of a nuisance, till that time she saved my life. I've looked upon her with new respect ever since. We were walking in the mountains and I was day dreaming, as usual, when Betsy Ann suddenly dashed in front of me, barking like a half dozen dogs rolled into one. I stopped and looked down, and there was a big diamond-back lying right in the middle of the path. I would certainly have stepped on it if it hadn't been for Betsy Ann.

"When we got home I rewarded her with a bit of filet mignon, her favorite dish. Oh, yes, my dog has very highbrow tastes. The only thing that worries me is that she displays a deplorable tendency toward strong drink, and likes (and usually gets) a nip of sherry before dinner. Another thing which disturbs me, but which I tolerate, is that she snores most roisterously, and also has nightmares. She whines and carries on like a spoiled débutante till I have to get up and walk the floor with her. Perhaps I spoil her, I don't know, but she did her best to make the world safe for comedy, so I really should return the favor.

"A funny thing," he went on, "most people are usually afraid of me, the first time they meet me. I have many friends who admit they were once scared to death of me. Strange, isn't it, because my fans, the people who write to me, seem to know more about me than the people I know personally. Look at this letter, for example."

Dear Mr. Sparks:

I am in desperate circumstances and need your aid. I have been in a charity hospital for three months, laid up by an automobile accident. My wife and four children have had nothing to eat for two days now. I would go out and beg, borrow, or steal, if I were able. Won't you please send them some money, so they can buy groceries? I am writing you because you look so mean and tough on the surface that you must have a heart of gold underneath. I have often been told that if you need anything to always go to the man who looks most as though he wouldn't give you anything. I will pay you back when I am able to work again. I am so sure you will send it that I am enclosing my I. O. U. for $25. Thanks a lot.

"You see?" said Ned. "They're on to me. I give away thousands of dollars every year. I haven't got much of a family of my own, just me and Betsy Ann, and we've got everything we need, so why shouldn't I be generous? It isn't really generosity. It gives me a sort of selfish pleasure."

I SUSPECT that Ned has traveled many times with only a quarter or two in his pocket, and that is one of the reasons now why he so enjoys giving money away to poor unfortunates. As a boy, Ned left his home in Ontario, Canada, and followed the gold rush to Alaska, but as a prospector, Ned was a good singer. Eventually he wandered from mining camp to mining camp, as a sort of a one-man show. He had a fine voice then, and still has, though Ned hasn't yet had a chance to display it on the screen. He made his début on the stage at Dawson City, in the Yukon Territory. Later he hopped a freighter and came down to Seattle. Then he began his wandering theatrical career through the West and Middle West. From one little town to the next, sleeping in cheap hotels, dining regally on 15c a throw. They were hard days but at last, in 1913, he landed on Broadway in "Little Miss Brown" and from then on Ned was famous as "The Man Who Never Smiles." After that he was a feature comedian with such stars as Madge Kennedy, Alice Brady, Effie Shannon and William Collier. In 1919 he made a silent film in New York, with Constance Talmadge. Ned came to Hollywood eleven years ago with a contract to make forty pictures (in those days they turned out that many in a few months). But he was in a bad accident, and laid up for so long that his contract was canceled and when at last he was well, it was just like starting all over again.

The story of his success may be summed up briefly by the fact that today Ned is one of the highest priced actors in the film colony. Few fans realize that many character actors receive more money than most of the stars. People like Ned Sparks are also able to hang on to their money more easily than the stars. They may live simply, entertain modestly, have only one car, without anyone thinking anything about it. If Clark Gable should live in a small two-room apartment and spend accordingly, the film colony would call him a miser, yet I doubt if Clark is a wealthier man today than Ned is. It's just one of the many quirks in the Hollywood "system."

Lovable Genius

(*Continued from page 31*)

fore. He brought to this an understanding almost uncanny, and an unforgettable emotion.

In and around Warminster, Freddie became the star performer at parties and charity concerts. There always was feverish applause when he stepped out on the platform, not much more than a baby, his head covered with dark ringlets, his dress one of the pastel linen smocks his "Cis" made for him.

There was the evening he sang the song that goes, "Oh, she's sweet. See her coming down the street . . ." Fittingly enough, he addressed this song to a little girl he knew in the front row, a little blonde girl named Jennifer.

She became confused, she turned scarlet. Freddie was only four but her dismay worried him. He stopped his song. He walked over to the edge of the platform. "Don't be shy, Jennifer," he told her gently. "Don't be shy!" Then he stepped back to continue, as if there had been no interruption whatever.

Contrary to what you might expect Freddie never seems to lose himself in what he is doing. At those concerts, for instance, he always was aware of everything that went on, and conscious of the different people in his audience.

Cissie Bartholomew noticed him wink as he stood on the platform during one performance.

"Who were you winking at, Freddie?" she asked him later. "Did you see someone you knew?"

"Oh, no," said Freddie, "I just saw a friend in the audience, a man of about forty, I should judge, with *fine* gray hair."

Anyone Freddie likes he calls a friend.

Most people he likes. People are of the greatest importance to him, irrespective of their age. He will stand beside a baby carriage, gazing rapturously at a sleeping baby, or entertaining a baby that is awake with funny faces and noises for as long as the nurse will linger. And time after time, during visits to London, he has waited to help an old lady or an old gentleman off a bus and guide them to the sidewalk.

WHEN he and his darling "Cis" came to America, last summer, they hoped in their hearts that Freddie would be chosen for "Copperfield." But if he wasn't, they were satisfied to call it a holiday. Freddie was concerned, however, at leaving his grandmother for she seems to be none too well these days.

"Dear God," Cissie Bartholomew heard him pray the night before they left home, "do help Granny to get about while I'm gone. And please don't ever have Grandpa's eyes fail him. It would be too frightful to have no more cricket on the lawn. Grandpa does enjoy it so. And so do I, I must say."

God, you see, is not vague or awesome to him, but a friend, and what could be more blessed?

He turned to God again when he faced a difficulty in California. On the morning the scene where he says good-bye to his nurse, Peggotty, was to be filmed.

"Dear God," he prayed hurriedly while his aunt and governess, Miss Murphy, called that the car was waiting, "today I must laugh and cry at the same time, when I say good-bye to good old Peggotty. It's going to be hard. I'm afraid, so I'll need a little extra help."

"But," Cissie Bartholomew told me, "I

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston
announce the marriage
of their daughter
Doris

And there almost was no wedding to announce



NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is one of those big little things which you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day,* in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness. Make Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

NRA

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OH JOY-CLEAR SKIN AGAIN!

Good Housekeeping Bureau

Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks



Rear Admiral Barthelmess tells one to the gang. Left to right, Dick, Jim Cagney, Kay Francis (hostess), Maurice Chevalier, Joan Blondell and George Barnes.

mustn't give you the impression that Freddie is any goody-goody. For nothing could be further from the truth." She gathered up a bag of marbles, some rubber bands and a little crotch of wood, which looked suspiciously like the makings of a sling-shot. "Put a knife in his hands and he's none too careful what he carves. The furniture isn't any too safe. And his pockets!" She gave a slight shiver. "I've pulled frightful things out of them."

That afternoon, after Freddie had finished with his French and geography, he joined us in the living-room before the fire. At first, until he got his bearings he sat with his aunt on her chair. She is small enough so she leaves a little wedge of room. And a little wedge of room is all Freddie needs.

I asked if, when Freddie was making "Copperfield," he had thought about the things he was going to do while he was away from the studios. I wondered if bits of action hadn't popped into his mind when he was doing his lessons, as he was about to go off to sleep, or even when he was riding horseback with Elizabeth Allan. Riding he counts the greatest fun in the world. And he loves Elizabeth Allan.

"That happened at first," he said. His charming inflections give all he says a faint poignance. "But I found it better not to let this happen, not to think about my work at all when I was away from the studios, except to go over my lines with my aunt.

"In the studios, you see, Mr. Cukor, the director, would explain the set-up to me and tell me how he wanted things done.

"One very funny thing happened when we were making 'Copperfield,'" he said, appreciatively. "Remember the scene where I come down the stairs in my nightshirt, looking for my mother? Well, when we did that scene, I was truly frightened. My knees shook together. There was no sound for several minutes, you'll remember.

"'There's no one there!' Mr. Cukor whispered. 'There's no one there, David! No . . . one . . . there!'

"But," and now Freddie's eyes were bright with amusement, "but when I got down into the hall and looked into the door of the room that was supposed to be empty, while Mr. Cukor kept whispering, 'There's . . . no . . . one . . . there!' I found myself face to face with a great crowd of people who were watching that scene being filmed."

HE thought the saddest scene of all was the one he played at the foot of the staircase with Peggotty. When she stood before him and said, "The Treasure, she . . ." And he, as David, asked, "Dead, Peggotty?"

He would have liked it if the wreck could have been in his part of the picture, for that he found exciting.

He didn't sit quiet for long. Before many minutes he was lying on the floor, in a typical little boy position, flat on his back, making a tent of his knees.

"Have you been homesick for England?" I asked him.

"Yes, at Christmas," he said, taking aim at a lamp shade with the particular elastic garter which he insists is lucky for his marksmanship. "You see Peter always comes for Christmas when we're home. (Peter is his cousin, a year or two his senior, and his idol.) And we have great fun. We run a string from his room to mine, tie one end of it to his big toe and the other end to my big toe. And on each end we attach a little bell."

Now excitement made his eyes sparkle.

"That," he explained, "is so whoever moves will awaken the other. And we can creep down and see our presents.

"Once," with a quick little look at his Aunt Cissie, "once we went downstairs at two o'clock in the morning!"

"That," Cissie Bartholomew interrupted, "was a little too much."

"Yes," Freddie agreed, "we were punished."

Always he turns to his aunt. The bond between them is great. He can tell, for instance, when she arrives at the studios, even before he sees her. And when you ask him how he does this, he says, "It's mental!"

It's more than simply mental, of course. There's actually a psychic quality between them. One night recently they both dreamed the same dream, Cissie Bartholomew dreamed the first half of it, Freddie the second.

Cissie Bartholomew dreamed she was in the garden of a house in which she had lived, when she was a little girl, pleading with her father to save Freddie from being shot. While her father refused to do anything about it, insisting that Freddie, who had killed a man, must suffer the consequences.

The dream was so vivid it depressed her. She was still trying to shake it off when she went into Freddie's room the next morning.

"I'm in a bath of perspiration," Freddie announced at once, "because of a dream I had. It was horrible. I dreamed I was in a garden, an English garden, it seemed. All the family sat in a row watching while I faced a firing squad. I had murdered a man."

"Since in England we do not shoot murderers but hang them," said Cissie Bartholomew, "it seemed especially strange."

You gather that she and Freddie are not at all upset by evidences of the bond which lives between them. But that they think it great fun. There it is. And for whatever it is, they accept it.

More than a dozen people who have seen Freddie as "David Copperfield" have said the same thing to me. In substance, "He's sure to be unhappy." Adding with a little sigh, "He's so sensitive, too sensitive for his own good."

That seems logical, too, until you know Freddie and watch him. However, I doubt it to be true.

Undoubtedly, because of Freddie's intense sensitivity, he will react more keenly to things, be more acutely conscious of the sorrow in the world. But, by the very same token, he will be more aware of the beauty in the world, too. And reacting more keenly to this, he will know a keener happiness. So there the scales will balance.

Besides, because of his unfathomable wisdom and understanding, Freddie already, at ten years of age, sees life and people with a perspective seldom acquired before adult years. Therefore he runs an excellent chance of being spared that crucifying upheaval of readjustment which most of us face in the late 'teens or early twenties and from which too few emerge with unscarred eyes.

Freddie, prematurely, if not actually psychically wise, reacts to all he observes and all he feels with the sublime faith and acceptance of childhood. Life he finds perpetually exciting. People are of paramount importance to him. And all of it is wonderfully worth while.

What is it that makes him the way he is? That's the question!

Perhaps it is in his instinctive love for people which he inherits from his Irish grandmother Bartholomew that the germ of his genius lies? He may be the reincarnation of some actor who was famous in his own time? Or it may be that he never has lost that wisdom with which some hold we all are born?

I wouldn't attempt to say. Only this I know, that I'll always remember his eyes. In them there lies something sublime.





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P. M.

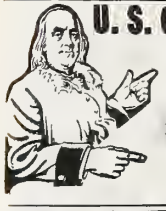
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Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

Was It Right to Film the Hauptmann Trial?

(*Continued from page 53*)

in the court library and the one that was on the balcony. Everybody could see it—they could even see the inch-thick electric cable connecting the microphone to the sound recording equipment.

"If anybody was in a position to tell us to stop, it was the Sheriff, in charge of the courtroom. He didn't bother us at all. Incidentally, anyone who says he was paid to let this recording go on is telling an untruth. He was just a regular fellow.

"Of course they knew we were taking pictures! Don't you remember the newspaper headlines when the lights all over the building went out during the early part of the trial? Well, that was because big Photoflood lights had been installed throughout the courtroom. When they blew the fuses, they were taken out and 300-watt bulbs substituted."

THAT'S the story, exactly as I got it from the lips of men who should know. But it's not all. I got some more data from Jim Cunningham, star reporter of the *Motion Picture Herald,* the "Bible" of the movie trade.

The Hauptmann film, as you know, made its first appearance on January 31. But in the *Herald* of January 19, Cunningham said, "Actual photographing and recording in the courtroom is confined, by order of Judge Trenchard, to incidents taking place only when he is not sitting on the bench. The judge ruled that he will hold in contempt any person or company responsible for the making of pictures while he is sitting."

This would seem to indicate that the movie men misunderstood the judge's orders.

But here's another point which Mr. Cunningham told me. By the order of the court, all the special photographic electric lights in the courtroom were extinguished and the shades pulled part way down when Bruno Hauptmann took the witness stand. If this was an effort to insure against the taking of pictures, it failed. According to Cunningham, the camera was equipped with an ultra-fast lens, and special "super-super speed" movie film was made to order, that the pictures might be taken.

Further, Mr. Cunningham says that the operator did *NOT* stand next to the camera. He left the camera switched on and sat inconspicuously by the batteries, some ten feet away, starting and stopping the camera by connecting the battery wires. I have heard this same story from other authoritative sources.

But, whichever version is true, the main question is, "What is the value of these pictures? Should they have been taken?"

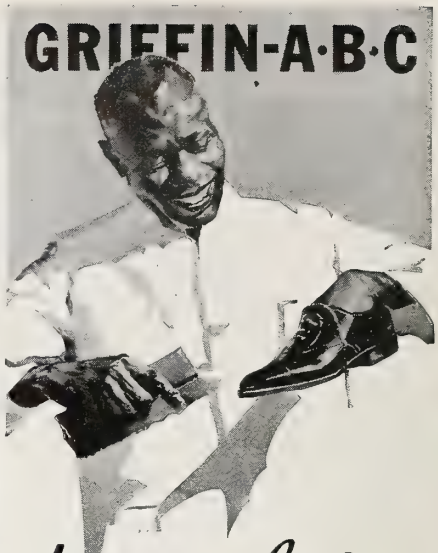
Everybody you ask has a different answer.

Here are what a few authorities say, together with the opinions of some people I queried in theatre lobbies.

To get the opinion of an unbiased prosecutor—one not connected, in any way, with the Hauptmann trial, I interviewed District Attorney William Copeland Dodge. He is the brilliant, fiery lawyer who, by his forceful and accurate presentations of the evidence against law breakers, protects the people of New York against criminals.

Mr. Dodge, with his trained legal mind,

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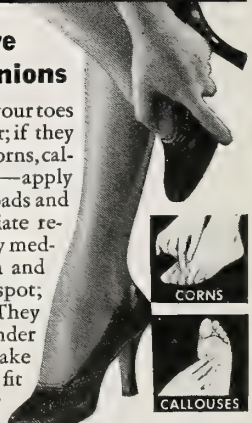
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Put one on—the pain is gone!

looked at both sides of the question and then spoke.

"On the whole," he said, "I condemn any pictures, be they newsreels or straight dramas, which feature the activities of criminals or even of people suspected of crimes. In my opinion, such films tend to teach children, and even adults with immature minds, the false theory that there is glamor connected with crime.

"The Hauptmann Trial film, showing the prisoner faltering and miserable under the lashing tongue of the able New Jersey Attorney General, David Wilentz, is not so bad. It shows that the way of the man arrested for a crime is, by no means, a pleasant path to tread. Perhaps it may lead some imaginative persons to picture themselves gasping and trembling in the witness chair—but others may see only that this, hitherto unknown, German carpenter is now receiving nation-wide publicity.

"At all events, I do not think the picture should have been released until after the verdict was given by the jury."

So speaks a prosecutor, his opinion typical of that of States' Attorneys everywhere. Now let's see what the most famous, the most brilliant defense attorney, of the present day, thinks about that scoop of the century, the film made at the Hauptmann trial. Samuel S. Leibowitz, whose duty it is to defend prisoners at the bar of justice, thinks very much as does District Attorney Dodge.

"You won't want to print my opinion," said this great lawyer, "because I'm going to tell you that I have not seen the picture and I do not think anybody should go to see it.

"I am opposed strongly to all this fanfare of publicity which surrounds sensational criminal trials in these United States. However, I think, if we are going to have an army of newspaper sob sisters and fiction writers in the courtroom to give us their personal impressions and reactions to the witnesses, we may as well let the newsreels in, too, and get a really true reproduction of what goes on—with sight and sound. This is a much clearer report than when one newspaper reporter tells you that the defendant looked worried and near the breaking point, while another reporter writes that he seemed calm, and more confident than ever.

"We would be a thousand times better off if we followed the English system more closely. There, trials are dignified legal proceedings, not three-ring circuses.

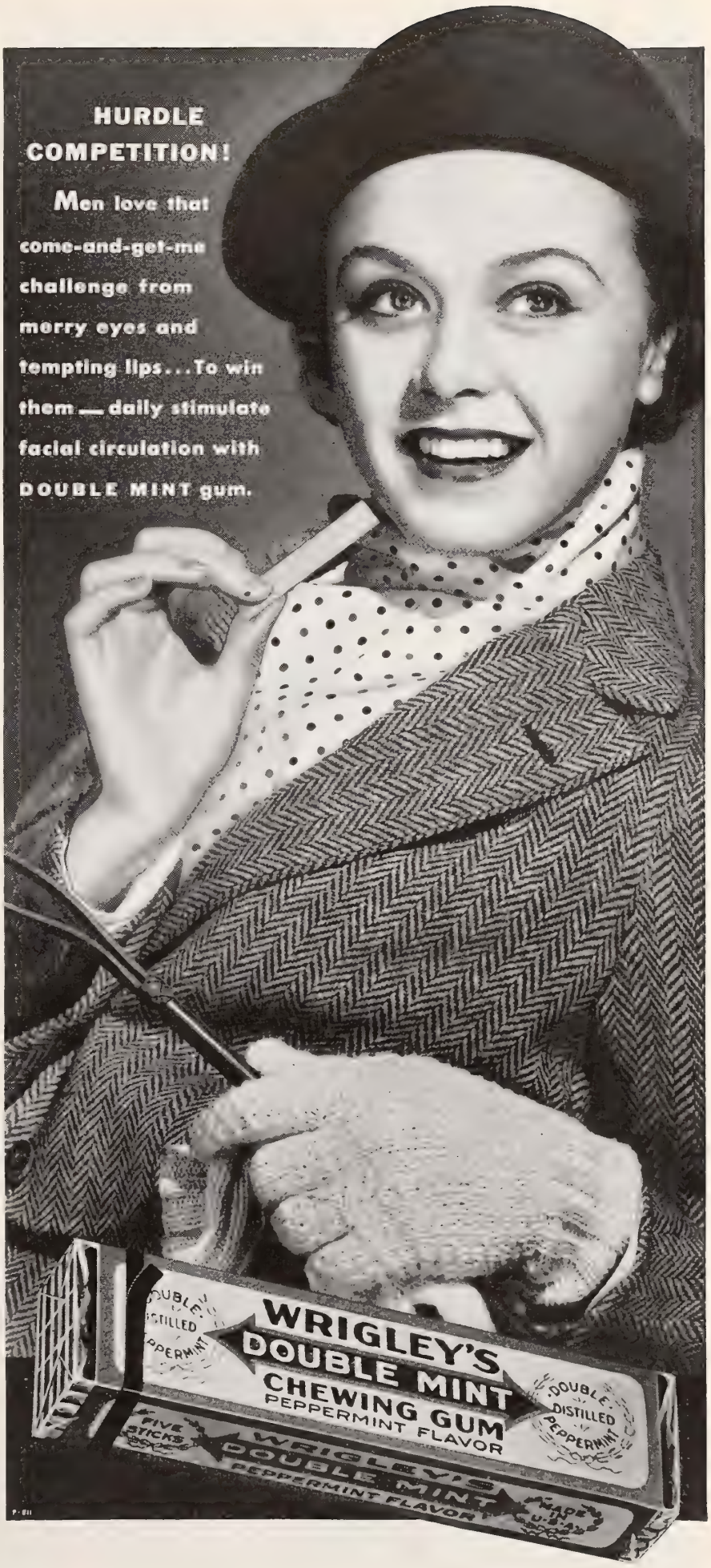
"I condemn any breach of faith which the newsreel companies may have committed, for the breach of a promise given to such a sterling jurist as Judge Trenchard cannot be too heartily censured. He should, I think, give the severest possible sentences to those who broke their word to him; they are certainly guilty of contempt of court.

"I have not been to see the pictures, for courtroom proceedings are no novelty to me. I urge the public to stay away likewise, for their support of these films will encourage the tendency to make a mockery of justice and a theatre of our courts.

"If we are to have trial pictures (and they are no worse than sensational newspapers' 'color' stories), let us have them taken openly and only with the permission of the presiding justice, rather than in stealthy defiance of his orders. The newsreel men, if they want to make such pictures, should take off their false whiskers and come out into the open."

LET us now get an opinion from the editor of a great daily newspaper. We'll ask Harry T. Saylor, who holds the most responsible position on the *New York Evening Post.*

"It was," he said, "a great piece of re-



porting. What if it isn't in good taste? The whole tenor of this trial was that of a circus and not of a judicial proceeding. So, as long as the newspapers and radio went to such lengths, I don't see why anyone should object to the newsreels getting as much as possible.

"You can't convince me that those cameramen didn't get in without, at least, the tacit or implied approval of certain court officials, though it is obvious that Judge Trenchard did not want the courtroom pictures to be taken and perhaps was not even aware that they were being filmed.

"Their influence on increasing or discouraging crime? I think it's nil. Pictures of that sort do not teach any lesson; they're just exceptionally interesting pictures for an audience to watch. Rather on the macabre side, though, and in bad taste with a human life at stake.

"We newspaper men, as well as the newsreel men and the radio commentators, have overstepped the bounds of propriety in this case. The cameramen are no worse than we are, so why blame them for trying to get their share of the news? After all, they are simply reporters who use a microphone and camera instead of a pencil and paper; their stories are printed on celluloid instead of in ink. Fundamentally, we're all in the same profession, and they are to be complimented on doing a good, workman-like job of getting the news—the reporters' first commandment.

"If their pictures are interesting to moviegoers—and all those I have spoken to found them extremely interesting— they are to be congratulated on doing a good, thorough job of reporting a case which has enthralled people throughout the United States."

When an editor, like Mr. Saylor, talks about this picture as a feat of reporting, there is nothing for me to do but talk to the greatest reporter of them all—Floyd Gibbons, ace correspondent of the World War, feature writer for the Hearst Syndicate, and premier newscaster.

FLOYD said, "I think the whole case should have been filmed and made public as an unimpeachable record of the trial. The film is a good idea; the only trouble with it is, it didn't go far enough.

"If judges object to the cameramen making the courtroom pictures, it is because they have ideas that date back to the Civil War. They might as well object to electric lights and insist that the courtroom be lighted with candles, or that the testimony be taken in long-hand instead of being typewritten.

"When a man, accused of a crime, is taken into court, he is supposed to be given a *public* trial. *The newsreel made this the first truly public trial in our history.* It did not limit the audience to the few dozen or hundred people able to squeeze into the courtroom through their influence or other means. It made the trial public to thousands of men and women all over the country. I am sure that everybody is interested in it, not only because of the prominence of some of the principals, but also because the crime of kidnapping is one which strikes terror into the hearts of every mother and father in the land.

"The picture was illuminating. It gave sidelights that the public could gain in no other way. When I saw the film I was particularly shocked by what I believed to be the contempt which Hauptmann seemed to have for the prosecutor, Attorney General Wilentz, as manifested by his thrusting out his arm, like a traffic cop, and ordering, 'Stop dat! You, stop dat!'

"I would like to see a film of the entire trial—all the testimony of all the witnesses; close-ups of all the exhibits. Not only would it be interesting and educational as



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to courtroom procedure, it would be a valuable historical document of the most sensational trial in this generation."

An exactly opposite view was taken by H. V. Kaltenborn, also a radio news commentator and, for more than forty years, an outstanding newspaper man.

Says Mr. Kaltenborn, "It was highly unethical for the newsreel companies to defy Judge Trenchard's decision that motion pictures not be made of courtroom proceedings, and that the cameras might be operated only during recesses and before and after court. There is no reason why any specific type of corporation should be permitted to make a profit out of sensationalizing this already sensational trial; the dictum of the presiding justice very definitely should have been respected.

"Catering, for the sake of profit, to that class of the public which craves sensationalism is cheap commercialism, and that goes for newspapers or broadcasters who may find it applicable, as well as newsreel producers."

But how do movie people themselves feel about the Hauptmann Trial newsreel?

THE stars are scared to death to say a word about it! They're afraid to say one word either way, for fear it would hurt their box office appeal. They won't talk. And, even if they wanted to, *their press agents wouldn't let them!* I know this to be a fact.

I could quote you a dozen critics, who say that it was "gripping," or "fascinating," or "unbelievably horrible"—that Hauptmann "gave the impression of an innocent man, fighting against damning circumstances," or that he was "the very symbol of guilt"—that Wilentz was "the most forceful figure in the present American court" or that he was "too dramatic, more like a prosecutor in a play." But, instead, let's go right to the home folks who saw it and ask them. I stood in the lobbies of a half-dozen theatres, to see what you and you and you thought of the film. And I made it a point to keep on asking until I had answers from people whose homes were in various parts of the country. Here's the result:

Mrs. J. S. V., Kansas City, Mo.: "My God, I don't see how his poor wife can stand seeing him squirm like that! It is pitiful."

Mr. T. O'R., Livingston, Mont.: "Why did they want to waste money trying a guy like that? You can see he's guilty just looking at him."

Miss R. J. K., Picher, Okla.: "That poor man! Who wouldn't be confused, getting shouted at like that? I still think he didn't do it."

Mr. H. F., Ranger, Tex.: "I'd like to meet that prosecutor. He did a real job. I'm a lawyer and I know."

Mrs. H. F., Ranger, Tex.: "I'm sorry I went. I'll be worried about my children every minute 'til I get home."

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. J., Rochester, Pa.: "We wouldn't have missed it for anything. It isn't a picture; it's an experience we'll never forget."

And the funny part of the whole story is that this picture was never intended to be released as a single reel. The producers planned to make a ten-reel feature out of it. But then The March of Time announced its first picture—a sort of news review. This was competition for the newsreels!

The newsreel outfits decided to put out a film that would make people forget all about The March of Time's first release. So they gave you the Hauptmann Trial.

And that is how the "Scoop of the Century" reached the screen.

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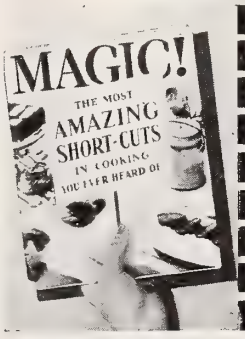


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2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup water
Vanilla wafers

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes or until mixture thickens. Add water. Line oblong loaf pan with wax paper and cover bottom of pan with thin layer of chocolate. Then add layer of vanilla wafers. Repeat until chocolate mixture is all used. Top with layer of wafers. Chill in refrigerator for 24 hours. To serve, turn out on small platter and carefully remove wax paper. Cut in slices. May be garnished with whipped cream. Serves eight.

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If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether you desire Cleansing, Vanishing or Cold Cream. Larger sizes at 20c and 35c. Try them.

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Name .....
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Is It a Dream?

(*Continued from page 62*)

going to send for you and tell you that. You're a good boy but you don't belong here. You have a God-given voice. Go out and try to do something with it."

JOE stayed around home for a year or so after that. First he got a job "tonking" in the railroad yards.

After a time he got a job in a filling station. But his stepmother always felt it was not a nice job for him. When he was seventeen she suggested that he go to Chicago and see if he could get a job there. He landed in Chicago with about ten dollars in his pocket.

After about a month he finally got a job with the Boston Store, at $25 a week. That was in the boom days. He was sending home every cent he didn't actually need for himself. There was nothing left for movies or an occasional malted milk. To supplement his meager income, he used to go around to various neighborhood theatres on amateur nights and sing, hoping to win a prize.

A REPRESENTATIVE of a music publishing house heard him one night and offered him a job plugging songs for them. That meant an additional $25 a week. Joe should have taken one job and let the other go but he thought he could hold down both jobs.

"Get rich quick, Morrison!" He laughs about it now but it wasn't a laughing matter then. A seventeen-year-old kid putting in eight hours a day at a department store and then working until two or three o'clock every night plugging songs! He kept that up for months, averaging about four hours sleep a night. No human could possibly stand up under such a grind indefinitely. He had to give up one job. He stuck to the music firm.

Devoting all his time to song plugging, he met a lot of actors and theatre managers. One he heard of had a new vaudeville act that was being organized. He applied for the job and got it.

The act rehearsed four weeks and started out on a route that Joe can still spiel off for you without a moment's hesitation. After a few months he landed in Los Angeles. One night he found himself in a café run by Carl and Lil Mueller, retired vaudevillians. It was a theatrical hangout. A vaudevillian, named Eddie Vine, who was doing a single, happened to be in there that night.

The proprietors of the café would call on the customers to sing. Joe was called one night. Eddie heard him and it is to Eddie's everlasting credit that he recognized talent when he saw it. He sent a note to Joe and asked him over to his table. When the usual questions had been exchanged and answered, Eddie said, "I'm doing a single. Would you like to come with me?"

"I can't come for two weeks," answered Joe. "I've got to give my act notice."

During the next week, Joe's act miraculously got a booking at the Westlake Theatre. Eddie went out to catch it. After the performance he went backstage. He knew the other boy who was appearing with Joe and who was also acting as manager. As is not uncommon with actor-directors, this chap was hogging the show himself. The others were getting what was left, and precious little it was. Eddie minced no words with him.

"Why don't you give this boy," indicating Joe, "a chance to show what he can do? He's a damned sight better than you are." This indication of Eddie's real friendship was borne out on future occasions.

JOE finished out the week and handed in his two weeks' notice. Eddie had to leave town before then, but before he left he gave Joe his instructions and handed him a signed blank check which would



A backstage trio during a recent benefit. Joe Morrison, Dick Powell and Phil Regan harmonize with varying expressions of artistic endeavor!

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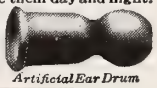


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MODERN SCREEN announces that your wishes will be realized in a very early issue—and we mean an early issue.

enable him to pay off the debts he had contracted around Los Angeles and buy himself some badly needed clothes.

Joe joined him in Salt Lake City. At the end of his act, Eddie took a bow and, instead of the customary encore, said, "Folks, my kid brother is here to visit me. I think if you coax him a little he'll come out and sing for you."

They coaxed and Joe sang. He and Eddie still laugh about his costume. It was characteristic of Joe that he filled out the check for no more than he actually needed and the clothes Eddie had instructed him to buy consisted of only what he absolutely had to have.

Eddie notified his booking office that he had changed his act to a double and from the reports the office had received of Joe's initial appearance it was all right with them. By the time they had completed Eddie's booking and returned to New York, Eddie had built Joe's part up in the act to about eighteen minutes and shortened his own to two.

They got a twenty weeks' booking and thought they were sitting on top of the world. But Joe contracted bronchial pneumonia and the bookings had to be cancelled.

The talkies had arrived and vaudeville was breathing its last gasp. They presently found themselves back in Los Angeles with no bookings and no money.

They asked every agent in town whom they knew to give them a few days' booking so they could eat. But nobody wanted them. When things looked bleakest Joe got a job in "The Nine O'clock Revue" at the Hollywood Music Box. The notices he got in that show are something to remember, but it didn't help them.

WHEN that show folded they managed to get another short engagement. And, after that, they decided to try their luck in New York.

They spent some more lean weeks in New York. On Thanksgiving Day they played a theatre in New Jersey, known in the vernacular as "a can"—a small theatre on a cheap circuit. They were so broke they couldn't even go over to New York for Thanksgiving dinner. They had to eat in a small restaurant near the theatre. By the time they had finished their show, the restaurant had nothing left but herring!

How they lived from Thanksgiving to Christmas I don't know. But during the holidays an agent 'phoned Eddie and asked if he would have Joe sing at an Elks' Benefit at the Commodore. And that is still another of life's ironies. They couldn't get bookings—except for benefits which paid them nothing. However, Joe was the sensation of that particular evening and his appearance there led to his being booked by WOR for a commercial program. He couldn't believe it. It was while he was singing over the radio that George Olsen heard him and engaged him as soloist with his orchestra.

Shortly after this he went on the Oldsmobile hour with Olsen and Ethel Shutta. Following that he sang for a year on the air with Olsen and Fanny Brice on a commercial broadcast.

It was after this, while he was still with Olsen, that he introduced "The Last Roundup," the song that made him famous and which led to his Paramount contract. Then he was sure he was dreaming.

His initial appearance in pictures was with W. C. Fields in "The Old Fashioned Way." His second is "One Hour Late." Paramount has picked up their option for a third picture this year, "Love in Bloom" and, at the same time, has notified him that he will be with them for three pictures next year.

So, Joe, never mind, if you do wake up. It isn't a dream—it's true.

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Glamor Is Not a Gift

(*Continued from page 29*)

"we women do well to hold on to our interest in men. It keeps us from letting down."

Fair enough. Rules two and three:

> Don't dam yourself up all the time.
> Get a thrill out of life.
> Hold on to your interest in men.

This will keep you from letting down.

THERE'S no more popular girl in Hollywood's younger set than Anita Louise. The other girls consult her about their activities. They always are eager for her company at tea and on shopping excursions. And if Anita isn't squired by a different young man every time she goes out, it's because that Tom Brown's a determined young blood. And it's common knowledge that because of Anita, for years now, Tom's walked around wiith his head in the clouds.

All of which I offer as incontestable proof of Anita's glamor.

Anita imparts something of the same lovely excitement which Norma Shearer gives out. Her voice has a breathless quality—as if she was so fascinated by what she had to say, that she hardly could wait to say it.

She's pretty, goodness knows. With her smoothly chiselled face, her eyes as blue as far away hills, and the soft shine of her golden hair. No one, however, ever has resented Anita's beauty. Because no one, attracted by her beauty, ever has felt let down, the way you do with some pretty girls.

Anita has spirit and interests and understanding. She's warm and she's human. She's the antithesis of a girl from New York whom the younger set admitted to their Puppets Club not long ago. This girl, who for the sake of kindness shall be nameless, was pretty, too. Very pretty. But she counteracted any attraction her looks might have carried by her tricks and affectations. She said such stuffy things as, "We don't do it that way on Park Avenue," and "You can't know people who live on the wrong side of the railroad tracks." She primped constantly. She always was ridiculously late for any appointment.

There are, of course, some great personalities who have glamor in spite of stupid and inconsiderate actions. They are the exceptions to whom no rules ever apply. All we can do about such people is to marvel at them and then leave them out of all calculations. So, rule four:

> Be warm and human. Have spirit and interests. And above everything else, try to be understanding.

Kitty Carlisle offered practical advice on the subject of glamor. Kitty, as you doubtless have read, was brought up in Rome. In Italy, everywhere in Europe, in fact, they have a different approach to life than we have in America. They're less reserved, franker about many things.

"I was pretty unattractive as a young girl," Kitty announces with her startling honesty. "I was sallow. I was painfully shy. I preferred to sit in a corner and read to anything else. My mother, undoubtedly, had qualms about my future. For I can remember her trying to save me the hurt feelings she believed were ahead of me, by saying that it wasn't important to be popular with the boys."

Kitty laughed. "When I landed in a boarding school in Rome the attitude was very different. There it was considered darn important to get on socially, to be attractive, and to have the boys like you. And you were trained to make these grades.

"I'm grateful to that school. There I was taught there always is one place in a room, usually by a column, where wallflowers congregate. It was made clear to me that when I found myself alone for a minute it would be my tendency to draw into that group since there I would have someone to stand with, someone to talk to.

"'DON'T!' I was admonished. And I pass that admonition along. In fact, I urge anyone, who accidentally finds herself cornered in such a group, to break away. Irrespective of how difficult it may be to do so. We're known by the company we keep. And it's downright stupid to place ourselves with the unattractive group.

"I was, doubtless, schooled in what amounts to insincerity, but that's all right. It's harmless insincerity, after all, and better than unhappiness, that miserable unhappiness you experience when you have no social armor.

"I'm in favor of set rules for behavior such as I was taught at that Italian school. I think whoever incorporated them in the training was very wise. Those set rules saved many of us heartaches. They gave us a routine behavior which saved us from standing around, floundering and working ourselves into such a state that our evening was ruined. They gave us a chance to appear superficially attractive until we got our bearings and more at ease than we otherwise could have been." Now then, rules five and six:

> Stay away from the wall-flowers at a party at any cost, irrespective of how tempted you may be to join their little group.
>
> Give yourself a little set of rules which will govern your behavior if you're inclined to be self-conscious. A little set of rules which will, when put into effect, indicate that you're having a good time and not a dud.

LET'S go back to the idea that beauty isn't necessary to glamor for a minute. Long enough for me to report May Robson's comments. Sweet May Robson with her silver hair, roses in her cheeks, and a little velvet band about her throat.

"Beauty," she says, "can be a horrible menace to happiness and adjustment and glamor. In fact, I believe the very best thing a beautiful girl can do is to forget she is beautiful. Women who trade on their beauty become vain and selfish, until there's no warmth left in them, until their smile goes brittle and their eyes turn hard.

"I tell you when a beautiful woman is glamorous it is in spite of her beauty, not because of it. Beauty tricks women by carrying them so far without any effort on their part. Then it deserts them while they're still comparatively young but too old and too inclined to indolence, usually, to find the interests and enthusiasms or the point of view which makes women attractive and glamorous at any age." Whereupon rule seven comes to light:

> If you have beauty, do not depend upon it. If you haven't beauty, don't for one second feel that you're barred from having glamor.



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"Men," said Ann Sothern, "fall for intense sirens but they never stick to them.

"Men adore to be comfortable. It's the girl who is easy and natural, the girl who has warmth and humor, who exerts the greatest glamor in the long run.

"Look at Constance Talmadge. Constance no longer is a celebrity in Hollywood. There are dozens of girls in town younger and prettier. But it's on the sand in front of the Netcher (Netcher is Connie's married name) beach house that men gather, in the Netcher box at tennis, around the Netcher table at the Grove.

"She is gay. She makes men forget their troubles, temporary at any rate.

"She is warm. She makes you feel that she gives you sympathy and understanding, that she knows what you're going through, so to speak.

"She is good-natured. She never gives the impression that she's mentally taking people apart or that she's super-critical. And I'm sure she'd rather be found dead than nagging."

Always in her description of Connie, mentioning the qualities she felt contributed towards Connie's glamor, she said the very same things I would say describing Ann, marking the causes for her glamor. So we come to rule number eight:

> Be easy and natural. Have warmth and humor. For, above everything else, men adore to be comfortable and they won't stop long enough to find you glamorous unless they are.

THEN there's Karen Morley. Karen and I were driving up into one of Beverly Hills' canyons. I asked her if she had done anything toward becoming a more colorful individual.

"I did plenty," Karen said slowing down, appreciably, just beyond the Harold Lloyd's estate where the road curves about the flank of a foothill. "I hoped fervently at this time to be as thrilling and glamorous to other people as certain stage and screen stars were to me.

"For instance, when Ruth Chatterton first came to California to do stage and picture work, I went to see her whenever possible. I studied her, I mimicked her inflections and her mannerisms.

"I know," she continued, "I know lots of people say it's dangerous to imitate. But I don't agree with them at all. In fact, I think everyone, as they grow older, mimics those who catch their imagination.

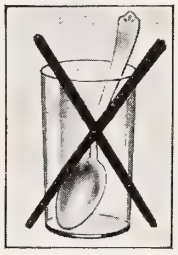
"The only thing is," she warned, "that we must have sense enough to imitate someone who is our own type. It would, for instance, be ridiculous for me to imitate someone who is active and athletic, for I'm not any of these things and never could be. In other words, I'd remember to get up and jump about one minute and the next I'd go off in a corner and sit quietly. Then I'd remember my new act and get up and jump about again."

A new point of view about mimicry this of Karen's, and a convincing one, too, convincing enough to become rule nine:

> Study and imitate those people you admire, if they are your type, for, eventually, some part of the inflections and mannerisms you will adopt will be assimulated by your own personality and you'll be more colorful.

Now then if you aren't one of those fortunate souls born with that warm magic, that brilliant charm, that sense of excitement which makes for glamor remember there's no need for you to go through life without it. If you do, you'll be poorer by far as a personality. And it will be your own fault.

RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION WITHOUT HARSH, RAW ALKALIES!



Millions Have Found Faster, Surer Relief In New-Type Mint

HEARTBURN is distressing. But there's no longer any need to resort to harsh alkalies in order to relieve a sour stomach, gas, or after-eating distress.

Strong, water-soluble alkalies taken in excess may change the stomach juices *completely*—slowing up digestion instead of helping it.

The new, advanced, most effective and *safe* relief for acid stomach is TUMS. TUMS contain no soda or any other water-soluble alkali—instead this candy-like mint contains an unusual antacid soluble only in the presence of acid. When the excess acid in the stomach is neutralized, the remainder passes on undissolved and inert. No danger of alkalosis or kidney poisoning from TUMS.

Try TUMS—3 or 4 after meals, when distressed. Eat them just like candy. You'll be grateful for the wonderful relief. 10c a roll at all drug stores. 3-roll carrier package, only 25c.

Free 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR**. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Dpt. 15EKK, St. Louis, Mo.

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HANDY TO CARRY

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative **NR** (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR



Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face . . . unloved . . . discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 148, Chicago.



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THE MOSS CO., Rochester, N.Y.

All Joking Aside .. by Oscar Howard



Joe Morrison and Dixie Lee were married nine times! This happened in "Love in Bloom" before the director would O.K. the scene

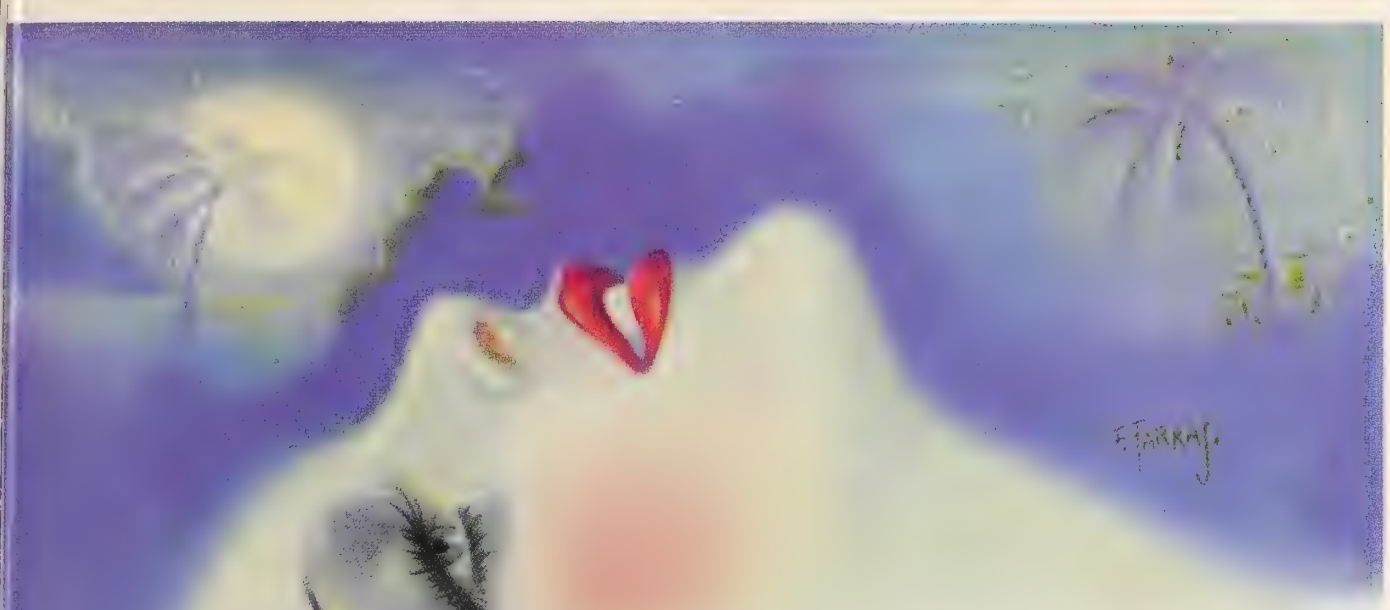
Mae Clark won't sit for any still pictures at all unless she can peer into a mirror while being snapped—and a full length one!

At the crack of seven each morning Lupe Velez' maid opens her boudoir door and lets the fiery Mexican's equally fiery chihuahuas (five of them) leap into bed with her.

Madge Evans sailed on the Europa without knowing it a short while ago! Seeing Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton off on the boat it sailed before she realized it and had to be put ashore via the pilot boat—

Kay Francis' idea of an absolutely swell day is to sleep the clock around from 12 to 12.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.





TANGERINE · FLAME
NATURAL · BLUSH





Savage Cream Rouge . . . for lips and cheeks



NATURAL
(Flesh)
BEIGE
RACHEL
RACHEL
(Extra Dark)

Maddening Hues

FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS

A NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK . . . A NEW KIND OF DRY ROUGE WORK MIRACLES IN RED

Maddening hues, yes! Colors that thrill, taunt and tempt! Truly enough (*and you'll know it the instant you try them*) such rapturous, wicked reds have never been used in lipstick or rouge before. But there's more reason than that for the soul-stirring madness so generously imparted by SAVAGE Lipstick and the new SAVAGE Rouge.

SAVAGE Lipstick works differently from ordinary lipstick. Its gorgeous color separates from the cosmetic after application to become an actual part of the skin. Wipe the cosmetic away and see your lips teasingly, savagely red . . . but without the usual discouraging pastiness. Imagine a lipstick like that! Better yet, experience its magic on your own lips. One or more of the four luscious SAVAGE shades is sure to be exactly yours.

SAVAGE Rouge . . . an utterly new kind of dry rouge . . . so much finer in texture than any other that it blends right into the skin itself . . . to stay, with full color intensity, throughout the exciting hours it invites, instead of quickly fading away as ordinary rouge does. You'll love it, and the shades are identical to those of SAVAGE Lipstick so that your cheeks and lips will be a thrilling, perfect symphony of maddening, meaningful red.

Then . . . SAVAGE Face Powder

And what a different face powder *this* is; so fine, soft, smooth and so surprisingly different in the results it gives. Apply it, and it seems to vanish . . . but the skin-shine, too, has gone. Imagine it! Everything you want from powder, but no "powdered" look; just caressing soft smoothness that is a feast for eyes and a tingle for finger tips it makes so eager. Four lovely shades.

20¢ AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

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LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN

Modern Screen

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Mae West

Earl Christy

MORE PICTURES THAN ANY OTHER FAN MAGAZINE

Shirley Temple's FIRST SIX YEARS

LAUGH AT HEAT! *Have Cool Allure!*



WHILE OTHER GIRLS WILT
AND LOSE THEIR CHARM
YOU CAN KEEP

Irresistible

Summer's here and its good times go to the girl who keeps irresistible! Don't be mussy, sticky, unattractive. Laugh at heat, have cool allure on hottest days... use IRRESISTIBLE TALC. It has *special hot weather advantages.*

Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty deodorant talc. Apply it *generously* all over your body. No matter how great your body warmth... the exquisite perfume of Irresistible Talc keeps its exotic delicacy...keeps *you* irresistible.

Irresistible Talc contains a special ingredient which is soothing and healing to your skin. It cools the surface of the skin *without drying and roughening the skin itself.*

After bathing...or when you haven't time for a bath...rub IRRESISTIBLE COLOGNE on your whole body...it's a tingling, refreshing treat! Finish with Irresistible Talc for lasting fragrance and daintiness. Your whole body will feel invigorated, young, glorified!

Try all the wonderful IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS... each has some special feature to make you irresistible today... now...forever. Laboratory tested for purity and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Dust body odor away with this dainty deodorant talcum powder. Rub this exquisite cologne into your body to tone, firm and refresh your skin.



Lipstick in four gorgeous shades, for lovely, luscious lips





Brilliantine that gives your hair a glorious, silky sheen



Vanishing, liquefying, cold cream . . . perfect for your skin



Exquisite face powder, satin-fine, clings for hours



Exotic perfume of glamorous allure... a clinging, lasting fragrance

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Irresistible

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ONLY 10c EACH AT YOUR 5 and 10c STORE.

ORCHIDS TO SALLY (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work . . . what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums — of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

You can't afford to take chances — to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has explained and stressed that warning—"pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise — soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink"— do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles — for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter—your gums healthier — and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.



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TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-65.
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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MODERN SCREEN

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THE LOWDOWN ON HOLLYWOOD CHORINES *They're different* Hammel Schmidt 47
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THE INTERVIEWER'S DILEMMA *Fred Astaire's the problem!*.....Regina Cannon 58
YOU CAN LEARN HOW TO TALK WELL *Simple rules for all*.. Adele Whitely Fletcher 60
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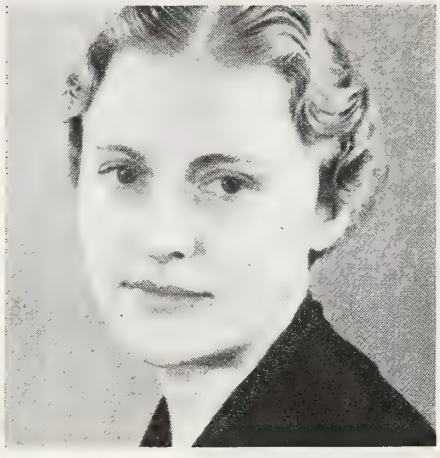
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LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.



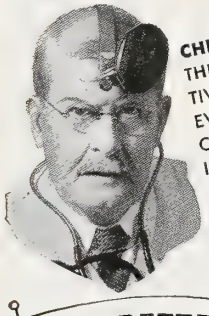
I was sallow and sort of logy



• Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

Used by over 15,000,000 people

Our files are full of letters telling what FEEN-A-MINT does for people. Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT does a more thorough job, and does it gently, because you must chew it—and chewing spreads the laxative evenly through the intestines so that more complete relief comes without straining and griping. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—you'll join the 15,000,000 people who are boosters for FEEN-A-MINT—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... THEN IT MIXES WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM. THAT IS WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** GIVES MORE THOROUGH RELIEF. ESPECIALLY ADVISABLE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR BETTER RESULTS CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum **LAXATIVE**

BETWEEN YOU AND ME



Pardoned

Please excuse me when I say I'm in love! It's all because of a sweet-voiced, charming and lovable personality and altogether a grand sweetheart—Dick Powell. In my estimation he is the best male star of 1935 and will be for a few years to come. The moment he appears on the screen, my heart melts and I just seem to forget everything.—Sonny Ray, Toronto, Ont., Canada.



The Kitten's Whiskers

I am the mother of a trio of movie fans but seldom visit the movies myself. Today, however, attracted by the usual stir that the first showing of a picture with Ginger Rogers creates in my movie-mad household, I made up my mind that unbeknownst to them I'd visit "Romance in Manhattan" and see what it was all about.

I can truthfully say I have never seen anyone so naturally charming, so delightfully unaffected as this little actress. Half the qualms and doubts about the wisdom of my brood's frequent movie-going are removed if they are getting anything as clean and charming as this film.

"Gee, Ma, ain't she the kitten's whiskers?" breathed my eldest, as I confessed my afternoon's visit at the dinner table. If this is published and my brood see me bursting into print, I'll be the "cat's meow," I suppose.—Mrs. J. Senson, New York, N. Y.



Re: "Lives . . ."

Have just come home from seeing "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and had to sit down and write this little note of praise, as such a picture is worth every bit of praise it gets.

I'll admit I never did care for pictures with an all-male cast, but this one is superb. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Richard Cromwell have never been better.—Verna Hollerock, Newark, N. J.

Has your letter been published in this corner? If it hasn't, get busy and join the rest of the folks who have things to say about the movies. Address your letters to: Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



This and That

Just a thank-you for:

The refreshing, vivid performances of Richard Dix and Martha Sleeper in "West of the Pecos."

That delightful, fairy-tale fantasy, "Babes in Toyland."

The fascinating Oriental setting, the fine sincerity of Herbert Marshall, and the delicacy and thoughtfulness of Garbo in "The Painted Veil."

The vivaciousness, lilt, laughter and spontaneity of "College Rhythm."

Jean Parker (pictured), who dares to be simply young and sweet.—Evelyn McLean, Cheney, Wash.



Gabled to Death!

There isn't enough "star variety" in our movies these days. It is a mistake to think that one star can give us all the variety we want. For instance, no matter what part he plays Clark Gable is still Clark Gable and we are being Gabled to death. Give a few other players a break.

I can't see much in a picture like "Flirtation Walk." It is boring to have to sit through half a picture listening to a couple of not-too-clever singers drone and drag a monotonous, elongated song. Give us more drama and less of these school-boy-and-girl singing classes.

Give us more of Jack LaRue (pictured) and give him the break he has earned.—E. Sommers, Lynn, Mass.



We're With You

Say, it's about time we fans protested against the nauseous comedy

(*Con't. on page 17*)

THE BLUE OF HER EYES—THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS



Bewitching Queen of Coquettes...care-free charmer...whose beauty blazed in conquest...while the world about her flamed! The private life of the world's most glamorous adventuress . . . who used men as stepping stones . . . and made history. Told against an exciting and colorful background . . . as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!... Re-created on the Technicolor screen . . . its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life . . . and glorious color!

PIONEER PICTURES PRESENTS

Miriam **HOPKINS**

in

BECKY SHARP

IN TECHNICOLOR

with

FRANCES DEE
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BILLIE BURKE
ALISON SKIPWORTH
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The first... full-length production photographed in the gasping grandeur of NEW TECHNICOLOR! ...A new miracle in motion pictures...that promises to create a revolution...as great as that caused by sound!...The producers of "La Cucaracha" are proud to pioneer and present the first full-length feature filmed in the full glory of NEW TECHNICOLOR!

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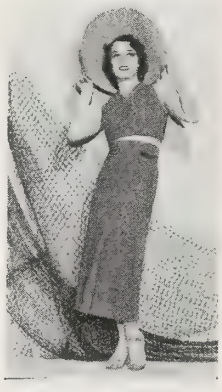
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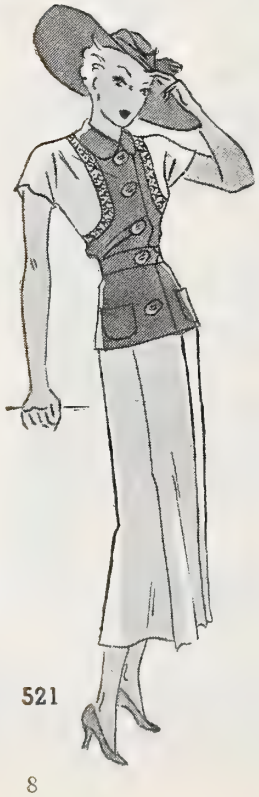
Patterns

Here are three exciting summer costumes for you, all ready to be made and straight from Hollywood to you. Pattern 748 is a beach or bicycle dress in blue cotton crepe worn by Ann Sheridan. The "bra"-like, halter-neck top and the divided skirt with high, stitched belt comprise the outfit. Pattern 751 is another beach costume or play pajama done like an overall. Grace Bradley wears it with a great floppy beach hat. It has a sunback. Pattern 521 is Joan Bennett's charming summer sports dress in two-tones of crepe, navy and white. The blouse is navy with sleeves of the white faggotted in. All patterns in sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.









521

Instructions for ordering patterns and our new Pattern Book on page 92.



751



748

HE LIVED A HUNDRED OTHER LIVES *But* COULD NOT LIVE HIS OWN...

Branded by the stigma of long prison years — today, a gentleman; tonight, a criminal; tomorrow, a fugitive from a man who stalked him as relentlessly as a tiger stalks its prey . . . no love, no peace, no pity; only struggle and flight from a sentence that never ended!



Joseph M. Schenck
presents a
DARRYL ZANUCK
PRODUCTION

Les Miserables

OUT OF ONE MASTERPIECE..ANOTHER HAS BEEN CREATED
The majestic sweep of Victor Hugo's immortal words leap to life in a pageant of human misery, defeat and triumph.

Starring **FREDRIC MARCH · CHARLES LAUGHTON**

CEDRIC HARDWICKE • Rochelle Hudson • Frances Drake • John Beal

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI

20TH CENTURY PICTURE

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

HOLLYWOOD SHOTS



Right, Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Young as they entered the "Troc" after "Tobacco Road" opening. Below, The Gene Markeys (Joan Bennett) bask in the sun at Palm Springs on a recent holiday. Nifty helmet of Gene's! And below right, Kay Francis waved M. Chevalier off on the train then hurried over to Frank Borzage's Chinese shindy. Left to right, Dick Powell, Mrs. Lew Borzage, George Brent, Kay and the host, Frank Borzage.



Margaret Lindsay and Phillip Reed bump into the Charles Boyers (Pat Paterson) as they enter the Trocadero. Scotty snapped this smiling greeting. Charles has good reason to beam now that the fans are clamoring for him.



A famous threesome lines up for a few words at the 10th Anniversay of the Warner broadcasting station—Bette Davis, Dolores Barrymore and Harry Warner. Dolores was at the opening ten years ago, yet she hardly looks a day older.





Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man Joins the "G-MEN" and Halts the March of Crime!



Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime!

The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of this gang-ridden day and age.

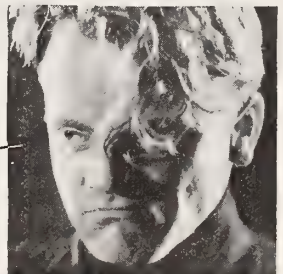
They've brought the G-MEN, mighty man-hunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo — the last stand of the underworld!

It's all here! . . . every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set — and sprung — on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no jail could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

"G-Men" is easily the *stand-out* for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Yesterday

Public Enemy No. 1 in the never - to - be - forgotten Warner Bros. thriller, "The Public Enemy."



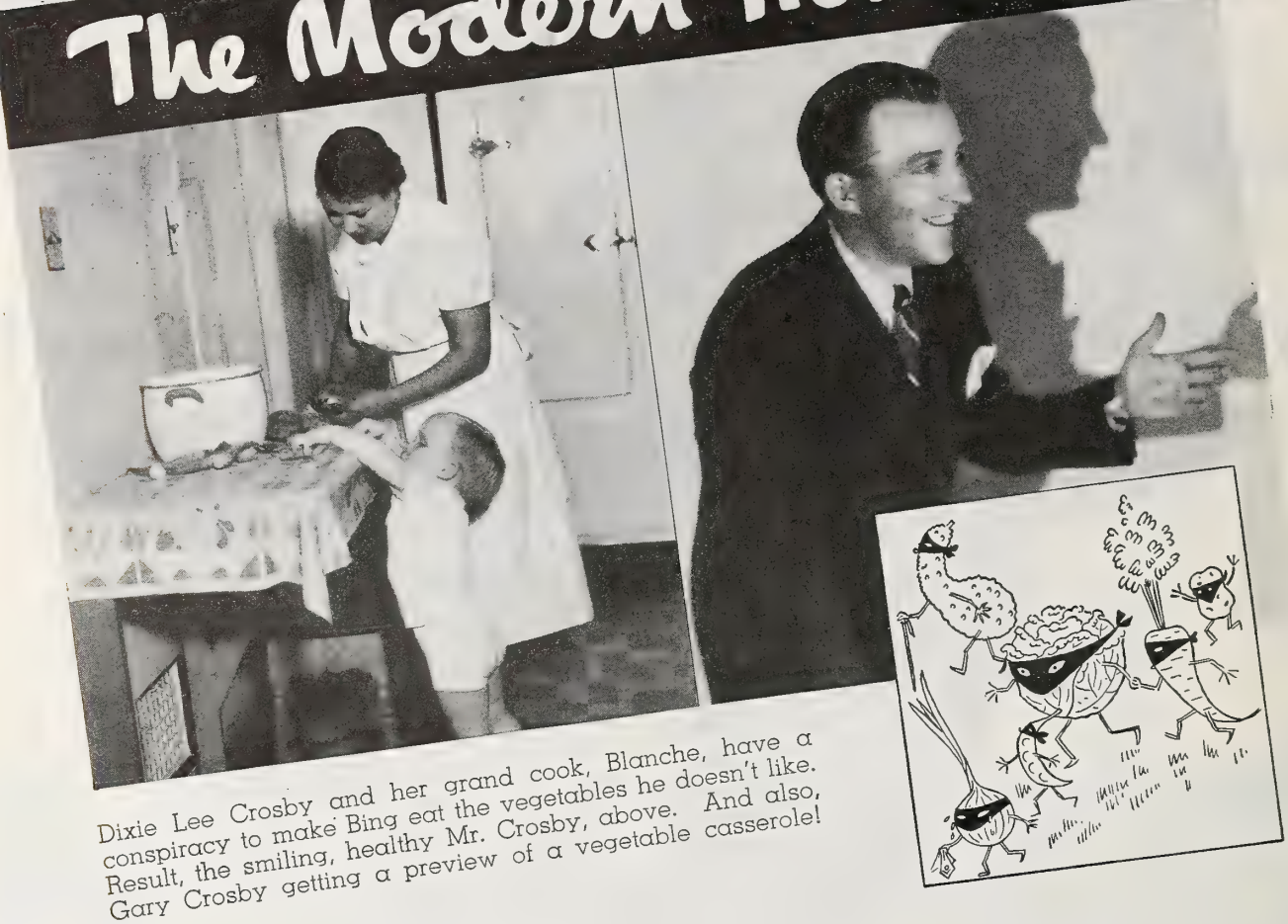
Today

he's on Uncle Sam's side, staging his own private war with the public enemies of 1935!

JIMMY CAGNEY revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs! . . . And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

The Modern Hostess



Dixie Lee Crosby and her grand cook, Blanche, have a conspiracy to make Bing eat the vegetables he doesn't like. Result, the smiling, healthy Mr. Crosby, above. And also, Gary Crosby getting a preview of a vegetable casserole!

there's a new game being played in the Bing Crosby household! No, it does not boast of any strange name such as "Backgammon," "Bagatelle," or "Towie"—in fact it has no name at all unless you'd choose to call it "Vegetable Masquerade." But it's being played daily with great regularity and secrecy by Bing's blonde, pretty little wife, Dixie Lee, with the assistance of the family cook, Galveston-born Blanche.

The rules of the game are very simple. You start out with a question: "When's a carrot not a carrot?" You then proceed to answer this question in as many ways and with as much originality as possible. For instance, a carrot is not a carrot when it's inundated with a savory gravy, when it's disguised as part of a meat dish, or when it's topped with fluffy biscuits!

After you have become proficient in these first steps you go on to other vegetables, according to the season of the year, the family exchequer and the preferences of the cook. It's a great little game and many's the harassed housewife who would profit by taking it up in a serious way.

You see, Bing Crosby, Crown Prince of Croon, has one failing in common with many mere males and almost all youngsters. He doesn't like vegetables! Yes, like most food-loving men Bing is violently opposed to the inclusion of the lowly onion, the caloried carrot or the luscious tomato in his daily diet. If he had *his* way he'd eat nothing but flaky apple pie, sun-colored lemon pie, scalloped oysters, thick juicy steaks, ice cream and a mysterious, delectable frozen concoction known in the Crosby menage as "Mississippi Special."

You too, undoubtedly, have the same trouble with your family, so I am going to let you in on the workings of the mighty plot that originated in Dixie Crosby's upstairs sitting room and is carried out under Blanche's watchful eye in the Crosby kitchen.

BING, of course, doesn't realize that petite Dixie and their efficient cook are in league to keep down his proteins and lessen the consumption of his beloved starches and sugars by means of this "Vegetable Masquerade" of which we were speaking. But in this way they see to it that Bing's vitamin scales (A, B, C, D,) are as righteously regarded as his vocal scales.

So the game progresses with Bing daily sitting down to an endless procession of vegetables, steaming and palatable, disguised in gravies, baked with fish, cooked in stews, en casserole, under puffy, fluffy biscuits

Here's how Bing Crosby is tempted to eat vegetables!

—skillfully prepared. And Bing eats them contentedly, little dreaming that he is the victim of a gigantic kitchen conspiracy! It was Blanche, the Crosby cook, who supplied me with details on how this little plot is carried out.

"Mr. Crosby never says what he wants for dinner," that efficient colored girl informed me. "Breakfast, though, is different. Sometimes Mr. Crosby, when he isn't working, wants hot cakes, bacon and coffee. When he is going to the studio he usually orders only toast and coffee. So I never prepare breakfast for either Mr. or Mrs. Crosby until I hear what their orders are.

"For the evening meal it is Mrs. Crosby's idea to try to include a wide variety of vegetables in the main dinner dish. Often I cook the vegetables right along with the meat and serve them saturated with the meat juices so that Mr. Crosby won't realize that he's eating them. Sometimes, if he has been deep-sea fishing and brings home his own catch, I make a Baked Fish à la Constantinople which calls for a lot of vegetables, cooked with the fish. It's very popular both with the family and with their guests.

"Once in a while I fix up a simple New England Boiled Dinner. Or I use a left-over roast and gravy in a casserole with vegetables and cover it with sour-milk biscuits. Mr. Crosby likes sauerkraut, too, with spareribs. He likes only a few ribs cooked with the vegetable. The other spareribs he likes to have baked in the oven so that they are crisp and crunchy to bite into."

PERHAPS the greatest favorite in the Crosby dinner repertory, I learned, is that famed and proletarian dish, Mulligan Stew. It has a nostalgic quality, that stew. It belongs among Bing's childhood memories and its appetizing aroma takes him right back to his Spokane school days when the seven Crosby kids gathered at the parental board for heaping servings of a dish that is as Irish as Paddy's pig!

"We topped it off then with a great big apple pie!" says Bing with a gleam of gustatory appreciation in his blue eyes.

Today, Blanche makes Mulligan frequently in the kitchen of the Crosby's English-style home in the wooded Toluca Lake section of Hollywood. She buys three or four pounds of lean brisket (sometimes she varies it by using veal), pops the meat into hot water and lets it boil until the meat is almost tender (about an hour and a half). She then adds salt and pepper to taste and small, scraped (*Continued on page 80*)





KATE: "Look, Ida. That wash of Mrs. Palmer's is full of *tattle-tale gray.*"

JOAN: "And how! That dingy color almost shouts that her soap didn't get out *all* the dirt."



IDA: "You know, Kate — my clothes look terrible—but what can I do?"

KATE: "Just change to Fels-Naptha—*and dirt can't stay* behind. Smell!—that *golden* soap holds *lots* of naptha."



ERNIE: "Wh-e-e! All dolled up for Dad."
IDA: "It's an old dress — but it looks so nice and white now—you'd think it was new. I could hug Kate for making me change to Fels-Naptha Soap."



IDA: "Hey, you little rascal! Don't you muss up mother's silk things. Those are my best stockings and undies — and Fels-Naptha is the only thing that's gentle enough for them."

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

FELS-NAPTHA Soap is *two* dirt-looseners instead of one.

Richer golden soap and *plenty of naptha* added! Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt like "trick" soaps do. It gets ALL the dirt—even the deep-down, stuck-fast kind. It gets clothes beautifully white!

Fels-Naptha is *safer*, too—*gentle* as can be to daintiest things. And it's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Get some Fels-Naptha today. It's great in tub, basin or machine! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO. NRA CODE

She Hates Fashion Pictures!



It's so rare that Marlene Dietrich will pose even in costumes from a picture, that this special group, designed for her personal wardrobe by Travis Banton, is news with a capital N! Reading from left to right, top row, first a striking cape costume in beige kasha and sheer brown wool. The skirt is shorter than we have been wearing them. Her full cape is trimmed with natural lynx and lined with the brown of the blouse. Next a dinner suit in black bagheera velvet with smock-like swagger coat, long slender skirt and tucked organdy blouse. Below, back and front views of a poem in white chiffon! Note the bare shoulder, the carnation cluster and the dramatic lace gloves. Very Grecian.

Dietrich wears new clothes for you

Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids—



There is a charm and beauty in DR. ELLIS' Beauty Aids that identify them wherever they are seen, and they are seen everywhere.

DR. ELLIS' Products give that certain "exotic" touch that makes the discriminating modern woman so glamorous.

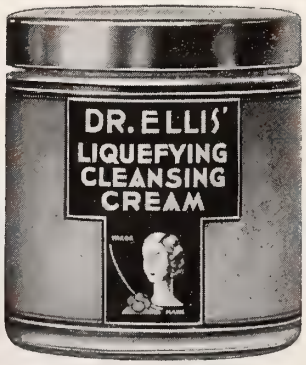
DR. ELLIS' Beauty Aids were inspired and created to make Milady more charming, and their use makes home grooming a pleasant ritual rather than a difficult and extravagant luxury.

A few minutes daily, and an entirely new sense of "exquisite loveliness" is yours.

DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK DRY" WAVESET has stood the test! DR. ELLIS' WAVESET does NOT discolor hair. It makes hair lovely and keeps it so. Waves take on the luster of a lemon rinse and last longer. The handy "Comb-Dip" bottle in which DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK DRY" WAVESET WAVING FLUID is sold has been proven the ideal dispensing unit.

LEAVES NO POWDER





For The Modern Woman—

DR. ELLIS' BEAUTY AID PRODUCTS

DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK DRY" WAVESET WAVING FLUID . . . 10c
DR. ELLIS' BRILLIANTINE 10c
DR. ELLIS' LIQUEFYING CLEANSING, VANISHING, LEMON CLEANSING, HAND, TISSUE and COLD CREAM . . . 1½ oz. 10c . . . . 4 oz. 20c
DR. ELLIS' POLISH REMOVER . . . Oil and Plain 10c
DR. ELLIS' CUTICLE OIL 10c
DR. ELLIS' CUTICLE REMOVER . . 10c
DR. ELLIS' NAIL POLISH Creme or Clear, CORAL, CRYSTAL, NATURAL, CARDINAL, RUBY and ROSE . . . 10c

The above listed and other Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids may be purchased in your favorite 5 and 10 cent store or at your nearest toilet goods counter. Price in Canada, 15c.

THE DR. ELLIS' SALES COMPANY
PITTSBURGH · TORONTO

Beauty ADVICE

The stars recommend their special diets and exercises

BY MARY BIDDLE



Well, girls, how do your measurements tally with those of Venus? As you can see, Carole Lombard is modern perfection. Wotta figure!

Did you know that seeing a Mickey Mouse comedy is a regular beauty treatment in itself for you? Laughing helps to stimulate the circulation, and it also helps to develop a beautiful throat. Singing, too, is grand for developing the kind of a throat and chest that Grace Moore has, and hers is the most perfect in Hollywood.

You may have a neater figure for the bathing beach, or the dance floor, if you sit upon the seat of a bicycle that requires a lot of busy pedaling to keep it going. When you want to build up the calf of your leg, and skinny legs are enough to give anyone an inferiority complex on the beach, take your bicycle riding easy and ride slowly. Don't ride too long the first time; half a mile will probably be far enough. You can go a little farther the second day, and so on. If you want to reduce your legs and hips, however, go in for bicycling in a strenuous way. Ride as though you were going to a fire. You may even wear a pair of rubber bathing trunks and flannel shorts if you want to reduce in double-quick time.

If you haven't a bicycle, you can't use that as an excuse for not getting into action. The bicycle exercise is a good substitute, though not as much fun as the real thing, we admit. Lie on the floor flat on your back. Now raise both legs straight up in the air until you are almost lying on your neck, and, supporting your waist with your hands, make your legs go through the motions of riding a bicycle upside down.

Swimming is the finest developing exercise in the world. Golfing on the green keeps you (*Continued on page 99*)

La Wing lunches on orange juice and pineapple.



Ann Dvorak recommends the daily dozen.



Ginger Rogers says golf keeps her in trim.



Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 6*)

fare we have to endure! Hollywood is doing a swell job of cleaning up the feature pictures, but why do we have to continue sitting through reel after reel of inane comedy? The headache is that they aren't funny at all. All we see is a lot of worn-out gags dumped into a senseless plot and run under a loony name, while we yawn and fume inwardly. Laugh? If we do, it's because we're tired of frowning or because the boy friend happens to be cutting capers. Eighty per cent of the shorts shown, need a hearty "boo" from us long-suffering movie-goers. Can't something be done about it?

Let us have more "Our Gang" and Laurel and Hardy pictures and the priceless Walt Disney cartoons. Or else treat us to more shorts of educational interest. But, in the name of the Canadian and American public, deliver us from such pictures as those that Clark and McCullough and their ilk make.

Here's to it, and to the best and cleanest screen magazine in circulation, MODERN SCREEN.—Barbara M., Toronto, Ont., Canada.



The Westian Era

Mae West is probably the very last person in the cinema colony who needs someone to defend her but I'm here to tell "Just a Dreamer," from Gallion, Ala., that the criticism he or she wrote about Miss West was absolutely unnecessary. Mae writes and acts exactly as she believes and if American mothers become as frank with their daughters about love and sex as Mae seems to be they won't have to worry about their daughters when womanhood approaches.

We are living in a dangerous period and being frank to both boys and girls about love is going to help many of them to avoid going down for the count when they meet a real problem in life, especially that problem we can't avoid, which is sex.

I probably sound as if I've had plenty of experience—well, it may surprise you to know that you've been reading the advice of a sixteen-year-old girl who has seen two of her girl friends condemned because they went wrong and the villain in both cases was nothing but Ignorance.

We need your advice Mae West, so keep on writing about the subject our nation should know about.—Ruth Bush, Detroit, Mich.



Likes and Dislikes

I would like to see more sane people like Gable, Baxter and Cantor who do not try and force down the necks of the public the fact that they are "tired of it all," and though their pictures are not always good, they always give sterling performances.

I'd like to see Norma Shearer without benefit of husband, Adrian and the pick of leading men try to fight her own battle like other artists. (*Continued on page 116*)

Don't choose your laxative *blindly!*



BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play... in any matter pertaining to your health.

When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have *both* thoroughness and gentleness...you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle ... so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment—it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out. And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

And...that "Certain Something"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that *no other laxative has*. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MM65 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

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When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Preview flashes from SHIRLEY'S greatest picture.. "OUR LITTLE GIRL"

by Jerry Halliday





"COME ON OVER AND SEE MY STATUE!"

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man . . . (Irvin S. Cobb to you) . . . who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

She plays at being happy to rebuild a shattered dream!

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A *"must-see" picture!*



Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

•

You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."



If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it's Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

•

SHIRLEY DANCES AND SHE SINGS . . . TOO!

Shirley

TEMPLE

in

'OUR LITTLE GIRL'

ROSEMARY AMES

JOEL McCREA

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf

FOX


Prima Donna
Since the critics gave Mary Ellis their applause in "All the King's Horses," we await her second picture eagerly. This time Mary will join in song with Tullio Carminati in "Paris in Spring." She's dynamic.





Handsome Men

He's that attractive, gals, and matrimonially footloose for the nonce. Who? Why Cary Grant! He'll do "Jungle" soon.

Gary Cooper hates verbal posies about his looks. Finishing "Wedding Night," he dashed off with the missus to Bermuda.





Funny Men

Edward Everett Horton is adept at playing benign, fumbling nit-wits. He's at his hilarious best in "$10 Raise."

For gusty, robust humor, Wally Beery is the tops. "China Seas" with Harlow and Gable sounds like a lusty role to his taste.





two Blondes

Picture of two pretty stars who aren't worrying their light-thatched pates about all this to-do of redheads and brunettes in the ascendency. To wit, Alice Faye and Joan Blondell. Both have more than a share of brains, vivacity and acting ability. Alice deftly staged a New York reunion with Rudy Vallee between "George White's Scandals" and "Argentina," the picture that brings another radio star, Tito Guizar, to the screen. Joan manages to leave Norman Scott Barnes cooing serenely in his crib while she reels off one picture after another for the Brothers Warner. "Traveling Saleslady" is the intriguing title of her latest—any good jokes, Joan?



Dark beauty

So popular a team are Kay Francis and George Brent that they are scheduled for two pictures together, "The Goose and the Gander" and "Stranded." Kay still goes places with M. Chevalier, too!



Strange beauty

Erratic, gay Kate Hepburn, she's back in a modern role again for "Break of Hearts." Charles Boyer, who breaks hearts on both continents, shares the male lead with the newly popular, John Beal.

She danced before she could walk and it was prophetic!



SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S *first* SIX YEARS

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

HE WALKED the length of that corridor and back again. Up and down. Up and down. Against those white walls the first faint wail of life had sounded, and life's last faint cry, too. He became acutely conscious of small cracks in the stone floor. And on the wall there was a water mark which looked like a duck.

Now he heard the elevator starting down from the floor above and again this sound which, sooner or later, must precede the word he awaited, acted like a vise on his nerves. What, he wondered, had possessed him and his wife to have another baby, to risk the happy security which they already had with their two boys, with John, thirteen now, and George, just ten.

A nurse came off the elevator. "Mr. Temple," she said. With a bound he was at her side. "You have a daughter. She weighs six and a half pounds. And," smiling, "until I can get a tag on her wrist you'd better be on your guard. For there's an interne upstairs ready to steal her. He's entranced with her dimples."

"Mrs. Temple?" he asked. "She's . . ."

"She's splendid now," the nurse assured him. "In a few minutes they'll have her in her room and you may see her."

A breeze soft as spring rustled the leaves of a calendar pad on the floor nurse's desk and caught his attention. Unconsciously he noticed the year, 1929. And the day, April twenty-third.

It wasn't until Mrs. Temple and the baby came home

that the men in the family felt Shirley really belonged to them.

"Gee Whiz," complained young George Temple on the way home from the hospital one night, "the way those nurses act you'd think they owned Shirley. You'd never know she was our baby. They give me a pain!"

It was this feeling on the part of both boys, their attitude that Shirley was their baby too, which helped immeasurably when the five-room Temple house was further crowded to accommodate her crib on wheels, the little chest of drawers in which her tiny clothes were kept, her perambulator and all the infant bathing equipment.

A different attitude and this overcrowding would have resulted in sharpening everybody's nerves. So that, inevitably, beginning life in an atmosphere of querulous bickering, Shirley would have become a nervous baby, unable to digest her food, and been poorer for this all her life.

WITH THE Temples, however, always it had been a question of all for one and one for all. And now they were all for Shirley. To John and George, too, she was "our baby."

When she had her bath it was an event. John would offer one of his big fingers for her to clutch at with eager hands. And George adored to twist into a ridiculous Kewpie curl, the soft gold which covered her head.

When she had her sun bath in the garden the boys would leave their batting practice or the important business of patching a bike tire to watch her stretch and gurgle. And to marvel, silently, as she grew strong on the diet and routine prescribed by Doctor Sands, a Santa Monica baby specialist, and rigidly adhered to by Mrs. Temple.

Shirley began life surrounded by love. In the Temple household happiness was the rule. Consequently, it was natural for her to grow up imbued with a strong love of living, an innate love of life. And this is probably the most important quality she possesses today, the most important quality anyone can possess.

"When Shirley became old enough," Gertrude Temple says, "we used to go to the Santa Monica Athletic Club on Saturdays. It gave Mr. Temple, confined in the bank all week, a chance to have the sun and to swim. And, of course, the boys loved it.

"We had a fenced-in crib we used to put up on the sand. And the most important item of Shirley's clothing on such occasions was a big sunbonnet which protected her head and hair from the sun and her eyes from the glare."

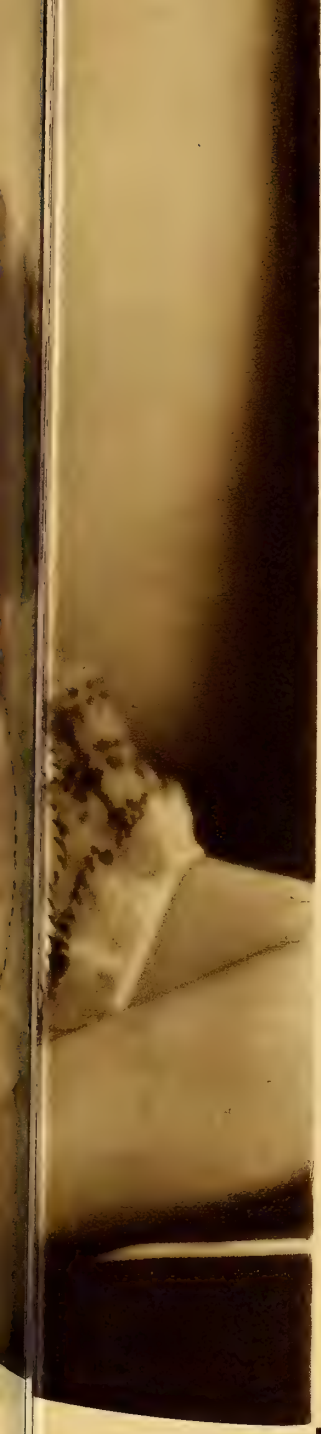
A happy American family spending Sunday on the beach. A young mother and father anxious to give their three children every chance to grow up straight and strong. Never suspecting that within an unbelievably few years the speck of humanity under the big sunbonnet, intent upon sifting warm sand between her sturdy fingers, would cause them to be one of the most famous families in the land while she, herself, would be one of the greatest of all stars on the motion picture screen.

"Hey Mom," George Temple called one Sunday. "Mom, look at Shirley. She's trying to stand up!"

SURE ENOUGH there was Shirley pulling herself up on her feet, clutching feverishly to the crib railing. Her pink mouth was twisted with effort but her eyes shone with excitement.

"Shh-h-h," Mrs. Temple cautioned her husband and the boys, "let her alone. Don't let her think she's doing anything unusual."

Now Shirley was actually on her





Shirley is the perfect and talented product of a typical, happy American family. She leads a normal little-girl life. Right, you see the Temple's modest home.



Here is a corner of the blue and white schoolroom in Shirley's studio bungalow on the Fox lot.



Shirley salutes ole Kunnel Lionel Barrymore during a tense tin soldier battle in "The Little Colonel."

feet. She kicked out one small brown foot and at the same time tilted her head, turning to her family, laughing with pleasure. Then she flopped back onto the sand.

"She tried to dance," her big brother John insisted. "Did you see that? She really tried to dance!"

George Temple turned to his wife. "See that?" he asked, just as if they all hadn't been standing there staring.

MRS. TEMPLE nodded and smiled as women will when men turn proud. And hoped no one would notice the tears brimming in her eyes. She felt a little foolish, turning weepy. But she found something valiant in her baby trying to dance before she could stand. Also, it was as if a dream which she long since had put away—her busy life leaving her no time for dancing except in a casual, social way—had not died after all.

When Shirley was three she had her first dancing lesson.

The floor of that dancing class shone like a big piece of yellow satin. Prim chairs lined the walls. Grouped here and there were a few half-hearted potted palms. In one corner stood the piano.

"Children!" called the teacher, "Children, I want you to meet little Shirley Temple."

The girls curtsied. The boys stopped sliding across the floor long enough to bow stiffly, their hands in the approximate direction of their hearts.

Shirley stood in the doorway. Her dress of pale blue handkerchief linen tied on her round shoulders in two perky bows. She dropped her eyes and there was warm confusion in her cheeks.

The girls all watched her speculatively. They were ridiculously like women watching the new woman in any gathering. There was something faintly competitive in their eyes as they marked her dress and the soft longitudinal curl which ran across the top of her head.

The boys went back to their sliding. One boy, who wore a white sailor suit and had a whistle on a red cord about his neck which he wore tucked in his pocket, took Shirley's eye. It was this boy who finally slid clear across that floor, whereupon he blew his whistle in sheer triumph. Shirley talked about him all the way home. And always he was her very favorite.

"Your little girl is sure to love this class," one of the mothers assured Mrs. Temple politely that afternoon. "My daughter can't wait for Tuesdays. And Shirley is so pretty, such a dainty little lady, I imagine . . ."

Mrs. Temple looked up to make sure Shirley was not within earshot and discovered her out on the middle of the floor, surrounded by boys, her pretty shyness forgotten, she was sliding, too. Her arms outstretched like sails, doing her utmost to make better distance, and celebrating with a joyous "Whee," when she was partly successful.

Perhaps that other mother *(Continued on page 110)*

Her dimples captured internes' hearts the day she was born!



The small Temple and Bette Davis at the Academy Awards banquet.



Before Shirley turned to drama—a Baby Burlesk Comedy scene.



A Message to Girls who "Help Out"



Ann says, "I honestly believe that having responsibilities makes one a better person."



Ann scored another hit in "Folies Bergere." Now she's in "Eight Bells" with John Buckler.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

I have a message to all girls who "help out at home," to all girls and boys, too, who feel too keenly the burden of family responsibility and who cry out at the injustice of it saying, "If I were only on my own. If I could only have all my money. If I didn't need to stick at this miserable job. If, with not so many dependent upon me, I could take the chance of finding something else. If . . ." So futiley.

If you are one of the great horde of noble youngsters who contribute a part, or all, of your earnings to the support of your mother or father, brothers or sisters, you probably look with envy upon the picture stars—those gay and glamorous creatures who apparently haven't a care in the world. Well, don't do it. And particularly don't envy Ann Sothern, for she has been through what you're going through now. She knows your every problem—and knows it from experience. And how she has coped with it is, to me, one of the truly inspirational, truly great stories of Hollywood.

Anne has walked along the boulevards of Hollywood, up and down Broadway, with these words ringing in her ears, "If I don't get a job, my family doesn't eat! If I don't get a job my family doesn't eat!" Do you know how she felt? Have you ever known that same desperation? You can believe me when I say that nothing you secretly have thought or felt about this circumstance isn't known to Ann Sothern.

One day she said to me, "I honestly believe that having responsibilities is a good thing. I think it makes one a better person. Perhaps that is scant comfort. But it is the truth."

I looked at her beautiful, young face, her clear, intelligent eyes and I thought, "Is it possible that such a lovely girl, one whose face is so free from care-lines, could have known tremendous responsibility?"

That's when I began to work on this story. I did not get it from Ann. A few people who knew her well, who knew how courageous she had been, told it to me. I think that you thousands of brave girls like her should not be denied hearing it. (*Continued on page 120*)

Ann Sothern has had her share of family burdens, too



(Left) Lugosi and two of the five dogs that preside over his "haunted" house. One is stationed on each stairway at night! (Right) Elizabeth Allan and Henry Wadsworth shrink away from Lugosi's bat-like figure in "Mark of the Vampire."

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS STORY?

"This house," I said to Bela Lugosi, "is it—is it—?" "It is haunted," said Lugosi. "Yes, please . . ." I hadn't heard that the house was haunted or I wouldn't have gone there.

I had approached it and, at first sight, it really looked harmless enough. A low, dull, red brick house crouched close to the earth on the edge of a precipice, shrouded in ivy, dark with trees.

The gates were locked. A "Beware of Dogs!" sign greeted me. From within came the baying of hounds.

I was admitted, finally, by a tall young person with a pale face and a pale mouth. Bela Lugosi's fourth wife.

I awaited him in the living-room—or could one call it a *living* room? There was a portrait of Lugosi on the walls—that too pallid face, those pale eyes, those bloodless lips, those predatory white hands . . .

There were other pictures on the walls—of Lugosi as "Dracula" . . . pictures of women with wild faces and distraught black hair and bared breasts and wild hands . . . the Lugosi coat of arms hung over the cold hearth . . . taking up one side of the room was a mammoth couch covered with a heavy rug. There were two indentations in that rug, concealing, or so it seemed, three separate boxes. Long narrow boxes—were they coffins?

I began to feel chilled and goose-fleshy. I remembered that Lugosi had had three wives. One stayed with him for a mere twenty-four hours. *Where were they now?*

I recalled, too, that he had come from the black mountains of Hungary, from the little mountain town of Lugos. The black mountains where dwelt Bram Stokers' dread hero, "Dracula" . . .

There came to my mind talks I have had with Lugosi in the past . . . the tales he told me of those vampires in the black mountains who kiss human beings into the semblance of death. Lugosi believes these stories.

All sorts of pale and monstrous thoughts crowded in on me as I waited for him. I thought of mouldering graveyards and shrieks in the night . . . the drip, drip, drip of blood—death . . . I looked up at the portrait of the man with the pale green face and the stretching hands and there was something in the atmosphere of that room

Lugosi knows his house is haunted . . . there's the bat . . . the



Two different poses of Lugosi. Left, as he appears in "The Mark of the Vampire," and below, Lugosi the suave, kindly gentleman.

BY GLADYS HALL

that made the little, lonely human spirit whine in its thin envelope. . . .

I told myself I was ridiculous. There are no such things as vampire bats and spirits of the dead . . . that those three things over there covered with the heavy rug were couches, of course . . . the man Lugosi was a charming Hungarian gentleman who had played "Dracula" . . . and yet I can swear to you that there was something about that house, something in that room, something in the face of that young fourth wife that is not as you or I . . .

You who read can laugh this off, mockingly. My only answer can be to wish you, too, could stand in that room.

At last, Lugosi appeared. He has a beautiful courtesy. But I thought, his eyes are slightly sunken as with dreadful thoughts . . . he looks as though he never sleeps . . . his hair is dead against the thinness of his skull . . .

I said to him, trying to be casual and offhand, "My goodness, Mr. Lugosi, this house—is it haunted?"

"It is haunted," said Bela Lugosi. "Yes, please . . ."

I sat down in the nearest chair. I said, with another attempt at being conversational, "That huge couch over there—would there be coffins under that rug?"

I wished I had not asked that question, for Lugosi did not answer me. He smiled that strangely smileless smile of his—and did not answer. (*Continued on page 89*)

howling dogs . . . the weird woman . . . the coffin-like boxes

A DREAM COMES TRUE

BY WILLIAM FRENCH



You'll ask, "How did they do it?" when you see "A Mid-

They say Shakespeare wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with his tongue in his cheek. The simple theatre of his day could not, of course, even approximate the elaborate scenes called for by the play. And the bard, so scholars tell us, took a wicked delight in writing just about *the* most fantastic drama theatre-goers have ever seen from his day to ours. However, the Elizabethan audiences were quite easy to please, where scenery and props and such were concerned. A simple placard on a badly lighted stage, saying "This is a forest," and—lo!—it was a forest, to them.

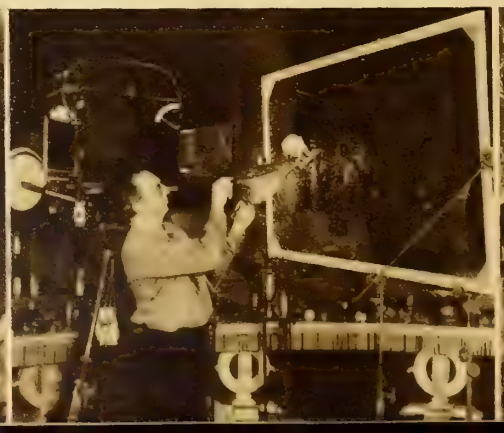
Lest we sound pretty patronizing to those easily satisfied—but highly imaginative audiences—let us hasten to add that the staging of the "Dream," even in our day of mechanical wizardry, is no child's play. Which brings us to the Warner Brothers lot, where Shakespeare's "Dream" has been filmed and where a whole department of "special effects men" are wont to regard William the Great as "just another of them writers."

When Shakespeare planned his special brand of grief for "swaggering, homespun players," he hadn't figured on being aided by our local "props." He knew nothing of Max Reinhardt, of Nijinska, of Hollywood jealousies, nor of the fact that the whole country would be waiting for the screen to stub its toe on one of his tidbits.

He couldn't have anticipated that, when the movies engaged the great German maestro to interpret his work, filmdom's hat would automatically be thrown into the



Cagney as Bottom—read about that head—and Joe E. Brown as Flute in Shakespeare's "Dream."



Hal Mohr blows "flitters" on artificial cobwebs, to make twinkling stars.



Oberon (Victor Jory) and the batmen in their rubber costumes. The woodland



summer Night's Dream." Magic? No—skill and hard work

ring, and that the American public would polish its critical "specs."

Nor could he know that his movie future would depend, not upon the verdict of the great Shakespearean authorities and critics, but upon the reception of his plays by the average American working-girl—that warm-hearted patron of flickering art, whose dimes and nickels have built movie palaces and made super-super productions possible. Girls who could find neither the time nor the patience to wade through hundreds of pages of fine print in search of hidden gems of thought. But the producers knew whom they must please, and were determined to give these girls a thrill of beauty and fantasy, with plenty of romance and color thrown in.

The "Dream" was going to be a super-colossal production, to include everything from electrical research to slapstick comedy.

So, while the lovers of unadulterated Shakespeare were sadly shaking their heads in dismay at the casting of ultramodern, two-fisted, gum-chewing Jimmy Cagney as Bottom, the smart boys at the studio were capitalizing on what they had learned from the success of the colored cartoons and animated "Mother Goose" rhymes.

They had discovered that American audiences loved fantasies (as proved by the popularity of "Mickey Mouse" and the "Silly Symphonies") and were going to make the "impossible" scenes of the "Dream"—such as fairies popping out of falling stars and sliding down moonbeams and humans changing into animals—into a symphony of mystery and beauty, (*Continued on page 106*)

scene, believe it or not, is entirely artificial. Not a backdrop, either.



Anita Louise as Titania. Her train required 91,000 yards of cellophane.



Perc Westmore working on the donkey's head—a most delicate job.



Bob Montgomery holds forth on what to do in case of fire

An Amusing Story About Robert . . .

BY KAY OSBORN

It was the day before Christmas and Bob Montgomery was in no mood to be serious. Since Bob usually takes his interviewing very seriously, he was in no mood to be interviewed either. I could see that the moment I walked into his attractive new dressing-room, (pine panneled and decorated in excellent early American). His secretary was tying red satin bows on fifty (at least) imposing bottles of Scotch — and Bob was seated on the floor examining the contents of a large basket full of expensive-looking bottles — champagne, brandy, sparkling burgundy and so on. I went "Oh!" and "Ah!" and Bob said, "Do you like it? It's for Ray June, my cameraman, because he likes nice things."

And then because I could think of nothing as smart as that to say back to him, I didn't say anything.

"Sit down and have a glass of sherry, and don't ask me a single question unless you want to get thrown out! And don't cry about it either, 'cause I'll give you a story some other time, I promise. In the meantime, it's Christmas, or practically, and I haven't yet decided what to give the fire department."

A sip of the sherry had already loosened my tongue and tightened up my brain cell. "Why don't you give them some of that fire-water?" I suggested.

"YOU KNOW what I really should give them?" he said. "I should give them a swift kick in the pants for having spoiled one of the most peaceful, comfortable evenings that I ever contemplated. And also for having punctured my ego in a very cruel fashion. A lot of people have respect for us movie stars. Wouldn't you think a fire department would? Didn't I tell you about the fire I had up at my place last month?"

"I haven't been to a good fire in ages," I said. "Tell me about it. Christmas is so depressing. Maybe a good fire will cheer us up."

"Well, it was this way," said Bob.

And this is the way it was, in Mr. Montgomery's own inimitable manner of speaking:

One evening, Mrs. Montgomery's sister, Martha Bryan, was visiting us. They were downstairs in the living-room chattering—you know how women chatter—and I just *had* to get away from it. I went into my library upstairs. How calm and still it was there —a man's haven. I was reading peacefully, luxuriously, when the house phone beside me buzzed. I picked it up. "Yes?" I said cooly.

It was Betty. I had known it would be Betty. "Bob, dear, don't you think you had better come downstairs?"

"Betty, I said, "I am reading." My tone was very definitely final, and so was the click of the receiver as I put it down. That'd show them! I went back to my book. But the buzzer sounded again in less than a half hour. That would be Betty again, or maybe Martha. It was Martha. "Oh, Bob, why don't you come downstairs? Please hurry."

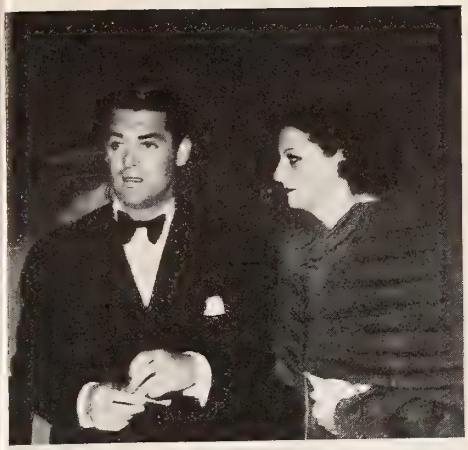
"My dear sister-in-law," I said. *"I am reading!"* Still controlling myself nobly, I put the receiver down again, very softly. The softness and gentleness of my refusals would impress them much more than any belligerence.

Well, this went on for at least two hours, and all through it, I somehow managed to keep my dignity intact, "No, Betty, I am reading. No, Martha, I am reading." It was like a

(*Continued on page 74*)



Mr. Montgomery is one gentleman with a grand sense of humor.





Cary Grant took Janet McLeod to the "Tobacco Road" opening the same day that Virginia Cherrill filed her divorce suit, but now the divorce is granted and Cary is back in circulation. Next, the Cagney clan sees the Bike races. Front row, the James Cagneys, back row, brother Bill and wife (Boots Mallory).





It isn't Robinson Crusoe, pals, it's that old wag, Jack Oakie, trying to scare the horses at the Santa Anita track but Toby Wing spoofs him. Next to them, Nancy Carroll attends a night club opening with Van Smith, her favored escort.



Dick Powell tells Adrienne Ames Cabot and husband Bruce a good story at a recent party. Below, Sally Blane steps out to the Third Mayfair Ball with Cesar Romero and Hollywood wonders if it is a new romantic team to notice.

Picture News



Who's going with whom . . . ? Regina Cannon keeps you current on Hollywood's heart beats





M. Chevalier and Kay Francis deny it's love but they certainly turn up places together! Above, they attend "Folies Bergere" premiere.



Jean Harlow's "reading in bed" divorce from Hal Rosson was granted without protest. Here is Jean in court with her mother, Mrs. Bello.

Well, an enjoyable time must have been had by *someone* at the elaborate party Kay Francis threw recently, but we doubt if that someone was the hostess. Miss F. suffered a cold in the "doze" and, after the ball was over, repaired to a hospital. Next day she rated a berating from the Health Department, which inquired as to how she could be so selfish as to spread flu germs among her guests who, in turn, would doubtless pass 'em to all and sundry. But before Kay departed for the sanatorium, she had a few words with a newspaperman whom she claimed had been uninvited by her. She even went so far as to accuse a friend of bringing the representative of the Fourth Estate. The friend was duly peeved, demanded an apology for being responsible for a "crasher" and, having received a retraction, turned on her satin, spike heel and departed in high dudgeon. Then, the writing fraternity went into a huddle and claimed it had befriended the hostess in times of stress and accident and it was a heck of a way to reciprocate favors received; that is, by insulting one of their members. Well, the whole business was fraught with "the nerve of you" and "how dare *you*" and what-have-*youse!* We'll venture to predict that Miss Francis will think a long time before she stages another pah-ty, or else, she'll curb her temper or cure her cold or do just about everything she didn't do the last time.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of the lady known as Kay, she and Maurice Chevalier are thataway—or, more accurately, are *still* thataway. Just before the Frenchman departed this land of equal rights and unequal fights, the pair enjoyed a three-hour dinner at the Café Roxy, after which the young woman saw the object of her affections off on the train. This romance is sorta recurrent—say, like hay fever.

■ ■ ■

M-G-M is mighty proud of Robert Taylor, the youth who is going places cinematically at a rapid pace. He seems to be going in the same direction socially, too, for Bob is seen here, there and almost everywhere with the town's most pulchritudinous. Immediately before she departed for Europe, he squired Isabel Jewell to a cocktail party, from which he took her to the choo-choo and then dated Jean Parker at the King's Club for the evening. What? No Virginia Bruce?

■ ■ ■

Since Isabel Jewell's name is up for discussion, the poor child was on the verge of tears at leaving Hollywood. Her romance with Lee Tracy seems definitely and permanently over and, those in the know claim that Isabel is taking a broken heart to mend in foreign ports. The gal is a great favorite. Even the hard-boiled columnists go out of their way to put in a word for her. Just as she was about to leave, one of 'em remarked, "I read in a contemporary's column that you were out with Tracy



And did you know . . . ? The inside whispers, the peppy gossip is jotted down for you!



Despite continued denials of a marital split-up, Leslie Howard dines out with Merle Oberon at the ultra-swank Stork Club in New York.



Hollywood has accepted Ida Lupino as Tom Brown's best girl since Tom broke up with Anita Louise. Ida is a lovely heart-mender for a lad.

All photos by Scott

the other night, but I'm sure I saw him with somebody else."

To which Miss Jewell sobbingly replied, "That's just the trouble—*I* wasn't with him."

■ ■ ■

Tullio Carminati and Mary Ellis also are said to "care." Anna-hoo, the pair are as inseparable these days as ham and eggs, pork and beans or Crawford and Tone. Incidentally, Tullio button-holed a cameraman t'other evening and reprimanded, "That picture you took of me was horrible. You should have had it retouched. Remember, I am an arteest and must have protection." Tch, tch, as if a mere photographer would have a sense of values!

■ ■ ■

"The Call of the Wild" company was in a dreadful dilemma—in fact, it threatened to be a major calamity. Though Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie and several others were in the cast, one important role was not filled. The story called for a jack-rabbit, but one could not be found for love or money! Finally, after much brow-beating and heavy thinking, the director hit upon the solution. Taking a meek old tabby cat, he tied on some floppy paper ears—and it looked as wild as any jack-rabbit you'd ever hope to see! After all, "The show must go on!"

■ ■ ■

Will Rogers and Will Hays have something else in common. They're both ardent standard-bearers for the white flag of purity! The gum-chewing Will was passing on the rushes of his latest picture, "Doubting Thomas," not long ago, and looked very doubtful indeed at some shots of Helen Flint, Fox's newest import from the New York stage. The upshot was that Miss Flint was recalled for retakes—with a good inch added to the décolleté of her gowns!

But in spite of the turmoil and titters that the decency squad and their ilk have stirred up in Hollywood, it's been proved to be good business. The public these days are just as enraptured with "little women" as they were with the gay, fallen ladies of yesterday.

■ ■ ■

An eye witness to the arrival of Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Lady Ashley and party at Miami Beach, reports that Doug had more than a little trouble covering his irritation at the play everyone made for her ladyship. It seems Douglas expected the "fem" public to make a great dash for him but little did he wot what admirers of titles his fan public is—so-o, her ladyship was literally mobbed while Doug stood by with a wan smile on the face!

Sylvia, Lady Ashley to us, is a handsome gel in the tall, blonde, willowy-English manner. On a shopping tour, our eagle-eyed



Super mud-pie game! Shirley Temple puts her immortal imprints on cement of Grauman's Chinese Theatre forecourt.



Mr. Lee Tracy gives Scotty the bird for taking a picture of him and his best new gal at the Bike races. She's Hilda Title.

witness said that Sylvia went in for the conservative but that Doug tried to urge the more bizarre nicknacks on her at every turn.

■ ■ ■

Five-carat star sapphire rings mean nothing in Anita Louise's young life—so Hollywood and Kelly Anthony discovered recently. For the blonde actress calmly returned said nicknack when Kelly's wealthy dad insisted that his daughter-in-law-to-be give up all thought of career after the wedding bells and become a homebody. Anita looks so frugile and sweet, that one is pleasantly surprised to hear that she has a mind of her own!

■ ■ ■

That cocktail party which Henry Willson gave in honor of Fred Stone and his daughter, Paula, threatened to be a week-end party. Finally Henry announced that as soon as his guests left, he was going to drop in his tracks from sheer exhaustion—so they unwillingly departed. Everyone and his stand-in was there, but the unique part of it all was that that this is the first time in Hollywood history that everyone knew who the host was!

■ ■ ■

Three dozen guesses about who's the biggest trial and tribulation to the Paramount postmen? None other than that dimpled, blonde, Toby Wing. Yessir, that gal gets more fan mail than Dietrich, Colbert or Mae West! Though she doesn't appear in many pictures, still statistics show that practically every member of the stronger sex who sees her, has a weak moment and writes to tell Toby how irresistibly cute she is. But there's always the tragic side to even the happiest situations, and in this case it's that Toby writhes at the thought of being "cute." She wants to be intensely dramatic and emotional!

■ ■ ■

Now that Spring's arrived, Miriam Hopkins is beginning to "commute" between Hollywood and New York. She admits that she's crazy—about both places! And it's really an awful problem, she explains, to find yourself yearning for California the minute you get settled in New York, and vice versa. Evidently the only place Miriam can find real happiness is enroute.

■ ■ ■

That little boy of Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown is in a state of bankruptcy at present. You see, his fond parents gave him a small bank awhile ago, with the idea that every time there were loose pennies around, they should be dropped into it, thereby building up a neat little nest egg for the offspring. But the other day, curiosity got the best of them after Sally bet Harry that there was at least twenty dollars in it. So in the dark of night, they hastily pried it open—and found just $1.73! That's the way with banks these days.

■ ■ ■

Frances Dee and Joel McCrea make and break more records than anyone in Hollywood. Sounds like they don't have much else to do, doesn't it? But this is really a practical idea, since the records are the lines which they must memorize for their various

One of Hollywood's newest and handsomest twosomes—Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern see "Tobacco Road."



It's Universal's 30th Anniversary and Esther Ralston is squired by William Morgan, her very best beau.



Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hull at the Trocadero after his brilliant opening in the stage play "Tobacco Road."





Our own editor, Mary Burgum, lunches with Gloria Swanson and Jeanette MacDonald at the Vendome Café.



Gracie Allen helps a poor old radio comedian, Jack Benny, while George Burns wonders if she has any "cents!"

pictures. Can't you just see—and hear—one of the McCrea's quiet evenings at home? Frances' record at the moment being one that's mostly shouting and laughing, while Joel's is a tense, dramatic bit, with a few sobs thrown in—and their new son joining in with agonized howls!

■ ■ ■

Gene Raymond is back in Hollywood, slightly the worse for wear and tear, but grinning happily. He's just completed his first personal appearance tour—and did his fans turn out in a big way! In Chicago, the theatre door was shattered by a stampede and in Detroit sixteen girls "rushed" his dressing-room and departed with every detachable item in the place for a souvenir—including Gene's tie. "But, really," Gene assured us, "it was all the most hectic, happy time of my life!"

■ ■ ■

Frances Dee has never put much stock in these fortune tellers who do such a thriving business in Hollywood. But one afternoon, at the insistence of a friend, she succumbed to the lure of a crystal gazer. The seer looked long and hard into the glass ball, then said in a hushed tone, "I see a man in uniform . . . he is near your automobile . . . something will happen that will cost you money . . ."

Frances paid the required money, and chuckling over her gullibility, went out to her car. There, leaning against it, was a copper—who gave her a ticket for parking too long!

■ ■ ■

Paul Kelly has for years had a suppressed desire for—of all things —a part in a "Western"! Most actors wrinkle their Grecian profiles in disdain at the mere mention of such things, but Paul jumped at the chance to be in "When a Man's a Man," and ride a bucking broncho across the sage-brush. You see, Paul was brought up in Manhattan and horseback riding is the height of luxury to him.

■ ■ ■

For nonchalance you can't beat Fred Keating. After the big apartment fire in Hollywood the other day, in which several film folks lost valuable property, the actor and a friend were talking over what they would do had they been caught in the burning building. His friend said he'd grab his purse and account book and run, but Fred said all he'd grab would be his cane, without which he is lost. Imagine the debonair appearance *that* would make—Fred sauntering out of the flames, clad in polka-dotted pajamas and swinging a cane!

■ ■ ■

Tullio Carminati has always admired Charlie Chaplin, considering him the most gifted of any actor on the screen. It was beyond his wildest dreams, though, that he would ever meet the famous man—but lo! on his arrival in Hollywood from Italy, Tullio found himself in the same party as Chaplin. Later that evening, Chaplin sat next to him on the long drive home in their hostess' car, and chatted glibly all the way. But Tullio didn't understand one word of English!

■ ■ ■

It's a long climb from a coal miner to a movie star, but that's

Mary Ellis and Tullio Carminati at "Tobacco Road" opening. They're very old friends reunited.



Carole Lombard hurries into "Tobacco Road" performance with the attentive Bob Riskin.



The Hal Mohrs find time to take a belated honeymoon. She's Evelyn Venable, of course you know.



what George Murphy has accomplished—and his pals back in Portage, Pennsylvania, are prouder of the fact than he is. George was a mining engineer, but worked for a long time in the soft coal mines at Portage, then suddenly decided to give acting a try for an avocation. Now it's his vacation, and coal mining's his avocation.

■ ■ ■

Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien are Hollywood's Happiest once again. Since they lost their baby a while back, this happy-go-lucky couple suddenly changed into heavy-hearted people. But now they're almost their former joyous selves because—of course!—and sometime in the early summer.

■ ■ ■

Garbo seems the name of a myth, doesn't it? But *now* it's the name of a social butterfly! Greta is finally listening to the pleas of her few close friends who have been urging her to get out and around and have a good time. The Garbo legend is dissolving into thin air as a result, for though she isn't exactly kicking her heels and giving vent to gutteral hotchas, yet she is being seen around at favorite nite spots, laughing and talking and evidently having a swell time. What next? First Garbo Talks—then Garbo Laughs, and now—Garbo Laughs in Public!

■ ■ ■

Mebbe you've heard rumors of "the power of love?" But this happens to be a fact about Ruby Keeler and how the emotion reacts on her. When her little sister had to go to the hospital for a tonsil operation, Ruby decided she'd have an operation, too, just to keep her company! So she had a bone fixed in her foot, but before it was healed (no pun) hubby Al Jolson remarked that he'd like to take in the races out at Santa Anita, but not having Ruby along made it kinda lonesome. So what? Ruby calls for an ambulance, a wheel-chair and a pair of crutches and goes right along with Al to keep him company!

■ ■ ■

Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are really thataway, in spite of all Hollywood's supercilious, cynical sneers. In fact, that grand sense of humor which so attracted them to each other, simply thrives on their neighbors' attitude toward their romance. We'll betcha wedding bells will soon be clanging! Of course, the fact that Jean's divorce from Hal Rosson isn't final in California until next year, may delay things.

■ ■ ■

Anita Page has always been known as "mamma and papa's girl" in Hollywood, as she is the most closely watched over gal in town. But she gave the family the slip not long ago, and dashed down to old Mexico with Nacio Herb Brown, where she not only married him but divorced him—not on the same trip, though. Well, Anita's sudden spurt of independence surprised her as much as anyone, and she also found that it was rather fun. The result is a new Page gal—and that mind of her own has added charm to her other attractive features, so much so, in fact, that local seers are prophesying a bigger and better screen future for her.

■ ■ ■

From being one of the town's most ardent and indefatigable night-clubbers, Glenda Farrell has suddenly developed into a home-body that can't be budged from her fireside by anything less than the homestead burning down around her ears. You see, Glenda's just had her new house completed, which she helped to design, and which she furnished all by herself. "There's no place like home," is not just an idle rumor she claims.

■ ■ ■

Movie actors and boy scouts both should have "Be Prepared" for a motto. Consider the case of Jean Dixon, for instance. In the picture "Mister Dynamite," she suddenly learned that it was necessary for her to play the piano in a scene that had to do with the solving of a baffling murder mystery. The scene could not be "faked," either—with the result that Jean spent an entire day and night with a music instructor learning the necessary movements and timing.

■ ■ ■

But Esther Ralston proved that no boy scout had anything on *her*. It was in the same picture, and she was required to jump off a balcony railing. Esther surprised everyone by doing the perilous jump without a moment's hesitation, but with grace and agility. You see, when just a little girl, she toured all over the country in a vaudeville act with her family, who were known as "The Seven Ralstons," an acrobatic troupe. Esther, by the by, is seen constantly in the company of one Bill Morgan, and the gossips have it that you'll hear wedding bells any day now.

■ ■ ■

Station KFWB, the Warner Brothers broadcasting station, had its tenth birthday party recently. All the Warner stars and officials turned out en masse to celebrate. Dolores Costello Barrymore and Monte Blue, who opened the station ten years ago, were there to say a few words.

Dolores looked beautiful but sad, and it is known among her friends that she is very unhappy about John continuing to absent himself from home. It is quite evident that the separation is more than a business one, especially since Dolores did not rush to his bedside in New York when he was ill upon his arrival from England. It is really sad that this marriage seems headed for the rocks but perhaps it may yet be smoothed out.

■ ■ ■

PERSONAL ITEM: Myrna Loy, please come back to the screen soon. All your fans are waiting eagerly for that promised sequel to "The Thin Man" and you've never been a holder-outer before. Where are you anyway, huh?

■ ■ ■

For a young man who vehemently says that he has no time for romance, Gene Raymond certainly gets himself talked about plenty! Just as Hollywood was getting all steamed up about his beauing Ann Sothern around, Gene quietly appears the other evening with Janet Gaynor, thus throwing everyone into a state. However, there might be a bit of publicity coincidence about two-soming with Ann in that they are doing "Hooray for Love." What do you think? It's a good old Hollywood publicity gag, you know.

■ ■ ■

Mary Ellis paused only long enough in New York en route to England, to see a few dozen interviewers and to have an over-zealous press agent pull a fast one on her. We were sitting in her apartment when the phone rang. Mary hopped up and ran for the phone in the next room. We couldn't help hearing her rather astonished answers to questions being put to her at the other end of the wire. When she came back, she sat down and giggled. "That is the most premature arrangement for a house-

Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin, complete a postponed honeymoon!



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell celebrate Warner's tenth year on the air.



Jack Doyle, new cinema-throbber, takes Judith Allen to night club opening.



party I ever have had made for me," she exclaimed. "My English agent wants to know when I can entertain members of the English press for the week-end in my Sussex country home—and I don't even sail until tomorrow!" And they say English picture methods are behind ours!

■ ■ ■

Rarely has there been such regret at completing a picture, as was evidenced on the "Midsummer Night's Dream" set. All the gang seemed to hate to put away their Shakespearean togs and more than one felt it would be a great loss not to be able to caper about in the beautiful woodland setting.

Joe E. Brown, Jim Cagney and Dick Powell are such Shakespeare hounds that they are planning to form a "Midsummer Night's Dream" club, the purpose of which is to do a stage version of the drama each year. All the cast members and the technical crew have promised to join it.

Even screen stars get bitten by the Shakespearean bug—it used to be reserved for the climax to a stage career!

■ ■ ■

Jessie Matthews, who made such a hit with her dancing in "Evergreen" must have been hearing all the American suggestions that she be teamed with Fred Astaire. Anyhow, Jessie is stalling Gaumont-British on re-signing for more pictures over there, and is said to be listening to more than one bid from Hollywood. Astaire and she would make a grand dancing pair. And 'tis said that RKO realizes it and has offered the highest bid so far.

■ ■ ■

It's not likely that you will be seeing Lilian Harvey in American films soon again. La Harvey, despite her pleasure at doing her last picture with Columbia, is slated for a good contract with her old love, UFA. She will return to them upon completion of her present London engagement. No doubt Willy Frisch had more than a little influence upon her re-signing for German pictures.

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich told the New York press that she wouldn't wear trousers while she was in town because she thought it might shock everyone. Little did she think what a jolt she gave the same members of the press with her bizarre, white-faced make-up and heavy, lacquered lashes. She's much too good-looking to affect such a radically different cosmetic mask.

Speaking of the Dietrich, this amusing comment was heard at a luncheon of fashion editors and publicity women. Dietrich was expected to be one of the guests of honor but did not show up. However, midway of the luncheon, Irene Dunne appeared and was introduced by the inimitable Elsa Maxwell. One member whispered audibly, "How thrilling. It's much more exciting to have Irene Dunne than Dietrich!" RKO's "Roberta" had put Irene in the "glamor" group as far as this fashion expert was concerned!

■ ■ ■

Those rumors of a possible reconciliation between Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill can be checked off permanently. Virginia received a California decree on March 26th. Virginia, pleading illness, had only a brief session with the judge, just long enough to list some of her grievances against Cary. Cary, meanwhile, has been beauing several local beauties about town. (*Continued on page* 123)



The opening of the new Café Roxy found Jack LaRue and Renee Torres in a smiling tête-à-tête. The girls all smile like that at Jack, he's a real charmer!



You don't have to guess who this smiling lady is at the right—of course, the nimble Mr. Fred Astaire's mother. Fred is showing her the town.



Right, Alice Faye steps out with Vic Orsatti in Rudy Vallee's absence. Below, Virginia Bruce and Eddie Lowe exchange smiles.

Randy Scott is taking Vivienne Gaye places again. To the Cocoanut Grove.



The Gary Coopers and Sandra's ma, have an argument!





Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
After Office Hours (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	0	3★	3★	2½★	3★
All the King's Horses (Paramount)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Babes in Toyland (M-G-M)	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Babbitt (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Baboona (Martin Johnsons)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	0	3★	4☆	3★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	0	2★	2★	2★	1☆	2★
Behold My Wife (Paramount)	3★	1★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	0	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Big-Hearted Herbert (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★
Bordertown (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	0	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★
Bright Eyes (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4☆	3★	4★	4★	3★
Broadway Bill (Columbia)	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	4☆	5★	3½★	4★	5★	5★	4★	4★	4★	5★	5★
By Your Leave (RKO)	3★	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	
The Captain Hates the Sea (Columbia)	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★
Charlie Chan in Paris (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	3★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	0	2★	3★	0	4★	3★	4★	3★
The County Chairman (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3☆	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Enchanted April (RKO)	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	3★	2★	2★
Enter Madame (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	3★	2★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★	0	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★
Evergreen (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★

Read famous critics' ratings of current pictures—5★, extraordinary; 4★,

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.



Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
Father Brown, Detective (Paramount)	2★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Firebird (Warners)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	2★
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Gambling (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	1★	3★	2½★	2★
The Gay Bride of the Rackets (M-G-M)	1★	2½★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	0	2½★	2★	3★	0	3★	1★	2★	2★	2★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Gentlemen Are Born (First National)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	1★	2★	3★	3★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	2★	4★	3★
Gold Diggers of 1935 (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	0	0	0	3★	3★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Great Expectations (Universal)	4★	0	0	4★	0	0	0	3★	0	0	3★	0	4★	3★	3★	3★
Helldorado (Fox)	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Hell in the Heavens (Fox)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★
High School Girl (Foy)	1★	1★	1★	1★	0	1★	1★	2★	2★	1★	2★	0	0	0	1★	1★
Home on the Range (Paramount)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	0	2½★	3★	1★	0	0	2★	3★	2★	2★
I Am a Thief (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	0	1★	0	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★	0	0	0	0	2	2★
Imitation of Life (Universal)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	4★	2★	3★	0	0	4★	4★	3★
In a Monastery Garden (Julius Hagen)	1★	1★	1★	2★	0	1★	2★	2½★	1★	0	0	0	0	1★	2★	1★
In Old Santa Fe (Mascot)	2★	0	0	2½★	0	2½★	0	2★	2½★	2★	0	0	0	3★	2½★	2★
The Iron Duke (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
I Sell Anything (First National)	3★	2½	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★
It's a Gift (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Kansas City Princess (Warners)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	2★	1★	2★	2★

(*Continued on page 82*)

very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, no review or review unavailable

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

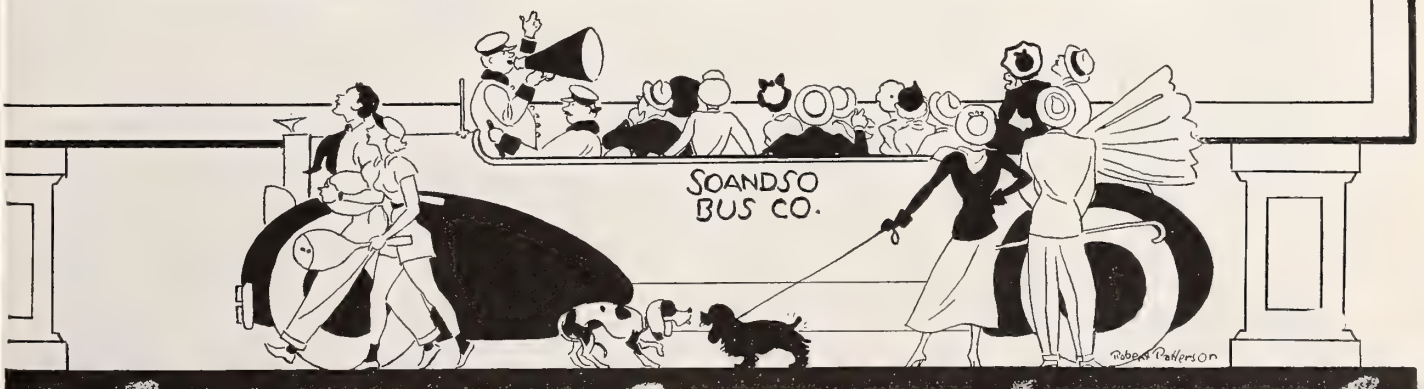
New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

New York Times
Andre Sennwald

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons



Movie Scoreboard

4 UNUSUAL STORIES

HOW "SEQUOIA" WAS MADE

BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT



Once Malibu, the deer, and Gato, the puma, were on friendly terms, it was up to Jean Parker to work her way into their hearts. Feeding them religiously every day did it.

The day after the preview of "Sequoia" in Hollywood a friend of Russell Hardie met him at the studio.

"I saw you in the picture last night," his friend said.

"Did you?" asked Russell, genuinely amazed. "How could anyone even notice the human actors in that picture? I didn't even see myself. I was too busy watching Gato and Malibu."

If you've seen "Sequoia"—and if you haven't you're missing one of the rare treats of the cinema —you know that Russell Hardie is one actor who speaks the truth.

In fact, "Sequoia" is one picture about which the truth may be told. I was disappointed when that marvelous film of the love between a puma and a deer—the deadliest of natural enemies—was released that M-G-M did not give us a little introduction, telling how the picture was made. For the story of its making is almost as beautiful as the story in the film itself. In fact, it's the same story.

WHEN Vance Hoyt's book "Malibu," from which "Sequoia" was taken, was first bought, the studio planned to do its usual faking. The shooting schedule was twenty-one days. In order to live up to that schedule, trick camera shots would have to be used, for the story required that a baby puma nuzzle its dead mother; that a puma and a deer become friends; that a deer stamp out the life of a snake with his front feet.

Obviously, if no trickery were used, these things could not be accomplished in twenty-one days. So they planned to resort to the split-screen shot, a process whereby one-half the film is masked, a fence is placed lengthwise (*Continued on page 96*)



There were no "fake" shots in this remarkable film

4 UNUSUAL STORIES

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE

Frank Morgan's love has withstood every possible test

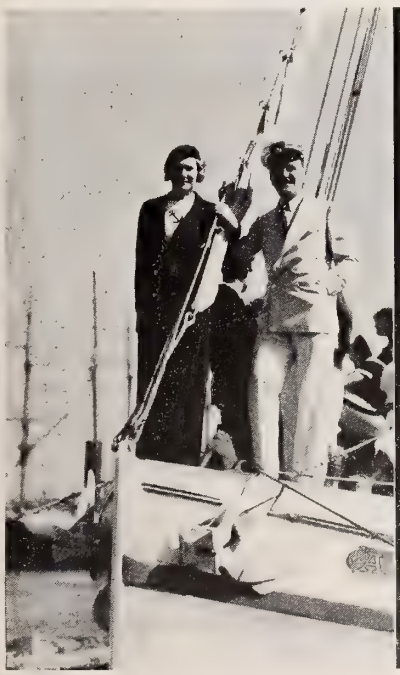
Frank Morgan said it might be a good idea if I didn't call him and his wife "the happiest married couple in Hollywood." So many couples have been called that just before the divorce papers were filed. Not that Frank is afraid. He is afraid of nothing concerning his romance. He knows that the beauty and depth of his marriage is something which cannot be shaken. For their tremendous relationship is built upon a firm rock, hewn out by suffering and heartache.

You see them in Hollywood today, living in a charming house across the street from Freddie March's home. They're just rounding the twenty-one-year mark of marriage and yet every small trip they make together, every week-end spent in the country is a second honeymoon. You know that they adore each other. But what you don't know is the amazing story of the early days of their romance. For Frank Morgan has never told it before. MODERN SCREEN feels proud to be able to give you this real-life romance.

Alma and Frank met the night she was graduated from a private school in New York. At the party at Sherry's after the graduation exercises, Frank asked her for a dance. "Just cut in any time," she said. He didn't like that. It was as if someone had said, "Come to see us any time you're passing by." So he didn't dance with her.

A FEW WEEKS later they were at a party together. And in spite of the fact that he thought she was a snippy kid and she thought he was pretty proud of himself some mysterious destiny drew them together. They sat out a dance, wandered onto the porch steps of a house whose occupants they didn't know. While they were talking, a little boy rounded the corner of the house, and said, "Come look, Mummy and Dad." And then he realized that the couple to whom he had spoken were not his mother and father. He apologized. The young couple laughed. "Do you suppose that's an omen?" Frank asked. It was.

They saw a lot of each other after that and they knew almost without (*Continued on page 121*)



Alma and Frank Morgan aboard the "Alma M."



Frank Morgan—the greatest picture-stealer of them all.



Elsa Lanchester, MacDonald, Frank in "Naughty Marietta."

4 UNUSUAL STORIES

You heard a press agent's story of these film scandals



If publicity men had handled the Arbuckle case, Fatty would have been cleared.



Bebe Daniels, jailed for speeding, had the incident turned into a farce by press agent.



Valentino's marriage to Rambova caused trouble but his press agent saved the day!

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

BY ALAN ST. JAMES

IF A motion picture star kills her husband tomorrow morning, a five-dollar bet will get you fifty that one of the first three people on the scene will be the studio publicity trouble-shooter.

Unheralded and unsung—and darned glad of it—are the members of this small band of laborers in the vineyard of Cinemaland. To the rest of the motion picture industry their work is almost as mysterious as the real-life mysteries in which they are involved. To the men themselves it is a hybrid cross between a swell game and a confounded nuisance.

Don't get the idea that these industrious gentlemen are paid their salaries by the Hollywood studios to obstruct the course of justice. Not at all. But motion picture personalities, the stars and starlets, represent enormous financial investments to the producers. Nothing is so fragile as a Hollywood reputation; compared to it gossamer has the textile strength of sailcloth. The newspaper-reading world is always ready to believe the worst about any screen player, and, even if the subsequent evidence establishes the complete innocence of the victim, there is still a large percentage of the skeptical public that will stick its tongue in cheek and murmur something about "where there is smoke there must be fire."

It is better to avoid unfavorable publicity at the outset than to try to establish innocence afterward. Hence, the afore-mentioned trouble-shooters. Every big producing organization has one or more of them on the payroll and there have been busy seasons when they earned many times as much as they were paid.

The requirements for the profession are many and exacting. First of all, it goes without saying that the candidate must have brains. Next, and almost as important, he must have personality. Thirdly, he must know everybody of importance—and many who are not—in Hollywood and Los Angeles newspaper, screen, civic and political circles. He must have had practical experience both in swaying public opinion and in the ways of moviedom. He must be able to keep his mouth shut, drunk or sober. And he must be available twenty-four hours a day.

POLICE captains and managing editors are the play-day pals of these lads; criminal lawyers and mayors' secretaries answer to their first names. Even the bosses of the film industry are shrewd enough to fraternize with these men—for who knows where (*Continued on page 84*)

4 UNUSUAL STORIES

The Lowdown on Hollywood Chorines



Here's a perfect Hollywood chorus lovely, Ethelreda Leopold from Warner's "Go Into Your Dance."



A line-up on Warner's lot of the fairest chorines from nearly every state. Pretty, wot?

BY HAMMEL SCHMIDT

"ALL ready girls! In your places!" The scene is the huge barn-like dancing stage at Warner Bros. studio. The shouting is that of dance director Bobby Connelly's assistant. The occasion was the "call" for dancing girls to be used in the musical numbers of Rudy Vallee's latest picture "Sweet Music."

A disillusioned pianist (all studio pianists have that "What a life!" Ned Sparkian expression on their faces) puffs away on a perennial cigarette, barely allowing his weary fingers to brush over the keys for the necessary notes.

Feminine robes, fur coats, wrap-arounds, start flying in the general direction of a row of chairs along the side of the wall. A half-hundred of the most breath-taking examples of feminine pulchritude walk, glide and wiggle their ways saucily to the center of the dance stage. Among them, beauty queens who have won every beauty contest from the sun-tanned shores of Alabama to the snow-covered villages of Alaska. An array of luscious loveliness that would cause any Sultan to hock his kingdom for the privilege of having them in his harem. They are seductively bedecked in scanty gingham rompers, bathing suits, or a dozen and one what-cha-ma-callits designed especially by the wearer for rehearsal wear.

The moment was a critical (*Continued on page 101*)

They're high-steppers before the camera only!

(Below) Joe Morrison takes care of Dixie Lee in chivalrous fashion in "Love in Bloom." (Right) "Private Worlds" features Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert.



REV

. . . A TOUR OF

Alert, up-to-the-minute reviews of the screen's latest offerings

★★★★ Private Worlds
(Walter Wanger-Paramount)

Whether this picture is a tribute to Mr. Wanger's business sagacity or not is beside the point, for its production proves that the gentleman is serious about bringing "better things" to the screen.

The theme deals with the idea that each and every one of us lives in a little private world of his own, crowded with inhibitions, frustrations, secret loves, etc., with the story itself unreeled in a hospital housing mental defectives. Thanks to Director Gregory La Cava, there is nothing morbid about the characters or situations, and the picture is studded with such fine performances that it is difficult to decide who rates the first gold star. Suffice it to say that you are going to be enthralled by Charles Boyer—charming, debonaire, suave and sincere. Once again Claudette Colbert comes through with a beautiful, simply delineated characterization. Then there are Helen Vinson, Esther Dale, Jean Rouverol, Sam Hinds and Big Boy Williams —all excellent. The tale abounds in love, intrigue and suspense and rips the veil from us poor mortals, showing how petty we can be.

★★★ Go Into Your Dance
(Warners)

If you're a Jolson-Keeler fan, you're going to go for this celluloider in a big way, for when Al isn't doing his mammy-singing, Ruby is hard at it with her buck-and-wing routines and then, just for good measure, they do their stuff together. The backstage story and other characters are sacrificed for Ruby and Al, with a double-dealing, jealous torch singer and a pair of gangsters left up in the air. Maybe beautiful girls, pretty tunes and clever dance routines, expertly created by Bobby Connelly, are more interesting than plot in this instance. First-rate acting performances are given by Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly, who appear all too infrequently. Helen Morgan is literally and figuratively the "heavy," and is permitted to lilt only one indigo tune. The picture itself is fast-moving, wise-cracking and elaborately mounted and should prove a money-maker for the Brothers Warner and the Jolson family.

★★★ LADDIE
(RKO)

You won't regret seeing this picture, though there's not a thrilling or breathless moment in it. The story is as quiet and simple as its scene—a rambling old farm in Indiana, where Laddie's God-fearing but gentle parents have brought up their large family.

John Beal is "Laddie," but does not live up to the reputation which he acquired from his film début in "The Little Minister." Gloria Stuart is appealing in crinolines and poke-bonnets and gives a convincing performance as the distraught damsel, while Dorothy Peterson, as the mother, is splendid in her role. But the biggest applause goes to the littlest player, six-year-old Virginia Weidler, who is going to make Miss Temple look to her laurels from now on. Personality-plus is in every action of hers, and written all over her serious, small face with its twinkling black eyes.

★★ Love in Bloom
(Paramount)

This picture deserves mention for one small (as to stature) reason —Dixie Lee. For the rest of it, we regret to say, is just too, too bad —and this in spite of the fact that Joe Morrison, erstwhile heart-throbber, and Gracie Allen and George Burns, famous giggle-getters, are among those present.

The plot, if any, has to do with a wrong-side-of-the-track gal aiming to marry the judge's son. The suspense, as you can imagine, is something terrific.

Well, it was nice to meet Dixie Lee, anyhow. If she isn't going places in pictures, the industry must be nearsighted.



(Left) Ruby Keeler does her steppin' and Al Jolson does his mammy-singin' in "Go Into Your Dance." (Below) John Beal, Virginia Weidler, Gloria Stuart in "Laddie."

NEWS

TODAY'S TALKIES

BY REGINA CANNON

Read MODERN SCREEN'S Movie Scoreboard, page 42, for famous critics' ratings of current pictures.

★★★ Princess O'Hara
(Universal)

While this picture is not particularly potent as either a laugh or a tear-inducer, it has sufficient of each to put it in the above-average-entertainment class. There's the Sweet Young Thing (Jean Parker) who would rather be independent than comfortable, the racketeer who in reality is a softie (Chester Morris) and Henry Armetta playing H. A. in his usual gay, inimitable manner.

The story itself is reminiscent of "Little Miss Marker," that is if lit-tul Missy had been permitted to live long enough to grow up, for the heroine is purer than that highly-advertised brand of soap. Although the idea seems stereotyped, the tale itself is an "original," the originality asserting itself in an unexpected finish, which will surprise and delight you. You'll like Chester Morris in this tale. Miss Parker, too, does a creditable piece of work and Mr. Armetta—well, you know Mr. Armetta—he just couldn't be anything but good.

★★ Living on Velvet
(Warners)

Even Frank Borzage's direction could not save this stupid story of a woman who loves a ne'er-do-well and marries him to help him stand on his own feet. It's all very noble of Kay Francis to sit alone, silently weeping, as George Brent reels through the reels. He's just a lit-tul rascal is Georgie, what with busting up "V" formations in aerial shows and running a roadster into a crowded amusement park! Of course, an awful lot of his antics could be charged to arrested mental development, but for purposes of "characterization," he is checked off as the Peck's Bad Boy type; you know, the mischievous prank-player. Well, let it be said that it would take someone with a deal more charm than Brent to put it over. As to Miss Francis, she is indeed the popular conception of a socialite plus the valedictorian of a diction school. And her little backless bungalow aprons are something to attract at least the iceman! Warren William plays the benevolent friend who is a hound for punishment and rates almost as much of it as does—say, the audience.

★★ Let's Live Tonight
(Columbia)

If you're shopping for some pure, unadulterated romance, this picture will be worth the price. Lilian Harvey is the essence of love's young dream, fragile and lovely in diaphanous chiffon with diamonds aglitter in her golden curls. The suave Tullio Carminati is the cause of her girlish heart going pitter-patter, wooing her as he does with his devastating accent. 'Tis true, he loves her and leaves her, but that is only to prove that the course of true love never runs smooth—or something.

Monte Carlo, fragrant gardens and yachts adrift on moonlit waters—the setting is completely there. And if you're not subject to attacks of nostalgia or sea-sickness, you should find it all highly agreeable entertainment.

★★★ Hold 'Em Yale
(Paramount)

If you have good strong ribs, you'll be safe at this show, for we give you fair warning the picture is a strain on 'em. It's packed with hilarious situations, quite a few wise-cracks and competent comedy performances by every player. In fact, you'll find yourself laughing right through the dry spots of the story from force of habit.

Patricia Ellis surprises with an intelligently played dumb heiress, who has cost her poor papa, George Barbier, many a dollar and not a few gray hairs because of her susceptibility to any man in any uniform—be it doorman, postman or policeman. Cesar Romero causes the biggest rumpus, though, when he dazzles Pat with a rented aviation suit, then leaves his distraught "gang" (*Continued on page 118*)











"I LOVE MY HUSBAND, but—"

Norma tells why five men have stirred her. Reading from top to bottom . . . Bob Montgomery because he typifies every girl's beau . . . Clark Gable is a great lover . . . Herbert Marshall has charm . . . Freddie March has intensity . . . and Leslie Howard has sex magnetism!

BY FAITH SERVICE

I could have loved these other five men, too! says Norma Shearer, one of Hollywood's happily married stars

Norma was a flame the other day.

Every exciting woman is half a dozen other women combined in one. Sometimes one mood is uppermost, sometimes another.

I have seen Norma in many moods . . . as the vital and efficient star preparing for a new production . . . as the gracious hostess . . . as small Irving's competent mother . . . as a girl lazing on the beach. . . .

The other day the actress was uppermost in Norma. She wore a tea-gown of some incredible shade of pale flame, gold ornaments at the throat, gold-girdled, gold-sandalled. Her lovely, rich brown hair hung loosely to her shoulders. We talked together in her new dressing-room on the M-G-M lot . . . a dressing-room all crystal and strange green, pervaded with that same pale flame shade . . . there was something in the atmosphere that day that suggested the perfumes of applause and roses, romance and strange adventuring.

Norma said, suddenly, "I shall always find men attractive. An actress, an artist should live colorfully and dangerously in his or her imagination. And, if one is in love with one man, loves deeply, that should make all men seem more attractive.

"The same is true of children. Very often children, as a whole, may



Norma believes that every actress should live colorfully and dangerously in her imagination.

not arouse your interest until you have a child of your own. And then, when you do have a child, when you have grown to love it tenderly through its different enchanting stages, you find yourself responding spontaneously to *all* children, appreciating all of their little moods and eccentricities.

"I first fell in love when I was eight. *I have been in love with someone ever since. . . .*"

Adrian appeared at this revealing moment to show Norma some of the dramatic sketches he has made for the elaborate costumes of "Marie Antoinette" which is to be Norma's next picture. And for which she is having headdresses made, sketches drawn, materials carefully selected.

When he had gone, Norma poured sherry into two tiny jewelled glasses and said, "I remember when I was in the second grade at school . . . there I met the first object of my affections. He had red hair and didn't know that I was on earth. And then, a little later, a soft young cheek held close enough to mine for me to feel the warmth . . . asking eyes and tender goodbyes and funny little twisted gold rings worn on the 'right finger'. And still later, in New York, a little more grown-up, getting my first thrills when I was taken out by a young sophisticate, terribly impressive, with shiny black hair and dancing feet, he was a Wall Street boy. Then, hot summer nights on the Biltmore roof, Park Avenue and a rich man's spoiled son with football games and tête-à-tête teas at the Ritz . . . more farewells and promises 'never to forget' . . . and then, Hollywood!

"Hollywood with men who have been chosen from all parts of the world for their charm, their appeal.

"I have been fortunate. I can think easily of five men whom I have found attractive, each in a different way. Five men with whom it was easy to pretend that I was in love . . .

"There was Leslie Howard . . . Leslie, true spiritual, who can wear the lace frills and bend the knee with such grace (*Continued on page 95*)



Claudette Colbert is fighting for her life—her individual life, her private life

(Left) Lovely Claudette Colbert who has the good sense to remain a human being when it would be a darn sight easier to be temperamental and high-hat. (Above, left) With Joel McCrea in "Private Worlds"—another triumph for Claudette. (Above, center) Her performance in "It Happened One Night" won for her the Motion Picture Academy Award for 1934. (Above, right) Paul and Daisy Lukas, Claudette's closest friends.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF Claudette

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is fighting for her very life these days. Not for her physical life. But, just as important, or even more important in the long run, for her individual life, her private life.

Some girls in Hollywood ask nothing beyond their stardom; they're entirely satisfied to live for their careers. Others keep right on living their own lives, doing whatever they want to do without any regard for the way the spotlight in which they live distorts their actions. They have thick skins. They can take it.

Claudette belongs in neither of these groups. Away from the studios she is temperamentally unsuited to everything a movie star should be. Stardom in itself never would satisfy her. She needs many real and warm interests. But it is with difficulty that she maintains these interests. For when the things she does, while living her own life, remaining true to old friends, and indulging in simple pleasures are misconstrued and falsely colored, it concerns her.

Not long after Claudette had finished "The Gilded Lily" and before she started work in "Private Worlds," Daisy and Paul Lukas suggested that she drive to San Francisco with them. They had to meet Daisy's brother who was arriving from Hungary.

Claudette was delighted to go along. She felt the need of a few days' holiday with such congenial friends and she looked forward to a change of scene after weeks of intensive work in the studios.

On their way home they were stopped for speeding. The officer took Paul's name and then learned that the car he was driving was Claudette's. They had taken her car because it offered better luggage accommodations.

"I'M CLAUDETTE COLBERT," Claudette offered in explanation from the rear seat where she and Daisy Lukas were riding. The officer smiled. The fine was paid. And they went on to Del Monte where they stayed for the night and continued on to Hollywood the next day. When they arrived the newsboys were shouting headlines: "Colbert and Lukas caught speeding; movie stars returning from San Francisco caught near Del Monte."

The story went on to say that Mr. Lukas had been driving Miss Colbert's car and that, unfortunately, the names of the other couple were not learned.

"It was pretty!" Claudette said, laughing and trying to be a good sport. "Very pretty! Well, the next time I'm in a car and we're stopped I'll know what to do. I'll introduce every last member of the party to the policeman. And hope for the best."

This may sound amusing and fairly unimportant. But it is neither of these things. It happens too often in the first place. Besides, the impression it creates is decidedly unpleasant from a personal viewpoint, as well as unfavorable professionally.

As Claudette went on to say, "The real danger about such things is that after a time you become afraid to move. You realize the unbelievable complications which can arise from the most casual expeditions and they cease to be worth the difficulties they're likely to occasion.

"Whereupon you take what recreation you must have within motion picture circles where you have some protection. You cut yourself off, bit by bit, from the life that should be your reward after you've worked hard. And, worst of all, you alienate yourself from the very life you're jolly well going to need when your career is over."

It was this experience and a dozen others, too similar, which brought Claudette to New York this spring. She came eager for an interlude of life as it used to be. She wanted to see her old friends. She wanted to go to the theatre. She wanted to go to the new night clubs.

WE SAT in her suite high above Fifth Avenue. The rooms were filled with flowers and more arriving all the time. Two telephones never stopped ringing. Claudette had won the Motion Picture Academy Award for her outstanding performance in "It Happened One Night" and everyone wanted to interview her and photograph her. Shops wanted to send up models of their new summer clothes. There was a stream of messengers arriving with de luxe catalogues extolling the pipe organs and tennis courts and eighteenth-century antiques it was hoped she would order for the new home she is building. There were long telegrams telling her how enthusiastic Hollywood was over her work in "Private Worlds" previewed the night before.

Claudette stood in the middle of the floor and brushed her hair behind her ears. With the light behind her she looked very dramatic, in spite of the fact that she wore simple, dark blue lounging pajamas and her only make-up was lipstick.

"And," she said, laughing, directing the maid to place in a corner a flowering shrub which had just arrived while the two telephones rang and she slit the yellow envelope of still another wire, "and I came East to get away from it all." It seemed ironical that she could not.

The lighting accentuated the reddish tones in her hair. She always insisted upon (*Continued on page 75*)

WOMEN SHOULD BE WEAK

Gloria Stuart, once a free-thinker and independent spirit, finds happiness in dependence and desire for protection

BY RUTH BIERY

"At some climax in our lives, we revert to type, that is to the type of person we were born to be. Always remember this in writing a novel."

This observation came from a brilliant woman who is on the editorial board of one of the most conservative book publishing houses in America. And even though several psychologists have given me the same thought, I don't think I actually believed it. I didn't grasp the meaning of it until recently, after a talk with Gloria Stuart. And I don't suppose that I'd have believed it even then, if I hadn't known Gloria Stuart long enough to realize that she was speaking the truth when she said to me, "I have decided what I really want in life is to be a weak woman!"

Gloria Stuart—a weak woman! Even now I smile as I phrase that expression in relation to Gloria. For Gloria, in the past, has been about as weak as a cactus thrusting itself sharply through the stubborn desert sand. And yet as a little girl—and that's where we have to begin in order to understand the amazing change in the Gloria of today.

Until Gloria was nine years of age, she lived with her mother and father in the country—for Santa Monica, California, was then "the country." It had not donned its sophisticated smartness yet as a fashionable suburb of Hollywood. It's small, farm-type houses rambled helter-skelter among wheat fields and untenanted beaches.

"Our family was beautifully happy. Close to the earth. My mother and father were idealists, living life fully because it was a sheer joy for them to live it together. I can remember my father saying, again and again, 'There are only three things in life that make it worth while: Happiness, health and consideration for others.' He didn't speak about money because he never thought about it. He didn't have much. He worked for a living and that was all sufficient. There were many, many families in those days like my mother and father; many homes in which children were reared upon love rather than upon ambition.

"Then—" Gloria paused to sigh, "father died." Another long hesitation. "I wonder if anyone can understand. Mother had been just mother to me. The family had been just the family. Now the head of all this was gone. I entered high school at twelve. Too young. I joined a fashionable sorority and at fourteen I was smoking incessantly. I could and would sit and spout about free souls by the hour. I knew more about it, to hear me talk, than Judge Ben Lindsey in person. I didn't know what I was talking about but I thought I did. Philosophy became a passion with me and when I went to the University of California in Berkeley, I majored in it."

A DAUGHTER of the new school. A girl who would have headed a suffrage parade, waving a striped flag, thinking she had found the reason for woman's existence. A modern, self-sustained, independent free-thinker at the time when free-thinking had become one of the bywords among women.

She could have graduated with high honors. She was considered one of the most brilliant youthful philosophers at the University of California. But Gloria decided, in her second year, she didn't care about graduating with scholastic honors. So she joined the Bohemian group, that we-live-as-we-please and think-as-we-please contingency that adds color and excitement to the routine of any large campus.

Her ideas of freedom had deepened, rather than lessened, since her high school days. Love, she thought, held too important a place in the lives of most women. It made them weak, dependent upon male beings. A woman's place was not in the home, protected by broad, selfish shoulders but in the world of action and emancipation. Gloria's declamations against *weak women,* in those days, reverberated around that campus and were quoted on other campuses. Marriage was as certain slavery for the female as ownership had been for the blacks before Abraham Lincoln had freed them.

"I only married my first husband as a concession to my family and its traditions." Her eyes twinkled briefly as she says it. "And I didn't want children. I had an actual physical fear at the very thought of them. I epitomized, to myself, what I considered a strong woman."

GLORIA'S theories were consistent, as consistent as a truly shrewd intelligence could make them. They reached even to the economic side of life, where so many theorists become practical. She and her young sculptor-husband went to Carmel-by-the-Sea to live because that was, and is, the Utopia for free spirits. They had no money but they didn't care about money. They both worked. He on his sculptoring and she on her writing, and acting. She (*Continued on page 104*)



Above left, is Gloria Stuart, the calm, poised star the screen sees. Above right, is Gloria as the happy, contented Mrs. Arthur Sheekman, with her husband, the man who showed her how worth while it can be to be "A weak woman!" And right below, Gloria with John Beal, reading "Laddie," in which they appear together.







Harlow

Beauteous Jean steps through the paces of a hot new dance called "La Trombosa" in "Reckless"

Beginning at the lower left and moving up and across the page, you see Jean and her partner, Carl Randall, in several moods of "La Trombosa." It will outrhumba the rhumba when you get to know it. First Jean and Carl step forward in a sinuous glide. Then a pause with Jean giving Carl one of those burning looks! Whoops, just try this counter balancing idea above. Then above right, Jean and Carl do a real back-bender, reversing positions, and gracefully strut from view, at lower right. And just for an encore, Jean poses alone.


Dances

THE INTERVIEWER'S *dilemma*

BY REGINA CANNON

FRED ASTAIRE is privately known among the Hollywood writing fraternity as "the interviewer's dilemma" —for reasons which I hope will be made obvious. Fred is quiet and conservative, yet he is neither dull nor priggish. His home life is peaceful and contented, yet neither humdrum nor dreary. Fred likes to attend parties, though he arrives late and leaves early. He doesn't smoke, he doesn't drink, he doesn't "play around" —unless the camera is grinding and the sound track registering his verbal "passes." He has danced before the crowned heads of Europe and the bald heads of America. He remains unimpressed, but not at all blasé. He has played "command performances" and the honky-tonks and, if the audience is attentive and appreciative, he has neither complaint nor preference.

Fred Astaire distinctly "isn't the type," yet he is the latest contender for highest box office honors. He isn't handsome by any standards of male beauty, but he's got "it." He isn't romantic, yet the "come hither" is there in large and potent doses. Poor Fred Astaire! All he can do is dance and act—and there aren't many, standing way up thar on the celluloid platform, who can do either, let alone both.

IT WAS written, somewhere, that he is shy. He isn't. He has too much *savoir-faire* to you, and "perze" to me, for that. He's been around, you see. Everywhere. A lot. So, as a male shrinking violet, he's a great, big flop. He likes people unless they sit in Row B when he is dancing and give him that "Go on now, I dare you to be good" across the footlights. Instead of that attitude summoning an incentive to please, it merely brings on an "And nerts to you, too" mood, which he can't or won't shake off.



Below, Fred and Ginger Rogers stepping off in "Roberta."

Fred Astaire's a genial guy but very short on small talk



Left and right, Fred with Schnitzel—and by himself in a slightly pensive mood.

Left and right again—Fred on a day when everything was swell. He throws backgammon doubles like *that!*

The day I saw Fred Astaire he was in a particularly gay mood. The exhibitors' reports on "Roberta" had just come in and he had had a letter from his sister, Adele, all the way from London. They were dancing partners for years, if you recall. Fred read excerpts aloud and timed them for chuckles. They came all right—I mean the chuckles. He touched lightly on the temperament of co-workers who had tripped the light fantastic with him. The suggestion was made that, of all of them, Miss Astaire must have been the most tractable and pliable. Fred, who adores her, emitted a hoarse laugh that might have emanated from the sleek throat of a prize entry at the Santa Anita race track—say, Spark Plug. At any rate, the general idea gleaned was that most women are difficult when on the ballroom floor, professionally.

FRED had what is known as a hard life during his early youth. He was never hungry; he was never cold. But he knew work, gruelling practice, with himself as his brutal taskmaster—and he was on intimate terms with disappointment. He danced because he couldn't help it. He never sat down and thoughtfully figured it out as a profitable career, nor as the open sesame to fame and its attendant adulation.

It all began years ago when he tagged along after Adele to dancing school. Most of the pupils, like Barkis, were willing, but showed little (*Continued on page 103*)

And that's why he's become a trial to most interviewers



Miriam Hopkins, above, says, "Forget yourself when conversing and talk only of those things in which you're interested." Sylvia Sidney, below, proffers this bit of advice, "Say what you have to say without allowing your listeners to get ahead of your story."

"If you can't think of anything to say, listen; there's no surer route to popularity. Once people take a liking to you, you'll talk," says Harlow, above. "Shy people," advises Myrna Loy, below, "should accustom themselves to talking to one person at a time."

The stars have had to learn ways to

YOU CAN LEARN HOW TO TALK WELL

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

TO TALK well is very important. To be able to relate things so that you hold your listeners' interest. To be articulate concerning your own ideas and your individual emotions. To have your conversation fluent and provocative, not halting and dull. And, as a result, to be an infinitely more attractive personality. Surely all this is greatly to be desired.

Greatly to be desired and within everyone's grasp. That's the marvellous part of it. Within everyone's grasp if only they'll take the trouble to grasp it.

"The sound of your own voice in a room full of people can be so horrible," Myrna Loy says, with an understanding which proves Myrna didn't always talk as easily as she does today. "But it does help some, I think, to know that a great many people have been obliged to overcome this fright."

Myrna is naturally quiet. She isn't the life-of-the-party type. She isn't one of those people who feels it her duty to avoid even a momentary silence. However, when Myrna talks she talks well. She flavors even her most casual comments with her point of view. In other words Myrna isn't inhibited about peppering her conversation with personal reactions and observations.

I LUNCHED with Myrna the other day in the M-G-M studio commissary. Next to our table was the long table at which the directors gather at noon. It was very nice to mark the warmth and fellowship with which these men, many of whom have worked with Myrna, greeted her. And to mark the ease with which she returned their greetings.

"You must have known difficulty in talking to people once," I taxed her that day. "Otherwise you couldn't possibly know that horrible sinking feeling which comes at the sound of your own voice when everyone in an entire room suddenly seems to stop everything he is doing or saying to gimlet you with his eyes."

"I did indeed know that horrible sinking feeling," she said. "Even now remembering certain experiences, I feel a little ill.

"As a matter of fact," she went on, "it was when I began to resent the unhappiness my self-consciousness was causing me that I was prodded into action, that I determined to do something about myself.

"I trained myself. Step by step. First I talked to one person only. Then I ventured to talk when I was one of a group of three. Then when I was in a group of four. And so on. Until I defeated that frightful fear I had known.

"And as it began to disappear I found myself thinking more of what I wanted to say and less of myself or my audience. As a consequence I began to say whatever I had to say to better effect. And this assurance did me a world of good."

Smart Myrna! Smart because she admitted to herself the disadvantage she was at, took herself in hand intelligently, and didn't expect to accomplish a miracle overnight.

Rule one, then, if you would learn how to talk:

If you're prone to self-consciousness don't attempt to entertain a room full of people. Accustom yourself first to talking to one person at a time, then to two people at a time, and so on and on.

COMING AWAY from Hollywood this last time I feel, as always, that I have been visiting in the most inspiring place in the whole world. Hollywood has no ancient wonders such as the catacombs of Rome. And I'm not prepared to compare the modest California Sierra Nevadas with the Swiss Alps. It isn't because of any sights that I find Hollywood so inspiring. It's because of the people, the film people. Mentally and physically they stand at a high point of development. They are a group of people who have made the most of themselves as human beings. They have developed and improved themselves in a way which must give anyone observing them pause.

And because, among many other things, the film people have taught themselves to talk well, realizing this to be a darn important part of the business of being a personality, they're able to offer invaluable pointers.

Miriam Hopkins was lying on the sunny beach in front of the Santa Monica Beach Club. Her swimming suit showed her to be at absolutely the right weight for her. Under her beach parasol lay a French book. That morning she and her French teacher had spent a couple of hours in French conversation. There also was a telegram from a firm of decorators pertinent to the New York house, previously belonging to the late Elizabeth Marbury, which Miriam bought. (*Cont'd on page 78*)

overcome shyness and self-consciousness and so can you

MEET NELSON EDDY

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Unnoticed for two years, he's a wow in "Naughty Marietta"



The preview audience expected to heap new laurels on Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta" (which they did) but to their surprise they found a new star—Nelson Eddy.

Over at Culver City's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios they are wondering if they have a singing prophet, a tin god or an actor with "high ideals" under contract. The enigma's name is Nelson Eddy. He is blond, blue-eyed, stands at least six feet tall, has a round, robust baritone voice that wows the ladies and their gents, and for six months of the conventional twelve he hies himself to the hinterlands to sing for doting thousands.

On the night of February sixteen, after almost two years of waiting around Hollywood, killing time, eating noonday meals in the busy studio commissary, wondering when he'd really start to work (he had minor singing roles in "Dancing Lady" and "Student Tour"), being photographed variously, reported engaged and married to at least two blondes (neither of whom he had ever taken out socially), chafing at idleness like any ambitious, forceful fellow in his thirties (born 1901), he gave Hollywood the jolt of the month by wowing the Grauman's Chinese Theatre preview audience with the excellence of his performance as the melodious hero of Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta."

The distinguished audience, made up of fellow stars, executives, directors, and press dignitaries, had come to the preview prepared to applaud loudly the efforts of their favorite, Jeanette MacDonald (who came through with a beautiful performance) as "Marietta," and to cheer the expert work of Director W. S. Van Dyke, who filmed the picture with his customary gusto. What they remained to do, was to marvel at the performance of this "dark horse" among baritones who had been knocking about the studio so long that he had twice been mistaken for a desk.

Well known in the concert world, on the radio (Firestone Hour), in operatic circles, but unknown to insular Hollywood, the ovation that Eddy's performance invoked on the night of the formal preview of his first important film appearance was not one of (*Continued on page 93*)



THE STORIES BEHIND THE SONG HITS

BY DENA REED



Harry Warren and Al Dubin turn out the hits for most of Warner's musicals. They've got the song-writing formula down pat.



Ruby inspired Al and Harry to write "An Old-Fashioned Cocktail With an Old-Fashioned Girl" for the Jolson-Keeler "Go Into Your Dance."

Your boy friend's waiting to take you to the movies, and you're busy dolling up. You're happily humming a hit tune from a recent musical picture while you're slipping the new print over your head, but have you ever wondered how that number came to be written? Who or what inspired the composers of the ditty? How did they think up the tune's tricky title?

Well, Boopa Snoop, our musical fly on the wall whose business it is to investigate such matters, buzzed back the following reports from some of our better known composers, among whom must be included Harry Warren and Al Dubin, the Siamese twins of songland, who turn out hits faster than Childs does wheat-cakes. They are responsible for such infectious numbers as "Lullaby of Broadway," from "Gold Diggers of 1935," "I'm Going Shopping With You," from the same picture, and "She's A Latin From Manhattan," from the Jolson-Keeler opus, "Go Into Your Dance."

Harry, or maybe it was Al (everyone gets them mixed up), says that it's all really very simple. "Sometimes the story of the picture suggests a song. Sometimes the title or an incident suggests it. Sometimes an idea will come out of thin air, but very often it's a funny story that the song writers have heard or maybe a bit of sentiment which they share.

"Now take 'Lullaby Of Broadway' for example," said Harry. "Al and I got a sudden longing for Broadway. It hit us right in the stomach. We were homesick for the white lights, the actors hanging outside the Palace Theatre, and the automats and the flea shows. We couldn't go home so we did the next best thing. We eased our hearts and lined our purses at one and the same time by writing what we chose to call

(Continued on page 87)

You'll be surprised to learn how hits are written



Tan Camel's hair top-coat with natural Lynx collar and tie belt.

Rosalind Russell in beige suit, brown accessories.

Rosalind's three-piece white pajama ensemble, blue trim.

Navy blue going away costume with lace-edged jabot.

WHAT ARE YOUR *Wedding* PLANS?

Hollywood often marries in haste but it has grand ideas about weddings in the traditional manner

BY ADELIA BIRD

Hollywood stages the most glamorous weddings in the world . . . on the screen! But off-screen . . . the most casual! A real bride all done up in satin and a veil sets the town's heart aflutter, and the bride, literally is showered with more attention than a Princess Marina. The lack of more weddings in the traditional manner is not due to a lack of romantic interest in the idea. Quite the contrary, most of the unmarried stars I have talked to have indicated a sighing wish for all the pomp and music. It's that old bogey "production" that precipitates most of Hollywood's brides into a hasty flight to Yuma or some similar Western Gretna Green. No one has time for the trappings of a wedding, if you want to get married it has to be between "shots" on a picture or a short breathing spell between productions. Often as not, it's merely between dinner and breakfast next morning!

However, whether or not you are going to be one of those impetuous brides whose feet rush through the corridors of the municipal building to a justice of the peace, rather than wait to tread majestically down some church aisle, you must have more than a romantic interest in wedding plans.

What are your plans? Since I can't guess what sort of wedding each of you may be planning, I am going to talk about three types. There's the big church one with all the flowers and music, or the small home or church chapel one, and then, the aforementioned or Hollywood type at the justice of the peace. Don't dismiss the latter casually, either. It is just as important to look bride-like at a civil ceremony as it is at a church affair. After all, there is always the bridegroom to be considered and I have never met a husband yet who did not have an uncanny way of remembering every detail of his wife's wedding costume, years later.



Rosalind Russell is the perfect picture of a lovely bride in Adrian's ice blue satin creation. The tulle veil is the same shade as the gown and is held by a small coronet of pearls.





Reading from left to right above, Anita Louise's blue tulle over taffeta gown. The perky collar and bow are of white piqué. A grand bridesmaid's gown. Mary Astor in a pink silk suit with tucked lace blouse. Pink hat with dark band. Good costume for informal wedding, or for a going-away costume. Verree Teasdale in a gown for the bride's attractive mother. Lace blouse over a full chiffon skirt. The wide belt is silk cording in two contrasting shades. A sheer, cool evening gown for the trousseau. Bette Davis wearing polka dotted organdy. The sash is velvet. And at the lower left, Genevieve Tobin carries a taffeta muff which offers a suggestion for your bridesmaids! It's an evening accessory which can be converted into a wedding one by the addition of flowers pinned to it—with charming results.

The big church wedding calls for quite an elaborate outlay in costumes and decorations. It is for you who feel you can make a grand gesture on this great occasion. You have to have attendants, ushers, scads of flowers and, usually, a nice reception afterwards. You pick the loveliest of white gowns, wear the family's heirloom lace veil, and have your bridesmaids dressed so as to make a perfect setting for your dazzling whiteness.

ROSALIND RUSSELL, who was busy being a bride in M-G-M's "Reckless," took some time off to pose in a whole wedding wardrobe for you who are going to have a conventional church or home wedding. You see her in full wedding regalia on page 65. Adrian designed her gown, and it is a dream . . . romantic and yet quite simple enough to be in the best of taste.

Ice blue satin instead of the traditional white is Adrian's choice in fabric. The tulle veil is in this same cool shade. A straight peplum, giving the effect of a two-piece gown, is topped by a bodice which is trimmed with two flat, suspender-like bands of the satin. The neckline is cut high in a cowl effect and the sleeves are fitted and tucked.

The skirt, slender through the hips, flares out into a great train at the back. Rosalind's veil is held by a small coronet of pearls which is set so far back on her head that it is not visible in this picture. The shower arrangement of the lilies-of-the-valley in her bouquet is particularly charming, combined as it is with shiny dark green leaves.

Rosalind has posed on a stairway to show you how lovely this gown looks in a home setting. For a church wedding, she suggests that her bridesmaids be dressed either in soft old blue or the same ice blue as her gown. Possibly net, tulle or lace for the fabric. For a home wedding one attendant would suffice and she might wear a period gown in any of the stunning shades of the season, such as, coral, Mimosa yellow, Parma violet or dusty pink.

For a going-away costume, Rosalind has two suggestions. One is a navy blue silk, shown on page 64. The lace-trimmed jabot and organdy collar give it just the right amount of femininity to offset its tailored lines. With this she wears a small (*Continued on page 91*)



MISS DE MUMM'S TAILORED HOSTESS COAT BY HATTIE CARNEGIE DEMONSTRATES
THE COOL ELEGANCE OF THE NEW PIQUÉS FOR SUMMER

"Camels certainly make a difference—"

SAYS

MISS MARY DE MUMM

IN NEWPORT, where she made her début, Miss de Mumm is one of the most popular of the smart summer colony, just as she is among the most fêted of the younger set during the New York season.

"Both in the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference," she says. "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. And I notice that Camels never affect my nerves. In fact, when I'm a bit tired from a round of gaieties, I find that smoking a Camel really rests me and gives me a new sense of energy. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular."

People do welcome the renewed energy they feel after smoking a Camel. By releasing your latent energy in a safe, natural way, Camels give you just enough "lift." And you can enjoy a Camel as often as you want, because they never affect your nerves.

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
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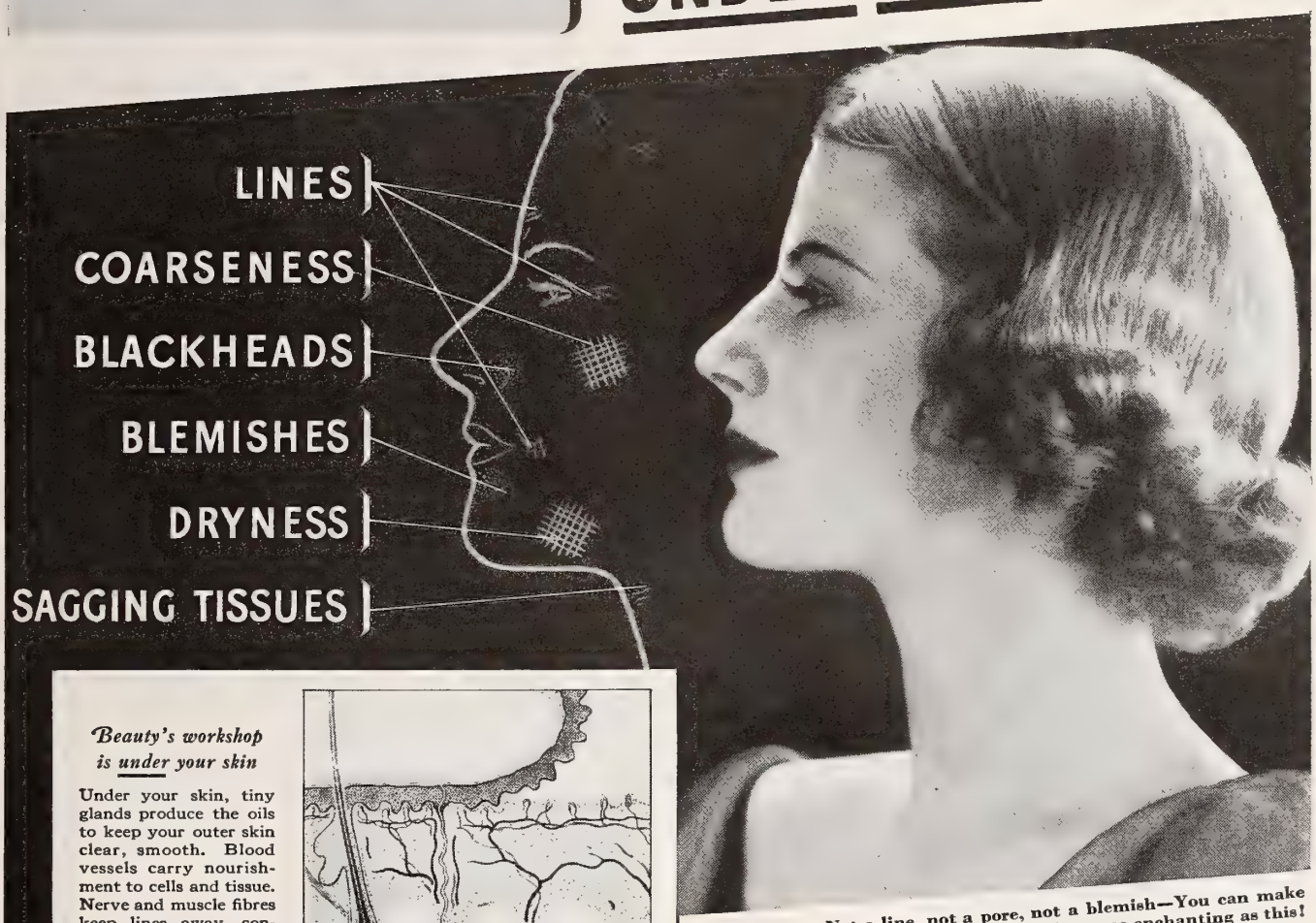


Ethereal

You, who remember the heyday of the Vernon Castles, will feel a nostalgic twinge upon looking at this arresting picture of the beautiful Del Rio. Irene Castle used to wear just such airy costumes and posed with similar moving gracefulness. Dolores wears this thrilling gown in "In Caliente." Yards of pleated chiffon form the great skirt, while the bodice is of heavy crêpe. It's the picture-of-the-month, don't you think?

TO AVOID THESE SKIN FAULTS

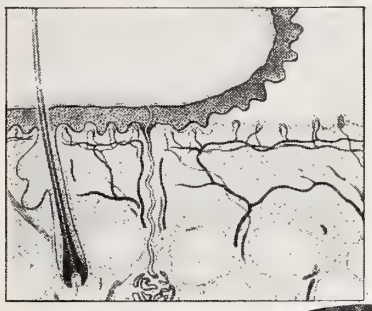
Keep your UNDER SKIN active



Not a line, not a pore, not a blemish—You can make your skin as clear and radiant—as enchanting as this!

Beauty's workshop is under your skin

Under your skin, tiny glands produce the oils to keep your outer skin clear, smooth. Blood vessels carry nourishment to cells and tissue. Nerve and muscle fibres keep lines away, contours firm—*if* you keep them all active!





DONNA DEGNA MARCONI
who inherits on her father's side a distinguished name, and on her mother's side is descended from ancient Irish Royalty, is extraordinarily beautiful. She has used Pond's Cold Cream for years, and says: "It wipes away little lines. I've never had a blemish since I began to use it."

PRACTICALLY every fault that mars the skin you see in your mirror had its start in the *under* layers of your skin! . . .

Blackheads come when pores are clogged by secretions *from within*. Lines form outside when *under* tissues begin to grow thin. Dryness comes when oil glands fail. Tissues sag when nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.

Beauty's workshop is right there in those deep layers of the *underskin*, where tiny blood vessels and glands carry nourishment to cells and tissue all the time.

How to wake up a Slowing Underskin

When skin faults begin to spoil your looks, try the Pond's way of bringing back the under tissues to vigorous action.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed light oils, goes right down into your underskin. First, it floats out of your pores every particle of lingering grime and make-up. As you pat it on briskly, it stirs the lazy circulation. Stimulates laggard glands. Invigorates failing tissues.

One application alone will prove to you how effective this cream is. As you continue to use it, you will actually be able to watch little lines soften—blemishes and blackheads go. Coarseness—dryness will be relieved. A new freshness will glow in your skin and its texture will become fine and smooth.

Use Pond's Cold Cream *every night* to flush your pores clean of every single impurity, and stimulate your underskin. *In the morning*—often during the day—repeat this treatment. It will make your skin so smooth that your make-up will go on more evenly than ever before.

Try Deep-Skin Treatment

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and germ-free. It actually promotes the natural functioning of the underskin.

Just send in the coupon below with only 10¢ and see what this wonderful cream will do for you.

Mail this Coupon—for **Generous Package**
—see this cream bring beauty to your skin

POND'S, Dept. F-50, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

So—YOU know some one who's planning a trip to the altar! Let's do a little missionary work for her—right away! Imagine what a fiery blush, or turning deathly pale, does to the most-carefully-made-up face! A bride simply must depend mostly upon her eyes alone for beauty. They'll be sparkling anyway—but no matter how busy she is, see that she takes the time to slip her lashes into *Kurlash* (just as you do!) so that they may curve back into the most enchanting frames that deepen and enhance her eyes. Kurlash costs only $1 at almost any store, so perhaps you'd better take her one.



Something Blue

Then—blue eyeshadow—because it's so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. *Shadette*, the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerulean blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), $1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.



Something New

A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. Lashtint Compact may be carried right into the vestry, for it carries a little sponge to insure even application. Take it along in black, too, to touch the very tips of the bridesmaids' lashes after the blue. (It's a final, theatrical note of beauty.) Also in chestnut brown, at $1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department G-6. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copr. The Kurlash Co. Inc. 1935



Carole Lombard today—a vivid, sparkling person with talent.



The same Carole, as she used to be—drab and wide-eyed.

Modern Screen Dramatic School

DIRECTED BY KATHERINE ALBERT

HOW CAN I make my personality a definite force? How can I feel at ease with people when I'm playing a role upon the stage, or when I'm called upon to speak publicly? How can I move gracefully? How can I acquire poise?

These are the questions most often asked by you Dramatic School pupils. And these are the questions that I'm going to try to answer for all of you—you who are doing amateur dramatics in school, you who have established dramatic clubs, you who intend to make acting your profession and you who want to acquire social grace.

I wish you could have seen many of the stars when they first came to Hollywood, as I have seen them. Those girls and boys who got their first lucky break (about which I talked to you last month) were, at one time, actually drab and colorless. They developed their personalities *after* they came to Hollywood. And if they did it, so can you.

Carole Lombard—that vivid, sparkling, brilliant personality—was once a shy little creature afraid of her own shadow, particularly her own shadow on the screen.

Joan Crawford—everything that Joan has today—her power, her forcefulness, her tremendous drive—she has developed herself.

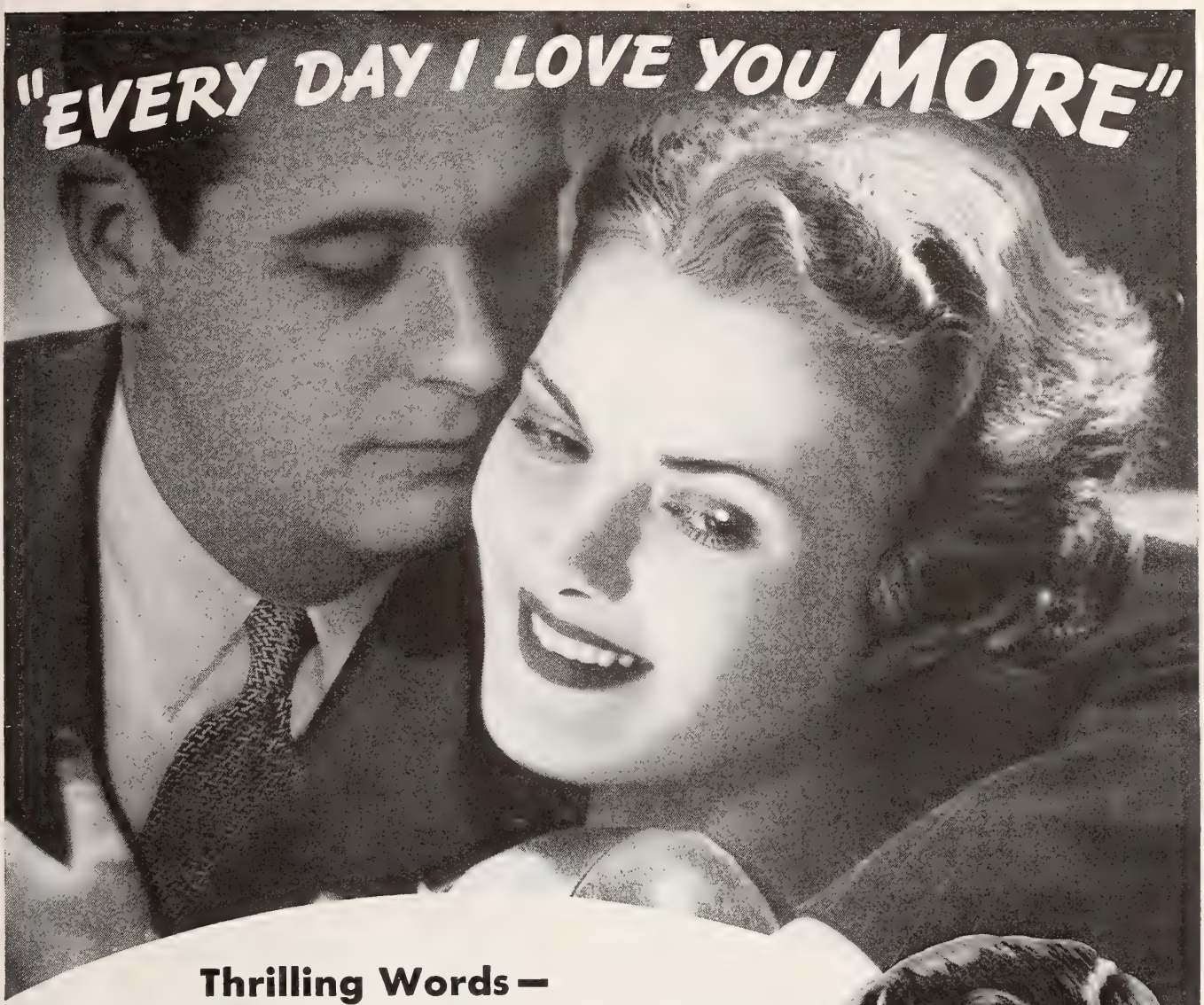
Marlene Dietrich—and no matter what you think of her personality you must admit it's dominant and definite—was a timid little German girl afraid to ask for a telephone in her dressing-room. Look at her today. She is really a figment of her own imagination.

Clark Gable—if you had known him six years ago you could not possibly have imagined that one day he would be the screen's greatest lover.

How has this been done? In two ways. Mentally and physically. The physical tricks are definite and tangible. They consist of learning to walk, to stand, to move gracefully and to speak correctly (I've already spoken at length about speech). I'll tell you more about these tricks in a moment. But first I want to talk to you about the mental attitude of developing a personality. That is really most important.

The dictionary says that the noun "personality" means "the state of being a person; personal identity. That which constitutes distinction of person." So, if you are drab, colorless, meek and timid, decide that you will make yourself into a personality. First of all get a mental picture of what you want to be. Do you want to be strong and forceful and vital? Do you want to make people (*Continued on page 98*)

How to become a dramatic personality



Thrilling Words— but nobody says them to the girl who has COSMETIC SKIN . . .

IT'S WONDERFUL to *win* love—even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to *choke the pores* that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear—tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to *protect* your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule: Use this gentle soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Remember, 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



RUBY KEELER

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

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LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP** I'LL NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
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LIGHT UP...
and feel pleasant

Watch a fellow light his first KOOL. See the mild surprise turn to the good old grin that shows he's found something. The smoke feels refreshingly cool. The throat relaxes. And best of all, the coolness of KOOLS doesn't interfere with the fine tobacco flavor—it's fully preserved. So try KOOLS for your throat and for pleasure's sake. And save the B & W coupon in each pack for handsome nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Write today for FREE copy of illustrated premium booklet.

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MILDRED NELSON, DOROTHEA ROTH, Chicago, Ill.; DOROTHY HUBER, New York City; JEANINE KIRKWOOD, Baltimore, Md.; MARGARET WHITE, Springfield, Ill.; VIRGINIA WILSON, Albany, N. Y.; A Robert Donat Fan, Boonville, N. Y. — Here's some super-special news for you! Soon after you read this, the object of your questions, Robert Donat, will be in our happy land ready to start work with Jean Muir on "Captain Blood," the first picture under his brand new Warner Brothers contract. At present Mr. Donat is in England making "The Thirty-Nine Steps" with Madeleine Carroll for GB Productions. This will be his third film—the first was "The Private Life of Henry VIII" in which he played the part of Thomas Culpepper; and the second was "The Count of Monte Cristo" which satellized him immediately. Robert Donat (pronounced Doan-at) is an Englishman, born in Withington, Manchester, on March 18, 1905. In 1921 he made his professional debut and spent several years in stock and repertory theatres, and just recently completed a seven months' engagement in London in "The Sleeping Clergyman." He has brown eyes and auburn hair, stands 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, is modest, soft-spoken and has a grand sense of humor. His favorite foods are English roast beef, American ham and eggs, bean soup and apple pie. He is married and has two children. You can reach him at the Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

BYRON ERB, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.—Victor Jory is 32 years old, and his next picture after "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be "Party Wire," with Jean Arthur, for Columbia.

HELEN SHARPINSKI, Bronx, N. Y.; L. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; D. C. MILLER, Callery, Pa.; BLANCHE SHERWOOD, Flushing, N. Y.; R. H. ROSEN, Newark, N. J.—Myrna studied to be a sculptress. That was when she was still Myrna Williams. And if she hadn't been good enough to attract the attention of Rudolph Valentino, who gave her her first part in "What Price Beauty?" ten years ago, she wouldn't be Myrna Loy today. Aside from the fact that she was born on a ranch in Helena, Mont., on August 2, 1905, and studied at the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles, that was the real beginning of her career. Of course you remember her "vamp days" and have probably traced her evolution up to her present status of "ideal American female." She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, with dark hair and eyes, and weighs 125 pounds. She loves dancing, collects painting and sculpture, swims, plays tennis and rides. You can reach her at her contract studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal., where she plans to make a sequel to "The Thin Man" as yet untitled. Miss Loy has never been married, and her mother and brother, David, live with her in Beverly.

TWELVE VAGABONDS, Jamaica, N. Y.; FLORENCE MOIR, So. Ozone Park, N. Y.; ROSARA KASIR, Richmond Hill, N. Y.—The part of Oskie Berry, Dick Powell's room mate in "Flirtation Walk," was taken by Ross Alexander. It is not his first picture by any means, for he made his screen debut in 1930 in "The Wiser Sex" with Claudette Colbert. In 1934 he was in "Social Register" and "Gentlemen Are Born." His next will be "A Midsummer Night's Dream" for Warners, where he is under contract. He is married and will be 28 on July 27.

VIVIAN CROSBY, Toledo, Ohio—Colin Clive was also in "The Key" and "One More River" in 1934. His next will be "The Bride of Frankenstein." He is 35 years old and is married to a non-professional. Frances Dee's latest picture is "Becky Sharp" which will be all in technicolor. She will also be in "She" with Randy Scott. As far as I know, Lanny Ross will not be returning to Hollywood any time soon—if at all. Elizabeth Young is not scheduled for any picture at present. Nick Foran will be seen in "Ladies Love Danger," formerly entitled "Secret Lives." "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will follow the Shakespearean original very closely. You'd better read "A Dream Comes True" in this issue.

LILLIAN TRUTKO, Akron, Ohio; MRS. DANIEL J. BATES, Brooklyn, N. Y.; ESTHER LANDER, Detroit, Mich.; MARY RUSSO, New Haven, Conn.; JAMES R. GRAY; MARY BERKLEY—In an apartment over his father's saloon in New York City, James Cagney was born on July 17 in 1904. You have probably heard of Bill Cagney, too—well, he is Jim's brother, and there are three other children in the family, besides. After James graduated from public school, he entered Stuyvesant High School, at the same time earning his way in the world by being an office boy, then a bundle wrapper and finally a bell hop. Then he entered Columbia University and decided to become a caricaturist. However, his family reached a point where they had to have more money than he was making from his drawing, so he gave it up and began his stage career, first as a chorus boy, then in vaudeville, stock and finally Broadway. A Warner Brothers scout saw him and Joan Blondell in "Maggie the Magnificent" and signed them both to contracts to make the film version of that play, "Sinners' Holiday." That was only the beginning. Mr. Cagney likes to dance, play tennis and swim. He keeps fit by daily workouts in a gymnasium. He is happily married to Billie Vernon, who was his partner in his vaudeville days. True to form, he has red hair and blue eyes and is inclined to be freckled. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He, too, is under contract to Warner Brothers Studios, and after "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be in "The G Men," with Ann Dvorak.

RUTH GREEN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The part of Della Street, secretary to Warren William in "The Case of the Howling Dog," was taken by Helen Trenholme.

DOROTHY MILLER, Buffalo, N. Y.; PATRICIA LIND; "FANCY," Atlanta, Ga.; MYRTLE LARBOUR, Marlboro, Mass.; MARGARET ANDERSON, Oklahoma City, Okla.—James Dunn, who was skyrocketed to fame in "Bad Girl," was born in New York City on November 2, 1905, was educated in the public schools of New Rochelle, N. Y. and worked in a brokerage house for 3 years, after which he abandoned business for the stage. He toured "the sticks" with a stock company and a year later was back in business, selling automobiles. Then he took another stab at stock and made enough money to enable him to play the stock market. This sally was a hopeless failure, but fortunately for him, he landed the lead opposite Helen Morgan in "Sweet Adeline," which brought him his Fox contract. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 157 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He is always on the go, is enthusiastic about automobile racing and is working to get his airplane pilot's license. He has never been married, and lives with his mother, to whom he is devoted. After "George White's 1935 Scandals" he will be in "Man Proposes" with Mae Clarke. His address is Fox Studios, Movietone City, Hollywood, Cal.

DOROTHY D. RICHARDSON, Lowell, Mass.—Otto Kruger was born in Toledo, Ohio, September 6. He is the son of Bernard Alben Kruger, an accountant, and Elizabeth Winers Kruger. He married Sue Mae MacManamy in 1919, and they have one daughter, Ottilie Ann.

ELIZABETH ALLISON, Adolphustown, Ont., Canada—No, a thousand times no. It was Robert Armstrong, not Nat Pendleton, who played the part of Dopey in "Sweet Music."

PHILIP MACY, Peru, Cal.—Arthur Byron played the role of the self-disappearing chief of state in "The President Vanishes," and a nice job he did of it, too. You can reach him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., where he recently completed a role in "The Casino Murder Case," and will be seen next in "Public Hero No. 1." He is also scheduled to appear in "Murder in the Fleet," which will be Frank Shields' first picture.

GERTRUDE SYLVIN, Fall River, Mass.—Yes, both Warren William and Warner Baxter are married. The former is 38 and the latter is 42. Clark Gable is 34.

MARGERY BEESON, Wahpeton, N. D.; RUTH HORST, Bennington, Vt.—You can reach Tom Brown at the RKO-Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. And you can reach Anne Shirley at the same address. The part of Diana in "Anne of Green Gables" was taken by Gertrude Messinger. Jean Parker's latest picture was "Princess O'Hara."

(*Continued on page 123*)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 123. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



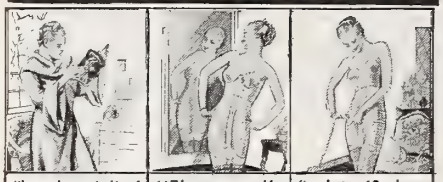
Robert Donat's fans impatiently await his next picture.



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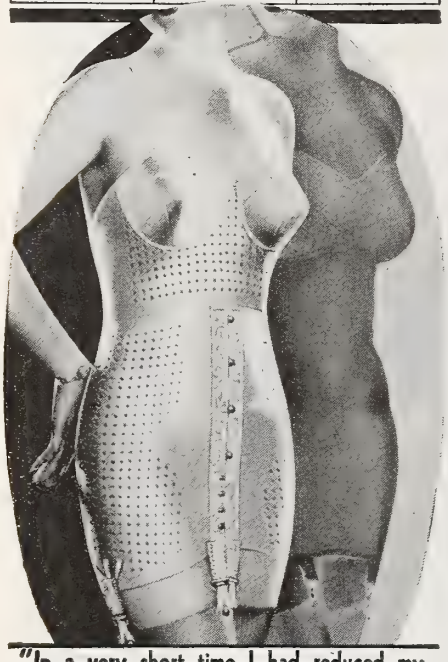
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An Amusing Story About Robert

(*Continued from page 34*)

phonograph record. At last Robert, our butler, appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. Montgomery, if you will forgive me, sir, the ladies say . . ."

"Robert! Can't you see I am reading!"

Now I like Robert but at that moment I could have killed him. He seemed to sense it. "Yassir!" he said, and began to retreat toward the doorway.

I returned to my book. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him still standing there, shifting nervously from one foot to the other. Then I heard him take a deep breath, as he prepared for the plunge. "Mr. Montgomery, there is something we all think you should know . . ."

"Robert! For the second time, can't you see . . ."

"But, Mr. Montgomery, if you will excuse me, sir. The house is on fire!"

I jumped to my feet. "You big idiot, you! Why didn't you tell me before!"

"Because, sir," he said, as he started running off down the hall, "because, sir, I could see—you were reading!"

I went down the stairs, three steps at a time, sniffing the air. I couldn't smell a thing. And the girls weren't around. I followed Robert out on the lawn. "It's the roof," he said.

AND sure enough it was the roof . . . our lovely roof, crackling and blazing and going up in smoke. I dashed back into the house to the phone. I remembered that on the front page of the phone book it tells you what to do in case of fire. Those instructions had always intrigued me. I opened the phone book, and read them again, carefully. (A movie star has to do everything strictly according to Hoyle, even when his roof is on fire.) There were the familiar, important sounding words, "In case of an emergency (as though any fire weren't an emergency), dial the operator and say, *'I want to report a fire.'"*

Ah! As I picked up the phone, I felt a keen satisfaction, like a man who's been rehearsing a speech for years and at last gets a chance to speak it.

Still keeping my eye on that first page of the phone book, I dialed the operator. She answered and in my best voice-that-indicates-that-something-important-is-about to-be-said, I said, *"I want to report a fire."* I spoke very deliberately, using excellent diction.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I said, *'I want to report a fire,'"* between my teeth, this time.

"Oh, you want to report a fire. Oh, well! What's your address?"

I told her.

"And the name?"

"What difference does that make? I've given you the address. Can't you hurry, my house is on fire!"

"I'll have to have your name."

"Robert Montgomery."

"Oh, hello, Bob, how are you? I saw you in a swell picture the other night. Say, Bob, I've got a little sister and she's dying to have a picture of you. Do you suppose . . ."

"This is Bob Montgomery," I said frigidly, "and *I want to report a fire."*

"Okay, Bob, just a minute, Bob. Keep your shirt on, Bob." And then she gave me the fire department.

"Hello," said a sleepy voice.

"Hello. This is Bob Montgomery."

"Oh, hello, Bob, how are you?"

"I'm fine. How are you? Hey, what is this anyway? *I want to report a fire."*

"A fire? Really? Where?"

"Here, at my house!" I gave *him* the address, too."

"Oh, *that* one. Somebody up there already turned in an alarm about ten minutes ago. Don't worry, Bob. We'll be right up, we're just leaving now, as soon as the boys get dressed."

"Thanks, old fellow, that's mighty decent of you," I said. "But don't bother to make it formal. Black ties will do," and I hung up.

I went upstairs, climbed out on a balcony, and from there up on to the roof. I stood there looking at the fire, waiting for the fire engines. I had to admit it was a *pretty* fire, even if it was getting bigger. The row of crackling flames against the sky reminded me of the torch procession in Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Very artistic.

At last they arrived. And you know how fire engines always affect you. I suddenly got very excited and wished I had a rubber coat and hat, too. They propped up the ladder, and I grabbed the ends of it and held it steady, while the first fireman climbed up. Reaching the top, he brushed me aside and said, "Hey, get out of the way, you."

THEY passed up the hose. I reached for that, too. But the second fireman nearly knocked me off the roof. "You're in the way," he said.

"Damn it," I said. "It's my fire."

But nobody paid any attention. They began "sprinkling" the fire with a stream of water that was about as powerful as a drip out of a leaking water faucet. "You *never* put it out that way," I said. "Can't you give it more water?"

"Do you want your house to get wet?" one of them snapped at me.

"Well, if you don't mind, I'd rather have it get wet than have no house."

So they gave it more water.

"Don't you think you'd better use a hatchet, around the edges, to keep the smouldering part from spreading?" I finally suggested. They couldn't fool me. Firemen had always used hatchets in every movie fire I'd seen.

"Not a bad idea," they said. And somebody passed up the hatchets.

At that moment I realized that not one of my neighbors had come to see my fire, the stuck-up so-and-so's. I guess it wasn't big enough for them. The only persons who seemed at all interested were Betty and Martha who were standing out at the front gate, looking up at us. I waved to them. Good old Betty and Martha. This would give them something interesting to talk about. I wished, too, that I could do something spectacular, but the roof showed no signs of caving in.

When the last spark had been smothered, we came down to the ground, and I saw that Betty and Martha were both wearing their mink coats, and that they carried something all bunched up in their arms, under their coats. The dears, they had been calm enough to carry out our valuables. I felt proud of them. Even if the house had burned to the ground they would have saved our jewelry and silver.

Then they opened their coats, and I could see that each girl carried two revolvers.

"Revolvers! Of all things that should have been carried out, you had to take the revolvers! What in the devil did you



Bob Montgomery visited Jim ("Bottom") Cagney on "Midsummer Night's Dream" set.

do that for?"

"Well, we were afraid that with all the smoke and heat and everything, they might accidentally go off!"

Disgusted I went back into the house . . . back to the library and my book. All through the house I could hear the firemen mopping up. They were at it for hours. I thought if we let them alone long enough, maybe they'd do the dinner dishes.

"Excuse me, sir," said Robert from the doorway, "but the fire chief . . . he asked if he could have your autograph."

I just looked at him.

"Yes, sir," he said, backing out. "I'll tell him, sir, that you're reading!"

BY this time I felt rosy and warm. It was the sherry or the fire, I couldn't tell which. I pulled myself together and reached for my hat.

"What do you want your hat now, for?" Bob asked.

"If that wasn't a 'story' you just told me, I'm going to eat it," I said.

"Oh, come now, I told you I'd give you a serious interview some time to make up for this one."

"Sorry, old fellow, I couldn't use it. Thanks just the same."

He was still mumbling about what to give the fire department as I went out.

The Private Life of Claudette

(*Continued from page 53*)

leaving it as black as it grew for years. But the cameramen fussed so about the shadows it threw upon her face and the difficulty of lighting her properly that at last she gave in and dyed it red.

Claudette's maid came in to say a Mary Whiteman was on the phone.

"Mary Whiteman!" Claudette looked worried. "Mary Whiteman? I wonder if she's that pretty little critic?"

On the phone while she tried to place Mary Whiteman she explained that she didn't have a minute to herself for the next several days. No, no, looking even more concerned now, she wasn't being high-hat.

"She seems to know me well," she said when the conversation ended. "She wanted



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WHEN SHE BOUGHT THIS — All of this mouth aid she received with Dentyne — the gum she likes best. She adores its flavor — it is so full-bodied and spicy, and she loves its chewiness. All of her friends say the same thing — Dentyne is certainly their favorite chewing gum. Why not adopt Dentyne for your favorite gum? Identify it by the handy, flat purse shape — an exclusive feature with Dentyne for many years.



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JEWEL

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10c



Imagine having just *one* cleaner for *every* white shoe in your wardrobe! No chance of ruinous mix-ups. Jewel is as safe and satisfactory for delicate Kid and Linen as it is for sturdy, coarse Canvas and Leathers! You can't go wrong with Jewel, no matter what white shoe you clean. And it really makes them *white*—a dazzling, show-window whiteness that won't rub off! Try Jewel today. You can get it at most stores for only 10c. . . . At Kresge Stores, ask for De Luxe White (it's a twin of Jewel!). Ten cents too.

●

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said the shoe

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10c *for two full ounces*

me to lunch with her. Mary Whiteman? Who can she be? That name's familiar!"

It was an hour later before she remembered. "Ye Gods," she cried, "Mary Whiteman is a girl I've known for years. Whiteman is her married name. I had an announcement last autumn and sent her a present. She's one of the very people I've counted on seeing!"

She flew to the telephone. "Mary!" I heard her say. "This is Claudette. Yes, darling. I know. I'm so stupid! I didn't place your new name. Why didn't you say Mary Meredith?"

It was obvious enough that this old friend hadn't given her maiden name because she thought Claudette should have remembered who she was and that she had been only too quick to believe Claudette was being high-hat. The pity is that often it is a star's friends themselves who make the old relationships impossible.

"Remember," Claudette taxed me, "how when I went to Hollywood I boasted about the way I would run my life. Little did I know. . . ."

I remembered well. In fact all day I'd been remembering that afternoon in Claudette's dressing-room at the Long Island Studios.

"Even if I do have real success," she had told me that day, "outside of working hours I'm going to live my own life. Just as a stenographer does when she closes her desk at night."

"I'm going to keep my own friends. I'm going to do the things I've always done. I hope I've learned something from watching others. I'm not going to give up my very life and then be sunk when my career is over. I'm not going to allow myself to be forced into the regulation movie star mold."

SHE was so confident that day. But having seen other men and girls unable to live up to similar brave words I knew that she spoke with the voice of inexperience. Once you attain stardom in Hollywood a great deal is at stake. It becomes easier to meet unjust demands than to risk the publicity of lawsuits. To give up old friends, irrespective of how fond of them you may be, rather than keep on explaining why you can't always see them and protesting your friendship.

However, I must say Claudette is managing better than I thought she would. She hasn't given up by any means. She's still fighting. She's not resigned to the compromises she constantly is forced to make.

Recently she gave up a house in which she had lived for several years. And it is likely that being a star she was required to pay more rent for that property than anyone not in pictures would have been asked to pay.

The room she used for a bedroom she had had done over, very charmingly. It wasn't extreme. It was restrained in feeling even to the marble fireplace she had installed. However, the landlady insisted this room be put back as it was when the house was rented, that the walls be painted cream. Claudette called in the painters. Whereupon the landlady changed her mind and said she'd have the walls pale green.

"Certainly," Claudette agreed politely. She had been warned by her manager not to have any unpleasantness, whatever the cause or cost.

The painters started to work. The landlady called again. She wanted the walls cream, after all.

During the years the Colberts had lived in that house some dishes and glasses had been broken. It was only a natural breakage, but it was demanded that every last one be replaced. The glasses no longer could be bought in Los Angeles, so they sent to New York for them.

Then a small ink spot was discovered on a yellow damask chair in the library, a dreary room never used by the family. In fact I never remember seeing the door open. Claudette was asked to recover the entire chair.

"That was the last straw," she told me. "I told my manager I wouldn't do that chair over. 'Let her bring suit,' I insisted. 'I don't care if it does cost me more than the upholstery would. I must have some rights even if I do work in motion pictures.'"

It wasn't the cost a lawsuit would entail, her manager pointed out. It was the publicity it would receive. He reminded her what the headlines would be. "Movie Star Sued. Landlady Claims Claudette Colbert Destroyed Property."

She gave in. She could see people reading those stories, shaking their heads, believing that it had been one of those proverbial wild Hollywood parties that had ruined a poor woman's house.

To make matters worse the landlady later told Claudette's secretary that Mrs. Colbert and Miss Colbert needn't have gone to all the trouble they went to replacing and repairing things. She hadn't expected them to do that at all—a check would have covered everything.

Nicely, no doubt!

TWO o'clock that afternoon, Claudette had an appointment to pose on the hotel roof while a well known columnist pointed out the skyline to her. She got dressed and at about fifteen minutes before two sat down to luncheon, which she had served in her suite. The photographer arrived before the columnist, left his equipment and went downstairs.

In the meantime the columnist was announced. "Pull up another chair," Claudette said. "Perhaps he'll have a cup of coffee with us."

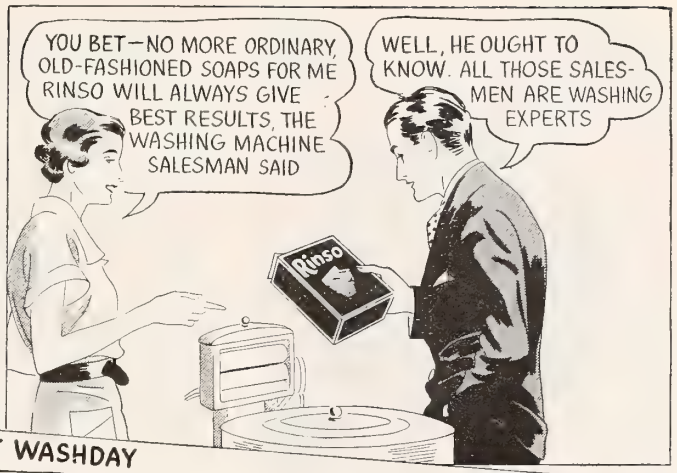
The columnist didn't arrive. Ten or fifteen minutes later the photographer reappeared with the editor. They looked worried. The photographer, it developed, had met the columnist in the hall and explained that Claudette was at luncheon. Apparently he had given the columnist the impression that for the moment no one was welcome in her suite. In any event the columnist had gone away. A bellboy came up with a note from him later on. It read, "Sorry I had to run along."

I was curious to see what Claudette would do. It seemed to me it was her turn to become angry and temperamental. But she didn't. She went to the telephone and called the columnist's secretary. She explained to her exactly what had happened. Through no fault of her own she had been judged an up-stage, high-hat movie star, a pampered darling who couldn't be disturbed at luncheon. But she refused to remain in this unpleasant position. She saw to it that she was judged as an individual, not as a star. And as things turned out she was right. For instead of the unpleasant breach which might have resulted, the columnist sent her flowers.

"Come on," she said a little desperately later that afternoon, "let's get out of here. Let's take a taxi and see Katherine's baby."

Claudette, you see, will have much more than money left when her career is over. For, even more important than the generous portion of her salary which she saves every week, she is saving her friendships and her interest in simple pleasures against the day when she is through in the studios. It isn't proving easy to do this. But she's doing it nevertheless. She's fighting for her life, her individual life, her private life, for the life she knows she's going to need later on.







NEXT WASHDAY



DARLING—SEE! YOUR OLD SHIRTS LOOK BRAND NEW. AND THIS NEW, COLORED ONE DIDN'T FADE A BIT. THOSE RICH, CREAMY RINSO SUDS WERE THE LONGEST-LASTING I EVER SAW

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Canadians should mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

You Can Learn How to Talk Well

(*Continued from page 61*)

This New York house brings me to Miriam's flair for conversation. For here after the theatre at night Miriam's friends —artists, writers, scientists and theatrical people, for the most part—gather. Besides talking extremely well, keenly and colorfully and amusingly, Miriam also has the gift of bringing other people out. And these midnight gatherings in her house on the East River promise to develop into as brilliant a salon as existed there when Elizabeth Marbury, credited with having the only real salon in America, was alive.

ALL of which becomes twice as amazing when you realize that naturally, Miriam Hopkins is shy. Very shy.

"I think," she said thoughtfully, "that the mistake we're most likely to make is to talk about things we know little or nothing about and care even less about.

"For instance, there's no use in discussing the European situation unless you're sincerely interested in it and either have some personal experience pertinent to it to relate or else are so full of some observation you've made regarding it that you can't keep still. In which case you'll be interesting.

"Otherwise it's better, far better, to talk about rice pudding.

"Conversation, when you're really interested in what you're talking about, can be the greatest boon in the world, especially when you're shy. It can do for you what a role does for a player. It can offer you an opportunity to forget yourself."

Lying there in the sun Miriam was a perfect illustration of the very point she made. For as she became enthusiastic and intent upon what she was saying, the quick little mannerisms with which she invariably fights her shyness disappeared. She actually forgot herself in her interest in her subject. And while the manifestations of shyness with which Miriam is blessed happen to be charming, she undoubtedly has a better time when this shyness passes.

So! Rule two:

> Talk only of those things in which you're interested, remembering always that you're a hundred times more attractive talking about something you know about than you possibly could be talking about something you don't know about.

JEAN HARLOW is another Hollywood girl who learned how to talk entertainingly, without becoming muddled in self-consciousnesss.

"Always," Jean admits, "I've found it difficult to talk with the people I like a lot. Because I'm naturally an idol worshipper, I suppose."

That I count an enlightening remark. For, after all, if we weren't impressed with people, even if it's only subconsciously, we wouldn't mark what we said to them or how we said it or whether we were interesting. We wouldn't feel any obligation in the way of making conversation in their presence in the first place. We'd be as offhand and at ease and independent as we are in the midst of our families.

"I remember a party Gloria Swanson gave," Jean went on. "Gloria's someone I've always admired tremendously. She's so colorful and glamorous. So beautiful, too.

"Consequently at Gloria's party I couldn't open my mouth. I mean I literally couldn't open my mouth. It refused to obey my will. You've heard of the little fellow who asked his mother if his arms were sewed on or tacked on. Well, my mouth might as well have been sewed or tacked closed.

"And even if I could have forced sounds out of it I wouldn't have been able to think of one thing to say. I had stage fright at a dinner party!



Newlyweds! Helen Mack and her new husband, Charles Irwin, look over our favorite mag in the Ambassador Drug emporium!

"Well, I remember giving myself time. I didn't try to force myself. I just sat. And listened. Nodded at appropriate intervals. This saved me.

"Someone always will talk. And you always can listen. In this way you earn popularity. And then, warmed by the evidence of people liking you, you'll find something will melt or snap or come to life inside of you, and you'll talk without difficulty."

Rule three then:

Don't try to talk if you don't feel like it and can't think of anything to say. Let someone else talk. You listen. There's no surer route to popularity. And once you feel popular you'll talk all right. Never fear!

NORMA SHEARER also says "Listen!" But there's quite another reason behind Norma's admonition.

"I can think of nothing which has helped me more in learning to talk than my work in the studios," Norma told me. "For it taught me to listen. On the screen if you don't listen attentively it becomes very evident. And you give the undesirable impression of standing there waiting for your next line.

"The same thing applies socially, I think. If we will listen when someone is talking to us instead of thinking, 'Oh, what *am* I going to say when he's finished!' there's an excellent chance that something that's said will lead us to a natural comment."

"How else has your work helped you to talk?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "in the last several years I've learned thousands of lines. They've been colorful lines, amusing and gay, too. Certainly they have enlarged my vocabulary, helped me to acquire a nicer word sense.

"Those who aren't actresses can acquire the same results, however, by reading. While you may not actually memorize phrases or words by reading you do gain fluency. It also implants a greater variety of ideas and impressions in the mind. With the result that you have more to say in time and are likely to say it to better advantage."

Rules four and five:

Listen attentively when someone is talking instead of going into a twitch wondering what you're going to say next.

Read. In order to acquire ideas and impressions and a greater fluency with words and phrases.

AND now if I may be allowed a personal observation I'd like to talk about a woman I met in a shop the other day. Neither I nor the gentleman who was with me knew this woman more than slightly. She showed us some wooden plates and earthen bowls she was buying for a cellar tap room she was furnishing in her Rhode Island farm house. She commented in passing upon Austria where she had spent the last few years.

"What an interesting woman!" the gentleman I was with said, when we had made our way through the revolving doors and were in the street. "She certainly is getting a kick out of fixing up that tap room, isn't she? See her eyes shine?"

Actually it wasn't so much what this casual acquaintance had said which had made her interesting and a colorful talker. It was her animation. She was enriched by the radiance everyone has when they're keen about something they're doing, when they bring enthusiasm to whatever they are talking about.

All of which reminds one of Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia isn't at all a voluble person. She's quiet, usually, unless the conversation interests her. But when she's interested, she may be counted upon to enhance what she has to say by the warm timber of her voice, the impulsive little gestures she makes with her pretty hands, and the shine in her green eyes.

Another thing. Sylvia always gets to the point. She never is slow with her speech. She doesn't meander to establish a date if this date isn't important to her story. She isn't one of those people who say, "It was three years ago. No, it must have been four years ago. Because three years ago the baby had croup and we didn't go out during the holidays. Although, come to think of it, it wasn't during the holidays, it was later, after all."

Sylvia says what she has to say. She doesn't give her listeners time to get ahead of her story, to anticipate what she is going to tell them. Neither does she repeat herself so that she loses attention.

However, Sylvia didn't always talk with ease.

YOU know," Sylvia said, "how you can start a story, but then, after a sentence or two, there's a little 'awk' sound in your throat. . . .

"That used to happen to me. Whereupon I'd shut up like the old clam.

"But not forever. Only long enough to find fresh courage, when I'd force myself to say something else that I had to say. As time went on I got further and further along in my stories before that 'awk' happened in my throat. After a time, there were some evenings when it wouldn't overtake me at all. And finally it disappeared entirely."

Certainly if you're one of those people who has difficulty in talking because of self-consciousness, you have a fight on your hands and the sooner you begin to battle with it the better. You simply can't quit!

And this brings us to three more rules —six, seven and eight:

Bring enthusiasm to what you have to say, so the brightness in your eye and the timber of your speech and the impulsive gestures of your hands will enrich your conversation.

Say what you have to say without giving your listeners time to get ahead of your story or to turn in boredom to their own thoughts.

If you find an "awk" in your throat when you start to talk, because of self-consciousness, finish what you have to say the best you can. But don't let this experience stop you from talking the next time you want to say something.

It is so important to talk well. For being a good talker is likely to serve as a passport to success in both the business and the social world. And it is, after all, only by being able to express those things in which we're interested, those things we feel, and those things we think, that we give people a chance to know us. It isn't, certainly, because we happen to wear a green dress or part our hair on the side or have blue eyes or because of any other equally superficial thing, that people are drawn to us and seek to know us better.



—the blush of good health may start on the tennis court—but I know that if I'm to keep in 'championship' form I must watch my diet, too. That's why Shredded Wheat and milk are in first place on my breakfast menu."

Shredded Wheat teamed with rich milk and juicy fruits or berries is a high scoring diet combination. Gives you a perfect balance of Nature's vital health elements—in their most delicious and digestible form.



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It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx, which I can prove:

(1) It has a greater spreading capacity, overcoming the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

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Give your lashes a long, silky effect with my Winx Cake Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, *for any reason,* return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Louise Ross



The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 13*)

carrots and very small peeled white onions. A little water (giving the vegetables a little longer to cook) and diced potatoes are added. The stew continues to cook until potatoes, vegetables and meat are tender. Dumplings are a delicious addition to an already succulent dish.

Another grand meat-and-vegetable combination is one that Blanche bakes in the oven, all at the same time. It consists of pork chops, with sage dressing cooked in the same pan with yams and apples, accompanied by baked tomatoes, stuffed and topped with some of the dressing. This is simply swell I discovered when I tried out Blanche's recipe in my own test kitchen. The sweetened juices of the apples and the yams season the chops, and the sage dressing imparts a delightfully original flavor to both chops and tomatoes.

Another recipe is one I have named in Bing's honor, "Crosby Casserole." This is Blanche's idea of a perfect way to combine thrift with nutrition. Like all good cooks she has her own pet ideas along these lines. So, when the Crosbys sit down to roast lamb (or roast beef, pork, veal) on Sunday, Monday's dinner will consist of the same meat, skillfully masquerading (with the ever-present vegetables) under a feathery crown of biscuits.

Even young Gary Crosby, two years old in June, is allowed to sample the vegetables of this dish. That is if he can tear himself away from the dilapidated fly-swatter (!) (that is his favorite toy of the moment) or from Duchess, the Crosby spaniel who lavishes her affection and kisses on everyone. Of course the twins, Dennis Michael and Philip Lang, crying lustily in their nursery, are too young for this thrifty delicacy.

WHEN Bing returns from a fishing trip with his crony, Richard Arlen, Blanche immediately gets out her skillet and chopping bowl. Mindful of the ever-important vegetables, she makes up Baked Fish à la Constantinople, which is equally good whether the fish used is swordfish, sea-bass or yellow tail. This is a dish fit for a Sultan, indeed, whether the Sultan of Song or the Sultan of your domicile. You'll find the recipe on this page.

Old-fashioned Pot Roast with Vegetables is a great favorite, in the Crosby household. Blanche's version calls for onions, carrots, tomatoes, celery and other things. You may recall that a couple of months ago I gave you a recipe for the kind of pot roast Clark Gable favors, which is cooked without vegetables of any kind. I'm not going to take sides in this controversy but I do advise you to send for the Crosby version, too, and see for yourself which you prefer!

In order to get the recipe for this Pot Roast all you have to do is to fill out and mail the coupon at the end of this article. The free leaflet this month includes, besides the Pot Roast, recipes for the Crosby Casserole and the Dixie Pork Chop combination. By sending in your coupon promptly you will also receive a recipe for "Mississippi Special"—a rich, toothsome dessert that rightly has no place in this treatise on lowly, healthful vegetables. However, as it is Bing's favorite sweet, I am going to throw discretion to the winds and include it in the leaflet.

As a fitting reward for consuming lots of vegetables, Bing's favorite sweet might be served as a Grand Prize to your own favorite male or adored youngster. But perhaps, if you follow some of the recipes for meat-and-vegetable combinations à la Crosby, no reward will be necessary since all are so appetizing in themselves. Anyway they're well worth the small amount of effort it takes for you to secure your own attractively printed set—FREE!

Here's the fish recipe:

BAKED FISH A LA CONSTANTINOPLE

3 to 4 pounds fresh fish (sea-bass, yellow tail or sword fish)
6 carrots
3 large potatoes
2 large onions
¼ cup olive oil
3 large tomatoes, sliced
½ cup chopped parsley
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 lemons

Peel carrots and cut into quarters, lengthwise. Peel and dice potatoes. Cook together 10 minutes in boiling, salted water. Drain thoroughly. Meanwhile cook peeled and sliced onions in olive oil in a skillet to a deep golden brown. Place the fish in a deep baking pan. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Arrange onions and parboiled vegetables in pan around fish. Cover fish with tomatoes, sliced. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, remaining teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and paprika. Over this lay thin slices of lemons. Bake, uncovered in hot oven (400°F.), 45 to 55 minutes or until fish is tender.



Genial, dancing Jack Buchanan, star of "Brewster's Millions."

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me Bing Crosby's recipes for June, 1935.

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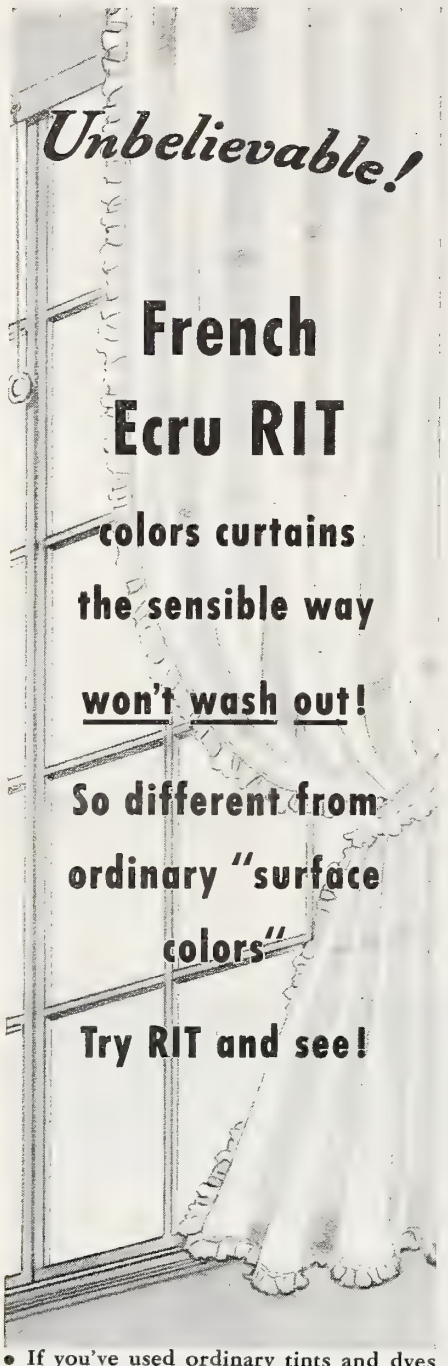
Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(Continued from page 43)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
Kentucky Kernels (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	1★	0	0	4★	2★	3★	2★
Kid Millions (Sam Goldwyn)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Lady by Choice (Columbia)	4★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	1★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★
Limehouse Blues (Paramount)	2★	1★	1★	2★	0	1★	0	2★	0	2★	2★	0	2★	1★	2★	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	0	4★	4★	3★	3★
Little Men (Mascot)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	0	0	4★	3★	0	2★
The Little Minister (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (G-B)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	0	0	2★	3★	3★	3★
The Man Who Reclaimed His Head (Uni.)	3★	3★	2★	4★	2★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Marie Galante (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	0	1★	2★	2★	2★
The Marines Are Coming (Mascot)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	2★	1★	1½★	2★	1★	0	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★
Maybe It's Love (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	0	2★	3★	2½★	0	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★
Menace (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	4★	3★	3★	3★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Mills of the Gods (Columbia)	2★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	0	0	2★	0	2★	2★	0
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Murder on a Honeymoon (RKO)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Music in the Air (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
The Mysterious Mr. Wong (Monogram)	1★	1★	0	2★	0	1★	0	2★	0	2★	0	0	0	0	2★	
The Mystery of Edwin Drood (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★
Mystery Woman (Fox)	2★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	0	2★	2★	2★	2★
Night Life of the Gods (Universal)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★
A Notorious Gentleman (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
One Hour Late (Paramount)	3★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	0	0	0	0	0	0	2½★	0
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Outcast Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	2★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★
The Perfect Clue (Majestic)	2★	0	2★	2★	0	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	2★
The President Vanishes (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	0	0	5★	5★	4★	5★
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	2★	2★	3★	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Red Hot Tires (First National)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★	0	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Romance in Manhattan (RKO)	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	0	5★	5★	5★	5★
Rumba (Paramount)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	4★	2½★	3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	4★	2½★	3★
The Silver Streak (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★
There's Always Tomorrow (Universal)	3★	0	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	4★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
365 Nights in Hollywood (Fox)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	0	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Traveling Saleslady (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	0	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Wednesday's Child (RKO)	2★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	4★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
We Live Again (20th Century)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★
West of the Pecos (RKO)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	3★	4★	3★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2½★	0	2½★	3★	2½★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	2★
While the Patient Slept (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	0	2½★	2½★	1★	0	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	3★	0	3★	2★	2★
The White Parade (Fox)	4★	0	3★	0	3★	3★	4★	3½★	0	4★	0	0	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	2★	2★	0	3★	0	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	0	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★





• If you've used ordinary tints and dyes that have to be applied each time you wash your curtains—you won't *believe* that French Ecru Rit lasts through many washings—looks bright for months.

The secret is a patented ingredient in Rit that makes the color *soak in deeper.* When you take your curtains down for housecleaning—TRY Rit and be amazed at the difference.

FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING

For *all* tinting and dyeing, Rit is easier, quicker and more economical because more lasting. Even dark colors can be applied without the old-time prolonged boiling that weakens fabrics. Sold everywhere.

FRENCH ECRU **RIT** FOR CURTAINS



NOT A SOAP!

Rit is a convenient *scored* wafer; easier to measure; won't sift out of the package

What Really Happened?

(*Continued from page 46*)

lightning will strike?

How do they work? Here are a few examples out of the now-harmless past:

All the world knows the tragic story of Wallace Reid, best beloved of the stars. After a long and valiant struggle, he succumbed to the ravages of drug addiction at the age of thirty-two, the world learned this at the time of his death. But if it had not been for the tireless efforts of a handful of studio publicity experts, the world would have known all about it at least two years before the tragic end. Reid would have been ruined professionally at the height of his career and his employers would have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars in potential revenue.

Many of Reid's studio friends suspected the true condition and a few of them really knew of his dope addiction at least two years before the end. But Reid denied it emphatically to studio authorities, and there was no proof.

Then one day a quietly-dressed young fellow presented himself at the studio gate and asked for Wally. Word was relayed to Reid and he okayed the stranger's admission to the set where the actor was at work. But he did not know that a group of State Narcotic Board detectives were following. When they closed in on the stranger, he tried to toss away a cigarette case filled with neat little bundles of heroin. Under cross-examination he admitted he was delivering them to Reid. And the latter admitted they were for him but insisted he was using them in "scientific experimentation."

THE dope peddler was hustled off to jail. In less than an hour a shifty-eyed lawyer called on Reid and informed the latter unless he raised five thousand dollars at once as a "defense fund" for the peddler, that gentleman would tell plenty.

Enter the publicity experts. A hurried search uncovered a friend of the incarcerated peddler. He was drafted as spokesman and dispatched to the jail house. He was instructed to tell the accused man that he would be released on bail and every effort made to defend him if he would get rid of his shyster attorney and place himself completely in the hands of the "suppress agent." Eventually he agreed.

The next move was to enlist the services of the best criminal lawyer in town. Through his efforts bail was reduced materially. Since Reid's name must be kept out of it, at all costs, a studio executive was persuaded to loan the necessary bonds which were posted.

Now arose an unexpected complication—the young wife of the peddler was about to become a mother and the father-to-be had no means of support. The press agent in charge called on Mrs. Reid (Dorothy Davenport) and explained. From her own household allowance, she supported the expectant mother and when it was necessary for the girl to go to a maternity hospital, Mrs. Reid paid all of the bills.

But the agent for all of the arrangements was the aforesaid press agent; the Reid name must not be linked with the case in any way. To this day the heads of a certain lying-in hospital in Los Angeles believe the child born there was the illegitimate offspring of the publicity man who conducted the negotiations and ostensibly paid the bill!

The case was scheduled to be heard by a Federal judge who was famous for the lengthy sentences he dealt out to drug distributors. An effort was made to soften him a bit by playing on his sympathies in this particular instance but without result. So it became necessary to pull a thousand strings and have the case transferred to an equally honest but more lenient judge.

Eventually, because it was the first offense and because of the young wife and child, the peddler received the extremely light sentence of only six months in a local jail (and a very comfortable one, as jails go). Deeply grateful for all that had been done for him, he protected Wallace Reid's name until the day of his death. And that came the day after Reid passed away; the peddler died a suicide twenty-four hours after the actor's death.

Fly-by-night publishers periodically have fattened on the troubles of the motion picture industry. But one offender was neatly halted in his tracks and effectually handcuffed for all time without a whisper of unfavorable publicity.

This "publisher" had accumulated a half-dozen of the more commonplace whispered tales of the Hollywood of a decade ago. These had been embellished imaginatively and the names of the principals thinly disguised by such childish subterfuges as the changing of "Betty" to "Letty."

This collection of obscenity was duly printed, bound and offered for sale on the newsstands of the country. Fortunately for the menaced film folk, an advance copy fell into friendly hands before the edition was actually in circulation.

The "suppress" agent went to work. The "publisher" was shrewd enough to ship his merchandise by railway express across the country, instead of using the parcel post. But he made one serious slip; he *mailed* a copy of it to the copyright bureau in Washington, D. C. That error laid him low.

The studio representative promptly got in touch with an old friend, an assistant in the office of the U. S. District Attorney. Here was a clear violation of the law covering the sending of obscene matter through the mails. Federal agents

(*Continued on page 86*)



Margot Grahame, English star, who just finished "The Informer" for RKO.

Helen didn't mean to be CARELESS





MARY: Why does Helen have such a poor time at parties?

JANE: The men simply won't dance with her—it's a shame she's so careless.



HELEN: Just look, I've spoiled another dress under the arms! In spite of everything I do, I can never feel safe in a warm room.

MARY: Why don't you use Kleinert's Dress Shields? You'll never need to worry again—they're *guaranteed* to protect your dress.



(Next day)—

HELEN: What kind of Kleinert's Shields do you recommend?

SALESCLERK: They're all good but I think you would be especially pleased with their new Blue Label BOILABLE shields—hot soap suds get everything so sweet and clean.



(A week later)—

HELEN: There! I've put Kleinert's Dress Shields in every dress I own. Mary says they will prevent friction and weakening of the fabric as well as perspiration stains.

JANE: I'm so glad you insisted on Kleinert's—it always seems silly to accept a substitute when genuine Kleinert's cost as little as 25c a pair. Well—I must run along home—be sure to come early tonight, it's going to be a good party.

Kleinert's

Regardless of anything else you may do, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields to protect your dress. When *genuine* Kleinert's Dress Shields cost as little as 25c a pair, why should you risk your dress by even one careless wearing. Women who dress well have discovered that clothes last longer and look better if the underarms are protected from friction, staining, and weakening of the fabric by perspiration chemicals.

● *When perfect comfort is essential—Kleinert's NUVO Sanitary Belts. Can't curl . . . Washable . . . Some are pinless . . . From 25c to $1.00 each . . . All Notion Counters.*

Kleinert's

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DRESS SHIELDS

NRA



"WHEN I first saw Clopay 15c Window Shades, it was hard to believe they cost so little. They actually look many times their price. Dainty chintz-like patterns. Plain colors are exceptionally attractive."

Clopays are amazingly durable, too. Cannot crack, pinhole or ravel on the edges. Patented creped texture also makes them hang straight, roll straight, wear longer. Attach to old rollers in a jiffy without tacks or tools. Used daily in over a million homes. See CLOPAYS at your favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 3c for color samples to the

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1420 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



New FABRAY Out-does Oilcloth

"As much as I save on CLOPAY Shades—I am even more astonished by value in FABRAY! It looks and wears like oilcloth, yet costs ⅓ to ½ less. Better still, it will not crack or peel. The many designs are simply stunning and the colors and patterns in extremely good taste."

FABRAY is entirely new—has the same surface as oilcloth, yet can be creased or folded without cracking or peeling because its backing is solid, tough fibre instead of scrim. As easy to wash as tile. FABRAY in all standard table and shelf widths is at your favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 10c for 2½-yard roll of shelving—state color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1426 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

(*Continued from page 84*)

were dispatched to locate and confiscate the plates from which the book was printed.

But now arose another difficulty. If the case went to trial, all of the evidence would be part of the court records and as such available to every newspaper in the world. So this is how this problem was solved: The "publisher" was haled into the Federal building and the seriousness of his crime thoroughly explained to him. The plates were stored in the Federal archives as evidence. If one copy of his book was sold, out would come the plates and into jail he would go. That ended that.

Not always are the trouble shooters infallible. When word of the mysterious death of William Desmond Taylor was flashed to the studio where he had been an ace director, a studio representative galloped to the scene arriving neck and neck with the police and ahead of the newspapermen. Unfortunately for one of the two feminine stars whose names were dragged into the case the studio man did not know all the details of the household arrangements. True, he did manage to see that a certain group of letters reached the District Attorney without passing through the hands of the press but he overlooked an incriminating bit of apparel and other small items of evidence which later proved embarrassing. The authorities convinced themselves that neither of the ladies involved had killed Taylor but a great deal of damage was done.

There are veteran publicity trouble-shooters in Hollywood today who insist that, if the studio authorities and lawyers had acted on the publicity men's advice, Roscoe Arbuckle would have been cleared immediately of the ugly charge brought against him in connection with the death of a minor motion picture actress in his San Francisco hotel suite.

Here was no case of covering up anything; the tragedy had happened. But the press agents argued that Roscoe should be allowed to tell his side of the story. The lawyers insisted that he remain silent; that the case be tried in court. The press was hungry for news and an ambitious prosecuting attorney and his assistant saw that the news services received plenty of material. But it was all on one side. Arbuckle's silence, according to the publicity boys, convicted him in the public's mind, before the case ever went to trial.

As proof of their contention that public opinion could have been swayed, they cite the following very different but parallel case wherein a timely statement turned the tide:

AN interlocutory decree of divorce was granted to Rudolf Valentino and his first wife, Jean Acker. Under the California divorce laws, neither party may re-marry until the expiration of a year, when the decree becomes final.

Before the year was up, Valentino fell in love with Natacha Rambova and wished to marry her. After a series of consultations with his lawyer, the actor was advised that he could be married in Old Mexico without legal complications. So across the border the pair went and were duly married by a Mexican jefe. They returned to the U. S. and hied themselves to Palm Springs, California, for their honeymoon.

All might have been well but for the ambition of an assistant district attorney of Los Angeles County. Scenting headlines, he announced that Valentino had committed bigamy.

Valentino heard of this in the early hours of the morning and drove the rest of the night in order to be at the district attorney's office in the morning to clear himself. But again a lawyer, with characteristic professional caution, warned Valentino not to talk.

Immediately there was a terrific hue and cry! Valentino was a fugitive from justice, the assistant D. A. shouted in bold-face headlines. Valentino was nothing of the sort but his silence made it appear so.

Finally, the publicity trouble-shooter persuaded the studio authorities to let him take charge of the case. Here was the screen's great lover accused of bigamy. It looked simple enough to the press agent. So with the star's approval, the publicity man drafted a Valentino statement for the press which read as follows:

"I married Miss Rambova because I love her more than anything in life. I did it on the advice of my lawyers who told us we were violating no law. If we have done wrong, we will separate until my divorce becomes final and then be remarried. But right or wrong, whatever I have done, I have done for love."

That was too much for the Valentino fans. So he had done it for love! They welcomed him back, marriage and all. Public opinion made a martyr of Valentino; he was being persecuted for love! The case was quietly dropped.

OCCASIONALLY it has been possible to turn adverse winds into favorable breezes by ballyhooing the entire incident to the point of sheer farce. Bebe Daniels' brief sojourn in the bastille, some years ago, on a speeding charge serves as a perfect example of this technique.

Hollywood is in Los Angeles County which adjoins Orange County in Southern California. At the time this happened, the latter was famous for its war on reckless motorists. Speed traps dotted Orange County's fine highways and an honest and courageous judge handed out jail sentences to one and all, regardless of the business, social or political affiliations of the offender.

Touring across Orange County, Bebe made the grave mistake of bearing down a little too hard on the accelerator. Wheeeeee! And there was the charming Bebe face to face with a visit to the hoose-gow!

Once again the studio trouble-shooter moved into action. But there was precious little to be done. The judge snorted at the suggestion of a fine or a suspended sentence. Bebe Daniels or Jane Doe—they were all alike to him. Ten days in jail and no maybe about it was the final edict.

Then one of the publicity lads came up with the winning suggestion. Of course Bebe would serve her sentence! And every man, woman and child who could spell out simple English would read about it before, during and after her incarceration!

Bebe went to jail to the tune of the greatest publicity blast the motion picture industry had known up to that time. Friends, sympathizers and admirers from the four points of the compass deluged her jail quarters with flowers, books and candy. A friendly jailer even permitted her to have a phonograph. The press was flooded with photos of the star en route to jail, behind the bars, with the matron, eating prison fare, chatting with other traffic offenders, etcetera, etcetera. Her jail diary was featured in many newspapers throughout the country. Her stay in jail eventually developed most of the features of a three-ring circus. The studio even cashed in on this publicity avalanche, subsequently, by starring Miss Daniels in a picture called "The Speed Girl."

The Stories Behind the Song Hits

(*Continued from page 63*)

'Lullaby of Broadway.' In it you'll recognize (we hope you will, anyway) the milk wagons going through Times Square at dawning, the honking of taxis' horns, the ermine-coated and swallow-tailed gentry and you'll even recognize the hired silk hats that they wear when you sing, 'The rumble of a subway train, the rattle of the taxis, the daffydils who entertain at Angelo's and Maxie's . . .'"

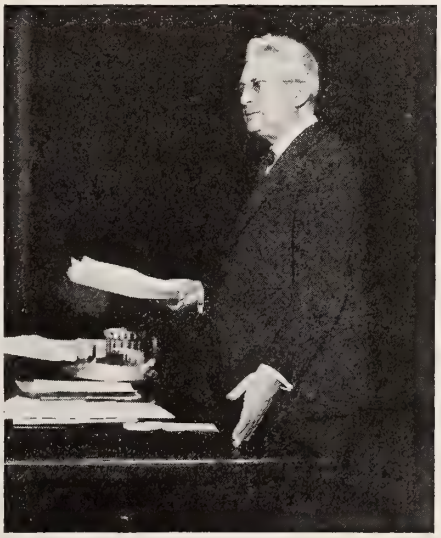
"Yeah," put in Al, "and don't forget the swell looking theatre doormen. Gosh, please don't make us tell you any more about it. We're liable to break down and weep on your shoulder."

IT wasn't homesickness, however, that inspired these two prolific boys to spin another hit-no-errors, for "Gold Diggers of 1935." There's a tune from it called "I'm Goin' Shoppin' With You." But let Al, who has completely recovered, tell you about it.

"There's a scene in the picture between Alice Brady and Gloria Stuart in which Gloria puts up woman's eternal cry that she hasn't anything to wear. It looked like a good spot for a song, so Harry and I put our two curly heads together, but we couldn't think up an idea. One day Busby Berkeley, who directed the dancing, came in late for rehearsal. We asked him why he was tardy. Whereupon he excused himself by saying that he had been out shopping with his missus. You see," Al's voice took on an apologetic note, "he's been married only a few months and he's still foolish enough to go along on a shopping tour with a woman."

"So-o-o-o," it was Harry's turn, "Bus's tardiness was good for something. It gave us an idea for a song. We wrote 'I'm Goin' Shoppin' With You,' which goes like this: 'Whenever you go shoppin' to buy a dress that's new, Honey, I'll keep my eye on the dresses you try on, 'Cause I'm goin' shoppin' with you . . .'"

The songs which Al Jolson sings in "Go Into Your Dance" were inspired by the star. The boys just had to build the



Here is the man responsible for those lovely lyrics in "Roberta," Otto Harbach.



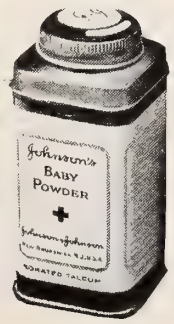
"Oh darn! Darn! Double-darn! Every time I get him part way up, he falls down again! I'd like to break his old ladder in a trillion pieces! I will not be quiet—and I won't be good! I'm mad!"



"Bath-time? . . . Oh . . . Well, that's different. Will you let me spank the water—and poke a hole in the soap? And do I get some soft, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder all over me afterward?"



"Hurray! When I'm under that dandy powder shower I could just squeal for joy. And I never have a rash or a prickle or a chafe, do I? What do I care if things go wrong in my work!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . and wherever I go, babies forget their troubles! For I keep their skins smooth and soft as satin—I'm satin-soft myself! I'm made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either. Your baby will appreciate Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

FOUND!
AN EASY WAY
TO PREVENT UNDER ARM
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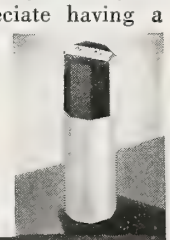


A DEODORANT THAT'S
EASY TO CARRY
IN YOUR PURSE

Here is something that will make your job of keeping sweet just twice as easy. It's a new kind of deodorant. No need to spread it on or rub it in with the fingers. No need to dig into a jar. No waiting for it to dry, and you can use it right after shaving.

This new deodorant is the size and shape of a lipstick—applied as easily as a lipstick. A few touches to the armpits and you are protected against odor for the day.

Its name? Perstik. And because it is the size and shape of a lipstick, it is easy to keep in your purse for use during the day or evening. If you have ever—even for a single moment—suspected the presence of under-arm odor when away from your boudoir, you will appreciate having a Perstik with you in your purse at all times.



Department stores and druggists throughout the world feature Perstik. 50c. Or send 10c for trial size to "Perstik, 467C, Fifth Avenue, New York City."

Perstik
THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

numbers around Al's personality, which is a comparatively easy thing to do when the subject is someone like Jolson. All they had to do was to write a new kind of "Mammy" song for him called, "Mammy I'll Sing About You," and they let him do the rest, permitting him to change the lyrics when he thought they didn't suit him.

"But 'She's A Latin From Manhattan,' from the same picture, was inspired by Ruby Keeler, Al's missus," said Harry. "In the picture Ruby's supposed to dress up as a Spanish señorita. I visualized little Irish Ruby with her pert nose and Erin blue eyes all togged out in a colorful Spanish skirt and a mantilla. Somehow the two didn't mix, you know, like Irish potatoes and Spanish onions. And there, little children, was our idea for 'She's a Latin from Manhattan,' Tho' she does the rhumba from Tenth Avenue . . . Señorita Donahue.'"

"'A Good Old-Fashioned Cocktail With A Good Old-Fashioned Girl,' also sung by Ruby, was inspired by the way Ruby and Al used to hold hands between pictures. Can you imagine a husband and wife married as long as they are still showing affection in public? We thought Ruby was pretty old-fashioned, and it gave us an idea for this ditty: 'If you're feeling kind of lonely and you feel you need a pal, Have a good old-fashioned cocktail with a good old-fashioned gal . . .'"

SAM COSLOW turned out all the hits for Carl Brisson's initial starring picture, "All The King's Horses." There's a story behind one of the important numbers called "A Little White Gardenia," too. Evidently there are movie fans in England who are as violent as those we have in America. For Carl Brisson, while starring in British pictures, was the daily recipient of a white gardenia via florist delivery, sent by an unknown admirer. Carl happened to tell the incident to Coslow and, presto, the seed for "A Little White Gardenia," was sown, which starts out with "For I bring a little white gardenia, as refreshing as a day in May . . ."

"When My Prince Charming Comes Along," from the same picture, was Sam Coslow's nice way of paying a compliment to the star of "All The King's Horses." Brisson is Sam's idea of an airmail answer to a woman's prayer.

Otto Harbach, the grand old man who has been ringing the bell and bringing home the bacon for nigh on to twenty-seven years, gets his ideas from situations only. Otto needs no man, beast nor incident to inspire him, though he may need a couple of birds, as you'll discover if you read on. Otto inserts numbers for shows only when a musical number presents itself automatically.

"My songs are naturally produced. If you saw 'Roberta,' you'll recall the band of music which was part of the plot. With an orchestra right on the stage, a singing number is obviously necessary. I don't like this business of putting a scene in an office and suddenly having the boss open his mouth to yodel a love song to his stenographer. To me that's ridiculous and far-fetched. There may be rhyme to a situation like that but certainly no reason.

"People have asked me many times how I got the idea for 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.' They thought that my wife might have been learning to smoke and had got some in mine. No, I'm afraid that would have inspired a calling-down, not a title. The idea for the song came from the plot of the story. The Russian princess is in love with a man, who, she thinks, loves another. She is miserable. I said to myself, 'Let me see if I can't think of some expression that sounds like a Russian proverb and would fit a situation like that.' I thought hard and then I manufactured one, 'When Your Heart's On Fire, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.'"

Harbach is a very thorough mechanic. He applies more of the technique of the business man to his songwriting than that of the artist. Many years ago he wrote "Love Nest" by simply comparing it to a dove nest. To make that scene stand out, he went to the director and asked him to train a couple of doves so they'd fly around the stage and come back to their nest.

"The director said he had enough to do to train the human birds, so I went to work and trained them myself. I got the idea of putting some food in the nest so that they'd always fly back there. It never failed to work. By the time the play was over, we had enough doves for ten road companies."

"Lovely To Look At," another hit song from "Roberta," was written especially for the picture by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh. These two tunesmiths conceived the idea for "Lovely To Look At" by watching the fashion show scene, one of the most beautiful in the picture. Both agreed that the mannequins, parading their clothes, were not only lovely to look at, but lovely enough to be loved. With that inspiration, they sat themselves down and wrote "Lovely to look at, Delightful to know and heaven to kiss . . ."

"HUNKA DOLA," written by Jack Yellen, Cliff Friend and Joseph Meyer for "Scandals of 1935" and which is sung by Alice Faye, Lyda Roberti and Jimmy Dunn, was inspired by a charming maid, aged two. The boys were having trouble. George White, who conceived both the names and steps of Black Bottom, Charleston and other dance routines, invented another dance for "Scandals," but he couldn't think of a name for it. The boys had written the music, the steps had been invented and practiced, but what were they to call it? They thought and thought and thought but no title could they think of. They decided if they couldn't feed their brains, they might as well feed their stomachs. So they went into a restaurant. A woman and a small girl sat opposite them. The former munched on a roll. "Wanta hunka dola," said the little one.

Jack turned to Cliff, Cliff turned to Joe and they raised one glorious "whoop." "Hunka Dola" was the perfect title for a dance number.

Sammy Fain and Irving Kahal, who composed the lyrics and music for "Goin' To Town," had as swell a time as a guy with binoculars at a nudist colony. Their subject was Mae West and all they had to do was to think of her and write a song around her. Nevertheless, "Now I'm A Lady" was inspired by the original title of the picture and by an incident which happened on the set.

"It was a blue Monday, and we were all in the dumps," said Sammy. "The censors (remember them?) had just banned 'Belle of the Nineties.' Everyone was discouraged except Mae who kept her good spirits. 'The Liberty Bell and I are very much alike,' said Mae. 'My Liberty's half cracked, too. But it means that from now on, I'm a lady.' That gave her the idea for a picture and gave us the idea for a song."

So you see how it is! An idea may come from the air, a personality or a situation. The next time you hum a tune, think of the poor writers who had to wrack their tired brains to get the inspiration. Think of them and give them a great big hand.

Do You Believe This Story?

(*Continued from page 31*)

I said, "Tell me about . . . the house, please. . ."

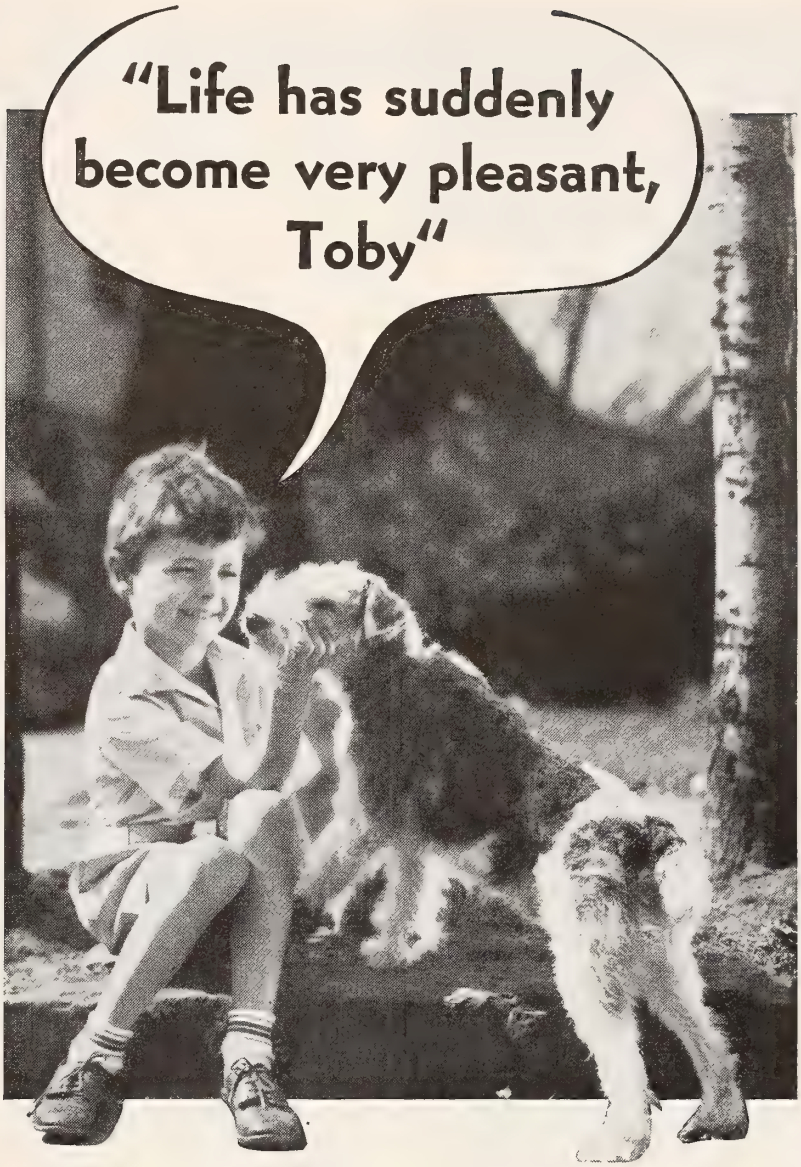
He said, "Your fancy may crawl away from the telling of such a tale. Your readers may not believe. But in order to tell you about the house I must go back a little way. You know that I am married a fourth time. Yes, you know that. You have heard about my—my other wives. You know that I come from the black mountains of Hungary where, in the arms of my old nurse, I heard the tales of vampires and saw their victims. Ah, yes, as I grew older and could take notice of things about me I saw many a young man and young woman pale and sicken and seem to die with no cause given. I had a skeptical mind. I read widely. I made a brave attempt to laugh off such nonsense. Folklore gone mad, I told myself. I would shake off the charnel-house odors of such foul superstitions. . .

"And then, I met the woman. Her age was indeterminable. She was an actress. She was not outstandingly beautiful. Her hair was a pale brown. Her skin was deathly pale at times; at other times it was a blood, blood red—that was when she had been fed. Her mouth was thin and ravenous. Her teeth were tiny, and pointed. She had been married many times. There had been many lovers. One never asked what had become of them. Men feared her—and went to her at her command. Husbands left their wives because of her.

I HAD a wife, too, and two sons. Yes I have two sons of whom I have never spoken. They are grown boys now. I have never seen them since I—I left. I have never, from that day to this, sent so much as a picture postcard home. Nor have I had one. How should I? I burned all my bridges behind me when I left more than fifteen years ago. It was safer to have no communication of any earthly kind. I wish I could say that I did not care, that the thought of those two young men of mine did not matter to me. But I do care, it does matter. However, to get back. . . . At that time I was living the normal life of a young man of the town. I had played Romeo, with some success.



"Hot Dog!" growls Bonzo as he trys to snatch a bite from Betty Furness.



For this little citizen a sombre world has suddenly brightened.

His mother has given him his first taste of Fletcher's Castoria — the children's laxative. And did he *love* it!



That delicious taste is *important*. It means no more of the struggles that a bad-tasting laxative causes — that all too often upset a child's nerves, his digestion, his whole delicate little system.

That's why even the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children!



It is also prepared just as carefully for a child's *needs*.

It contains only ingredients that are suitable for a child—no harsh, purging drugs that so many "grown-up" laxatives contain. Fletcher's Castoria will never cause griping pains. It is not habit-forming. It is completely, perfectly *safe*. It is very gentle—yet very *thorough*.



Rely on Fletcher's Castoria whenever your child needs a laxative—from babyhood to 11 years. Get a bottle today—look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher.* Save money—get the Family-Size bottle.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years

"Drink to me only with thine eyes" ..sang the poet*



MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids will make YOUR eyes lovely enough to sing about—

Poets and artists have always paid high tribute to the most important feature of woman's beauty—her eyes. The fascination of long, dark, curling lashes, softly shaded eyelids, and well-groomed brows have made even the plainest woman appear charming and most attractive.

Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now darken your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, with Maybelline Mascara, and presto—the artist in you will bring out the poet in HIM!



BLACK OR BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

*Ben Jonson

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

I was said to be of outstanding appearance. I had a genial disposition and a happy outlook on life.

"Then I met—her. The very first time I was introduced to her I broke out into a deathly cold sweat. My heart and pulse raced and then seemed to stop, dead. I lost control of my limbs and faltered in my speech. I was never happy in her presence. I felt always sick and dizzy and depleted. Yet I could not remain away from her. She never bade me come to her, not in words. There was never any of the conventional trapping of assignations. I simply went to her, at odd hours of the day and night, impelled by an agency I neither saw nor heard.

"I lost weight. I hardly slept. I had seen other young men fade and wither before my eyes and had heard the village folk whisper the dread cause. But when it came to me, I did not know it for what it was.

"It was my mother who forced me to flee the country and never to return to it again until that woman and every trace and memory of her vanished from the sight of men. . . ."

"This that I am telling you is the truth. It can be verified if you are curious or incredulous.

"I came to America. After a time, my health returned to me. I tried, on two other occasions, to find human love, to marry and have a home as other men have. You have heard the results. One marriage lasted twenty-four hours . . . The other . . I can only say that she, the faithful one, was there and gave me to understand that if ever I felt love again, attempted marriage, she would stand between me and fulfillment.

"For many months, for years I dared not think of love or of marriage. I was determined to stay alone.

AND then I met my present wife. She was my secretary. She, too, is of Hungarian descent. She was born here. She, too, was raised on the folklore of the country side, the tales of vampires and ghouls and unspeakable things.

"She loved me, she has told me, at first sight. Something in her ached for me. I did not love her—not at first. I had put love from me. Then, day after day, as she worked for me and with me, did little things for me I had not thought to ask her, a craving for companionship, for a woman in my heart and in my home once more took hold of my very vitals.

"But I wanted to put her to the test. For weeks before I dared to tell her that I loved her, wanted to marry her I—I tortured her. They were not nice things, the things I did to her. I cannot speak of them. Perhaps it was to test her . . . perhaps it was an attempt to placate that—that other one. Whatever it was and however shamed my heart, I caused her such suffering as made the tears stream down her face for hours and hours at a time . . . but she never faltered, never turned away from me.

"And so, nearly two years ago we were married and we found this house.

"We thought, 'We will make it safe against invasion of any kind. And so we have locks on all the doors, locks that cannot be unlocked by any hands but mine. And no one is admitted to this house unless that person is well known to us. No appointments are made over the phone. We have five hounds and one of them is white and his name is Bodri. *He knows.* The windows, as you can see, are screened and barred and locked. On the landing of each stairway is a large cushion upon which one of the hounds sleeps at night . . . no footstep, human or otherwise, can mount or descend these stairs without their knowing it.

"And there are times when they howl in the night . . . howl fearfully though no eye, not even mine, can see what they are howling at.

"And so, in spite of all these precautions which you, yourself, can see, *the house is haunted.*

"I knew it, first, when the dogs began to howl. I knew it when I first saw the white fur rise on Bodri's body, saw his ears flatten and his red eyes dilate.

"I knew it when, in the dead of night, there came the sound of something dragging around the house.

AND then, that first night in this house and every night thereafter the bat has come. The first night I saw that bat, monstrously big and with but one eye, flattened against the window. . .

"It began to be a monomania with both of us—to kill that bat. We had the feeling that if we ridded ourselves of that thing we would be free. We told Bodri to get it. We even hired exterminators to come up and watch for the creature and kill it. We had all kinds of men here lying in wait for it. They finally told us we were imagining it—there was no bat visible. We knew that they thought we were mad.

"Months went by and then, one night, Bodri got it. We heard him howling in the darkness. He came into the house and he had it in his mouth, limp, dead, hideous beyond words. With a sick heart and shuddering flesh I went into the garden and there, in the dead of night, I dug a grave for it. I dug a hole deep enough to bury the Giant of Tarsus. I went back to the house, and to bed.

"The next night came. We had a little festive dinner, my wife and I. We drank wine and were very gay. We even talked of the time when we might go back to Hungary, back to Lugos. In the midst of our happy talk, it happened.

"My wife heard it first. I could tell that she had heard it by the look on her face. I went to the window. The bat was back again. Not the same one, you say? But yes, it was.

"I went out into the garden with Bodri beside me. I dug up that deep pit again. The bat was gone. The ground was undisturbed but the bat—was—gone."

Lugosi rose and walked over to the hearth over which hangs his mother's coat of arms. He said, simply, "I swear that what I am telling you is the truth."

I rose to go. Mr. Lugosi walked with me to the door, unlatched it, took me through the garden, unlatched the gate. He said, "This is a strange tale to have told you. In the town of Lugos it would not be thought so strange, nor disbelieved. So often and so frightful is this sort of thing over there, even today, that the townspeople of Lugos often keep their dead for days and sometimes weeks to be sure they have died a Christian death and not the hideous, half-death of the vampires. But I hope," Lugosi said, with that slight bow from the waist of his, "I hope I have not frightened you . . ."

I drove away. I was grateful for the sunshine. I tried to think. What rot! What utter nonsense! I couldn't—not quite. I thought of this man who lives here, in Hollywood, who walks the streets and works in the studios and is charming and courteous and kind. But walks, always, with make-up or without, with that pallid face and those white, preternatural hands and smileless smile.

This, at any rate, is the story he told me. I have not exaggerated. I have not dramatized.

You may draw your own conclusions.



Madeleine Carroll as the beautiful queen in the British film "Farewell to Love."

What Are Your Wedding Plans?

(*Continued from page 66*)

stitched fabric hat trimmed with a rhinestone ornament.

Another choice is a suit designed for her by Adrian. It is a two-piece beige suit with the jacket collarless and tucked in an unusual way. Adrian adds a wide brown suede belt over-laced with a rope of the beige woolen. A brown felt hat, brown gloves, shoes and bag complete this. For actual traveling, Rosalind tops this suit with a tan camel's hair coat trimmed with lynx. Be sure to make note of the smart lightweight airplane luggage which is piled up alongside this coat . . . a perfect selection for your trousseau luggage.

Rosalind suggested that we show her a stunning three-piece pajama ensemble rather than a fluffy bridal negligee because she thinks it is the sort of thing you would all like to have whether you are planning a trousseau or not. Heavy white silk crêpe for the Norfolk-type jacket and full trousers. The robe of the same material is made very tailored in double-breasted effect. Both the pajama jacket and the robe are piped and buttoned in a bright blue shade. Rosalind adds a polka dotted Ascot in the blue as an individual detail.

I have been thinking so much about weddings and trousseaux that everyone I see, I get talking on the subject. I had tea with Frances Drake, the other day and she only needed a slight prod to start off on plans for her own wedding. No, she isn't even engaged, but she would like to have a real wedding when she finally makes up her mind to be married.

"Of course," she said, "the very fact that there is a beautiful old lace veil that belonged to my grandmother in our family, will probably be the very reason that I shall join the dozens of other Hollywood stars that have run off to Yuma and have been married in any old costume they had on! This veil is still in England but it has been promised to me whenever I want it. I like to design my own clothes, some of them are a little eccentric, I'm afraid, but I like unusual cut, line and color. For my wedding dress, though, I would like something quite medieval . . . you know, a high neckline, long, tight-fitting sleeves and the satin



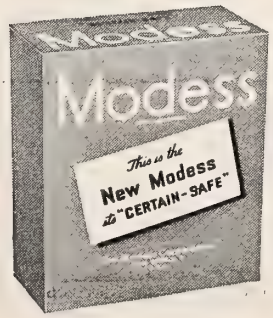
WOMEN . . . rejoice! Your old haunting fear of "accidents" can now be a thing of the past!

For—in the Modess laboratories—a new type of sanitary napkin has recently been perfected. A napkin that combines three *safety* features to give

Complete protection from embarrassing "accidents"!

You can actually *see* and *feel* every one of the three new features. Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't be risking a penny . . . see Money Back Guarantee below.) Read the printed slip inside. Look at the diagrams and compare them with the napkin itself. Even before you wear the new "Certain-Safe" Modess you'll understand how and why it brings you dependable protection against . . . (1) striking through, (2) tearing away, (3) incomplete absorption.

Wear the new Modess once, and you'll ask for it always!



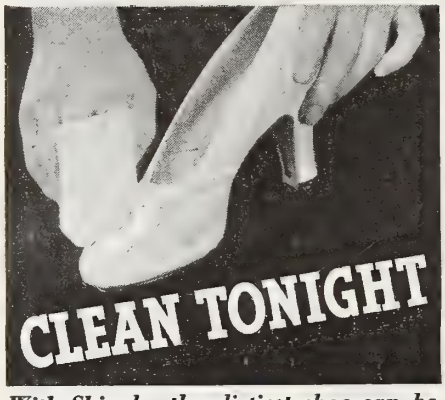
SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you've been buying another brand of napkin just from habit...here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear enough napkins to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return box and remaining napkins to Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

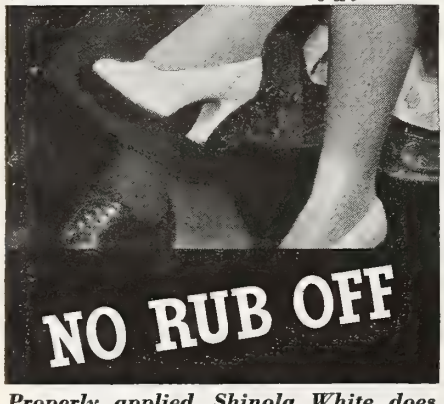
MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE



Office work is hard on white shoes. Dust and dirt smudge them. But



With Shinola, the dirtiest shoe can be cleaned white as new in a jiffy! And



Properly applied Shinola White does not rub off on clothes or furniture. ★



10¢ AT ALL STORES

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fitted through the body, flowing out into fullness toward the hem. The veil could be held by a small Juliet cap of pearls. And don't laugh, but for my bouquet I should like forget-me-nots and tea roses!"

I didn't laugh because it sounded perfectly charming to me. Frances has such an interesting face, she is pretty, too, but there is something more than just mere prettiness in her face and I could well imagine how lovely she would look in the costume she described and in her grandmother's veil.

ROYER, Fox's clever designer, talked about wedding finery, too. He likes brides to look romantic above everything else. And he, like Frances, prefers to choose his style from old-fashioned sources. He described a wedding party which he had designed for a Spanish picture they were doing at Fox.

"I made the bride's gown in a heavy, luminous satin," he said. "The design was quite simple and conventional but very feminine. The dress was trimmed with an appliqué of lace at the neckline and her veil was net, appliqued with medallions of the same lace. In the wedding scene, she had to wear the veil back from her face, but I had a small veil that completely covered her face when she first appeared. The maid of honor wore a lamé dress made with puffed panniers at the hips, short puffed sleeves and a fitted bodice. Rather a shepherdess effect, you see. A Watteau hat trimmed with flowers for her headgear. The bridesmaids were in tulle and satin, also somewhat on the shepherdess style and wore the same type of hat as the maid of honor. And, the flowers, they were the best fun because I attached them, near the handle, to a Bo-Peep crook."

I saw a picture of this wedding party, later, and I can tell you it was very stunning. I forgot to mention that this was an all-white wedding except for the silver lamé of the maid of honor's gown.

To get back to our own weddings, however. If you are not going to plan for a formal ceremony, there is the alternative of the small home or chapel service. Ginger Rogers, when she married Lew Ayres, had a wedding of this kind. She was married in church but did not wear satin and a veil, of course, it was her second marriage and she couldn't correctly wear full bridal array, but even so, her costume was perfect for the bride who doesn't want to be too formal. Ginger wore pale green lace with a fitted bodice and full skirt. Her hat was trimmed with the same lace. Janet Gaynor and Mary Brian, her only attendants, wore simple, long afternoon dresses in beige and blue respectively. It was simple, charming and very smart.

Any long-skirted, feminine type of afternoon gown is quite charming for the informal wedding. The color should always be a pastel or some soft shade.

And now for the bride who runs off to the city hall. Any simple silk dress or good-looking suit is appropriate. You can wear a corsage, or carry a small bouquet. Rosalind Russell's navy blue silk with the jabot is an excellent type of costume for a civil ceremony. A soft ensemble in a plain and printed combination of fabrics is another suggestion.

Besides Rosalind's gown and trousseau, I have picked several other costumes on page 66, that fit into the wedding picture. Anita Louise wears a heavenly bridesmaid's dress. It is a soft blue tulle over a taffeta foundation. The shirtwaist detail of the bodice and the white piqué collar and tie, are some of those nice paradoxical touches which very feminine dresses often affect this season. Pleating of the tulle makes cuffs, and jabot.

Mary Astor wears a silk jacket costume which is suitable either for an informal bridal costume or for a going-away dress for the bride who marries formally. It is made in pink rough crêpe, the box jacket having sleeve fullness at the elbow. A lace blouse, finely tucked, and in the same shade, accompanies this. Mary's hat is a rough pink straw banded in deep blue ribbon.

For the bride's mother at the formal wedding, no costume could be more perfect than Verree Teasdale's lace and chiffon one in eggshell white. The blouse, with high collar and jabot, is of the lace. The skirt of chiffon has full godets to give it a graceful movement. Verree's wide contrasting belt is brown and yellow silk cording.

A lovely summery evening gown for your trousseau is that of Bette Davis. Yellow and brown dotted organdy, girdled in brown velvet. The whole silhouette is one of crispness and youthfulness.

And Genevieve Tobin holds up a taffeta muff for your inspection. This is not only a grand summer evening accessory but it is also a nice detail for your bridesmaid's costume. Flowers can be pinned to this, making it an individual and refreshing change from the usual arm bouquet seen at most weddings.

I can't half cover the subject of weddings in one article. There are so many ideas, so many interesting angles to discuss. However, I have prepared a leaflet for you on "The Trousseau from Lingerie to Linens"—this covers the number of things you will need for both yourself and your new house. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request and it is yours for the asking. Write to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Coupon for ordering patterns illustrated on page 8

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(Please print in pencil)

Meet Nelson Eddy

(*Continued from page 62*)

loud huzzahs, cheers, glove-splitting applause. Rather, it was one of bewilderment, surprise, that swept into a wordless, motionless, breathless appreciation, as an artist's artistry spun out upon the screen. It must have been a triumph for Eddy, sitting with his mother in the row behind us. For nearly two years he has had to smile good-naturedly as he heard people say, "Nelson Eddy? Oh, yeah, he's that singin' fellah they got out at Metro."

HE went into the theatre as just another concert baritone attempting to crash pictures. "I never thought films the medium for me," Eddy told me previously. He left the theatre a success, the raves of the critics ringing in his ears. In the short space of two and one half hours on the night of February sixteen, public favor had made an idol of him. Admiration showed in the faces of the audience as it swept up the aisles, sighted him in the middle center, stared at him. Actors who had passed him with a short nod the day before, waved at him lavishly, fraternally. "Good old Nelse!" Executives, critics, producers, beamed genially upon him.

The public will soon be clamoring for more Eddy pictures, and Eddy wants to wander around America's far places, singing like a medieval troubador.

"Whadaya want to go out in the sticks for, when you can make a lot more money by staying in Hollywood, acting and singing for the movies, and we're willing to pay the price?" they ask him, puzzled.

"Because I've promised my audiences that I'd sing for them, that I'd come again this year, and I don't want to break faith with them," patiently explains Eddy. "Already doorbells are being punched and solicitors are going from house to house selling tickets for my concert. I've worked fifteen years to get to the point where the concert list of, we'll say, Kalamazoo, reads, 'Nelson Eddy, Baritone, and three others.' When I started concert work, the bill read 'Rachmaninoff and three others,' and I was one of the unnamed. It *means* something to me.

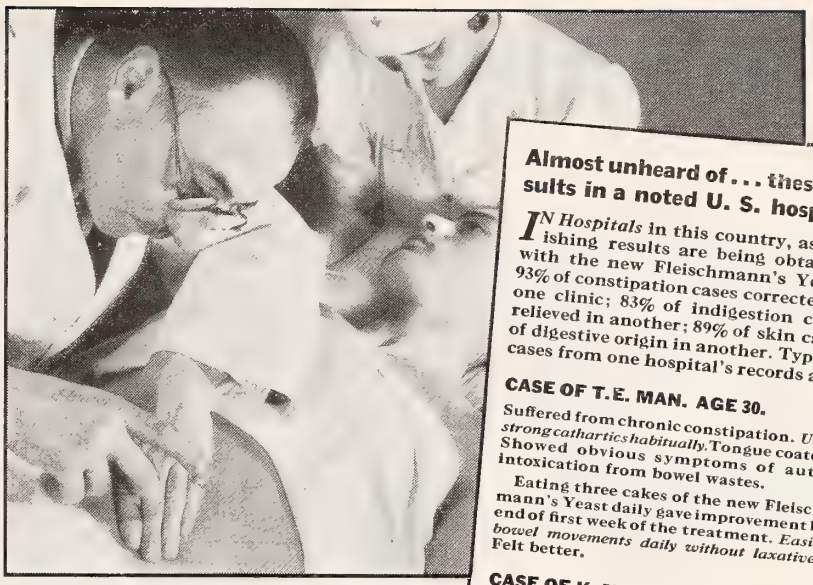
"I guess you don't know just what it is to small-town dwellers, people who seldom get into the big cities for entertainment, to have the winter and spring concert season to look forward to. Women are already buying new evening dresses in Kalamazoo, dressmakers are taking orders. It's a big event in the lives of these people, and I wouldn't fail them."

YEAH," ask others, "but what do you do? Have you got a band? Do you get up with a baton and direct the boys, and then sing the choruses, like Rudy Vallee, or Buddy Rogers? Or have you a vaudeville act?"

"Neither," answers our idealist, patiently. "All I have is an accompanist. He plays the piano, and I sing . . . German *lieder*, operatic selections, classics, ballads, just about anything."

Actually, the studio has less of an anomaly under contract than they pretend. They know that Nelson Eddy is a likely runner-up for the title of "favorite American baritone" along with Messrs. Tibbett, Werrenrath, Robeson, John Charles Thomas.

As he tells the story, Eddy's entrance into the movie maelstrom was ex-



Dr. Alban Girault, the French expert, says: "Almost unbelievable how well it works."

Dr. Girault (above) has been chief of clinic, Paris Faculty of Medicine—is a member of leading medical societies. He says:

"I was amazed at the results. Instead of acting harshly as cathartics do, it restores bowel action naturally . . . *A notable discovery.*"

Almost unheard of . . . these results in a noted U. S. hospital

IN Hospitals in this country, astonishing results are being obtained with the new Fleischmann's Yeast: 93% of constipation cases corrected in one clinic; 83% of indigestion cases relieved in another; 89% of skin cases of digestive origin in another. Typical cases from one hospital's records are:

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Suffered from chronic constipation. *Used strong cathartics habitually.* Tongue coated. Showed obvious symptoms of auto-intoxication from bowel wastes.

Eating three cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily gave improvement by end of first week of the treatment. *Easier bowel movements daily without laxatives.* Felt better.

CASE OF K. M. MAN. AGE 62.

Had used strong cathartics and enemas for chronic constipation for 10 years. Discomfort from gas. Pale, weak. Was on a special diet.

Treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast improved his digestion. *Patient was able to discontinue cathartics and enemas as a result.* Feels better. No discomfort from gas. Now has natural daily bowel evacuations.

CASE OF K. Q. WOMAN. AGE 51.

Had used strong cathartics for chronic constipation for years. Appetite poor. Frequent headaches. Very nervous. Complained of abdominal heaviness.

After eating Fleischmann's new Yeast, appetite improved. *After one week, had daily evacuations without cathartics.* Feels very well, no headaches. Nervousness relieved, no more discomfort from gas.

Completely corrected by this new discovery...

CHRONIC CASES OF CONSTIPATION

A new food supplies "Protective Substances" your stomach, bowels need. No ordinary food, even fruits and vegetables, supplies enough!

HOSPITALS are now correcting even stubborn cases of constipation—simply by adding *one food* to the diet!

For some time it has been known that "protective substances" were needed in the diet for the stomach and bowels to work properly. When these "protective substances" are undersupplied—people become constipated.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and green vegetables—do not supply enough of these substances.

Richest Known Source

But *one food* now supplies them in abundance . . . is *their richest source!*

This food is the new Fleischmann's Yeast. This new fresh yeast starts an increased flow of your stomach juices—tones and strengthens nerves and muscles all through your intestines.

Then digestion improves. Bowels work better. The skin clears. Energy increases.

Begin to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly!* Don't stop when you begin to feel better, but go on eating it! Follow the simple rules below.

Eat three or more cakes of this new Fleischmann's Yeast each day. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in a little water . . . or in milk or fruit juices—or spread on a cracker.

Eat it one-half hour before each meal. This gives it a chance to start your digestive juices flowing before other food enters your stomach.

If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. As this new yeast strengthens your bowels, you can stop using laxatives entirely.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label.



THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food—not a medicine. It can give complete bowel regularity . . . help you to *keep* free from constipation and the many ailments it causes.

Constipation may be serious. To be sure, see a doctor.

NRA CODE

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TO END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

***Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's* EASY TO EAT**

IF you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

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Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

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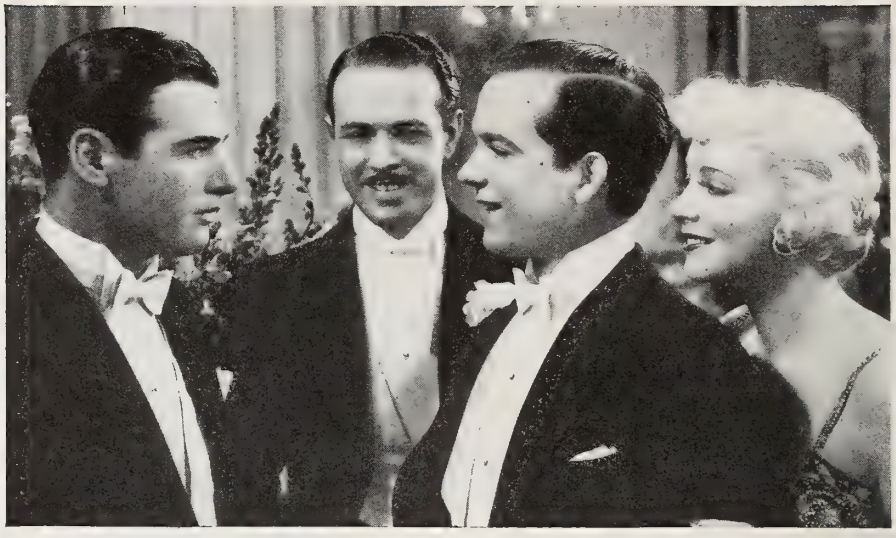
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Three men and a gal in a scene from "Let 'Em Have It." Left to right, Dick Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden and Virginia Bruce.

ceedingly unusual. He didn't *want* to go into pictures. He was having too much fun warbling the classics in French, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Yiddish and English (yes, he speaks them all), singing "Amonasro" in "Aida," luxuriating in the deep dramatics of the Wagnerian operas (he's better in "Tannhäuser" than "Herodias," we think) kidding around in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" and "The Pirates of Penzance," singing for the Philadelphia Operatic Society, the Philadelphia Civic Opera, making his début (in 1924) in "Pagliacci." Movies, as you can see, were farthest from his thoughts.

March, 1933, found him in Los Angeles, substituting for a missing artist on a concert series. It found him, later, at RKO-Radio studios with an official insisting that he put his signature to a contract. They had a few good musicals around the place that needed a singer who was not only good, but good-looking.

"But, look," he pointed out, "this contract is for only half as much as you originally offered."

"Sure," was the answer. "You want to go in pictures, so why not take a little less?"

"But I *don't*," Eddy responded, seized the 'phone, reinstated all his cancelled engagements (that was one time when he almost failed the folks), booked his passage on a train that left in twenty minutes. He made the train and left Hollywood flat. That is, he thought he did. By the time he reached New York, the studios were simply frothing about him. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer won the heat, and Eddy became theirs.

Without his blondness and his bigness and his indifference to motion picture social life and the thrilling story of his belated film success, Eddy would still be outstanding in Hollywood. He has more drive, more force, more earnest desire to work, than any male now on film record. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, he says he has always had that intense urge to master one more thing than that of which he was capable.

Telephone operator, shipping department clerk, newspaper copy reader, reporter, advertising writer, fifteen years ago he decided to make his voice earn his living for him. An advanced student, he went out of his way to learn "Matthew's Passion," an obscure oratorio. The following week someone asked him if he knew it. "Sure," he answered. "I don't believe it," retorted his questioner. "Play some of it," Eddy demanded. The fellow did. Eddy got the job.

Eddy is an only child, part Dutch (President Martin Van Buren is an ancestor), all American, with a New England father and a Southern mother. Eddy, himself, is as New England as Coolidge was, with as sound convictions. He doesn't think much of *femmes* who pursue gentlemen, has never married, and prefers his women "sweet." They don't have to be domestic, and know how to sew, knit and cook. "My forty dollars a week will take care of that," he says with a smile from behind the tortoise shell glasses he wears off the set.

Of all the raven, Titian and blonde-haired ladies in professional Hollywood he finds not one with whom he cares to romance. It isn't that he's priggish or egotistical, but he doesn't care much about their predatory tactics. "I don't like to have a girl ask me to take her out to dinner," he explains. "One did the other evening and I said to her, 'Listen, honey, I'd like to take you out to dinner tonight, if I had any interest in you, but I haven't. And I think that a man should have a little interest in a girl that he invites to go places, don't you?'

"But I didn't insult her. She thought I was kidding. She turned around to a friend and laughed at what she thought was my joke. Don't think I'm conceited, but when I ask a girl to go out with me, I like to feel that we have something in common, that there's a little flame of mutual interest. I like to have a sweetness about such things, a delicacy, and, besides, the women that I go around with don't want to be seen at the Grove or the Trocadero where the press keeps tab on Hollywood's romantic affairs."

Son of an inventor under U. S. Naval commission, nicknamed "Red" in grammar school (his education was furthered by night and correspondence courses), Eddy, despite his sensational success, would be a welcome addition to Hollywood, even if it is for only six months of the year. Emphatic in his likes and dislikes, vigorous, forceful, self-assured, you are compelled to admire this idealistic newcomer who is so intent upon keeping faith with his vocal constituents in Kalamazoo, and Oshkosh, too. It's about time "high ideals" had a Hollywood comeback.

"I Love My Husband, But—"

(*Continued from page 51*)

and conviction. Leslie with those amazing blue eyes that so dreamily can contemplate the past and then suddenly become electrified with a fervent contemplation of the present. Leslie who, in 'Berkeley Square' said, 'I love you,' and said it more divinely than it has ever been said before. Leslie who, when kissing one woman, makes every woman in the audience feel as though she has been kissed, too.

LESLIE attracts women because he has a great sex magnetism. Ah, that surprises you! But it is so. Leslie is the perfect combination of the physical and the spiritual. He conveys the feeling of romance which endured through the ages, of love everlasting. That is why, as Mooneyeen Clare, it was so easy for me to respond to Leslie for that little, lovely while. . . .

"And then there is Clark . . . Clark Gable. His beauty is thrilling. I suppose it sounds silly to call anyone as rugged as Clark 'beautiful' . . . I hope he will forgive me. But he *is* beautiful, from his head to his feet. He is rhythmic, unconsciously alive with a powerful, effortless grace. He was the first leading man on the screen who could be cruel, even slap a woman in the face and make other women love him for it.

"Clark is the Great Lover without any of the morbid, tragic aspects of emotionalism. He is the type with whom a woman could roam the hills and highways of the world, loving and laughing lustily. He doesn't take himself seriously in any way, which is his greatest charm. He would never die for love. He would be far more likely to laugh and ride away, like a strong wind, leaving you breathless. . . .

"Bob . . . Bob Montgomery," Norma stretched her slim length on the dull green divan and laughed, the low delighted laugh of a girl looking over old dance programmes, remembering for the moment a waltz, a summer moon, a boy. . . . "Bob," said Norma, "symbolizes moonlight and prom thrills, sophisticated young love. In our first scene together on the screen we danced on a mirrored floor to the strains of 'The Blue Danube' and I thought, then, 'A girl could dance



Clark Gable and Loretta Young in a chilly scene from "Call of the Wild."

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

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to Heaven in his arms.' Our personalities react spontaneously, the one to the other, when we are on the screen. He is effervescent and gay. He has the joy of living and a witty mind.

"I always have the feeling that, before I became an actress, I knew Bob or had been in love with somebody just like him. I seem to remember the lines we speak, the moods, the very gestures we are living through together. In fact one day, during the taking of a scene, we both forgot our lines and it didn't matter in the least. We just ad-libbed our way through the rest of the scene, speaking lines we seemed to have spoken before and the director never knew the difference! Bob typifies every girl's beau. Some of my happiest, craziest moments on the set have been moments spent with Bob. . . .

"And then there is Freddie . . . Freddie March. The delightful, lovable Freddie of 'Smilin' Through' and 'The Barretts.' Freddie has the heart of the true actor. I am sure he would rather act than eat or sleep. I told him one day that no one should get paid for doing something that is as much fun as acting is to him. (He didn't agree with me!) Anyway, while I was memorizing lines and making wild dashes between dressing-room and stage, hoops flying, Freddie would be polishing up his imitation of John Barrymore or doing a Douglas Fairbanks, much to the amusement of the company. I would be quite likely to find him hanging from the chandelier or hiding under the couch, much to the distress of his valet, who would be keeping an anxious eye on a pair of carefully pressed trousers, which were to clothe Mr. Browning's restless limbs for the remainder of the day.

"And yet, underneath the splendid clowning, Freddie has an intensity which is very captivating. He is the impudent Romeo. Wise-cracks and kisses, laughter and sex-appeal, that is Freddie.

"Bart . . . Bart Marshall," and Norma's voice dropped, unconsciously to a graver, more sombre note. "Bart is so appealing on the screen because he has a beautiful courtesy and he suffers so. It is easy to act with Bart. You never have to worry about how he is going to do a scene." Norma laughed, rather tenderly. "If he has to kiss you," she said, "he never fumbles, never hits your nose by mistake, never disarranges your hair, never makes one awkward move. When he plays a scene with you he makes you feel as though you are the only woman who has ever existed in this world. By his hands, by the very inflections of that velvety voice, by the caress of his eyes, he can make you seem desirable and, by so doing, make all women seem desirable.

"And Bart's charm doesn't stop with the click of the camera. A few moments later I have heard him speak to a script girl on the set, ask her to do some little favor for him, and he will have the same tender courtesy in his voice that he would have if he were begging a favor of a legendary queen.

"A woman, I think, is like a finely tuned violin. Each hand draws forth a different melody. Some melodies are transient and die on the air as soon as they are born, in the heart as soon as they are heard. Other melodies vibrate the heartstrings for as long as the heart beats.

"These are the emotions which keep our hearts in tune with life, in tune with love. So that, when we meet the man who has the combined charms of all the men we have ever known, he will be able to play a symphony on our heartstrings and we will know that we have met the Master's touch."

How "Sequoia" Was Made

(*Continued from page 44*)

with the camera lens, just outside camera range. Then one animal performs. The mask is reversed and the other animal does his stuff. This has been done. Maybe you remember. And maybe you're wise enough to realize that it looks faked, no matter how skillfully performed.

But, suddenly, Director Chester Franklin had an idea. When the crew had first moved to Sequoia National Park where the picture was to be filmed, a tiny deer and a baby puma cub with its eyes not yet open, had been caught to be used as Malibu and Gato in the early scenes of the picture. They had been placed in nearby cages. The cages were moved closer and closer together and at last they were put in one large one with nothing but a netting between them. To the amazement of the crew these two mortal enemies were discovered actually rubbing noses through the wire netting.

That was when Franklin had his great idea. In the story the enemies of the forest had become fast friends. Could this story be true? Could Franklin make it come true?

He did. The result is "Sequoia." And it took a year and a half to make the film, instead of the twenty-one days planned.

OF course, no chances could be taken. One must not carry a noble experiment too far, so Gato, the puma, was so well fed during the making of the picture that his friend, Malibu, the deer, was no temptation as a juicy delicacy. And both were "collar broke." It was a curious sight to see the two animals each with their leashes, a man to each leash, taking their morning constitutional as friendly as a couple of Pekinese pups on Park Avenue. Perhaps more so.

And the hard-boiled crew of camera experts watched something greater than their science. They watched those two wild things grow up together with a miraculous friendship existing between them.

Remember the scene in the picture where Gato and Malibu meet supposedly after several months' separation? What actually happened was that they kept the two animals separated for three days. Then they set up the cameras, put Malibu by the water hole and Gato on the hill. Trembling with anticipation, the cameraman, director and crew watched to see what would happen. What transpired was exactly what you saw in the film. The first "take" was the only one necessary, for the animals recognized each other, Gato came down the hill and the two nuzzled each other.

Infinite patience was required, as you can imagine, to make these two animals love each other. But no patience in the world could make a baby and a snake become bosom pals. In that thrilling scene where the little Japanese baby is just *this* close to the snake, holds out his little hand to the reptile and whistles to it, a trick, but a very clever trick, was employed.

What you didn't know is that there was a thick plate glass between the child and the snake, so that no danger could come to the baby.

But deer hate snakes and Malibu actually attacked the reptile as you saw it done in the film.

Well, so much for the friendship between the deer and the puma, but how was it possible for little Jean Parker to have the courage to work with the grown-up mountain lion and the deer?

Chester Franklin, the director, began by making friends with Malibu and Gato. Before a camera crank was turned, while scouts were searching Sequoia National Park for suitable locations, Franklin visited Gato's cage every day. He poked his hands through the bars, let the baby lion grow used to his scent and the feel of his hand. Then Franklin would take Jean Parker to the cage on these daily trips. Together they fed both the puma and the deer. Franklin broke a fast Hollywood rule. Usually it is the actors who try to win the director over. In this case it was the director making a big play for his actors, the puma and the deer. And Jean Parker, who knew durn well that those cute things were going to steal the picture from her showed no professional jealousy at all. It was part of her job, she knew, to make friends with these wild animals. And it was a job she loved.

BUT the animals showed temperament. Gato, for instance, hated to ride in trucks but loved automobiles. One day he was in the rear of a sedan and did not want to come out and work. No matter how much they begged and cajoled, he wouldn't budge. Finally, they had to haul on the collar attached to his chain. And then he came out with the arm rail of the car in his teeth. What's more he insisted upon carrying it around for about an hour. No one could get it away from him.

He loved bright objects. On the set which represented the villain's kitchen was a gayly-colored blanket which Gato adored. He was always dragging this "prop" off the set—a very serious offense in Hollywood—and making a bed for himself out of it.

When pleased, a puma has a strange whistle. Both Jean Parker and Chester Franklin learned that whistle. And Gato would answer them. When Malibu was working one day, Gato was tied to a tree all alone. Nobody paid any attention to him. Finally Gato set up such a pitiful howl merely because he wanted company that he had to be brought close to where the work was going on, so that he could be petted occasionally.

The shots of the herds of deer required tremendous work. During an ordinary feature about twelve different camera lenses are used. In "Sequoia" there were forty-seven types of lenses brought into play. The deer were afraid of bright lights. Moonlight they adored, but that's no good for photographic purposes. But the cameraman discovered that they actually liked artificial light better than sunlight. However, he had to get his set-up and then trust to luck.

The cameramen often waited days at a time, hidden in the underbrush, until they got the effects they wanted. And the shifting of the wind would make the animals rush away just as the men had started what they thought would be an excellent sequence.

The crew expected these handicaps. What nobody expected—and the circumstance that gave "Sequoia" its wonderful off-screen drama—was the fact that the puma and the deer would learn to love each other. This makes "Sequoia" unique. And it adds to its already great charm.



Make your darling a Safer Baby

WITH THESE NEW SKIN PROTECTORS

"Isn't your heart set on giving your adorable baby every possible safety and comfort? Of course it is.

"And, now, there is a new, a safer method of caring for your precious sweetheart's tender skin—a method that's recommended by most hospitals and by thousands and thousands of doctors. The Mennen Guardsmen are the symbols of this new method—because it provides baby with *two safeguards.*

"First is Mennen Antiseptic Oil. More than half of all the hospitals, important in maternity work, now give their babies a complete body-rub at least once a day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. These hospitals have proved that it gives baby a lovelier, smoother, healthier skin—and, above all, that it keeps baby *safer*—'bathed in protection'—guarded against many infections. Doctors recommend that the daily oil-rubs be continued during at least baby's diaper age. Will you do this for your darling?

"And then, when you gradually discontinue the daily oil-rubs, dust baby's body with the new *antiseptic* baby powder—Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. It's everything a fine baby powder should be—prevents chafing—makes the skin satiny smooth, lovelier than ever—and, in addition, it's *antiseptic.* It continues the protection which the antiseptic oil gives against germs.

"Now—let me send you free trial sizes of these Mennen Guardsmen. For your baby's greater safety—send me the coupon below."



Constant research under the personal direction of W. G. Mennen steadily adds to your baby's safety.

W. G. Mennen



The MENNEN guardsmen *free*

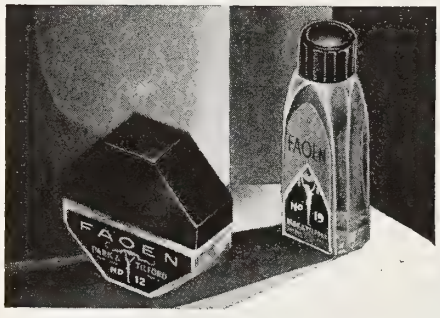
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(Print Plainly.)

Another way of saying charm

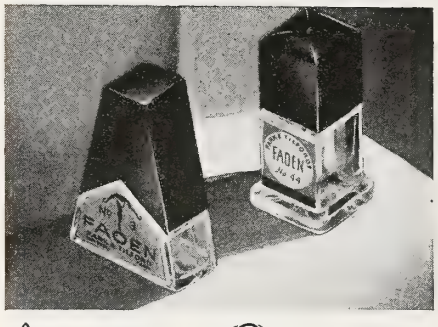
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Floral and delicate.

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To the thousands of fascinating women who prefer FAOEN to more costly scents, FAOEN is more than a perfume . . . it is really another word for Charm.

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Let FAOEN enhance your charm and accentuate your hidden power of lovely, languorous allure!

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PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Modern Screen Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 70*)

notice you? Listen to you? Be interested in you? Okay.

Start off by being definite. I cannot stress that too much, since every real personality I've ever known is completely definite. Get yourself a set of convictions—good, strong convictions. It doesn't matter much what they are as long as you make yourself believe them. Examine yourself and decide what you really like and what you really dislike. Acquire a few good hates. I've never met a person with honest and compelling vitality who didn't have some lusty, healthy hates. Have, and express your own opinions. But don't carry it to such an extreme that you won't let other people express theirs. Be enthusiastic about things. Get a hobby or a fad, and ride it hard.

THINK of the many fads that the actresses have which seem like such unimportant things and yet contribute to the definiteness of their personalities. Joan Crawford's gardenias. Marlene Dietrich's trousers. Garbo's tweed coats. Jeanette MacDonald's sheep dog. You may or may not approve of the fads of other people, but you can't fail to admit that these things—along with many others—set them aside from the mob, make them individuals who are different and not struck from the same pattern as others.

When you read articles in MODERN SCREEN in which the stars are quoted, you will discover that these people who have risen above the common run of folk have definite opinions, and don't hesitate to express them. You'll never catch a vital personality answering any question with, "Well, yes—and—er, no."

So much for the mental attitude. And now for the poise that comes with grace of manner and movement. And those things you must learn when you decide to appear on any stage, either amateur or professional. When walking or sitting, relax. Walk in front of a full length mirror to catch the faults of your carriage. If you are inclined to stoop, take back exercises night and morning to correct spinal faults. Hold your shoulders up and keep your head high. Practice walking up and down stairs. In walking down stairs never look at your feet. Keep your eyes directly in front of you. It is a hard trick to do, but it can be done and it is one of the rules of acting technique. Get such good control over your body that you do not need to look at your feet when walking.

Here's another stunt to practice. Blindfold yourself. Relax. Walk around your room five times. This is to give you confidence and sureness. Take off your shoes and walk back and forth across your bed—the more springy it is the better. This, too, will make you sure-footed.

Always try to walk naturally. Don't go in for that nonsense about putting the soles of your feet down first. It is natural for the heels to strike the floor first.

When sitting, do not slump in your chair. Avoid gestures unless they mean something. Keep your hands relaxed in your lap unless you are making a definite gesture. Never fuss with your hair, or your face, or your clothes. When you are standing either in a drawing-room or on the stage, let your hands hang naturally and relaxed at your sides. Yes, I know, on the stage they feel as if they weigh a ton and are dangling from your arms like hams on a rope. That's the way they feel but they don't look that way to other people.

OF course, there is nothing that gives the body such co-ordination, grace and vitality as dancing does. And if you cannot study dancing with a good teacher, teach yourself. Dance before a mirror, using whatever steps come to mind, whatever steps you have seen dancers use in pictures or on the stage. You won't feel silly if you're alone. Watch yourself carefully. Stop whenever you fall into an ungraceful movement and begin again. When you move your hands, try to imagine that they are leaves floating in the breeze. But always keep relaxed, easy and natural.

I'm more than willing to answer any and all of your personal dramatic problems. Write to me in care of MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

The dramatic clubs are flourishing. Have you started one yet? I have all the information that you need about how to begin a club. Just fill in the coupon below—I'll be so glad to help you. And next month I'm going to tell you about some of the many dramatic clubs that have already been formed. I'll tell you what the members are doing and discuss some specific dramatic club problem. Tell me how your club is getting along.

Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope, to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 16*)

in the pink of condition. Bicycle, swim, golf, play tennis, or just walk, walk, walk. And when I say walk, I mean walk as though you were striding along blithely, walking on air.

After you've walked, walked, walked, on the golf green, down a country road, or along a city street, Ginger Rogers knows a miraculous way to rest tired feet. It is simply a matter of manipulation of the foot, using a little of your own cold cream as massage cream. Rotate the foot at the ankle, bend the toes back and forth, and, most beneficial of all, rub the foot beneath the arch.

If you're a busy housewife, you probably will say that you get tired enough without a lot of extra exercise. You'll be much less tired at the end of the day, however, if all day, as you do your housework, you use your body correctly and keep a correct posture. When you stoop down to brush up crumbs, or pick up things, don't drop the abdomen down. Arch your back and your abdomen with it. Don't always bend your knees and squat to pick up things. Instead, hold your knees stiff sometimes, and stretch the back of them.

Stretching exercises keep your muscles from settling down into a rusty slump, and they keep the blood circulation stirred up. The best thing you can possibly do in the morning to wake up your circulation as well as your sleepy self is to stretch.

WE'RE not just housekeepers and mothers and stenographers; we're living machines made up of bone and muscle, blood and nerves. If we don't use our bodies, they grow flabby, old, and ugly. We generally think of exercise as a means of apportioning the flesh where we want it, and taking it away from where we don't want it. But exercise has a lot of other uses to which we don't give enough consideration. People of normal weight should exercise to keep a waning circulation steady and strong and clear, to send the blood flowing freely through all the veins and arteries, bringing nourishment to the tissues, and carrying away waste that the body does not need. Often it is faulty circulation that makes a skin sallow and full of blemishes,



Elissa Landi dances with Phil Reed at the Cavanagh party.



Growing fast...

AND GAINING WEIGHT, TOO

Since he began drinking milk this way

YES, indeed—he'll soon be as tall as you are, Dad. And maybe *taller*. He's growing fast, and he's *filling out* while he grows. For his diet is *right*. Growing children need a quart of milk a day; and since his mother began giving him Cocomalt mixed with milk, that youngster of yours is gaining in double-quick time! For Cocomalt not only makes children adore milk but, when made as directed, Cocomalt almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of milk!

Supplies important food essentials

Cocomalt supplies *extra* carbohydrates which provide food-energy needed for pep and endurance. It supplies *extra* specially valuable proteins that help replace used or wasted muscle tissue—for building solid flesh and muscle. It supplies *extra* food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Cocomalt has a delicious chocolate flavor that children love. It's a wonderful treat for guests, too. It is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size. In powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MA6 Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt

Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk



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Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control. Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (Irradiated ergosterol.)



"I *wonder!*"

MIDOL

"I wonder if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?"

To the woman who is asking herself that question, the makers of Midol make an emphatic answer: It will *not.*

But they make another statement just as emphatic, and just as true: Midol always relieves periodic pain to some degree, and will for *you.*

Understand, this extraordinary medicine *may* bring you complete relief. It has done this for many. And some of these women had always had the severest pain. But others report only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you are sure to receive well worth while? Midol means great comfort in any case — compared with unchecked suffering at this time of the month!

Any sufferer who experiences no relief from Midol should consult a physician.

"Yes, but won't it form some habit?" Only the habit of avoiding suffering which is needless! There is no "habit forming" drug in Midol. It is not a narcotic.

So, don't let the speed with which this remarkable medicine takes hold cause you any apprehension. Don't keep it for "emergencies" or wait for the pain to reach its height before you take it. Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Learn to rely on it completely. Just follow the simple directions found inside the box.

And speaking of boxes, you'll appreciate the slim aluminum case in which you get Midol. It's so thin and light — and dainty — you can give it a permanent place in your purse and always be prepared. It is a tremendous relief, mental and physical, to be able to approach this time without any misgivings, and to pass serenely through it.

Your druggist has these tablets. You'll probably see them on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol. Fifty cents is the most you'll pay — for comfort that is worth almost anything.

When it has given you back those days once given over to suffering, will you do this? If you know someone who still suffers, tell her of your discovery — that Midol does bring definite and decided relief from "regular" pain.

because impurities are remaining in the blood instead of being carried away. You know how readily your hair is affected by the condition of the body. It needs healthy bodily circulation as well as local stimulation of the scalp.

Ann Dvorak is both an actress and a dancer, and it is her motto to "Keep Limber," which is another expression for keeping the body active and lubricated with a healthy flow of circulation. She is shown demonstrating one of her daily exercises for keeping limber. It goes like this. With arms extended bend forward, keeping the body straight, and touch the left hand to the right toe, keeping the right arm at right angles to the body. Now stand erect, dropping both arms to the sides. Extend both arms again, and touch the right hand to the left toe. Repeat twenty-five times. It is appropriate that one of Ann's latest pictures is "Sweet Music." Certainly the best way to take exercise is to music, for the secret of joy in exercise is rhythm.

I have three long sheets of exercises for reducing and building up "in spots," and you can pick out a few of them for general setting-up exercises, too. They are adaptations of exercises that are used in some of the finest physical culture institutions, and you shouldn't be without them if you're going to work out an exercise program for yourself. Did you know that the screen stars contract to keep up or down to a certain weight when they sign their picture contracts? Well, I want you to draw up your own private little contract, and agree to yourself that you're going to keep to a certain weight . . . and a certain suppleness!

You must bear in mind, however, that this whole matter of "standard" weights, as stipulated in charts, is greatly exaggerated. Such weights take no account of racial and inherited differences, and make no allowance for people that are naturally big-boned or small-boned. For this reason you must not take your weight as shown on a weight table, too literally. If you weigh within ten pounds of the figure shown on the tables, you are certainly near enough the average for health and safety. Measurements, too, such as those given above in the comparison between Venus and Carole Lombard, are not to be taken too seriously for the same reason that the weights are not to be accepted too literally. But we have to have some ideal measurements held up to us as a sort of measuring stick, and it's fun getting out the tape measure, and seeing how closely we measure up. Carole Lombard has one of the loveliest figures in Hollywood, and she is a good model to follow for proportion and symmetry.

If you are in need of gaining weight, or of building up your vitality, you can do what the physicians prescribed for Carole Lombard at one time. Two large dishes of spinach were included in her daily menu, for the necessary iron and additional energy. In order to gain weight, she ate the largest meal of the day at noon, as this is a lesser tax on the digestive organs than having the largest meal in the evening. The doctor also had her drink milk, not with her meals, as this may burden the digestive system, but between meals, sipping it slowly.

TOBY WING, because of her tendency to plumpness, confines her luncheon to a glass of orange juice, and a couple of slices of grapefruit. Which reminds us that the best way to start on any kind of a diet is with three days of exclusive fruit diet to clear out the system. Almost any fruits that are in season will do, but the citrus fruits are always essential to include.

It's "how you feel" that counts as much as "how you look." You hear a lot about the freak diets of movie stars, but it's mostly hearsay. Their health and energy are too important to them to risk the danger of such diets. The old saying, "Nobody loves a fat woman" isn't nearly as true as "Nobody loves a fat woman on a freak diet." Freak diets mean touchy tempers.

The whole question of diet reduces down to this: that whether you want to reduce or gain, all the various food elements that are necessary to carrying on the body's work properly *must* be included in the diet, in greater or lesser quantities, of course, depending on whether you want to reduce or gain. Joan Crawford, for example, maintains a sane and sensible diet in order to keep her sylph-like figure and yet keep her vitality and energy "at tops." When she first went to Hollywood, she was a good twenty-five pounds overweight. That she has managed to maintain a slim figure without endangering the vitality which makes her so dominant a personality, is testimony to the sane effectiveness of her diet. She always confines her luncheon to a vegetable salad, and the dressing is generally made with mineral oil. Dinner usually consists of creamed soup, lean meat, vegetables, salad, a fruit dessert, and coffee (black). It is her rule never to eat bread and butter, and to avoid all starchy desserts, which she can do safely, since her diet already includes all the food elements necessary to health.

You will find the diets, that I have had prepared for you in multigraphed form, to be entirely reliable from a health and energy standpoint. The reducing diet has been worked out for you in exact amounts so that the caloric count will be sufficient for your working energy. Naturally we have selected more of the foods from the "fat group" for our weight-gaining diet than for the reducing diet, but all the necessary food elements are present in both. Just send in the coupon.

You see, I want you to eat, not only to gain weight or to lose weight, but for energy, radiant vitality, and for beauty!

EVERY diet should include proteins, for proteins are the builders. They are found to some extent in all food, but to the greatest extent in meat, fish, fowl, peas, beans, cereals, nuts, milk, cheese and eggs. Carbohydrates, which are the sugars and starches, are also tremendously important. They are to our bodies what electricity is to the motion picture machine, because it is from their combustion that we get our energy. Fats also are used for combustion, and are found in butter, and all the vegetable and animal oils. Vitamins, about which we have heard so much, exist in the yolk of eggs, in butter, cod liver oil, potatoes, green vegetables, tomatoes, lemons, grapefruits and oranges. Then there are the important minerals, which are found for the most part in fruits and the leafy vegetables.

"Popeye," with his spinach, knows the importance of iron, one of the major minerals. He also would find it in red meat, the yolk of eggs, raisins, grapes, apples, and the leafy vegetables like spinach, as well as asparagus. Iodine, used by our thyroid glands, is important in regulating weight, and is derived from green vegetables and drinking water. We haven't time to go into listing all the rest of the minerals, but we'll stop to mention sulphur. It is found in "the cabbage family," in cauliflower, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, broccoli, and also in the yolks of eggs, and it is an important element in keeping the

hair and nails in condition. Curious, isn't it? Perhaps you don't know that you could eat certain foods for the health of your nails, your complexion, or your hair.

Raw carrots are good for the circulation, and so are raw apples, lettuce, blackberries, cherries, beets, spinach, figs and dates. These foods are blood tonics and pep-producers, and hence they're beauty tonics as well.

Did your grandmother ever tell you to brush your hair one hundred strokes every night? She was right, too. But we've just recently discovered an easier way to stimulate hair health and beauty, and it's right in line with our talk about increased circulation. Remember that when we talk in terms of circulation, we talk in terms of truth and beauty. Well, a Swedish inventor designed a comb which has just recently arrived in America. It's an electric comb . . . an electric comb with no ugly wires or cords connected with it, with no electrical attachment necessary, and with only the gentlest electric current flowing through it, generated from the tiny battery in its handle. The electrification is so slight that you never need be afraid of any sparks or shocks. You can run your hand across the teeth of the comb, and you wouldn't even know the electric current was there. The action of this comb is simple . . . it stimulates circulation in the scalp, and thus energizes the hair to new activity. The action of the glands becomes normalized, and oily and dry conditions readjust themselves. Moreover, the comb has special curved teeth designed to increase the natural waviness of the hair. A midget pronged pocket bulb comes along with it, and the bulb will light when you test the battery by placing the prongs against the teeth of the comb. Better pocket this as an idea, and write me for the name of the comb before summer starts its drying effect on your hair.

And now I hope that this offer of diets and exercises is going to electrify you into action . . . and into planning your own Venus-wise campaign.

MODERN SCREEN
Mary Biddle,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a copy of your

- ☐ Diet for reducing
- ☐ Diet for gaining
- ☐ Exercises

Name.....
Address.....
Street
.....
City State

(Check and send in with stamped, addressed envelope.)

The Lowdown on Hollywood Chorines

(*Continued from page 47*)

one for each girl in the long single line of dancers. Many beautiful "dames" are called but not all are chosen. Uncertainty sparkled through the air. The process of elimination was about to begin. A simple process, says you—merely picking out the most beautiful of the dancing girls. A

Is there Romance in Your Arms?



June nights and romance! Those breathless little meetings . . . with you in his arms . . . as he whispers those sweet nothings which only you and the moon can hear . . .

● So close, so intimate . . . surely, at such times, there is nothing so appealing to a man as the delicate, unspoiled charm of a woman's arms. Don't ever dare risk offending! When nights are warm . . . take care!

Even if your skin is sensitive there's a safe way for you to prevent underarm odor—and perspiration stains. A way to keep yourself as lovely and unspoiled as moonlight.

That way is Nonspi. One application keeps you free from underarm perspiration from two to five days. And Nonspi is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use Nonspi without irritation. It doesn't sting or burn.

Nonspi now comes in a new bottle with a siphon-principle top. More convenient and economical to apply. And completely sanitary. You just shake it on gently. Apply it correctly and you eliminate the danger of staining or soiling your gown.

This summer . . . use Nonspi. It's 35c and 50c a bottle at all drug and department stores. Get yours today.

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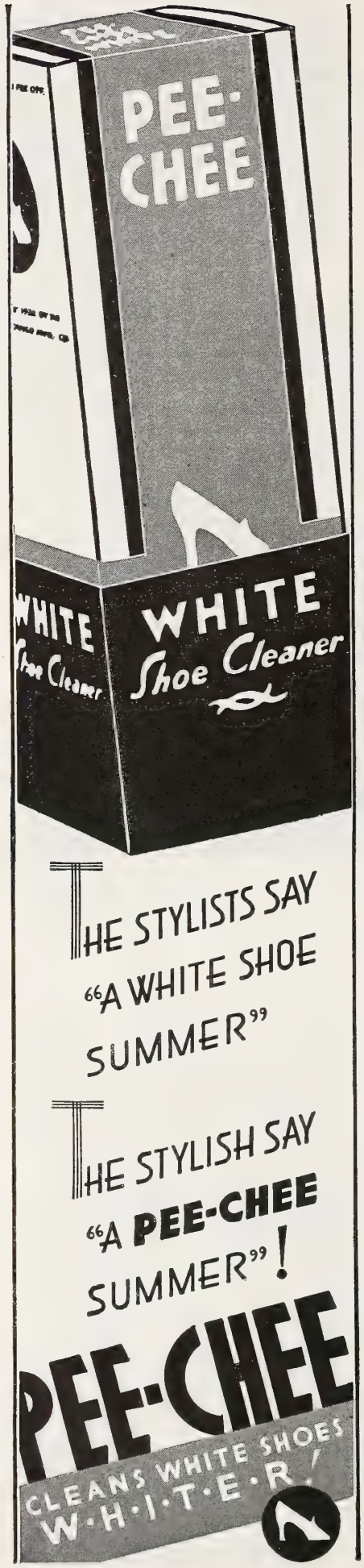
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113 West 18th Street, New York City

Send me a Special Trial-Size Bottle of the new Nonspi. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin), 15c in Canada. This offer good only until June 15th, 1935.

NAME .....

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CITY ..... STATE .....



simple problem it would be, too, if it were not for the fact that every girl in Hollywood is an alarmingly beautiful girl, at least, those who have gotten this far within the studio gates.

The facial kin of Ned Sparks straightens his back to the extent of raising his face above the piano keyboard. A peal of Paderewski thunder brings the feminine chatter to a halt. Pert, luscious, little "I got rhythm-ers" start warming up their engines, loosening rhumba hips with tantalizing little wiggles, legs flashing high over head with pony-like kicks.

An assistant dance director, wearing a black top coat, a newspaper bundled in one pocket, a felt hat turned down over the eyes, looking for all the world, like a conservative office worker, walks over to the assemblage and mumbles a few words of instruction. Black coat tails start trailing through the air as the dance director gives a practical demonstration of his instructions. Watching attentively, the girls proceed to imitate the prescribed dance steps. The dance director repeats his instructions at various intervals in front of the long line of dancers, making sure that every girl has an equal chance of learning the step.

"All right let's have it!" a voice rings out. Paderewski starts thumping out spasmodical notes necessary to dance rhythm. "One—two—three—one—two—three—break!" carols the dance instructor. A long shimmering line of faultless limbs, "legs," "gams," "lower extremities" (whichever you prefer to call them) flash out almost simultaneously. Three simple steps that seem merely slow motion walking, a high kicking, hop-like spin reversing the direction, ending with a dipping swoop known as the "break."

The same simple steps were repeated monotonously for the next five minutes. Finally the piano stops. Silence reigns supreme. Another assistant, holding a large schedule board, goes into a huddle with Director Connelly, then walks among the dancers taking names and addresses. Girls start drifting back to their coats and wraps parked on the chairs near the wall. The first elimination has taken place. The piano and dancing resume as before. Another halt is called. A few more girls disappear. The lucky ones, still standing in line, are the girls chosen for the picture. Assured work for one to seven full weeks at a salary of fifty to seventy dollars per week.

SEEMS easy, doesn't it? Just follow a few steps (if you happen to be a good-looking girl, of course) simple steps that a child could imitate without any trouble or practice—and presto! The job is yours. Nor is it necessary, as many would suspect, to spend fortunes on dancing schools in preparing oneself to be a studio dancer. Any girl with the average grace, poise and agility, could probably show up at a chorus girl "call" and make the grade without any previous dancing experience.

If I am to believe the word of one particular lady of the chorus, the majority of Hollywood "ponies" learn the rudiments of rhythm and simple tap steps from sisters or friends already in the chorus business. The rehearsal hall for an aspiring dancer is usually the kitchen or spare room of her home.

Once the simple limbering up steps have been mastered, a girl has little trouble qualifying for a studio chorus job. Hollywood directors demand long thorough rehearsals before a dance number is even thought of being shot. Meticulous rehearsals supervised by the world's most expert dance instructors, rehearsals that would make a "Ginger Rogers" out of King Kong.

Let's say that you are a Hollywood girl with the necessary knowledge of rhythm and simple dance steps to qualify for a job in a studio chorus. Now comes the really hard part—that of getting a job! You may have a stream-lined chassis that has won every beauty contest cup ever to leave a silversmith's shop, but Hollywood will only reply, "So what?" You may be the wife or sweetheart of seven producers simultaneously, but Hollywood dance directors will only reiterate, "So what?"

If a chorus girl happens to be the secret crush of a producer in the studio she works for, you can depend on said "Dame" holding her job entirely on her ability as a dancer. The ability to palpitate the heart of a producer isn't going to do any harm, naturally, but unless the girl can produce "what it takes" to satisfy the camera lens, it's no go. Time was when a chorus girl could vamp her way into the line-up and stay there. Not so today in Hollywood. A girl might vamp her way as far as the try-out, but from then on she is distinctly on her own, at the mercy of dancing directors who would rather run the risk of turning down an executive's girl friend than hiring her and losing his job by making a bum picture.

Sugar daddies, looking for joy-babies in Hollywood, shy clear of screen ladies with the educated toe. Studio executives think twice before risking an orchid to a captivating member of the chorus.

THIS "poor little working girl" earning $70 a week for an average of forty-two weeks out of the year, is financially independent. No need of a strong sugar daddy's shoulder to lean on while extracting sugar from vest pockets to fill the gap of a chorus girl's salary insufficient to keep little Nell alive.

Nay! Nay! A thousand times Nay! No more does little Nell have to sacrifice herself to the big bad nasty man in order to save the old homestead. Little Nell can write her own ticket nowadays, pay off the mortgage and keep the big bad villain as far away from her as she cares to.

And don't let their seductive abandon, portrayed on the screen, fool you. That alacritous twinkle in a chorine's eyes doesn't mean what the man in the bald-headed row might imagine. It signifies only contentment over a job that was earned solely through her own ability as a dancer, a job that pays two or three times as much as the average stenographer's job, a job that makes one her own boss, financially independent of anyone, able to choose her own company.

From where does Hollywood get the majority of its dancing pulchritude? Dave Gould, dance director for Twentieth Century's grand picture "Folies Bergere," claims that most of his curvacious cuties come from the smaller "hick" towns. 73 chorines were used in the dance sequences of "Folies Bergere." A check-up revealed that all but 18 girls hailed from towns with names sounding like "Stop Water Junction" or "Patooka, Kansas."

Le Roy Prinz, eminent Hollywood dance director, reveals that ninety percent of his cuddlesome rhythm tappers live with their fathers and mothers here in Hollywood. Out of twenty-four girls who worked for him in a recent line-up, all were between the ages of seventeen and twenty, fourteen were married, five had babies, eight girls were engaged to be married, leaving only two to do as they please—and the strenuous studio routine probably left them too tired to even do that! So here's a tip to the Big Bad Wolf descending on Hollywood in search of playgirl companions—stay away from the studio chorines—you're only wasting your time!



Our favorite screen team, Spanky McFarland and "Pete" in a sandy close-up.

The Interviewer's Dilemma

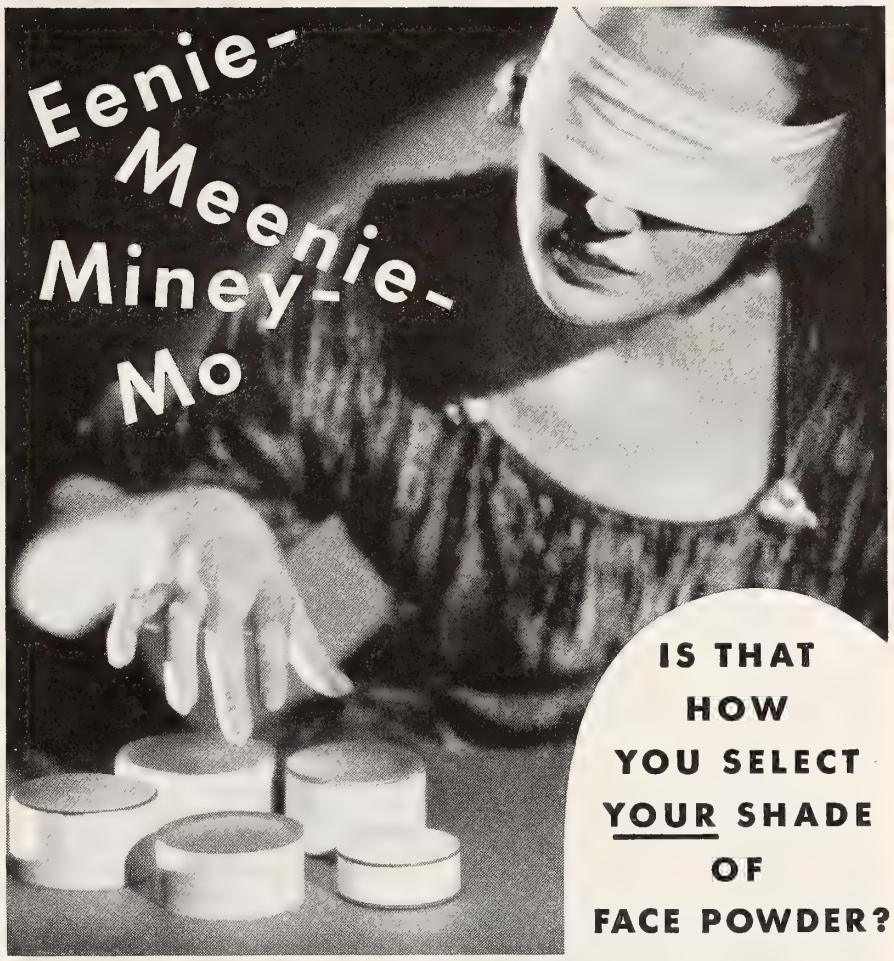
(*Continued from page 59*)

natural aptitude toward threatening Pavlova's throne. Young Astaire, or Austerlitz at that time, picked up the routines the others so carelessly dropped and always had an innovation or two of his own design to interpolate. He assisted Adele in many a tedious assemblage of complicated steps, though he loyally insists that he is a no better dancer than she. The fact that experienced critics disagree upon this opinion is, to him, beside the point, of course.

And so, at an age when most youngsters would as soon conjugate a Latin noun as decline it, the Astaires were doing the several-a-day in the best and worst vaudeville emporiums of these United States. When their act wasn't cancelled, as indeed it once was when it played on a bill supporting Douglas Fairbanks, it was lavishly praised. Eventually the Astaires grew up and had musical comedies planned and built for them. They became the toast of New York, the rage in London and a rare treat for any other big town in which they appeared.

Then came Adele's marriage and Fred's decision to go it alone and, just last year, his introduction to the infant industry. It was in a small role in "Flying Down To Rio," but before the six reels were unwound, even the most unobservant realized that Mr. Astaire had stolen the picture and neatly slipped it into his dancing shoes. The-Powers-That-Be were aware that this new-to-the-movies man was in a position to write his own ticket and sincerely hoped that he'd have a heart. He was "the tops"—as fine a comedian as a dancer, and just as personable as funny.

Fred's well-meaning friends were quick to congratulate his becoming a movie star, which best wishes had the effect of slightly irking the gentleman. You see, he has earned the right to be acknowledged stellar material since he left his teens, so when the gang came around with a "Put it there, boy, we always knew you'd do it," it naturally didn't set so well. Not that the lad is conceited—too far from that



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By *Lady Esther*

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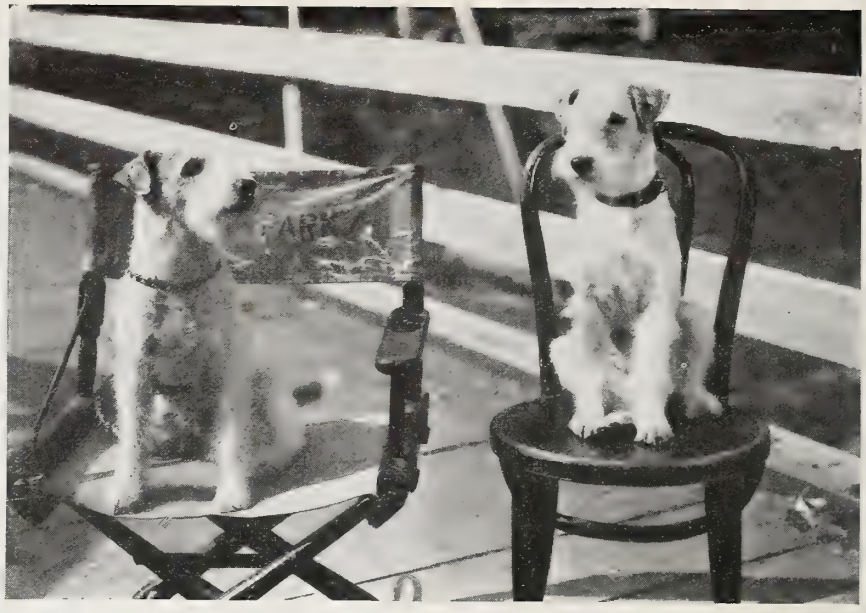
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We don't have to remind you that this is "Skippy" of "Thin Man" fame, but did you know the other wiry gent is his stand-in? Ritzy, what? Skippy, the first, is next in "It's a Small World."

for his own good—but he has a nice appreciation of worth and what one goes through to attain it. You see, Fred Astaire has never been anywhere at any time a "flash in the pan." He has gotten there via the old, hard work and perseverance route, the one covered fable-y by the hare and the tortoise.

JUST so that you may not feel cheated on the conventional angle of an interview, it seems time to let RKO's artistic pride and box office joy, speak for himself. He does very little of it, as was said before, but here goes.

"I've been asked how one becomes a dancer. If one is naturally talented in this direction, hard work will do the trick. If one isn't, nothing much will help. I'd like to be able to tell ambitious boys and girls how to profit by my mistakes. Unfortunately, there is no way to learn anything thoroughly except by experience. Observation isn't a competent teacher. You have to go through things to understand them and to climb professionally.

"Naturally, I have studied with several teachers; in many instances, not for very long. I instinctively get the feel of what I am doing. I know pretty quickly if the person, attempting to instruct me, has what I need. Teachers whom I scarcely know have advertised that I recommend them. That is unfair. In fact, it burns me up! I'm not vain and I want to give credit where it is due, but there are an awful lot of places it isn't, and my photographs somehow seem to have appeared in connection with several of them.

"Just as there is really no such thing as a stupid child, there are no ungraceful young people. Therefore, they should dance from the sheer fun of it, without ever a thought of exhibition work or entertaining professionally. I have danced with girls who have told me that they've never taken a lesson. In many cases, if I had been warned, I'd never have suspected.

"Personally, I practice several hours a day. I have a dancing partner and a man who not only plays the piano expertly, but is by way of being a composer. We do a lot of improving. We get ideas—themes, we call them—and fool around until they come out as nearly pat as we can make them. We get the ideas from the situations in the story to be filmed, and make the music fit the dance routines—not the other way around. It's a lot of work but a lot of fun and I wouldn't do anything else for money, which unfortunately I'm told I don't have enough respect for."

And that is all Fred Astaire would say. It may look matter-of-fact in print, but it sounded very humble and sincere vocally. He mentioned his bride, the socially prominent Phyllis Potter, and attending the "Roberta" preview with Randolph Scott and "as how" the girls are *that* intrigued by a handsome guy like Randy, and how he (Fred) is looking forward to making "Top Hat" with Ginger. He "told all" in brief, clipped sentences—a vest pocket edition of his views, as definitely edited as they appear here. He doesn't seem to care about being the interviewer's dilemma—because he doesn't seem to care about the interviewer at all!

Woman Should Be Weak

(*Continued from page 55*)

always had had a natural instinct for theatricals. She soon became the leading lady in many plays at the famous Theatre of the Golden Bow in Carmel.

You have read, of course, how later she went to the Pasadena Community Players and more or less automatically slipped, by one of the most customary routes, into pictures. She made ten pictures in the first year. And she is considered, today, one of the most promising of the younger actresses. One who is borrowed continually by companies other than Universal because she can play any type of role from light comedy to high drama. She was considered, also, one

of the easiest actress to work with. Nothing except her career mattered. Eighteen hours a day, extra shots, extra sittings for photographs or fittings, extra time for interviews or publicity pictures—nothing was too much trouble to Gloria. All of her ceaseless energy went into the strength of that single determination to become the best actress; one of the strongest, most independent of women. She and her husband lived in separate houses because she wanted more time to concentrate upon her career. Later they were divorced.

And I honestly believe Gloria Stuart would have realized her ambition if she had continued with her pseudo self. She may even reach the same goal by her present route. But the difference lies in one single fact: she doesn't care, today, whether she becomes a great actress or not!

Of course, a man did it. Free-thinking philosophy, independence—all the lovely theories not only conceived, but lived by this girl for ten years, skidded into a deep ditch as quickly as does a high-powered car when Gloria Stuart met Arthur Sheekman.

Gloria is twenty-four, he is thirty-four. A newspaper reporter, feature journalist and scenario writer, he had avoided marriage as astutely and perseveringly as Gloria had shunned the bondage of it. They boasted of their indifference to conventional matrimony. But there was one great point of philosophical wisdom upon which they differed.

"Since he was twenty years of age, he has worked upon the theory of doing what you have to do well, but not breaking your neck or your heart over it," Gloria explained carefully. "He would tell me, 'If you put all of your strength and your emotion, everything you have of yourself, into a job and if you do fall short you may be miserable the rest of your life. Don't say you are going to be the best actress. The chances, to begin with, are a million to one against you. If you are a good actress and have done all you can do about it, what does it matter? If you take it smoothly, giving your strength wisely rather than lavishly; your ambition wholeheartedly but not in frenzy—then, if you do become the *best,* it's pure gravy and you can enjoy it. The thing in life is to be happy—not to be famous!'"

AND these words, uttered, again and again, to Gloria, began to sprout little thoughts different than any she had had since she was nine years of age. They began to remind her of her father; of the little house among the sands and wheat fields of Santa Monica. She remembered the quiet peace; the unruffled certainty that living actually was pleasant. And despite herself, she began to take stock of the past ten years in relation to the first nine; the entire future from the same angle.

"I counted up the actual hours I had dedicated to nothing except ambition and independence. I compared my health, as it was today, and as it was in my childhood. I faced the fact that I was always restless, slept little, ate little. I realized I was working on the average of eighteen hours a day. I counted the time I spent on clothes, alone, so I could keep up with the other Hollywood Joneses. I even counted the hours I spent in putting on make-up so I would look as well across the luncheon table as my competitors. And I tried to count the hours I spent on worry. Would the other girl get that part or would I? Had I said the right thing to that interviewer or would it have been better if I'd said something else?

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"This didn't happen all at once, of course. It was gradual. But it happened, I couldn't help it."

Neither Gloria nor Arthur Sheekman knows, today, when the one decided he would like to marry the other. But each made the decision long before they told one another. Gloria knew she was in love and wanted to marry, but she felt he would not want it, he had been so determined against marriage. He knew he wanted to marry but he dared not tell her because he knew, only too well, her independent theories. So they began to avoid all discussion of marriage. Then, one night, they attended a party. A certain male guest took that extra drink which slips one over that borderline between intoxication and sobriety. His wife went to him, cuddled him in her arms, slipped his coat on, urged him gently, firmly, and devotedly from the room toward home. Gloria and Arthur looked on. And on the way home, she said, "Seeing that scene, the devoted way she handled him, gave me a terrific urge to take you home in the same way, if the same thing ever should happen to you."

And he said, "Gloria, if you want to get married, I want to get married, too."

And suddenly Gloria Stuart was the little girl who lived happily, without worry or intensity, with her mother and father.

"I knew then, I wanted to be a weak woman. I wanted to be cared for, protected and ordered around.

"The utter futility of all I had been living for for ten years struck me forcibly. I absolutely know it can never come back to me. If I had continued to live in the same way for another ten years, just what would there have been for me? At thirty-four, I would have been too old, too tired to find happiness. I would have been perpetually restless and nervous. Ambition would have driven every normal, feminine thought from me.

I AM so contented that it is just disgusting. Often, I go to bed at eight-thirty and sleep until late in the morning without even awakening. And I just love to sit and do nothing. Just sit.

"I have complete happiness and all the other things I worked so hard for mean absolutely nothing. I know Arthur can always provide for me so I never worry. If he should have bad luck here, he can always work on a newspaper. And you can live on sixty dollars a week as well as you can on several thousand.

"I told you I have smoked since I was fourteen but when I knew I was to have a baby, I stopped smoking at once. I am so contented that the restless habit of smoking meant nothing in comparison to the health of the baby. I am beginning to believe I give more to my acting because I am thinking of my work quietly and peacefully, instead of driving my energies, at a rate God never intended them to go. After the baby has come, I want to do two or three good pictures a year. Arthur leaves that up to me. I can work or not work. Of course, I'll have more children!

"I cook and I sew. I walk miles with the dogs. We have three of them. I used to laugh at love that makes a woman weak—I never want to be anything but weak again as long as I live. I have learned that a woman's strength actually lies in what I thought was her weakness. You ask me whether I think it will last," she laughed. "I *know* it'll last but we never even think about it. I am too contented in being a weak woman to worry about anything, not even my own contentment. I've reverted to the little girl I used to be. Reverted to type, I suppose. And women will always be reverting to type, I hope. It will be a restless, nervous, unhappy world if they don't!"

A Dream Comes True

(*Continued from page 33*)

beauty set to haunting music and spiced with sparkling humor.

If Shakespeare's art failed to click with Jennie Jones out in Peoria, by golly his fantasy, augmented by Hollywood's technicians' best effects, surely would ring the bell.

So, while Max Reinhardt was learning the possibilties of the camera, and Jimmy Cagney, Hugh Herbert, Frank McHugh, and Joe E. Brown were striving to dress their slapstick in ye olde English spangles, forty-three varieties of artisans, ranging from structural steel workers to cobweb makers and from plumbers to star-dust blowers, were working day and night to bring the magic of Shakespeare's dreams to the screen.

Europe was combed for its best dancers, dance directors, music directors and arrangers. Erich Wolfgang Korngold was imported to arrange the original music by Mendelssohn, and Bronislava Nijinska was brought over to coach the Reinhardt ballet. And Nina Thielade, Pavlova's protégée and recognized successor, joined the Max Reinhardt ballet.

HOLLYWOOD grinned at the idea of Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, Hugh Herbert, Hobart Cavanaugh and Frank McHugh playing Shakespeare, and openly questioned the wisdom of the selection of Jimmy Cagney as Bottom. Jean Muir, Ian Hunter, Mickey Rooney, Verree Teasdale, Otis Harlan, Arthur Treacher, Victor Jory, Grant Mitchell and Anita Louise might get away with it, but never the famous comedy stock company that had cavorted in a score of hilarious comedies.

So, as these old stand-bys cautiously tried out Shakespeare's lines, and as Professor Reinhardt hesitantly tested camera angles and studied his various test shots with exclamations of astonishment, the clock-like performance and eager efficiency of the "special effects" and other departments came as a comfort to the production department, and it began to lean more and more upon the boys in overalls.

The script called for magic cascades and falls, for deer peeping out from the trees, for frogmen coming up from the waters, for a shooting star that falls and produces a dancing fairy, for a ballet on a glimmering moonbeam; to say nothing of a shaft of moonlight that "pours on the ground like molten silver," shaping itself into a fairy in the form of dancing Nina Thielade, a black fog that belches forth Victor Jory in the role of Oberon and a human being that sprouts a donkey's head. The script called for those things and the technical departments gave a hundred per cent delivery.

Warner Bros. had enough confidence



Lovely Merle Oberon is vacationing before starting work on "The Dark Angel."

in Max Reinhardt's ability to gamble a million dollars on it. When they discovered that he and Director Wilhelm Dieterle were outdoing themselves, that Cagney was giving the performance of his career as Bottom and that amazing harmony and good-will existed on the sets, the studio heads continued to encourage the increasing demand for more and more from the mechanical and electrical geniuses.

The things that Shakespeare wrote to tantalize the theatre gave the technicians the opportunity they had long been awaiting. Electricians, mechanics, carpenters, painters, sculptors, rubber workers, model makers, costumers, cameramen, make-up artists, sound experts and instrument makers—all were in a fever to do the things and to try the experiments they always wanted to attempt.

Everybody was happy and satisfied. They were all wearing the contented smile of the cat-that-ate-the-canary, for in his heart, every actor in the world believes he can play Shakespeare. No studio had ever hoped to attain such accord in filming such a tremendous piece of work. Never a knock or a complaint to be heard. How different from other super-productions we can recall, pictures wherein the various members of the cast were not speaking to each other at all.

And yet, with all this harmony, the sets of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" resembled nothing quite so much as a colorful mad-house.

JUST picture, if you can, the Duke of Athens' triumphant home-coming with his battle-won bride-to-be, Queen Hippolyta of the Amazons. They are disembarking from the royal barge. Behind the Duke are his victory-flushed retainers; before him, milling and cheering is the admiring populace of Athens. Guards in polished metal, prancing horses, knights, ladies of the court, dancers—and a great colorful array of people in costume, many carrying banners or flaming torches.

Picture that, with a battery of giant lamps throwing some three-quarters of a



"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

It seemed to Hermia that the whole world was up-side-down. She loved Lysander dearly and he returned her love. Yet, because her father, Egeus, had so commanded, she would soon be forced to marry Demetrius. And this same Demetrius, whom she loathed, was loved by her dearest friend, Helena. Helena was beautiful, with her golden hair and fair skin. Why couldn't Demetrius fall in love with her, instead of Hermia? Why must she be compelled to wed with a man she loathed? Because the old Athenian law said: "Either fit your fancies to your father's will, or else the law of Athens yields you up to death or to vow of single life."

Never was the Goddess of Love more confused than in this immortal love story by William Shakespeare. You will enjoy every word of the novelized version of Warner Brothers screen production, "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" in the June issue.

Included in the special features and twelve complete stories are Fredric March and Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables" . . . Shirley Temple in "Our Little Girl" . . . Clark Gable and Loretta Young in "Call of the Wild" . . . Jean Muir in "Oil for the Lamps of China" . . . and many, many others.

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Two Jeans, Muir and Negulesco, put on some fancy steps at a recent party.

million candle power of light, while the microphone booms stretch their long, spidery arms in constant pursuit of the action, and the cameras grinding silently.

Rising in the background of all this is a twenty-foot high platform, christened the Tower of Babel, on which stands a camera, flanked by cameramen, an electrician, Director Dieterle and his assistant. The last mentioned is yelling orders into a microphone that is connected with a set of loud speakers from which come a jumble of instructions.

Up there on the Tower of Babel, the tall, gaunt and efficient Dieterle is waving his white-gloved hands and giving instructions in broken English. The players below are attempting to understand him, and growing more bewildered. At the foot of the platform mill a half-dozen assistants and interpreters all trying to interpret Dieterle's orders in differently pitched dialects.

And through it all Max Reinhardt moves quietly, smiling and nodding, or shaking his head. As the assistants rush into the mob, shouting conflicting instructions, Max Reinhardt restores order, in his friendly, paternal manner.

But don't let the quiet manner of Reinhardt fool you. His appetite for detail is insatiable. With him everything must be exact; not just nearly, but absolutely.

Reinhardt's devotion to detail beggars description. If a button is missing from the most inconsequential costume he will instantly demand a halt until the mistake is remedied.

Time, labor, inconvenience and expense apparently mean nothing to him. If a thing is not right, it must be fixed. Makeshifts are his abomination. And how well the art, costume, prop and casting departments learned this.

"I want a beautiful violinist for the fairy who plays on the edge of the moonbeam," said Reinhardt.

"There are several beauties among the fairies," he was told. "Just take your pick."

"No," was his quiet but blunt retort, "she must be a violin player so her fingering will be right."

And so the casting department had to send out a call for the most beautiful violin player in Hollywood.

During the shooting of a scene in the woodland set, Reinhardt decided Hugh Herbert should not go through it with his hands empty. So he said, "Give him an Elizabethan hornpipe."

IF it had been for any other picture the common, garden variety of hornpipe would have done. But for Reinhardt it had to be authentic. So everything was stopped and a rush order sent out for an Elizabethan hornpipe. The research department found a photograph and a description of one.

Then the prop department took the matter in hand. An order was sent to the woodwork department to turn exactly the right pipe from exactly the right wood. Another order was sent out for a beef bladder, because a beef bladder was the correct wind bag for such a hornpipe.

It was delivered on the set exactly twenty-five minutes after Reinhardt said, "Make it."

That, however, was a simple requirement compared to what the plaster, make-up, costume and other departments had to turn out. In fact, the requirements of the wild fantasy of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" became so complicated that entirely new departments had to be established at the studio.

The rubber department, for instance, was a growth from the sculptural department, which, in turn, grew out of the make-up department.

It all began in this way. It was up to Perc Westmore, head of the make-up department, to manipulate the growth of a donkey's head on Bottom's shoulders. And it was not to be accomplished merely by putting on a papier-mâché head. The development had to be gradual, and the change of features had to be photographed so that the audience might see the actual transformation.

The first step was to make a photographic study of a donkey's head, and to enlarge it to the correct size.

Next came the making of a plaster of Paris mold of Jimmy Cagney's head, with every detail of his face perfect. From this mold a cast was made. And on the cast a donkey's head was modelled in clay, true to the enlarged photographs, but retaining several contact points—points at which the inside of the mold would contact the points of expression on Jimmy's face.

Then the final donkey's head that would fit exactly over Jimmy's own head was made. This was covered with hair, set with teeth and equipped with springs to work the lips and large ears.

It was a piece of work of which any make-up department might be proud, but still it was not complete. It had to be made to work.

This called for a strange procedure. Curious little scales and weighing devices were ordered. A scale was placed under Jimmy's chin to weigh the strength of his jaw movements as he talked. They measured his face and tested the muscles of his throat and those at the corners of



Loretta Young chats with the clever designer, Bernard Newman, at the Mayfair Ball.

his mouth. Then a series of little springs, saddles and counterweights, were constructed.

One of these saddles fitted under Jimmy's chin when he put on the donkey's head. Two more tiny ones fitted into the corners of his mouth. Strings ran from them to weights and springs, and thence on out to the jaws and lips of the donkey's head.

These balanced so perfectly that, as Jimmy talks, the donkey's mouth operates without any strain on him, and as he laughs or smiles the lip of the donkey curls up.

Another set of strings, running over Jimmy's shoulders to a belt around his chest, makes it possible for him to wiggle the donkey's ears by the slightest movement of his head.

Then there was the matter of a gradual transformation from a human head to a donkey's head. It was decided to distort the cast of Jimmy's head gradually, and to make rubber masks of each change. So liquid rubber was sprayed on the cast, allowed to dry and then peeled off in the form of a mask.

THUS, bit by bit, and mask by mask (always retaining "contact points" so the mask would carry Jimmy's facial movements), Jimmy's head changed from that of a human being to that of a donkey.

Eight stages or degrees of the transformation were cast into these masks, and with their aid Bottom's assuming of a donkey's head seems a normal development rather than a sudden change.

No sooner was that assignment finished, when Nijinska demanded batmen. Entire costumes, including skulls, trunks and wings were made of rubber.

Next a frogman had to be created, and ten Amazon masks made. Then thirty rubber heads had to be made for another batch of dwarfs. Rubber hands and arms were made, and the fingers extended from six to nine inches.

Moth wings and dainty leaves were cast into molds and then reproduced in rubber for fairy costumes. The head-dress of the fairy queen. Titania, played by Anita Louise, was made entirely of abalone shell and cellophane and had to be put on her head with a pair of pliers.

Sets never before attempted were built for this picture. The woodland set alone took up a stage 175 by 375 feet and extended up a wide ramp onto the roof of another stage.

On this woodland set hundreds of trees were erected, many of them built into grotesque forms. It contained tiny lakes, rapids, running streams and a waterfall which required so much water that a miniature waterworks, with a tremendous pumping capacity, was built for it. It was dotted with tiny glens, miniature gorges and beautiful caves. It contained meadows and flowers, and giant rocks of peculiar formation.

Every morning and every evening for the entire length of production, some four months, this set had to be serviced at terrific expense. The artificial grass and trees had to be sprayed with green every morning, the real branches, shrubs and flowers had to be replaced twice a week, on account of the great heat of the lamps.

Special camera equipment, designed and built for the purpose, was necessary for shooting some of the midnight sequences. An entirely new camera technique had to be developed to meet the many requirements of filming this unusual picture.

For example, when Oberon was to come out of a black fog. The technical department had whipped the fog problem. It was able to make the fog rise, settle, hang low or high, or "roll over" at will.

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This fog was made from finely sprayed oil. If it was to rise, it was heated. If it was to remain low or cling to the ground it was frozen with dry ice.

Ah, but a black fog, that was something else again. The cameraman finally accomplished it by adding a plain lens to his camera, over which had been smeared a thin coating of vaseline and lampblack. The vaseline afforded the glow and the lampblack changed the fog to black.

Another time cameraman, Hal Mohr, was told to produce an effect of fairies dancing among the stars, with the stars twinkling all about them.

THIS was accomplished by blowing an artificial cobweb over a small wooden frame and then scattering little "flitters," or tiny fragments of silver, over the cobweb. When the camera shot through this, stars danced and gleamed all about the fairies.

For the costumes, wigs, chariots and other purposes over 600,000 yards of cellophane strands were used, not counting Titania's train, which alone required 91,000 yards of the gossamer strands.

If you think we're getting careless with figures, then consider these. For the seven-ton moonbeam along which over one hundred fairies dance, 750,000 yards of cellophane strands were used to weave the body of the beam.

IF you've seen the picture, you will recall the banquet scene, when the dignified lackey brings in the suckling pig. After many rehearsals they started to take this elaborate shot, only to be stopped in the middle of the parade of incoming food by a burst of laughter from everyone watching the scene.

In the mouth of the suckling pig on the big tray was a burning cigarette. No one knew who put it there, but it certainly gave Herr Max a shock.

There is a scene in which three little Moors (colored boys to you) were supposed to give a bag of money to Joe E. Brown. They rehearsed it with Joe's stand-in, and when the time came for Joe to take the money they wouldn't give it to him, because it was the stand-in they had been told to hand it to.

And that is how shots go wrong. But not all the practical jokes resulted in spoiled shots. In a scene taken in Quince's home, Joe E. Brown is supposed to be eating garlic. Because of Reinhardt's love for detail, shelled Brazil nuts had been cut to resemble garlic buds, and Joe was eating these.

But Hugh Herbert got there ahead of him and slipped in some real garlic. He figured Joe would get it in the rehearsal. But he didn't, and right in the middle of the "take," Joe's face suddenly began to make the strangest contortions.

"Great, perfect, funny!" joyously exclaimed Reinhardt the instant the camera stopped grinding.

"By sassafras!" declared Joe, "some smart Alec put real garlic in that bowl. For the next fifteen minutes Joe was washing out his mouth. But garlic or no garlic, Joe was too good a trouper to spoil a "take."

In spite of the problems and the long hours that the "Dream" brought to the technical department, and despite the exacting requirements of Max Reinhardt, every one at Warner Brothers studio is sorry it's "in the can"; that is, that the film is completed and put in the cans for shipment.

So, when you see "A Midsummer Night's Dream," remember that it has been a lot more than just another picture to Hollywood.

Shirley Temple's First Six Years

(*Continued from page 28*)

expected Mrs. Temple to call Shirley and scold her for such an overflow of spirits. If she did, she was mistaken.

"A little lady, did you say?" Mrs. Temple asked, laughing. "Not always. Her two older brothers have seen to that."

CONSTANT correction never has been Mrs. Temple's idea. She feels, and the wisest psychologists bear her out, that this sort of thing is impoverishing, that it robs a child of self-confidence and finally of its individuality. Had Shirley always been repressed, it is extremely doubtful that she would be as delightful and natural as she is today, that she ever would have scored her sensational success on the screen. She's never indulged. Far from it. But at the same time that she is asked to respect the individual rights of others, she is given individual rights of her own.

It's always been tap dancing that Shirley has loved best. "When you tap," she explains, drawing down her brows in a serious effort to explain how she feels about the tap, "when you tap you can feel the music. In your legs."

A group of men arrived at that dancing class one day. And when the teacher asked the mothers to be kind enough to wait in an adjoining room, something important began to beat in the air.

Shirley's eyes went big and round. She loved that sense of excitement, but at the same time, much as she wanted to be out in the center of things, she turned shy. She took her stand behind the biggest potted palm. There she could see, yet, she hoped, not be seen. And she watched as the children, one by one, walked up to those men, answered questions, and, in some cases, entertained with a few dance steps.

It was when she became too interested and poked her head too far around the tree that one of the men saw her. "Look!" he said. "Look over there behind that palm."

"It's a pixie," announced another man.

"It is indeed," the teacher agreed, "by the name of Shirley Temple."

"Shirley," she called now. "Shirley!"

The walk across the room seemed to Shirley a long, long journey. She felt all the eyes upon her. She was aware of the color mounting in her cheeks. But not once did she turn back, even though she walked slowly, her eyes cast down. When a teacher called, you obeyed.

"What's your name?" asked a man named Charles LaMont. "Billy?"

DIMPLES, misplaced dimples, one outrageously higher than the other, appeared. And it was as if blue stars broke in her eyes. "I'm not a boy," she told him, pointing in confirmation to her curls.

Softly but distinctly she told her name. Her mother's name, her father's name. She told where she lived. And if occasionally she had difficulty with an "l" or a "th," she didn't talk baby talk.

The men were enchanted. One rubbed his hands. Another sat back with a big smile. They were scouts from the Educational Studios, sent out to find a little girl

to play in the Baby Burlesk Comedies. And they had looked far and wide. They had interviewed a hundred professional cuties, a hundred poor children, taught the superficialities of charm by their ambitious mothers. But not until this moment had they found that unconscious charm which springs from an inner radiance. And that is what they were after.

"And now," Mr. LaMont suggested, "perhaps you'll dance for us."

The teacher took her place at the piano. "Tap?" asked Shirley.

The music started. She moved with it in perfect time, her tiny feet sharp and rhythmic against that shiny yellow floor. She tossed back the honey-colored curls which had escaped their blue velvet band. And, if the whole truth is to be told, she flirted with those visiting gentlemen. Unconsciously, yet nevertheless outrageously.

THE Temples didn't take Shirley's appearance in those seven comedies seriously. Making them, she was in the studios only a few hours daily, and at no time were any acting demands made upon her. The weekly salary she received was pleasant, but it totalled no grand sum and little was thought about it.

One of the Educational executives had a notion that Shirley should be put under contract. And he wired to New York to that effect. But the answer he received was short and to the point, "Sign no one to anything." And that was that.

Following her work in these comedies Shirley played a small part in "Frolics of Youth" with Junior Coghlan, Harry Myers and Helene Chadwick. Then she went over to the Paramount lot long enough to appear inconspicuously with Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston in "To the Last Man." After which, as far as anyone could see, her career in the studios was over.

Life went on as before. Shirley gave tea parties under the purple-starred bougainvillea vine. With water tea and make-believe cakes. All for the sheer joy of using cups and plates on which there were pictures of Minnie and Mickey Mouse. And almost always these parties ended with everyone playing "show." With Shirley running things, because she had more ideas to the minute than all the other children put together. Or she would pedal her velocipede up and down the block until, watching her, you would have wondered that her little legs, sturdy-looking as they were, weren't completely exhausted.

"Evenings while I prepared dinner," Mrs. Temple says, "Shirley and John and George usually congregated in the living-room, where they'd turn on the radio, full blast generally, and join the entertainers in whatever song they were singing. While Shirley also would execute her perpetual tap step in the doorway.



Mr. and Mrs. Stan Laurel and June Horn (right) partying.



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Frankie Thomas looks out at New York with his parents after finishing "A Dog of Flanders."

"Frequently I used to be surprised at her ability to memorize those songs. But I decided, finally, it was her association with George and John that helped her in this respect and didn't think much more about it."

One evening the Temples were prevailed upon to take Shirley to the preview of the last Baby Burlesk comedy she had made. Movies at night were decidedly against the rules, but an exception was made.

"You wait for me," George Temple said, dropping Mrs. Temple and Shirley at the theatre, because he was obliged to attend a business meeting. "And if I'm a little late, don't worry. I'll be as quick as I can."

Shirley walked through the lobby, holding tightly to her mother's hand, her eyes very busy trying to see everything at once. "Do they turn on all these lights every night?" she wanted to know. "Every night do all these people get dressed up and come here to see movies?"

"Every night, Shirley," her mother told her, smiling.

"Is this the theatre George and John come to when they ask Daddy for money to go to the movies?" she asked when they were in their seats and her mother was taking off her coat and making her comfortable in the big orchestra chair in which she slipped around a bit.

She was, obviously, trying to grasp horizons broader than those which had limited her life so far, to get a sense of the life that went on beyond her own house and garden, beyond the quiet palm-lined block on which she lived, the beach in front of the Santa Monica Athletic Club, the dancing class, and the Educational Studios.

That afternoon there had been a later and longer nap than usual, to guard against sleepiness. So Shirley was able to enjoy that preview immensely. She thought it frightfully funny when she discovered herself on the screen wearing diapers and an extraordinarily large safety pin. And she laughed uproariously at the capers in which she and the other children indulged, quite as if it were all entirely new to her.

When the show was over she could hardly wait for her father to arrive in order to tell him about everything. "I'll see Dad first," she challenged her mother. And her eyes, dark blue above her flushed cheeks, searched the cars approaching the theatre.

A gentleman came up to Mrs. Temple and presented his card. "I'm Jay Gorney of Fox," he explained. "I've just seen Shirley in the comedy and I'd appreciate it very much if you'd bring her over to our studios tomorrow. We're about to put on a revue, 'Stand Up and Cheer.' Perhaps you've heard about it."

Once again, without any effort on the part of the Temples, Shirley was offered a chance in the studios.

"What do you think, George?" Mrs. Temple asked her husband as they were driving home. Shirley was fast asleep on the back seat. "If it's a revue, they'll want her to dance. And goodness knows she loves to do that. She does it all the time, anyway."

MR. TEMPLE agreed. And the following morning Shirley and Mrs. Temple were at Jay Gorney's office. Had Mrs. Temple been one of the mothers who haunt the studios daily, trying to get little Josie or little Bertie into pictures, she would have realized how really unusual was the enthusiasm which greeted them.

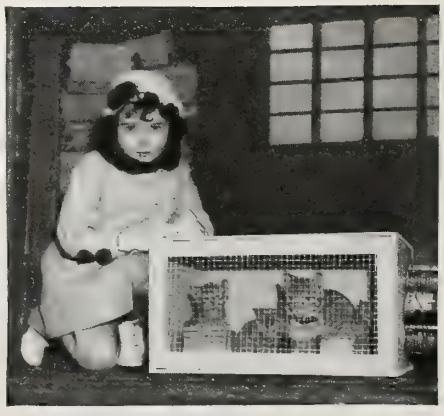
Jay Gorney piloted them over to the studio where dances are rehearsed before they are put into execution before the cameras. And immediately, when Lew Brown, the producer of "Stand Up and Cheer," met them, he mentally raised the top price he had considered offering for Shirley's services.

"Strike up the band!" he ordered the leader of the band rehearsing there in the studio. "Miss Shirley's going to dance for us!"

The band leader raised his baton. The music filled that studio. Shirley began—faster she tapped—faster, faster, faster. Her curls flew helter-skelter. They were playing a song she knew, a song she had learned from the radio. She began to sing, too.

"Mrs. Temple," said Lew Brown, "I want Shirley for this revue and I'm sure we can come to terms if you'll come over to my office." Even his bargaining instincts, strong in any producer, had wilted under a little girl's blue eyes and the misplaced dimples which flashed with her smile.

Now Shirley's career really was under way. Well under way. She hadn't been working in "Stand Up and Cheer" long, when she was called to Winfield Sheehan's attention. Whereupon the Temples—after a long, serious conference as to the advisability of a career for Shirley and the ways and means they would use to keep her unspoiled — signed, in her name, a long-term contract. This contract gave Shirley one hundred and fifty dollars a week. But it wasn't good for long. What if she was



Little Cora Sue Collins bids her kittens goodbye as they leave for her grandfather's.

earning more than ninety-odd per cent of the people in America? The unrestrained praise of all critics and the deluge of admissions which flowed into theatres throughout the country, immediately her name was displayed, made her worth ten times that, and more. So a new contract was drawn up and the old contract destroyed. The new contract runs for seven years and pays Shirley twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week, almost every penny of which George Temple deposits for her in a trust fund.

Shirley was a star. Electric lights in front of theatres spelled her name. "Shirley Temple in 'Stand Up and Cheer'." "Shirley Temple in 'Little Miss Marker'." "Shirley Temple in 'Baby Take a Bow'."

Everywhere people were talking about her. "Mercy," they said, "she must be a very happy little girl." And so she was. Because she always had been. Really, except that she worked in the studios almost every day, six hours in all but only three hours before the camera, her life was pretty much the same as it always had been. She had the same meal times and the same simple menus. The same bedtime, the same little pleasures and the same childish griefs.

THERE was, for instance, the morning Pinkey died. Pinkey, her very favorite Japanese turtle. She went out to her playhouse at the usual time, ant eggs clutched in her hand, Rowdy, her cocker, at her heels. She sprinkled the ant eggs on top of the water and waited for Pinkey, the greediest turtle ever, to come hurrying up after them. But he didn't move. Even when she pushed the bowl and the other turtles gobbled at the eggs, he remained on the bottom, terribly still.

"John," she called to her brother getting his bike out of the garage, "John! John, Pinkey's dead. He's awful dead, John. Even when I push the bowl he doesn't move!"

John knew she was fighting back her tears. Fighting hard. He was glad to see George come along.

"Pinkey's dead," he told George. "Isn't that good?" Shirley's eyes opened wide and a couple of tears fell to her cheeks. "As you and I were saying the other night, George, that Pinkey was in for trouble the way he ate. Now he's spared all that."

"We'll have to give him a funeral." George rose to the occasion and began to rummage about for an appropriate box. "You go pick some flowers, Shirley. I think those growing in the window boxes would be nice."

Shirley wanted to invite the entire neighborhood. But the boys thought otherwise.

"No." John was very firm. "This is a private funeral, Shirley. The way funerals are sometimes."

Shirley seemed to understand. But when everything was ready it was discovered she had filled her carriage with her dolls. "Just," she explained, "so Pinkey won't feel bad, thinking only a few turned out for him. If you don't mind, boys."

In the studios everyone with whom Shirley works marvels at her facility with lines and her apparent understanding of the different emotions which have to be depicted. However, not even Mrs. Temple herself can explain how she does it or where she ever acquired her understanding for adult problems. For in no other way is she this precocious.

"When Shirley is about to begin work on a new picture," Mrs. Temple says, "I tell her the story in detail. I answer her childish questions to the best of my ability. Then every night, before prayers, we go over the lines she must speak the following day. And again in the morning

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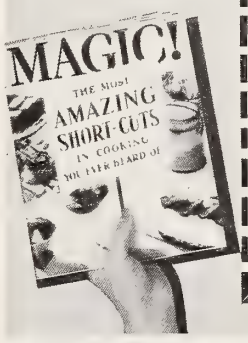
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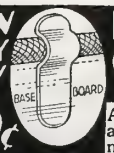


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as Mr. Temple is driving us to the studios. This is all that is necessary. Shirley not only doesn't forget her lines; she doesn't even transpose a word."

It was while Shirley was working with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard in "Now and Forever" that she suddenly realized that she alone of the three had no "stand-in." This concerned her seriously, not because she felt it a mark of importance to have a "stand-in"—I doubt she realized this was the case—rather because she has a child's natural feeling for the fitness of things. And if a "stand-in" was the thing to have, then she wanted one, too.

She approached the director. "I have no 'stand-in'," she reminded him, politely, rather intimating that, of course, such a thing must be an oversight on his part. "Mr. Gary has. And Carole has. But I haven't."

The director took one long look at Shirley and sent out a hurry call for a little girl, five years old, about forty-two inches tall, and weighing about forty-two pounds. Shirley wouldn't sulk if no "stand-in" was provided; he knew that. But he realized, too, that she would be a little unhappy, since she takes her "business" seriously. And under no circumstances did he want her radiance dimmed if it could possibly be avoided.

MARILYN GRANIS is Shirley's "stand-in." But as often as not Shirley will stand in herself while the cameraman gets his focus and the places in which she is to stand are decided upon. It's enough for her that her "stand-in" is there. And if Marilyn happens to be coloring a paper doll's dress or doing something equally important, of course, Shirley can't have her disturbed. These two children are fine friends.

Like most children, Shirley is quick to like certain people, to discover almost an immediate bond with them. Jimmy Dunn, for instance, she adores beyond any man except her father and her brothers. When she and Jimmy meet on a stage or on a studio street, before they speak, before they so much as greet each other with a smile, they link arms and go into the first few steps of their "Baby Take a Bow" number. It was Jimmy who thought up this ritual, but Shirley delights in it.

The late Dorothy Dell was another immediate favorite with Shirley.

"Dorothy's smarter than most grown-ups," she explained to her mother.

Dorothy, you see, knew all the things grown-ups are apt to be stupid about. Dorothy could "pretend." It was fun to play tea-party with her, to pass her cups of water tea and plates on which reposed imaginary biscuits, for Dorothy always knew how brown the biscuits were and what a wonderful chocolate icing had been achieved for the pretend cake.

They worked together in "Little Miss Marker" but their friendship didn't end when that picture was over. Shirley used to go to visit at Dorothy's house and one beautiful afternoon Dorothy came to see Shirley and have tea with her from the Mickey Mouse dishes.

Perhaps it was because Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard knew Dorothy, too, and talked about her that Shirley liked them so well, right off.

It was during the filming of "Now and Forever" that Shirley heard Carole whisper something about Dorothy to Gary one morning. She thought it odd, especially that they looked so sad when they talked about her. And the way Gary said, "Good morning, Wiggle Britches," without any happiness in his voice, made Shirley feel terrible.

Something must be wrong, she was sure of that, but what, what?

She did her first scene as best she could but she didn't feel she was very good in it and she wandered away from the set, trying to find happiness within herself again. Away off in a corner Carole and Gary sat on one of those wooden horses, talking. Shirley didn't mean to listen, but somehow the words they whispered reached her.

For a minute she stood there, deathly still, afraid of the tearing, choking ache that seemed to fill every inch of her little body. It was the words Carole had whispered—Carole had said Dorothy was killed, that Dorothy, her wonderful Dorothy was dead.

She went running to her mother. "Mommie, oh Mommie," she called, sobs catching in her words, "Dorothy's dead! Dorothy's dead, Mommie. Dorothy's dead."

The silence of that sad studio rang with her childish sobs. Gary began blowing his nose hard. So did the other men. Carole Lombard began to cry, quite unashamed.

Mrs. Temple took Shirley off into a corner and gathered her up in her arms.

"You mustn't cry like this," she told her, holding back her own tears with a supreme effort. "It isn't fair, Shirley. You see everybody here today feels sad, but they have work to do, and they're trying to control their feelings." She spoke quietly, gently. "When you act this way, Shirley, you make it twice as hard for them. And you don't help Dorothy. She's all right now. All right, Shirley. Do you hear me, do you understand? And she'd be the last person in the world who would want you to cry."

At last Shirley's sobs stopped. An hour later she went to the director and said "I'm ready to work again."

The scene filmed then showed Shirley in Carole's lap. They rehearsed it several times, to get everything right. Then the lights were turned on. "Quiet everybody," shouted an assistant. "This is the take."

For the moment, lost in the action of the scene, Shirley forgot about Dorothy. She did beautifully. Only Gary, an old softie sometimes, unable to bear the sight of that mite acting so bravely, walked away.

SHIRLEY'S little hands stole up to Carole's face. She raised her eyes to meet Carole's eyes. And found Carole's eyes blurred with tears. That brought everything back, that dropped that terrible aching into her again. She buried her head against Carole's heart. And in spite of all she did to control herself one choky, smothered sob would escape.

"Okay. Cut. Lights out!" called the director. He would, he had decided, let it ride that way. It fitted into the action well enough. And since in the studios all is grist that comes to the mill, it was too good to waste. For that sob, unmistakably, marked the first heartbreak of childhood.

It was last summer while he had his family with him in the mountains that George Temple, still head of his household even if there is a movie star in the family, arranged to have their things moved into the new house he had bought. The salary Mrs. Temple earns at the studios, added to his income, had made a larger house possible at last. And the time had come when a house behind a high hedge and adobe wall, a house the address of which wouldn't be known, had become necessary.

Shirley thought it a great pity that they had to be away and miss the excitement of their things being carried out into the street and packed in a big van. But the wonder of returning to a brand new house was something, too. And when upon their return she discovered that she would have

at least another week's additional holiday since her next story wasn't ready, she was delighted.

There was the afternoon a big car stopped in front of their house and a chauffeur delivered a note. And later on that same big car came back and picked up Shirley and her mother and took them up to the very top of a mountain where a great house, like a palace, stood. There were all kinds of dogs and beautiful birds. And, wonder of wonders, a playhouse that looked like a picture in a fairy story and had the name "Gloria" carved above the doorway. Because, you see, it was the playhouse of Gloria Lloyd. And that note, the chauffeur had brought the first time he came to the Temple's house, had invited Shirley and her mother to spend an afternoon at the Lloyd's house. Mrs. Temple sat in the drawing-room and had tea and sandwiches with Mrs. Lloyd, while Shirley, with Gloria and Peggy and little Harold and Jane Bannister, Ann Harding's little girl, went with the Lloyd nurse to play in the playhouse.

SHIRLEY loved it. And Gloria insisted that she be "Honorary" President of a club they had, a club which gave over its meetings to playing "show." And then later on they went into the house and a big screen came down over the fireplace and they saw Mickey Mouse, just as if they were in a real theatre. Oh, it all was very wonderful.

"Shirley," Gloria Lloyd, going-on-ten, will tell you, "is just the way she is on the screen. We always have the most fun when she comes over. And it's funny, she doesn't seem to know that she's a movie star. Just like my father and Janie's mother. She doesn't seem to know that at all."

At last, however, Shirley's new picture was ready. And she returned to the studios to discover that here, too, she had moved. Now, instead of her old dressing-room, she had a whole bungalow to herself. With a dove côte built into the roof, with a garden and a tree with a swing.

The kitchen had a stove and a big icebox. In the bedroom there was a blackboard and a white desk and seat. It was here that Shirley would work with her private tutor between scenes. And in the big living-room there were dark blue chairs fringed in white, a squashy sofa with pictures of Puss In Boots and Little Miss Muffet and Little Boy Blue in the chintz. And, another wonder of wonders, a white piano that kept on whispering the music for ever so long after you laid your two arms down flat across the keys.

It was Irvin Cobb who, not so very long ago, presented her with an Academy prize for having done some of the most outstanding work on the screen during the past year.

"When Santa Claus dropped you down Creation's chimney," he said, while Shirley stood up on a table and smiled at all the people who clapped for her, "he gave to the world the greatest gift of joy and happiness it has ever known. They say children's laughter is the rustling of angels' wings in Heaven, and if this is true, you are a gift from Heaven to millions of children and millions of grown-ups, too."

Shirley thought it was great fun. But when she saw her mother and father look as if they were going to cry, she had to get down in a hurry so she could sit between them and reach for their hands, under the table where nobody could see.

And so we leave her, now that she is seven . . . What lies ahead in the years which stretch away to form the future, nobody knows. But oh, we do so hope that she'll live just as happily forever after.

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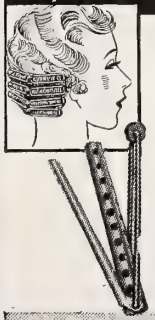
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Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 17*)

I'd like Joan Crawford to leave drama for ones suited to it and go back to dancing ladies.

I'd like George Arliss to get under the skin of the characters he portrays.

Verree Teasdale (pictured) is my idea of a real sophisticate.

Last but not least I'd like the mails to come more often so that I would not have so long to wait for my copy of MODERN SCREEN.—Lily Painter, North Sydney, Australia.



Pro-British

I have been a theatre-goer for years, but I have never felt the need to praise and see my praising in black and white till recently. It started when I first saw that masterpiece of art "Cavalcade." To my way of thinking, the best way of enjoying a picture is to see an English one. I think the best acting is to be found among the English. Of course, we in America have our brilliant actors and actresses, witness Fredric March, the Barrymores, and countless others, but somehow my heart and mind instinctively places above these, the English actors.

I saw Robert Donat (pictured), the most fascinating and breathtaking actor in all filmdom, three different times in his picture, "The Count of Monte Cristo" and I am impatiently awaiting his next one. The only man who can run second to him is Frank Lawton. I thrilled again and again to Ronald Colman's performance in "Clive of India" and I think George Arliss' acting in "Rothschild" is unsurpassed. And we must not forget that perennial charmer, Sir Guy Standing, suave and enchanting always. — Bess Chandler, New York, N. Y.

Thanks!

Congratulations on your feature, "Fashions for Men." It proves that you are on your toes and that the magazine which I chose years ago—and now due to finances it is the only magazine I get regularly—is keeping up to its promises.

All I would ask for, if I could ask for more, is an article on interior decoration. —Lavina Baigrie, Toronto, Ont., Canada.



About a Crooner

Lanny Ross is one of the most refreshing personalities that has been brought to the screen for some time. Although his performance in "College Rhythm" was not outstanding, his acting shows a certain restraint and enthusiasm uncommon to most Hollywood stars.

Given roles worthy of his artistic character, I cannot help but feel that Lanny will surpass his crooning predecessors, Crosby, Powell, et al, and carve a definite niche for himself in the movies. —Barbara Berch, Chicago, Ill.



Film Stars as Models

So many people today take different stars for their models that I think we ought to have better stars. I don't mean to say that some of the stars we have are not fit to be imitated, but I know of some that I would not enjoy seeing a second edition of.

My idea is this: why not give bigger and better roles to stars whom we would not mind seeing copied? For instance, Juliette Compton. To me she is all that a "lady" should be. Perhaps if there were more actresses like her, they would inspire the younger generation to be more ladylike. She looks, talks and carries herself as I think a lady should. With most of the younger set now, it is not "All I know is what I read in the papers," but, "All I know is what I see in the movies."—Virginia Myers, San Fernando, Calif.



Breathless Beauty

I have just seen "Forsaking All Others." Joan Crawford proved she could adapt herself to a comic role with her ethereal beauty and chameleon moods. She is so different from other actresses. She is graceful, dresses stunningly and has a sparkling personality and glorious smile.

Joan is the only actress on the screen who can fix her hair a thousand and one ways and look breathlessly beautiful. She's the perfect combination of all the salient points of femininity—gorgeous face, figure, eyes, hair and complexion. Crawford is a perfect lady about her sex-appeal.—"Mac," Iowa.

A Plea from the Deaf

Why don't the movie moguls and movie exhibitors give the deaf mutes a break?

Before the talkies came I went to from one to three silent shows every twenty-four hours. Now I seldom go except to see Wally Beery. He is not only a great actor but a great guy in private life. I have heard plenty about his charities. And dainty little Janet Gaynor is my favorite actress.

I would suggest that the movie houses in big towns run a silent film at least once a month for the benefit of the deaf. I think it would be a paying proposition—Akron, Ohio, has over 500 deaf mutes; I know there are over 200 in Los Angeles and I understand that there are about 150 in Houston, Texas.

The deaf work, pay taxes, have children and want to be treated as equals, not as poor unfortunates who are incapable of usefulness. I don't believe there is one movie producer who gives a hoot about the deaf.—John Dukes, Price, Utah.

(You have our deepest sympathy, Johnny. But we're afraid that not very much can be done to alleviate the situation which you describe. There are a few theatres here in New York (in Harlem and in the Bowery) where silent pictures are shown, but in general there is no demand for them. And as the prints now in existence become more and more torn and scratched, they will be discarded. New prints will not be made, for there isn't enough money in silent pictures to make it a profitable enterprise. Most of them will go to the reducing plant where they will be junked.)

Ah, But Have You Seen Nelson in "Naughty Marietta"?



I shall not go into "raves" about your magazine. I believe that it is enough to say that I read it regularly.

But to get to the point of this letter: I went to see "Student Tour" yesterday for the second time. I did not like the picture, and I cannot stand Jimmy Durante (apologies to that gentleman); I went to see the picture twice to see and hear a person who appeared on the screen about three minutes altogether—Nelson Eddy.

I was really thrilled by the appearance and voice of Mr. Eddy. I am happy that truly great singers are now appearing on the screen. May we hear and see more of Nelson Eddy, who was the first screen player to draw a "fan" letter from me.—Margaret Louis, Richmond, Calif.

Let John Boles Sing



If the producers would only cast John Boles in a picture something like Grace Moore's successful film, "One Night of Love," and give him a chance to thrill the music lovers with songs that are semi-classical like "The Indian Love Call" from "Rose Marie," and "One Alone" from "The Desert Song," or cast him in another operetta on the order of "Rio Rita!"

Give him more opportunities to delight the public with his grand sense of humor and his very expressive speaking voice, and let him sing songs which are truly worthy of his glorious voice. I believe the producer would surely rake in the money in heaps, and the public would throng to see the production.

The fine thing about John Boles is that the husbands, brothers and sweethearts of the feminine portion of the audience admire and enjoy Mr. Boles' talents, too. Mr. Boles is always a gentleman, and truly a fine artist, and he is never mush in his love-making.—Lillian Musgrave, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thoughts for Producers



I'd let Ruby Keeler try being housewife instead of a movie star.

I'd take Dick Powell and star him with someone that would at least be as good as he is.

I'd work Shirley Temple so hard she would have a nervous breakdown so David Holt (pictured) would get a chance.

I'd tell Irving S. Cobb to stick to writing and quit trying to act.

I'd put gloves on Max Baer and send him back to the ring where he belongs.

I'd cancel the contract of George Raft until he would agree to send pictures out free of charge.

I'd put Kay Francis in some more "doctor" pictures.

I'd bring Claudette Colbert down to earth.

Then, after accomplishing all that "Ay tank ay go home."—Betty Lenore Myers, San Fernando, Calif.







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Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 49*)

to settle matters.

Not much sense to any of it, but it's first-rate nonsense.

★★ Strangers All (RKO)

Too bad that May Robson is wasted in this. It's a mediocre family drama. There's Miss Robson, the mother, her three sons and a pretty daughter. One of the sons has the communistic bug pretty badly and gets arrested for his pains. One of the sons has the acting bug—William Bakewell plays him, and we take a moment to doff our tattered hat in his direction for enlivening the picture as much as he was able. Preston Foster is the good old reliable son and he gets nothing (not even acting honors) for his behavior.

★★★★ Black Fury (Warners)

A story to remember. A memorable piece of acting by Paul Muni. And a social document which, by means of clever writing and adroit direction, is kept clear of the propaganda charge.

Muni plays the role of Joe Radek—illiterate, passionate, simple miner. The story itself is gripping enough, but it is the social significance behind the story, the exposure of the brutal methods employed by racketeering police in dealing with strikers, and the powerful work of Muni which lift this picture into the unusual class.

★★★ Star of Midnight (RKO)

This detective yarn is guaranteed to make the tired business man even tireder, what with the constant brain-strain and plenty of chair-gripping. We have a couple of mysterious murders, which sleuth Powell unravels with such ease and good humor. We have not a little consumption of fire-water. We have Ginger Rogers, bent on impressing Powell with her potentialities as a female Holmes. She is cute, but ineffectual. We'd rather she stuck to her dancing. J. Farrell MacDonald is grand as the chief of police.

★★ Times Square Lady (M-G-M)

Whoever wrote this story had an imagination that would make the Brothers Grimm either blush rosey red with embarrassment or turn pea green with envy. Yep, such a fairy tale hasn't hit the celluloid boards since Hans Christian Andersen came down the pike. It's about the beeootiful Iowa farmerette who comes to the big city to take over her deceased Pa's sporting activities. Pop was a great guy on the races and the fights and the slot machines. He had a nice little gang of baddies working for him, too. But Virginia Bruce decides to fix all that, and she does—in six good and untrue reels of film. The blonde lady plays sort of a master mind. She couldn't convince you. Well, a lot of people feel the same way, but she does dress beautifully and is indeed fair to look upon. Pinkie Tomlin, composer of "Object of My Affections," appears briefly in this, as does the ever-capable Isabel Jewell. Robert Taylor, a new leading man, plays the hero and is a "natural."

★★ Straight from the Heart (Universal)

Even if you are a "guessing game" fan, this picture will leave you decidedly disgruntled, as there's just no solution to the goings-on. The plot is dismally complicated, with only the crucial moments speeded up to a snail's pace.

The fair heroine, Mary Astor, is picked up off the streets by the handsome hero, Roger Pryor, who proceeds to feed her French pastry and let her go. My, my, you marvel—a man with no ulterior motives! But Roger is very dirty in politics! This startling disclosure leads to *more* excitement, what with him double-crossing the mayor, a little child, a dead woman and his sweetheart and she double-crossing him a few times! Yes, yes, we got a little mixed up, too.

The cast struggles along as well they can, but the only highlight is the performance of Baby Jane Quigley, who is a surprisingly good little actress.

★★ Gigolette (RKO)

And this, little boys and girls, proves beyond the question of a doubt that honesty and purity will bring even a gigolette through life and night-clubs unscathed. Adrienne Ames is the gallant gal, who finds herself at the mercy of New York when her wealthy father commits suicide because of debts incurred—largely from his daughter's wardrobe, we should judge.

Ralph Bellamy is the rough and tough Broadwayite, whose heart, surprisingly enough, is of soft-soap. Donald Cook gives the best performance of the mediocre lot—that of the play-boy who's out for a swell time at any expense.

★★★ It Happened in New York (Universal)

Maybe it did happen there, but it could have happened in any town where there's a girl with a boy friend, and a blonde dazzler who tries to snare him away. But at that, this is an entertaining picture, and we didn't wonder that Lyle Talbot was a bit bewildered between Gertrude Michael and Heather Angel, both looking their best and trying their hardest to charm him.

Hugh O'Connell is a riot as the press agent for Gertrude, who's the movie idol of the world. Between soothing her tantrums, placating her public and keeping an eye on her business affairs and Pekinese purp, his isn't exactly a soft job. As if that were not enough anguish, he has to contend with two determined young ladies out to get the same man.

While this isn't anything out of the ordinary in movie amusement, the cast has handled its parts with such deftness that you're bound to be entertained.

★★ Sweepstake Annie (Liberty)

There's about as much chance of enjoying this picture as ever winning the Irish sweepstakes, but if you want to see how Marion Nixon reacts to having the one-hundred-fifty-thousand dropped in her lap, here's your chance.

Just a nice little girl is Annie, but suffering from family-itis to such an extent that she sacrifices everything for the ungrateful outfit—money, clothes, good times—with nary a thought for the morrow or a damp day. Tom Brown, Annie's ardent through freckled wooer, urges her to leave said gasping relations and keep house for

him. His harsh words about her flesh and blood are so irritating that Annie, though her heart is breaking, sends him away. Then she wins the lucky money and decides to live her own life—which soon includes some Russian nobility and the upper crust of the four hundred—only to find it all a tawdry, shabby bauble.

★★ While the Patient Slept
(Warners)

Well, Aline MacMahon has been framed in another picture! It's our not too humble opinion that this gal deserves a change, as does Guy Kibbee, who also puts in an appearance in this tepid thriller. Yeh, he's sleuthing again, and she's supplying the brain power.

The story follows the formula that is becoming familiar for murder mellerdrammers—a dearth of entertainment and a plethora of corpses. This one starts right out with a death-bed scene. Gathered together at this time are all the relatives of a wealthy, elderly gentleman who are to share his wealth when he shall be no more. Naturally, they're all cuh-razy about each other and you're awfully surprised to hear that a couple of them have been mysteriously done away with. With all the suspicioning in the air, it's no wonder that Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis suspect themselves in love.

★★ McFadden's Flats
(Paramount)

If this story was as delightful as the Irish and Scotch accents in which the principal characters indulge, it would be a top-notcher. But unfortunately, such is not the case.

The actors, however, can take well merited bows on their performances. Andy Clyde, as the auld Scotch barber who stints on the lather, but gives his life's savings to his best enemy, proves himself an exceptional comedian. You'll like Walter Kelly, too—he's as Irish as Saint Pat. Jane Darwell is lovable as his wife, with a heart as big as a washtub. Betty Furness handles her role capably.

★★ Traveling Saleslady
(Warners)

This story hasn't much point, but it's saved by a competent cast, including Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Hugh Herbert.

Hugh has one idea, and one only, in the picture. His brain-wave results in a toothpaste flavored with Martinis, old-fashioneds, Manhattans and gin fizzes! He's aided and abetted by Joan, who's peeved at her rich papa's refusal to let her indulge in a career, so she becomes a traveling saleslady and manages to put herself and the product over with the popularity which they both deserve.

Glenda Farrell and William Gargan provide a few laughs, but the real guffaws are furnished by the dumb-but-clever Hugh Herbert. If you are out for a little fun and nothing else, you won't go wrong on this yarn.

★★★ When a Man's a Man
(Fox)

If you like those "Ride 'em, cowboy" yarns, you won't go wrong on this picture. Though the story sticks to the old tried-and-true formula of Westerns, a few genuine thrills are added.

George O'Brien as the personality-plus playboy, has made short work of an inheritance acquired by the hard work of his father. He now feels that what is needed in his life is an "objective" and without the vaguest idea of what this might be, sets out to run it down, landing up on an Arizona ranch. Here everything is supplied without further ado—a villain who sneers satisfactorily, a beautiful, harassed heroine, a cowpuncher with a good heart, but a turrible temper, and a herd of cattle dying of thirst.

Dorothy Wilson, Harry Woods and Paul Kelly, do well in their parts, while Mr. O'Brien can pat himself on the back for giving his best performance to date.

★★★ Screen Snapshots
(Columbia)

Harriet Parsons, collector and compilator of these newsy, intimate "shots" of Hollywood's great and near-great, is in order for congratulations. It must take the instinct of an ace reporter and the patience of an extra bent on stardom to put together "Screen Snapshots," one of the most intensely interesting and entertaining reels to emanate from the camera coast. It records photographically the players' away-from-the-camera moments —John Boles putting on an impromptu entertainment at a night club, Ben Lyon ad-libbing a master of ceremonies routine, Mae West a little bit peeved at being "caught" without make-up and with a new boy friend, Tom Mix's circus parade, and Bing Crosby at the Santa Anita racetrack. It's alive, breezy and wholly diverting.

★★ Baby Face Harrington
(M-G-M)

It is really too bad that Charles Butterworth, who has bolstered up so many



Adrienne Ames and Ralph Bellamy in a scene from "Gigolette."



Chester Morris and Jean Parker in a close-up from "Princess O'Hara."



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Joan Blondell tries to sell Bill Gargan and Glenda Farrell in "Traveling Saleslady."



George Arliss and Maureen O'Sullivan in a tender scene from "Cardinal Richelieu."

fair-to-middling pictures for other stars, should be so terrifically let down in this, his first picture on his own hook. It is the story of a meek-faced Milquetoast who becomes involved with a gang of public enemies and is himself branded as Public Enemy No. 2. Sounds something like another current picture, doesn't it? Well, let's not be odious and make comparisons. Let's just say that "Baby Face Harrington" is worth seeing only for those few moments when Butterworth is allowed to be Butterworthishly amusing. Una Merkel and Nat Pendleton do the best they can with supporting roles.

★★ Mark of the Vampire
(M-G-M)

The only thing actually blood-curdling about this latest vampire chiller is wasting Lionel Barrymore on such a yarn. Of course, the old horror stand-bys are used with pleasant frequency—corpses tangled in cobwebs, fat rats scuttling among coffins and plenty of fog torn by high winds. But not to make this look anything like a "Dracula" rehash, all the mysteries are cleared up in the end with scientific precision. Under the influence of a hypnotist, the murderer re-enacts his crime. Simple and logical, as you can see for yourself.

Jean Hersholt strives nobly to do something about his role as Baron Otto, Elizabeth Allan just gives up and wanders around with a vacant look in her eyes, and Henry Wadsworth is not very convincing as the courageous young man in the teeth of danger. Bela Lugosi plays B. L. with his usual fervor.

If you must see this one, leave the offspring at home. You'll have trouble enough with your own nightmares.

★★★★ Cardinal Richelieu
(United Artists)

Whatever let-down you may have felt when you saw George Arliss in "The Iron Duke" will be forgotten the minute "Cardinal Richelieu" starts unrolling on the screen. It's a grand portrayal, perhaps not as great as the Arliss "Rothschild" but great and grand enough to give you a swell evening's entertainment. Not only is Arliss at his best, but he is supported by a cast that puts its all into a series of excellent characterizations. Edward Arnold, Douglas Dumbrille, Cesar Romero and Maureen O'Sullivan head the group. There isn't much opportunity for great histrionics on Maureen's part but she looks adorable. Director Rowland Lees should get a hand for his expert direction and beautiful production.

A Message to Girls Who Help Out

(*Continued from page 29*)

Ann's mother, as you know, was an opera singer. Ann's father was a business man. Seldom has such a combination made a happy marriage. Those two temperaments—the artistic and the practical—simply don't click.

ANN was born in a little mid-western town. Her mother was on a concert tour at the time. It was the nearest town that boasted a hospital. Ann hasn't been back since. You couldn't quite call it her "old home town." The papers could never say, "local girl makes good."

She has an older sister. Ann is in the middle. After her younger sister—now eighteen—was born, the mother and father were divorced. And that, it would seem, ended that.

But there is no real end to a family tie. Ann missed a father. She didn't miss her mother's ex-husband, she had never known him. She simply missed having a father. Other girls said to her, "Last night my daddy told me . . ." or "Look at the bracelet my father gave me for my birthday." It always made a lump in Ann's throat. She wondered what it would be like to have a father.

Between Ann and her mother there was a great companionship, a great love. This fascinating, exciting woman knew all of the heartaches that a professional life brings. But she knew the compensations, too. She knew the divine ecstacy of self-expression and, in a very subtle way, she brought Ann up to be a singer.

Oh, she never coerced. She never bullied. She merely "guided." She "suggested" that Ann take piano lessons, harmony, counterpoint. She steeped her in musical lore—told her that languages

were more important than mathematics. It was truly destiny that Ann become a singer.

The best schools were at Ann's disposal. The unknown father saw to that and then, when Ann was a girl in her 'teens, the father decided he wanted to see her.

He had married again and was living on the northwestern coast. Ann went to him to finish her education—the best education money could buy.

Ah, what a curious meeting that must have been. Ann, a grown girl now, a girl with character and intelligence, stood before a total stranger who was her father. She had missed having a father. She had thought that when she saw him, at last, a great emotion would possess her. But now she stood there looking at someone she didn't know.

And as time passed she knew him less and less. So different had their lives been, so far apart their ethics, their standards, their codes, that there could be no real meeting between them. There was no point of contact—either mental or emotional. Mind you, there were no quarrels, no scenes. It was a situation which both were too sensitive to overcome.

AT first Ann thought it would be better when they were better acquainted—when father and daughter were not so shy of each other. But she soon discovered that they had been apart too long, that there was no regaining those lost years. And when she had discovered this, she knew that she must not stay.

She told her father that she was leaving—going back to her mother in Los Angeles, where her mother was taking singing pupils. The father, ever disapproving of theatrical life, felt that if Ann went back she would become a part of show business, so he tried to make her stay with him and at last, when he saw how determined she was to go, told her that if she left he would stop her allowance.

That was something for a girl to face, but Ann faced it with the courage of a conviction that has made her life an enobling experience and an inspiration to others.

Her father's money had made it possible for her to live well, to have the best education. What her mother received for her singing lessons could not possibly keep them all. Yet Ann knew that if she were to make the most of herself as a person, she must leave.

In Hollywood, without the generous allowance, she took stock of herself. She was an able pianist—knew counterpoint and harmony. She spoke French beautifully and knew all of the niceties of polite society. But could she earn a living with these accomplishments? Enviously, she looked at girls who had been trained in shorthand and typewriting. There was something tangible! There was a job. With these she would have had something to offer. A fine education in the best schools—what did it mean when the necessity for earning her living was upon her?

And necessity it was, too, for she knew that, if she failed, there could be no going back to her father. She had made the decision. She had broken the slim thread which bound them together. She was on her own now—a free agent. And what did a free agent do?

She knew music. That, if anything, must make her a living, must help her mother and sisters. So she began taking lessons from her mother. Today the mother claims that Ann was her worst pupil. She wouldn't practice scales.

And then Ann had the chance of an audition. She sang before a man at Warner's Studio. She got a job. It was as simple as that.

But Ann was soon to discover that it wasn't so simple as that. Theatrical jobs don't last forever. One ends, another must be found and Ann was not such a free agent as she had thought. She had an actual as well as a moral responsibility toward her sisters and her mother. On her own score she had broken with her father, which had cut them off, too. So it was her responsibility. She must not only provide for herself but she must "help out at home." It was a duty that she could not shirk. She didn't want to shirk it, of course, but if things had been different . . .

Don't you know? Haven't you said it, secretly, a thousand times?

A girl in show business must keep up appearances, must look well. But Ann, because of her responsibilities and the fact that at first she made very little money, must shop around for her clothes, must pretend that she really *wanted* to walk after a strenuous rehearsal instead of taking a taxi.

In New York, after her experience in the Follies, she found herself looking for a job. She *must* have a job. "If I don't get a job my family doesn't eat!" If you know about that feeling, then don't envy Ann Sothern.

Or, perhaps, you should envy her—envy her courage, her ability to refrain from complaining, her delight in being able to "help out." But instead of envying, you should emulate her example and try to penetrate her depth of character and beauty of soul.

Everything is fine, now. Ann's at the top and, knowing Ann, I think she is right when she says, "Having responsibilities makes one a better person."

That's all she'll say, of course. She's not the kind to sob on your shoulder. And, as I've told you before, this story was pieced together with the things I learned about Ann from others.

But believe me, she knows *your* problems. She's had them!

A Beautiful Romance

(*Continued from page 45*)

speaking of it, that they were desperately, madly in love. But her family were opposed to her marrying so young—she was not yet eighteen—and besides they didn't like Frank.

So, in order to attempt to make Alma forget Frank, her mother planned a trip to Europe for Alma and her father.

When Alma told Frank this he said: "We can't let them do this to us. I'm afraid to let you leave me. Let's get married now."

They were married secretly in Hoboken in April. Three weeks later she sailed for Europe. Both she and Frank were heartbroken at the parting, but they were

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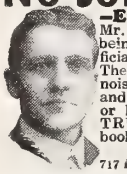


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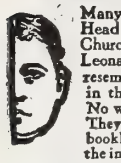


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glad that—come what may—they belonged to each other.

Germany was her destination. Alma and her father arrived just in time to be caught up in the webs of war, and for four solid months Frank had no word or communication from her, nor did any of his letters get through to her. He was, of course, frantically worried about her. But nothing he did—not even an appeal to the Secretary of State—brought any news of her.

Up to this time he had been in business with his father, but now he must have more stimulating work—work that could partially take his mind off his grief.

HIS brother, Ralph, had already gone into the theatre. One of Frank's friends, Edgar Allan Woolf, wrote a vaudeville sketch for Frank in which he played. At the close of the tour, Walker Whiteside offered him a part in "Mr. Wu."

He played his role with half his mind and half his heart. He tormented the mailman for letters. He lived only from day to day, hoping that each new hour might bring him word from Alma.

And then the miracle happened. Weary with waiting, he strolled into the theatre one night and found a telegram for him. He clawed it open. "Arrived in New York this morning. Meet me on the mezzanine of the Knickerbocker Hotel after the performance. Alma." That was all, but it was enough. His bride had escaped from Germany and had returned to him.

He gave a bang-up performance that night, but never had minutes seemed like hours before. He would see her tonight. He would hear her say, once more, that she loved him. He would hold her in his arms.

She was waiting for him at the appointed place. And when he saw her he went to pieces with love and relief at her safety and joy in her return. He was trembling so that he could not speak. It was she who opened the conversation, and her words are written across Frank's mind forever.

She said: "Wait a minute, Frank; don't kiss me. I've something to tell you. I don't love you any more."

He stepped back and looked at her. The lobby of the hotel was a whirling kaleidoscope. His hands and feet were numb. A gun seemed to be exploding in his brain.

"I'm sorry," she said. And then she repeated, desperately. "I don't love you any more."

He heard a voice. It was not his voice, but it seemed to be coming from his throat. "Is there—is there another man?"

She shook her head. "I just don't—don't love you any more."

And then, as his reason slowly began to come back, he said, "What is it, Alma? Tell me."

"Not here," she begged. And he saw that she was suffering as much as he.

Somehow they stumbled out of the hotel and into a taxicab.

But even as they drove through Central Park he could not make her speak. Only one thing he knew. He knew it in the taxi. She was lying. She did love him. For some fantastic and ghoulish reason that he could not penetrate, she was lying.

He begged her to tell him what had happened. With her lips she repeated, brokenly now: "I just don't love you any more—that's all." But those same lips told him a different story.

And then began the most torturous moments of his life. He had no pride. There was too much love in his heart to leave room for pride. Every Sunday he went to the country, where she was living with her family, and sat in the living-room watching her, but never touching her. He never once saw her alone. Her family was always present. For months those cruel Sundays lasted.

ONE night at the theatre Walker Whiteside came in to his dressing-room. "I'm sorry to tell you this, Frank," he said. "But I guess you know how bad your performances have been lately. What's wrong?"

Frank shook his head. "I guess I'm just no actor," he said.

"No, it isn't that. You were grand at first. I've hesitated about this. But you've changed. Your heart is gone from your work."

His heart was with Alma—Alma who said with her lips she didn't love him and told him with her eyes she did and persisted in keeping up this cruel mystery.

He left the show.

The next Sunday he managed to whisper to Alma, "I'm going to announce our marriage."

Her face went white. "Please, please, don't do that," she begged. "No one knows about it and it's over, anyhow. Please, please . . . You can't understand."

He had a notice inserted in the paper that they had been married in April. It was now about November. That seemed strange. Reporters interviewed him. They interviewed Alma and her family. And the story came out that they had been married, but it was over now.

Well, there was no use going on like this. He must do something with his life. His heart was being torn to bits. He had lost his first good acting job. But he had to go on somehow, somewhere.

In Richmond, Virginia, he got a job in stock. That was worse. Those Sundays, torturing as they had been, were better than nothing. At least he might look at her.

And then there came another telegram. It was from Alma. "If you can't see any reason why not, I'm coming to Richmond to stay a week."

He met her at the train. She was to visit an aunt or someone. She didn't go near her aunt's house. She stayed with Frank. And she has never left him since. And she told him the reason for her strange behavior.

When she returned from Germany and her mother realized that she was still in love with Frank, that the European adventure had not made her forget him, her mother said: "If you don't give him up tonight, I will commit suicide." Poor young Alma believed her. Although madly in love with Frank, the girl had no choice. Better to give up her husband than to have her mother's death upon her conscience. That night in the hotel she was as desperate as Frank. And it was almost more than she could bear to see his face and his heart go to pieces before her eyes as she pronounced those dreadful words, "I don't love you any more."

And those Sundays—how she had suffered, too. What they had cost her! But her mother told her always that if she went to him she would kill herself.

Then Frank went away. And she knew that she could be separated from him no longer. Let her love bring what consequences it might, her place was by his side. Their love was greater than anything else in the world.

And the consequences were not dire. Her mother did not commit suicide. She is still alive today. And Frank and Alma and their nineteen-year-old son are utterly and completely happy. Theirs is one of those real, real loves. A lesser passion would not have withstood so much.

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Maurice Chevalier arrives in New York after finishing "Folies Bergere." Next stop is Paris.

Good News

(*Continued from page 41*)

Rochelle Hudson spoke out of turn while in New York recently, and, as a result, has Will Rogers and her home town of Claremore, Oklahoma, on her pretty neck. A columnist quoted her as saying that Claremore "stinks." Rochelle was indignant because she says only part of her statement was used. What she said, in toto, was that the town has a bad odor because of the radium water which abounds there. "And anyhow," ends up Rochelle, defiantly, "I haven't lived in Claremore since I was a tiny child!"

■ ■ ■

Mervyn Leroy and Doris Warner sent out a clever nursery rhyme to announce the arrival of their offspring, Warner Lewis Leroy. They were overjoyed to have a son and heir as were all members of the Warner clan.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 72*)

JULIA, Billings, Mont.—The Compton-Compson situation is one that has puzzled many, so this should clear it up. Betty Compson is the one-time movie actress. Betty Compton is the present Mrs. James Walker, wife of the ex-mayor of New York City. She was on the stage before her marriage, but never attained fame on the screen. Betty Compson is the ex-Mrs. James Cruze.

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ALL JOKING ASIDE . . . by Jack Betts

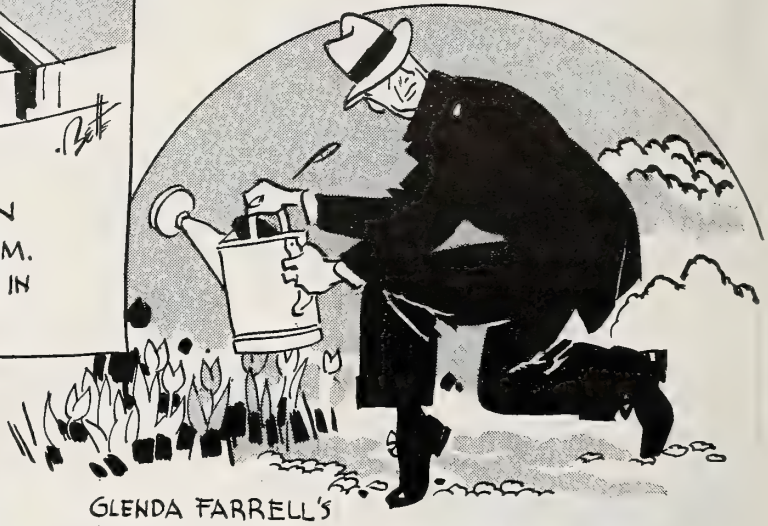


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"Every bride knows a secret that every girl should learn...she knows how to charm," an exquisite bride confided. "My beauty rules are *different*. I would never dream of making up without first putting on a few drops of perfume. Instantly its fragrance makes me a new person...joyous...confident...alive! Only then am I sure that my cosmetics will make me look the way I *want* to look."

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modern screen

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NOW THAT I HAVE YOU...THERE'LL BE *No More Ladies*



An airy love bandit "swears off" the ladies when he meets his heart's desire—only to forget all about his promise the minute her back is turned! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! Joan and Bob are at their very best in roles perfectly suited to them—while Charlie Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Edna May Oliver add to the merriment .... Another delightful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, perfectly adapted from New York's laughing stage hit.

Joan *Robert*

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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture.... Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH



Between You 'n' Me

Has your letter appeared in this Corner? Get busy!

On the Downpath?



Can't something be done about the situation in which Ann Harding, Barbara Stanwyck and Kay Francis find themselves right now? They are heading for the last round-up rapidly because of poor stories and poor everything. Aren't they worthy of as much attention as Shearer and Crawford? And is Ruth Chatterton (pictured) too far gone to make a comeback? She was a real actress, but those awful stories she had in her latter days were enough to kill any star.—W. P. H., Manchester, Tenn.

To Tom-Tom



Although I am a true motion picture fan, I have never had an actor or actress impress me to the point where I was overanxious to hear more about him as well as to see him get his share of publicity.

The actor of whom I am writing is Felix Knight. I believe his portrayal of Tom-Tom in "Babes in Toyland" was as nearly perfect as it could be. And what a voice!—Carole B., Chicopee, Mass.

A Toast to Youth



Here's a toast to that up-and-coming young screen team, Dixie Lee and Joe Morrison, who sing their blithe way through "Love in Bloom." We are charmed by their sincere acting. And how they can sing! Another point is their genuine youth. After all, we're getting tired of middle-aged heroes singing to not-so-young heroines. But Dixie and Joe sing with the zest of youth and put over their love scenes beautifully. —Lillian Johnson, Burlingame, Calif.

Bob Montgomery's "Biography"



"The Divorcee" who had a "Hideout" on "The Easiest Way" was "Made on Broadway" by "The Man in Possession," who knew that "Strangers May Kiss" and that "When Ladies Meet" they speak "Another Language."

"The War Nurses" in their "Private Lives" are "Faithless" to their "Fugitive Lovers," "But the Flesh Is Weak," so "Forsaking All Others," they follow "Their Own Desire" and are caught in a "Riptide" as "Lovers Courageous."

"Shipmates" find "Love in the Rough" by "Hell Below," and "Blondie of the Follies" becomes "Our Blushing Bride."

"So This Is College" exclaimed "Vanessa," when "Letty Lynton" through an "Inspiration" solved "The Mystery of Mr. X."—Katherine Skemp, La Crosse, Wis.

One Fan to Another



Few fans have regard for standards of beauty. Geneva Miller, you are wrong! Jean Harlow is not beautiful. Her eyes, eyebrows, nose and chin contradict her supposed beauty. In fact, I think her entire face is unattractive. If it were not for expert lighting she would be very homely.

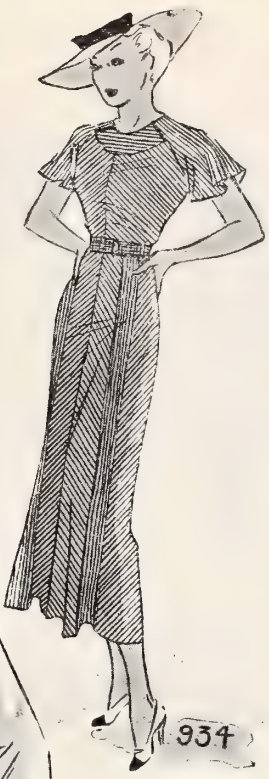
Another damsel whose picture would never be hung in a picture gallery for sheer beauty is Constance Bennett. Her bony, starved-looking face, chilly expression and ill-proportioned body are so repulsive that I can't pay any attention to her acting. Ditto for Hepburn.

(*Continued on page 9*)

Results of questionnaire on page 106

MODERN SCREEN *Patterns*

COTTONS ARE the fabrics for your cool summer clothes and you have never seen such a variety of unusual textures and patterns as are available in the stores. And so inexpensive, too! You can have all three of these attractive costumes shown this month for a mere fraction of what it would cost to buy them. Pattern 907 is Bette Davis' darling gingham evening dress trimmed with perky flutings of white piqué. The peplum is a youthful detail as is the big contrasting bow. Then you can't do without a white linen suit like Pattern 908. It's Claire Trevor's favorite because of its trim jacket, fitted through the waist and buttoning with three center buttons. The skirt is slim. One of the uncrushable linens will make this a practical all-summer suit. Then we have copied Rosemary Ames' striped lawn dress, Pattern 934, because it is the essence of cool smartness. The high, yoke neckline and short full sleeves give a nice bodice detail. The skirt is made with panels in which the stripes are used both vertically and in diagonal effect. Rosemary's wide-brimmed hat has the same banding as her belt.
All patterns in sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.















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Do you want our new Summer Pattern Book?.....

Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with patterns; 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

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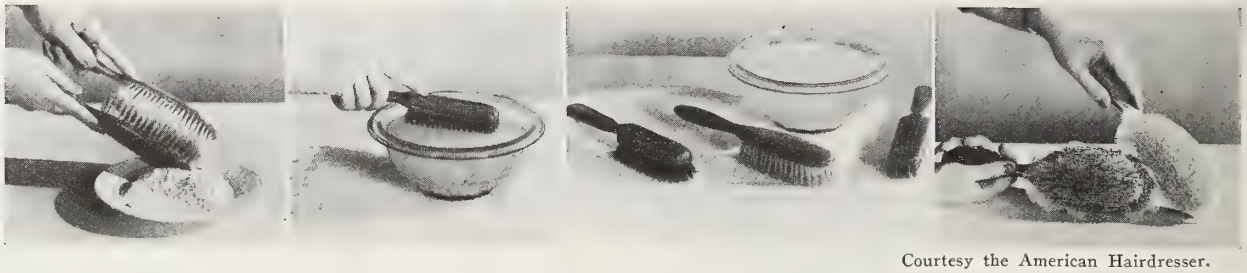
(Please print in pencil)



Julie Haydon's charming new hairdress is ideal for summer. Note the cool hairline in back.

By Mary Biddle

beauty ADVICE



Courtesy the American Hairdresser.

How to keep your hairbrush clean: use flour on bristles.

Rule 2. Never soak a brush—immerse the bristles only.

Rule 3. Place your brush with bristles down to dry.

Rule 4. When your hair is soiled protect brush with gauze.

HERE'S your chance to shine! Oh, not just in your own special hobby or activity, although that may come indirectly, but to shine in the one thing in which all of you want most to shine . . . the art of being radiantly attractive. Summer offers you your opportunity. Summer and sunshine, the simple magic of soap and water, shampoos, brushes, new coiffures, miraculous creams, new make-up . . . result, new girl!

Radiance, shininess, cleanliness—how they all fit in together! And we're going at this business of making you shine, clear from the crown of your topknot to the tips of your toes, with a vengeance. We'll have to keep you on your toes until next month before we really get much below your neck, because this month we're devoting ourselves mostly to "the tops" in beauty . . . the coiffure and the face . . . but we won't forget the business of pedicures in August.

First, let's think of the shining heads we most admire in Hollywood. Think of Norma Shearer's lustrous, glossy hair that always looks as if it had been brushed and brushed *and* brushed—and Kay Francis' dark hairdress that is as sleek as a raven's wing; Ginger Rogers' tresses that took such a sophisticated upturn in "Roberta," and Carole Lombard's smooth, blonde cap, and Julie Haydon . . . Well, you don't have to visualize Julie in your mind's eye, for here she is right before you, in three lovely photographs. Her new hairdress is a triumph in coolness, freshness, charm and chic. It is a glorified version of the French twist.

But before we go into the romantic trends of new coiffures, let's get our topknots into condition. If we were to take a ribbon to "tie back our bonny brown hair," as the old, old song goes, we could tie exactly seven knots in it, and each knot would represent an important thing to remember about our summertime topknots. Incidentally, Hollywood this summer favors the girlish effect, and more practically, the restraining effect of a ribbon on flyaway locks.

Now for the first knot: shampoo your hair often enough. You may wrinkle up your noses in disdain, and think this is an unnecessary reminder, but I can assure you that it (*Continued on page 94*)

It's wise to keep a cool head for summer comfort!

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 6*)

There are few beautiful women on the screen. Among these are Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, Colbert, Shearer and Sten.—"Just Me."

Recognition!



People are continually arguing and debating as to who is the greatest screen actress. Granted there are many publicized stars and talented ladies, little has been said in praise of one deserving young woman who has worked to establish herself as a favorite. My hat is off to Myrna Loy. She is a fine comedienne, has loads of charm, turns in flawless performances and, above all, possesses wholesomeness. What more could one ask? Good luck, Miss Loy!—L. G. R., San Pedro, Calif.

Neil Hamilton Admirer



Have you ever stopped to think what a great actor Neil Hamilton is? Anyone who is honest enough to admit the truth will agree with me in saying that he has done more than any actor on the screen to give sure-fire entertainment. What is more he has always fought his way alone. True enough some of his pictures were a flop, but through no fault of his. "Here Comes the Groom" was perhaps the weakest story he ever did. The ones I enjoyed most were "Two Heads on a Pillow," "Blind Date," "Fugitive Lady," and "Once to Every Bachelor." People are still raving about his fine performances in these films.—Marie Hughes, New York, N. Y.

What's Your Opinion?

It's about time some movie magazine did something for us movie fans and I'm glad Modern Screen (my favorite magazine) was the one to do it. What am I talking about? Why your "Movie Scoreboard," of course. All we have to do now is look up the rating of any picture to see if it is suitable enough to visit. You just can't miss this way. Not only does it save us money but also time. Yes, sir, it takes Modern Screen to think up something sensible like that.—Marie Bonafide, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I wouldn't miss a copy of Modern Screen for worlds, but I did miss "The Report Card" in the last two issues. Whatsamatter? Your magazine is the best movie publication I've found so far and I read every page in it.

The "Movie Scoreboard" is good but give us "The Report Card." I enjoy comparing my rating with yours and usually I agree, but I did think "The Most Precious Thing in Life" deserved a far better rating, and as for "Crime Without Passion," it was a crime to have to sit through it.—Evelyn Taplett, Tyndall, South Dakota.

I purchased your March issue and found the customary directory of pictures missing. This was a department I found of much use and your comments quite dependable, i.e., your judgments were about

(*Continued on page 13*)



Do a little cheering of your own next washday! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and see what a gorgeous wash you get!

For Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt as "trick" soaps do. It speeds out ALL the dirt—even the deep-down kind.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for dainty things, too. Try it for silk stockings and undies. Fels-Naptha is kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some Fels-Naptha today! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

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Take a movie star's beauty advice



JOAN BLONDELL, Warner Bros.' Star, see her now in TRAVELING SALESLADY

WHEN you get a **DUART** Permanent Wave you will see the operator break open a **SEALED** individual package of Duart pads for your personal wave. No question then—you know they are genuine Duart and have **NEVER BEEN USED.** You know also that your hair will be waved with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the beautiful waves worn by the Hollywood stars. Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves. Get the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart Pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

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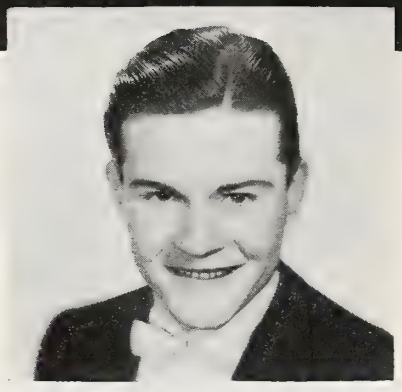
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INFORMATION DESK



Tom Brown grins back at you.

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 74. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

CARLOTTA DALE, Buffalo, N. Y.; FRANCES HARRITY, Philadelphia, Pa.; BEVERLY PARTRIDGE, New York, N. Y.; BILL, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.; J. R. NORTON, San Diego, Cal.; M. M., Louisville, Ky.; DOROTHY McKEE; LILLIAN WITKOWSKI—Tom Brown, whose smiling face graces our page this month, is now up for inspection as per your requests. No matter how you look at it, he is still Tom Brown—for that is his real name—and his ancestors came from Dublin, Ireland. Born in New York City on January 6, 1913, he is the son of Harry Brown, stage actor and producer, and Marie Francis, musical comedy star. At the age of 6 months he was presented to the general public in the arms of his mother before the footlights, and has been appearing off and on either on stage or screen ever since. The New York Professional Children's School is proud to number him among its alumni, and Brown University very nearly could have done the same, except that Tom decided to concentrate all his efforts on an acting career. He was a well known child actor in the days of silent films and was prominently cast in more than 50 stage plays both on Broadway and on the road, to say nothing of appearing on three different radio programs. In December, 1931, this popular juvenile arrived in Hollywood, desirous of concentrating entirely on screen work—and has been there ever since. To many, Tom typifies American youth. He is modest and unassuming about his success, likes to tinker with automobiles and play practical jokes, is an ardent devotee of all outdoor sports but is especially enthusiastic about swimming and hiking. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has blue eyes and medium brown hair. His next picture will be "Black Sheep" which he is making for the Fox Studios, Movietone City, Hollywood, Cal., where you may write him.

G. A. H., Waterville, Me.—The movies are working overtime on dual role pictures. Carl Brisson played both the part of the king and that of Carlo Rocco in "All the King's Horses." Maurice Chevalier played two parts in "Folies Bergere" and Edward G. Robinson in "The Whole Town's Talking." Go to the movies and see double! You may write Mr. Brisson at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

MARGARET THOMSON, Washington, D. C.; CATHERINE ARMSTRONG, Binghamton, N. Y.; BETTY HALL, Rahway, N. J.; MARION JUNE LEE, Tooele, Utah—Dawn Paris (O'Day), known better to you as Anne Shirley, was born in New York City on April 17, 1918. She began her career modeling for baby's clothes almost as soon as she could walk, and shortly before her third birthday was given an important role in the film, "The Miracle Child." So in 1922 her mother decided to brave Hollywood with her talented offspring. This step was never regretted insomuch as Anne secured parts in scores of pictures. All was not easy sailing, though, for there came a time when there were no suitable parts for a child of her age. But that time has passed and gone. Anne fairly skipped over the "awkward age" which spells finis to so many youthful careers, and came into her own as a "sweet young thing" in "Finishing School," "Anne of Greene Gables" and is to be seen next in "Chasing Yesterday" in which she will appear with Trent Durkin. She is under contract to RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal. Her favorite sports are Ping Pong and swimming and her hobbies crocheting and collecting dolls and china dogs. She has red hair and amber eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She is not married yet.

NOEL H. TILLETT, Essex, England—Eric Linden was born July 12, 1911, in New York City. I cannot find any record of his having been in a picture called "Damaged Lives." You may be interested to know that he is now working on a picture entitled "Let 'Em Have It," for United Artists.

VIRGINIA and ALICE WILLIAMS, Archbald, Pa.; BEATRICE TAFT; TESSIE HARVEY, Toledo, Ohio; BETTY JONES, Woonsocket, R. I.—Imagine the stately Kay Francis ever being called Katie! But she must have been because her name was originally Katharine Gibbs. She was born in Oklahoma City, on a Friday the 13th in the year 1899. Before she was four she had lived in Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denver and finally New York. And here's another incongruous thing. Imagine Kay doing the 100-yard dash in 12 seconds! But she did, and when she was in school. In fact she was very proficient in athletics and still enjoys a good round of tennis. Upon leaving college she entered a secretarial school and then traveled through Europe for eight months. Eventually she decided to take a fling at the stage and what's more was very successful and appeared in a number of New York hits. Then Hollywood, her first picture being "Gentlemen of the Press" with Walter Huston. She has been married three times, most recently to Kenneth MacKenna. Her hobby is sailing, she lives in a rented house and has two servants. She has black hair and blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet 6½ inches tall in her stocking feet and weighs 125 pounds. After "The Goose and the Gander" she will be in "Stranded."

ELIZABETH B. BROWN, Bronx, N. Y.; DOLLY, New Britain, Conn.; HELEN EVANS, Montclair, N. J.; MISS S. M. SPARKS—Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana on May 7, 1901. That is his real name. He is 6 feet 2¼ inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. He has light blue eyes and brown hair. As nearly as I can remember, he has only sung in one picture and that was "The Virginian." He is married to Sandra Shaw, his first and only wife to date. His next picture is rather indefinite as yet, but it may be "Peter Ibbetson." He is under contract to Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

PEGGY INGRAM, Norwalk, Conn.—It is a little indefinite whether Carl Brisson will make "Waikiki Wedding" or not. Mary Ellis is tentatively scheduled as his leading lady. Irene Dunne is a brunette with blue-gray eyes. Yes, Fredric March is playing the lead opposite Garbo in "Anna Karenina."

PATRICIA PARMENTER, Syracuse, N. Y.; JEAN GRUBBS, Houston, Tex.; HELEN MATTESON, St. Paul, Minn; MRS. L. V. WIMMER, Christiansburg, Va.; JUNE G., Albany, N. Y.; FRANCES REILLY, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; VERNA KIRBY and HILDA BUHL—Thanks so much for asking about Nelson Eddy. This department has been in a perfect twitch to tell all about him. So here goes. Providence, R. I., is his birthplace and 1901 the year of the great event. Both his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William Darius Eddy, were excellent singers and young Nelson began his vocal career as boy soprano in two Providence churches. His education, begun in grammar school at Rhode Island Normal, was completed in night school and correspondence courses. His first job was as a telephone operator in Mott Iron Works, after which he worked in the shipping department. Then he started on another job in the art department of a Philadelphia newspaper, after which he was a reporter for 5 years, copy reader, etc. He wrote advertising copy for two companies. Meanwhile he kept up his music, studying with different teachers and learning operatic arias from phonograph records, and made his first stage appearance in a society show, "The Marriage Tax," in 1922. Later he joined the Savoy Opera Company, then the Philadelphia Operatic Society and finally the Philadelphia Civic Opera. His New York debut was in 1924 as "Pagliacci." Eddy sings thirty-two operatic roles: He sings in English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. He has been to Europe three times—studied in Dresden and in Paris. He has made successful national concert tours for the last three years. He came to Los Angeles in 1933 and took the town by storm. A contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer resulted, and his first picture was "Dancing Lady" in which he had a minute part. His favorite sports are swimming, riding and tennis, and he collects pictures of people with striking heads. Mr. Eddy and Miss MacDonald will be teamed again in another M-G-M musical tentatively entitled "Americans Can Sing."

MISS J. A., Cincinnati, Ohio—Yes, Dick Powell played with an orchestra in Indianapolis. Sorry I don't have the name. He has brown hair and blue eyes. James Cagney's latest are "G Men" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Pat O'Brien's are "In Caliente," "Oil for the Lamps of China" and "Page Miss Glory" with Marion Davies. Frankie Darro was the jockey in "Broadway Bill." Shirley Temple's latest is "Our Little Girl" and the next will be "Curly Top." Clark Gable's next after "Call of the Wild" will be "China Seas," with Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery and (Continued on page 74)

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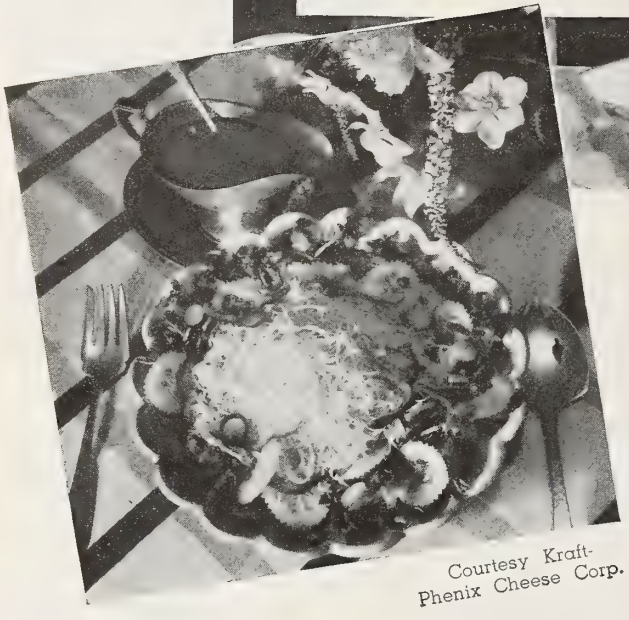
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THE MODERN HOSTESS



Claudette has a keen taste for good food, inherited from her sturdy French ancestors. The tasty salad below is just one of her culinary pets in store for you in this month's recipe leaflet.



Courtesy Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.

By Marjorie Deen

IT happened one day—that I was having lunch with Claudette Colbert in New York. Claudette was radiant! Behind her was the triumph of the Academy Award for her splendid performance in the best picture of the year—"It Happened One Night." Ahead of her was a New York vacation with all that such a vacation means to a Hollywood star—theatres and shops to be visited, interviews to be given and affectionate admiration to be received on all sides. And for more immediate enjoyment there was before us the prospect of a truly delicious lunch in the Netherland Restaurant of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. This towering structure, where Claudette was stopping during her metropolitan sojourn, stands on Fifth Avenue at the very entrance to Central Park, providing a lovely background as viewed from the large plate glass windows of the balcony on which our table was situated. From time to time, we glanced out at the passing cars and hurrying children, parkward bound. But the greater part of *my* attention was given to Claudette's sparkling conversation and to the delicious foods we were eating with great relish.

"It's my French ancestry, no doubt, which makes me appreciate good things to eat," Claudette was saying as dainty and unusual canapés were being passed with our cocktails. "Not elaborate foods," she hastened to assure us. "No, for I think it is an error (though a very common one) to think that French foods are always complicated to cook and ornate to behold. Certainly the French chef or *maitre de cuisine* as he prefers to be called, can create masterpieces with spun sugar and a pastry tube. But he may (and probably does) prefer to be known for the lightness of his omelette, for the smooth consistency of his Hollandaise and for the flavor of the sauces he uses with seafoods.

"Then, too, the true Frenchman brings to the table the kind of appreciation for fine foods which makes the cook's heart rejoice. Breakfast is 'of a simplicity'—to translate the phrase literally. Lunch consists generally of but one main dish, often some special egg combination, followed by a compote of fruit. But dinner—ah! That is an event—lovingly prepared and planned for in advance, whether the scene of its preparation is the hearth of the simplest Normandy cottage or the mammoth kitchens of some renowned Parisian restaurant. This meal is eaten with an air of elegance considered to be suitable for the occasion.

"MY MOTHER," continued Claudette, as the main luncheon course was being brought in, "my mother abides by these traditions. I can remember that as a child when we were poor, mother had to do the housework. During the day she went about her tasks in simple house dresses but when dinner time (*Continued on page 76*)

Let Claudette Colbert put a French fillip to your menus

Between You'n'Me

(*Continued from page 9*)

as I might make in most cases. It is possible that this enterprise is quite costly and is not profitable to your general patronage, but it was a division useful to us.—Cecil Hahn, Denver, Colorado. (*How many of you really prefer "The Report Card" to "The Movie Scoreboard"? Or don't you care? Well, if you have any feelings one way or t'other, don't keep them a secret.*—EDITOR).



Honest Homage

I would like to say a few words in your column about two stars who appeal to me greatly for very special reasons — Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone.

So much has been written about Jean Harlow's beauty and her sex appeal, her so-called vulgarity and cheapness, that the very mention of these things will call forth arguments. But there is something for which Harlow "boosters" and "booers" alike must give this beauty credit. This is her loyalty to the fans who made her a star, and her sportsmanship, her ability to "take it" which she has been displaying in these last hard months. So to you, Jean Harlow, we pay homage and say, "You *can* take it, and we're for you, one and all."

To this second star, I should like to pay homage for another reason. To Franchot Tone, for his ability to make up his mind not to talk about himself and his private affairs and to stick to his decision, goes the very largest orchid from Winchell's hot house. There may be better actors and handsomer men, but never will there be a more sincere one or a better sport.

May the gods of the studios give these two stars the breaks they so deserve!—Ena Grassman, Riverside, Calif.



More of Maurice

In your February issue I noticed that, according to box office receipts, Maurice Chevalier is no longer numbered among the elect of screen favorites. Perhaps in some places this is true but I am glad to be able to state that in our city his pictures fill the theatres. It is the opinion of my friends and myself that the diminishing popularity of this exceptional star is due to the nature of the films in which he is cast, rather than to any failing on the part of the actor.

Chevalier certainly possesses rare charm, an abundance of marvelous personality, acting ability—which he has proven—and an excellent appearance, though not handsome. And, believe me, his age is an asset, nothing less. One gets completely disgusted with this infantile sophistication in daily contacts, without paying to see it on the screen.

Please, producers and directors, give this delightful star an opportunity of displaying his talents in better films. Take him out of the everlasting boudoir scenes and give him a real part that is not reeking with suggestiveness. We are not calling for the role of a saint—just that of a decent, real man!—Marie Callaghan, San Antonio, Texas.

(*Continued on page 17*)



A fear every woman knows —ended by the new

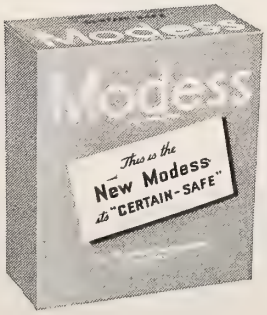
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Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
After Office Hours (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	0	2½★	3★
All the King's Horses (Paramount)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	3★	2★	2★
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Baboona (Martin Johnsons)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	4★	3★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	0	2★	1★	2★
Behold My Wife (Paramount)	3★	1★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	3★	3★	2½★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	0	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Big-Hearted Herbert (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	0	3★	3★	2★
Black Fury (Warners)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★
Bordertown (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	0	4★	4★	3★
Bright Eyes (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Brewsters Millions (United Artists)	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	0	0	2½★	2★
The Captain Hates the Sea (Columbia)	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	3★	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	3★	2★
The Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	2½★	3★
The Casino Murder Case (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	0	3★	3★	0	0	2½★	3★
Charlie Chan in Paris (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	3★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	0	2★	3★	0	4★	3★
The County Chairman (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Enchanted April (RKO)	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	2★
Enter Madame (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★	0	4★	4★	3★

Read famous critics' ratings of current pictures—5★, extraordinary; 4★,

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.



Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Evergreen (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Father Brown, Detective (Paramount)	2★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	2★
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	0	0	2½★	3★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
George White's Scandals (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	0	2★	3★
G Men (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	0	0	4★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Gold Diggers of 1935 (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	0	0	3★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★	0	0	2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Great Expectations (Universal)	4★	0	0	4★	0	0	0	3★	0	0	3★	0	3★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
High School Girl (Foy)	1★	1★	1★	1★	0	1★	1★	2★	2★	1★	2★	0	1★	1★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	0	0	2½★	3★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★	0	0	2★	2★
Imitation of Life (Universal)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	4★	2★	3★	0	4★	3★
In a Monastery Garden (Julius Hagen)	1★	1★	1★	2★	0	1★	2★	2½★	1★	0	0	0	2★	1★
In Old Santa Fe (Mascot)	2★	0	0	2½★	0	2½★	0	2★	2½★	2★	0	0	2½★	2★
The Iron Duke (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★
I Sell Anything (First National)	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	0	2★	2★
It Happened In New York (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	0	2½★	3★
Lady by Choice (Columbia)	4★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	3★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	0	5★	5★	5★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	1★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★

(*Continued on page 78*)

very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, no review or review unavailable

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

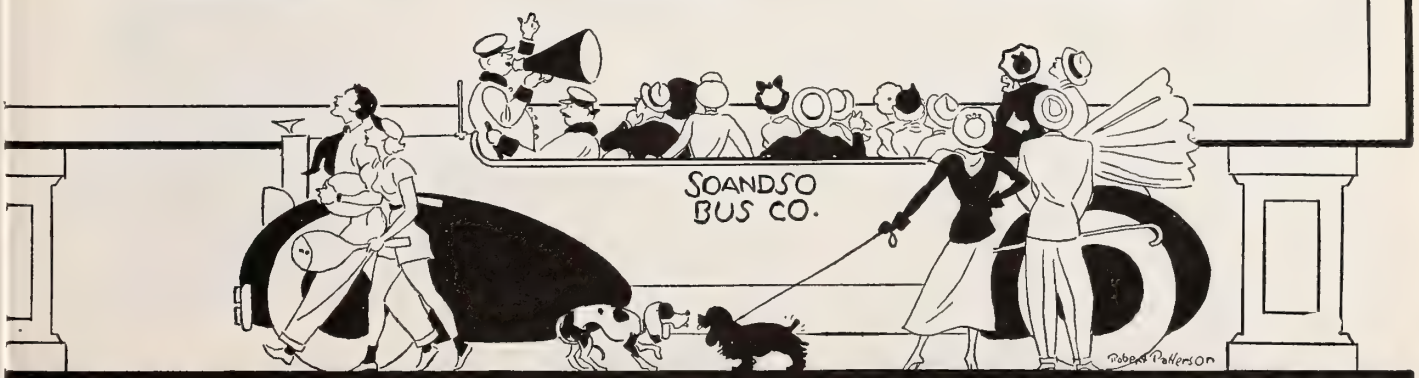
New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

New York Times
Andre Sennwald

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons



Movie Scoreboard

picture news



(Top) Mary Carlisle pins a posy on Richard Cromwell at the opening of the Brothers Westmore salon (see page 36 for an account of this). (Center) It's Fredric March, though you might not guess it, at the Westmore party. The haircut is for "Anna Karenina" in which Fred is Garbo's leading man.



(Below) Also Westmore party. The Westmore twins—Ern on the left and Perc on the right—are shown with Kay Francis and Charles Laughton. Laughton's "Les Miserables" haircut is growing out.

(Below) Don't blame Henry Wilcoxon for that long bob. He has to wear it for "The Crusades" and he's pretty sick of it, too. Claudette Colbert, all fresh from a New York vacation, looks swell.





All pictures by Scott

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 13*)

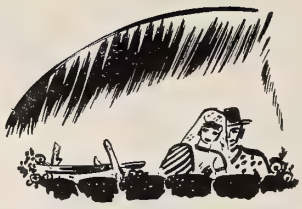
Crosby-Ross Fans vs. Marie Rippel

I'm always ready to be "up in arms" for the defense of Bing Crosby, and Marie Rippel's letter in the April issue of MODERN SCREEN made me boil. The writer praised Dick Powell to the skies and dragged Bing and Lanny Ross away down below the dumps. While I agree with her in what she said about Dick, her comments on Lanny and Bing were very unjust. For me, Bing is the tops . . . —Estelle Myers, Camden, S. C. I don't care what Marie Rippel has to say about Lanny Ross, but when she has the nerve to compare Dick Powell with Our Bing, I've got to protest. I saw Dick Powell in one picture and once was enough. All I could think of was a monkey on a string. I'd rather hear a crow caw than hear him sing. But Bing is so breath-takingly handsome and his acting so real and convincing . . . all these great gifts combined with the most thrilling romantic voice in the world makes Bing what he is today, the very tops in the entertainment world . . . —Janice Bronson, Watervliet, N. Y. When Bing Crosby sings it just turns one's heart and soul aflutter. He has the swellest voice and manners of any male singer I've ever heard. As for Lanny Ross, I'd term him just as bad as Dick Powell, who bores me to death. His singing isn't even fit for the sea gulls to listen to. He has no expression or emotion . . .—Romaine Fox, Santa Barbara, Calif. "A couple of hundred thousand girls can't be wrong when they say that Bing, the most popular screen crooner, is "swell," "marvelous" . . . —Sue Albizati, Bayonne, N. J. Why compare Dick Powell with Lanny Ross? It's just like comparing a piece of Limburger cheese to a big, delicious Strawberry Short Cake . . . —Evelyn Sachs and Estelle Bob, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dick Powell, Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross are grand and I am for them one hundred per cent . . .—Betsy Seipel, Chicago Heights, Ill. Surely if Bing's voice is stale and his acting no good, why does he rank seventh among the big box-office stars? Dick Powell is somewhere around 16th . . .—Doris Wildermut, University City, Mo. I'm surprised at Marie's opinion of two of the nicest young men on the screen—Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross . . .—Lillian Ohr, New York, N. Y. I cannot think of anything that would improve Lanny Ross's voice or his acting . . .—L. Nicholls, Birmingham, Ala. Dick Powell should get the frog out of his throat and put some expression into his singing. Lanny Ross is one of the ugliest and most dissipated-looking actors on the screen. He looks as if he went out on a binge every night. His singing is like Powell's, only worse. But God be blessed for giving us Bing Crosby. He'll stay King of Crooners until he dies . . .—Loretta Thompson. *(These are excerpts from just a few of the letters which indignant Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross fans have been hurling at Miss Rippel since her "attack" appeared in the April issue.)*

(*Continued on page 106*)



Preview Flashes



FROM 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

BY JERRY HALLIDAY



He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid". So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a stirring horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — *and take the "love interest" with you!*



Warner BAXTER
and
Ketti GALLIAN
in a fiery romance
'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'
A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION
with
TITO GUIZAR
Radio's Troubadour of Love
VELOZ and YOLANDA
internationally renowned Artists of the Dance
Directed by James Tinling



ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breath-taking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.

HOLLYWOOD NOTES

FLASH! The cinema capital is playing a new game called the "Triple S" Test . . . studio, star, story. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's *amazing* how high Fox Films rank! • But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names. • So take a tip from Hollywood . . . when you look for entertainment, look for the name

FOX



Joan Crawford

Behold the beautiful Crawford as you will see her in "No More Ladies." This picture is an adaptation of the great stage hit and gives both Joan and her popular side-kick, Bob Montgomery, another breezy, gayly sophisticated hit to follow "Forsaking All Others." Joan's stand-in, you'll be interested to know, is none other than her own sister-in-law. And brother Hal Le Sueur is an extra in another picture on the same lot. Quite a clan reunion!

Caste— on the Modern Beach by B.V.D.

Beauty reigns on the modern beach! And from every sea breeze, every swooping gull and every bronzed goddess you'll hear the credit line, *"Thanks to the Swim Suits of B. V. D."* ● Their lovely colors flash against sun-tanned arms and legs like jewels. They're as much a part of their owner's anatomy as her eyelashes. And from their evening gown backs to their fashioned bodices, they know every dressmaker art and artifice to streamline, to shape and to silhouette. ● From Nassau, from Bermuda, and from all the swimming South come tidings of their triumphs. Wherever you go this Summer you'll find the seas and sands decked and adorned by B.V.D. The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York. Also made and sold in Canada.

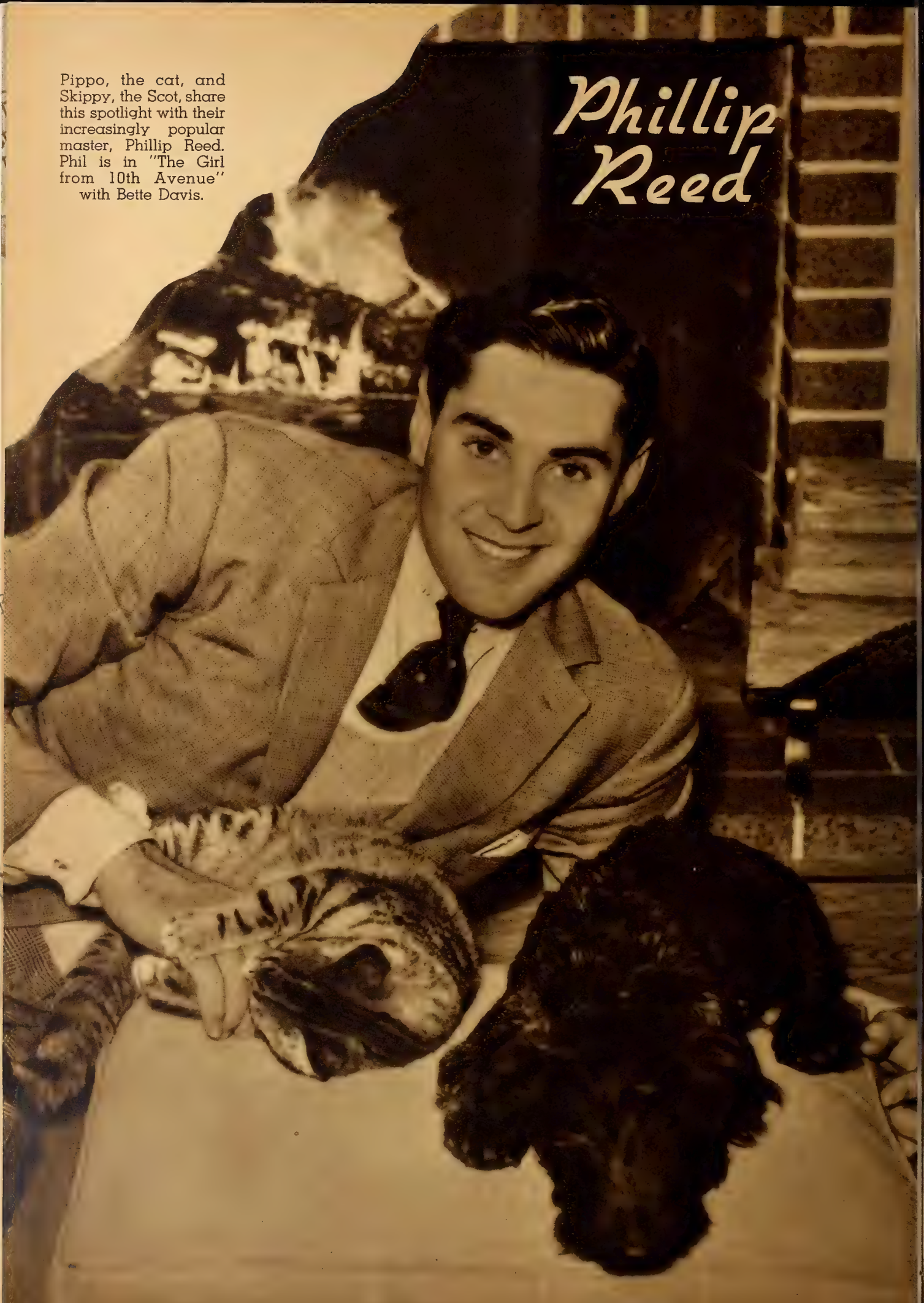
COPYRIGHT 1935, THE B. V. D. CO. INC.



George Brent

Since George Brent has been known as Garbo's best beau, he hasn't been able to have a private thought! However, 'tis said Old Favorite John Gilbert is now muscling in on La Garbo's attentions. Kay Francis takes Brent's screen time with both "Goose and the Gander" and "Stranded" planned for them.

Phillip Reed



Pippo, the cat, and Skippy, the Scot, share this spotlight with their increasingly popular master, Phillip Reed. Phil is in "The Girl from 10th Avenue" with Bette Davis.



Janet Gaynor

Romantic rumors are whizzing around Janet's pretty head but she keeps discreetly quiet. 'Tis said her real heart is a doctor. Meanwhile "The Farmer Takes a Wife" keeps her busy.





Star Stuff

Rosalind Russell and Robert Taylor—write their names down now on your future star list because you are going to hear from them both. Although both Rosalind and Bob have had only small parts in several M-G-M hits, they have registered that certain something that it takes to click; they're already personalities to their audiences. Rosalind, dark, slim and aristocratic, was very good in "Reckless" and she'll feature next in "China Seas." Bob Taylor steps out in front after "Times Square Lady" and you'll think he's swell in "Broadway Melody of 1935." Watch them climb the cinema ladder!



Comeback Bets

Two grand troupers you have been hoping to see again are Bruce Cabot and Dixie Lee. Both are on their way back to stardom. Bruce became discouraged with the uninteresting parts doled out to him so he took a prolonged vacation in Europe until holidaying palled. Then he made "Let 'Em Have It!" and his career picked up. M-G-M has him slated for a bright future. Dixie, of course, had to get the Crosby twins and Gary Leon well set on a robust schedule before she could think about anything but a mother role. Now she's leading the "Redheads on Parade," a Fox production.

Mae West

"How'm I doin', boys, without the bustles?" asks Mae, switching an odd Paradise feather or two on one of the modern creations she wears in "Goin' to Town." The West contours will be even more come-hither in modern dress—not to mention the inimitable Westian repartee which is streamlined!



Look . . .

before you heap curls upon your head!

EUGÈNE SACHETS
The Heart of a Eugène Wave





"Hope my permanent comes out all right . . ."

"Wish I could be sure my hair wouldn't get frizzy . . ."

"If my hair only came out like the pictures . . ."

If these are the thoughts running through your head before you get a wave, it's good to know that you can *help yourself*. There's a definite guide for soft, lovely, lustrous waves and curls. See that Eugene Sachets are wrapped on *your* hair when you sit for a permanent. You can trust your hairdresser to *set* the wave becomingly . . . but see for yourself what actually goes on your hair *to wave it*.

Each Sachet contains the exact amount of pure waving lotion needed to turn out one perfect wave or ringlet. Each is filled by Eugene as carefully as a chemist fills a prescription. No guesswork, as in the home-made wrappers that often go with a "bargain wave." No harsh ingredients to eat the life out of your hair. No hazard!

So, if you would heap pretty curls on your head, look for Eugene trade-marked Sachets! Trust to their proved safety . . . not to luck!

One Eugene Sachet Sent You Free. Examine this sachet. Acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's. We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!" a booklet of new hair styles, with instructions about keeping your Eugene wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Eugène Permanent Waves

Stars WHO BROKE THEIR WORD

Proving that they change their minds like other mortals

By DeWitt Campbell

MIND you—I don't always blame them, but why does it always happen to me? Not once in my arduous career of bumping my head against stars have I attempted to wheedle or extract information from an actor or actress who preferred to remain silent.

Never once if, during an interview, these luminaries prefaced a statement with: "Now, please don't quote me—but . . ." did I divulge the confidence in print. And some of those parenthetical remarks would have made Walter Winchell wake up and scream, "Gimme, gimme!"

In spite of or perhaps *because of* my professional politeness and sympathy, I am forever running into true confessions or wonderful yarns which your favorite stars confidentially tell me although they are fully aware that I come to see them solely to get a story, and not exactly to pass the time of day.

After pouring out their hearts and a cup of tea, they permit me to depart, grateful for their frankness and good sense, and anticipating how much you, dear reader, will enjoy reading it all.

Yet, it seems no sooner has the front door shut behind me, than said star, or said star's press agent, or adviser, or studio, or mother-in-law, or best girl friend, decides that said star must have been out of his (or her) mind to have divulged what he (or she) did. Although what was said probably was no more harmful to anyone than a screen murder.

WHEREUPON THE campaign begins—to persuade me not to print the story—or to put me on the spot if I do. Sometimes the story goes to press before it is suggested that it never should have been—which makes the situation even more tense. Sometimes . . . But suppose you decide for yourself whether or not to pity a poor, struggling fan writer!

A certain famous star and her husband were about to spend a belated honeymoon in Europe. They were looking forward to the holiday with the excitement of

Can you recognize the beautiful, exotic Marlene Dietrich as one of the stars who went back on her word in this very intriguing tale?



Charles Butterworth doesn't look as if he would break his promise to anyone, does he? But he did, and you can try to identify him!









Three more who said things they didn't want printed! Top to bottom: Clara Bow, Clark Gable and Margaret Sullavan. It takes some good sleuthing to pin the related incidents to the personalities. Try it.

a pair of kids. It was to be their first jaunt abroad.

At the jolly farewell party on shipboard I jokingly suggested to the tune of clinking ice that she keep a diary of her travel impressions and that I edit them and have them published. Laughingly, she agreed.

After three months the newlyweds returned. Tea-ing with the star, at a smart New York hotel one afternoon, I playfully demanded my spoils—the diary. Well, she admitted, she hadn't exactly kept a diary—but she had the most complete mental notes. The trip was so vivid in her mind that she could reproduce every incident chronologically and visualize every picturesque scene.

And she proceeded to do so—talking steadily for three hours on the highlights of her stay in France, England and St. Moritz. I took notes as she chattered brightly on for she had her own inimitable way of stating things, plus a refreshing sense of humor.

"You know," I said, "I am going to print this as your diary, and I want your permission to write it in the first person—actually as if you, yourself, had written it instead of telling me."

"If my permission is all you want, here it is, honey," and she wrote her name across a blank sheet of white paper and handed it to me.

"Look out," I said, "that's dangerous, you may be signing your life away."

"I trust you," was her answer.

"But," I cautioned, "you'll certainly want to read what your proxy has written before it's published."

"Oh, that won't be necessary," she answered. "Don't bother about sending it all the way to Hollywood. Just write what I've told you, and everything will be hunky-dory."

"WHAT NAIVE trust!" thought I, amazed, but nevertheless, touched by her faith in me. I determined to edit the story carefully, even to eliminating certain expressions which might not exactly redound to the lady's credit. She had a reputation for startling frankness which she never failed to live up to.

So I wrote the story, using her exact words except when it was necessary to trim, edit, delete, or dress up a remark. Her singular manner of expressing herself was all there, and I patted myself on the back for adhering so faithfully to the original and adding nothing of my own.

The story was duly published, and brought shrieks of delight from the lady's thousands of ardent fans.

Came the dawn—and a telephone call from a frantic editor. The world was coming to an end—war would be declared—what should he do? "About what?" I asked innocently.

"About *that diary!*" he groaned. "Oh, why did we ever print it?"

"I don't know," said I trying to be helpful, but still in the dark, "Why did we?"

"She now insists," the editor moaned, paying no attention to my query, "That she has been grossly misquoted. Not in her wildest moments would she have said, that the ladies in that certain country dressed without taste, that the climate was unbearable, that the houses were unheated, that she preferred living in America!"

"The —— she didn't!" I yelled, for the moment forgetting Emily Post. "But why (*Continued on page 82*)



Garbo, Cobb's nemesis!

Garbo fans send gifts!

"GARBO IS DRIVING ME NUTS"

HER FORMER schoolmates have eulogized the girl they had forgotten till she became famous. Fellow-actors have discussed her artistry. Doormen have praised her technique in slipping through doors. Photographers have written treatises on Garbo's back. Sound men have penned odes to her vast silences.

In fact, Garbo has been so analyzed, psychoanalyzed, psychiatrized in public print that she couldn't be interviewed without making someone out a liar.

Only one angle hasn't been covered. And I might do that. Not that I've seen Garbo. I've found it just as difficult to get a glimpse of the elusive beauty as Louis B. Mayer, head of her studio, who, so they say, has managed to get her in his office only once.

Neither was I lucky enough to have a reservation at the Trocadero on that famous night when Garbo made her first public appearance. You see, the Trocadero serves straws in its mint juleps, and Yankees putting straws in mint juleps is what started the Civil War.

In fact, Hollywood just doesn't have the knack of conjuring up a good mint julep. To be good, mint leaves must be grown on the grave of a Confederate brigadier. And it seems as if so many Iowans moved to California they didn't leave any room for retired Confederate brigadiers.

But speaking of Iowans brings me back to Garbo. In my life they are synonymous. It may seem a long way from Stockholm to Oscaloosa, but the road to each crosses my back yard.

And my back yard, not to mention my front yard, is why I am one of the greatest authorities on Garbo-ana.

Believe it or not, I am the head of the family who live in Garbo's house. And I have slept in Garbo's bed—alone.

INCIDENTALLY, it was some bed. It would have to be to hold a man of my girth and poundage. It was a huge, mahogany four-poster bed with a very hard mattress, but, of course, I like a hard mattress. Women usually don't. But being ascetic and Nordic, Garbo apparently didn't go in for the feathered luxuries of a temperate clime.

Sleeping in Garbo's bed did something to me—that and gazing out of her old bedroom over the arroyo, forming Santa Monica canyon, to the green hills in the distance. When the bed went the way of all antiques—and, anyhow, it didn't belong to us—I thought Garbo had gone out of my life forever. But fate didn't ordain it that way. Her life crossed mine again just this morning. As I was rummaging through some drawers, I dug out another rare treasure.

It's simply priceless. I'm going to will it to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to preserve as an eternal souvenir of the Great Garbo. No, perhaps that would be wrong; it would be unfair to my grandchildren. I may decide to leave it to them so they can bring it out on state occasions—this thing with fancy trimmings of lace and doo-dads, and tell their breathless friends how their venerable granddad's aches and pains were soothed and alleviated by Greta Garbo's hot water bottle.

Garbo's hot water bottle will (*Continued on page 112*)



Hollywood mint juleps.

COBB, POOR MAN, BOUGHT GARBO'S FORMER HOME-SINCE THEN—BUT READ HIS PATHETIC STORY!

RIVERÓN

ILLUSTRATED BY RIVERÓN

Visiting firemen and Iowans peer glassily at Mr. Cobb's siesta.

THERE'S TOO MUCH HOOEY

Jeanette MacDonald spiritedly debunks all the so-called

JEANETTE MacDONALD'S rare beauty isn't her only refreshing quality. This lovely girl, with the golden voice and the figure Herr Lubitsch loved to undress (in every picture) and the exquisite hair, also has unusual intelligence, a keen wit, a swell sense of humor and an ability for biting and withering sarcasm. Knowing all this, it was with anticipatory pleasure that your correspondent hied away to Beverly Hills and the MacDonald homestead, to discuss with this particular soprano all the sacrifices—from love to food—which, according to the best tradition, must be made by all singers who attain importance.

The servant, who admitted me, led me to the drawing room to behold the rare picture of a prima donna who can be looked upon, as well as heard, with pleasure. She was standing there, framed in the doorway, a gorgeous picture in black and burnished gold; the black of a tea-gown, the burnished gold of what old-fashioned folks used to call a crown of glory. There was that eternal twinkling in her eyes, too—orbits sometimes gray, sometimes green, but always bright and merry. She led the way to a yellow settee of doubtful value as an antique, and after the preliminary skirmish I asked my leading question.

"What sacrifices have you had to make in order to cultivate your lovely voice and also to become a famous star?"

"SACRIFICES?" she questioned, puckering her pretty lips. "Baloney! The sacrifices singers are supposed to make are virtually 100 per cent hooey! It's mostly a lot of bunk formulated by singers who sought to legitimatize as 'sacrifices' all the things they did not like and did not want to do. And such alleged 'sacrifices' became tradition. I understand this perfectly, for I too have aided and abetted in the perpetuation of some of the old traditions, and in originating new ones. I'll tell you how and why.

"When I first came to Hollywood, a greenhorn, I was taken advantage of, no end. On one occasion, at Paramount, I was worked eighteen consecutive hours and, while I was a willing worker, I might have done irreparable damage to my voice. So, realizing I was being abused, I announced I would never again work more than ten hours in one day. What happened? I regularly got a call to report for work at 9 A.M. and for days and days I leaped out of bed at 7 A.M. and began getting the old pipes in tune for 9 A.M. Usually, by 8:30 o'clock, the voice was hitting on all six and I arrived at the studio, pepped up, 'in voice' and a-rarin' to go to work. And, day after day, I stood around for one, two, three or more hours before the pipes were called upon to start piping, and by the time I got the 'go' signal I was so weary of waiting, so tired physically,

By Harry T. Brundidge



ABOUT "SACRIFICE"..!

eccentricities good singers seem to delight in

that I couldn't do my stuff as it is supposed to be done. I was, of course, upset, and believe me there is no bunk about it when I say that a singer can't sing when she is emotionally upset. The old cords tighten up and the muscles in the throat refuse to relax.

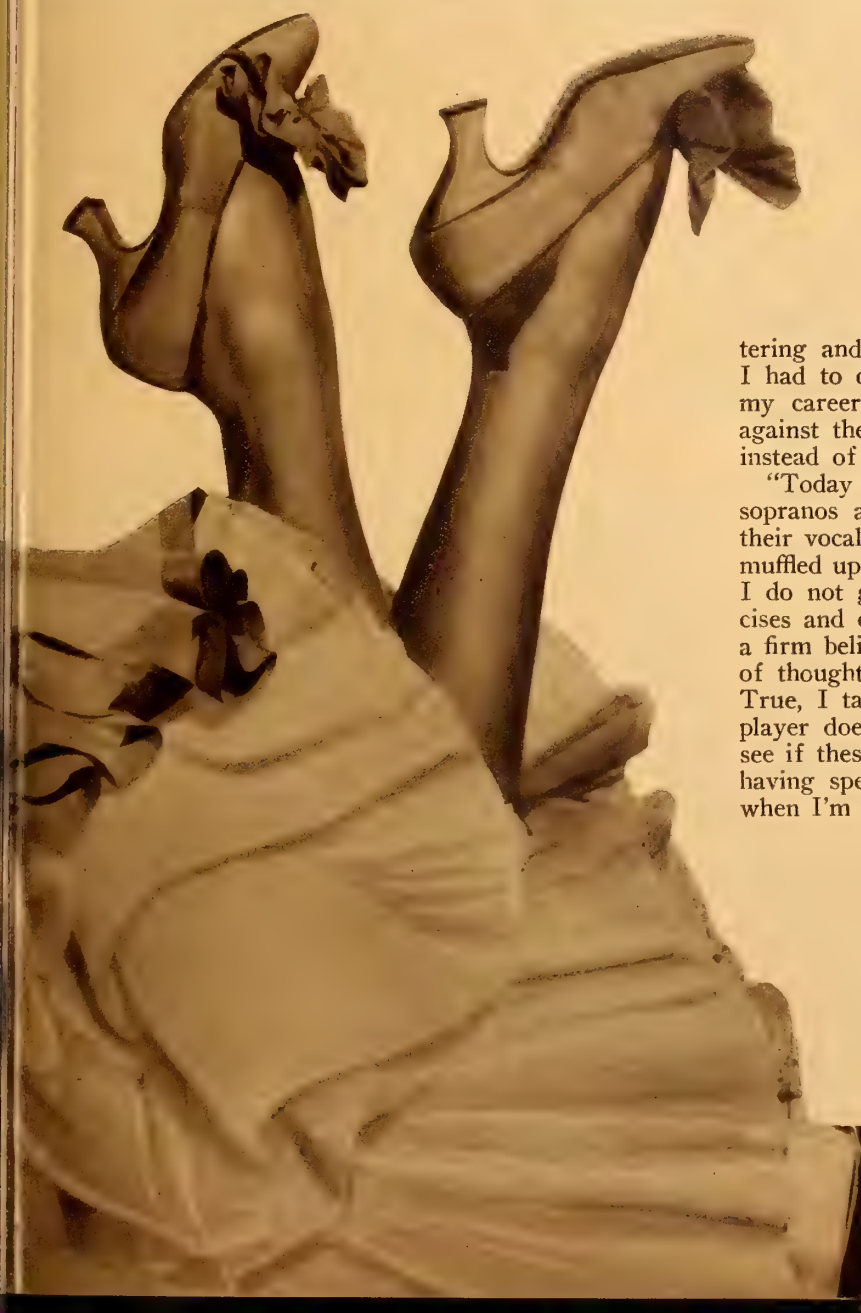
"THAT WAS an experience which led me to formulate some new bunk. Miss MacDonald made an iron-clad rule: she could not sing before noon, regardless! She not only could not sing before noon, but she would not. She made another rule: When Miss MacDonald was tired, whether it be 1 P.M. or 5 A.M., Miss MacDonald would take her voice home! Now, all this is hooey. I can get out of bed at any hour of the day or night and, after giving my voice a brief warming up, I can sing. As well at 3 A.M., if not tired, of course, as at 3 P.M. But, after my early experiences on sound stages, I decided not to loaf around sets and get upset, and, besides, I simply adore that before-noon sleep! So, you can see by my own admission, the truth of my statement that the 'sacrifice' stuff is mostly hokum. But we're only scratching the surface. Let's get serious and dig considerably deeper."

MISS MACDONALD leaned back in the settee and continued:

"Much of the hooey about the sacrifices of singers can be traced back to childhood training. I was the only one of the three daughters of Daniel MacDonald who showed any promise of developing into a singer, and because of this fact my dad watched my every movement, and viewed with alarm my every cough and sneeze. If I blew my nose, he was at my side, inquiring if I was catching cold. Elsie and Blossom, my sisters, were much more susceptible to colds than me, but he never paid any attention to their sneezes. I was the singer! What happened? Because of the power of suggestion, plus the fact that I was very conscious of this added attention, I became the recipient for any cold that was on the loose in Philadelphia.

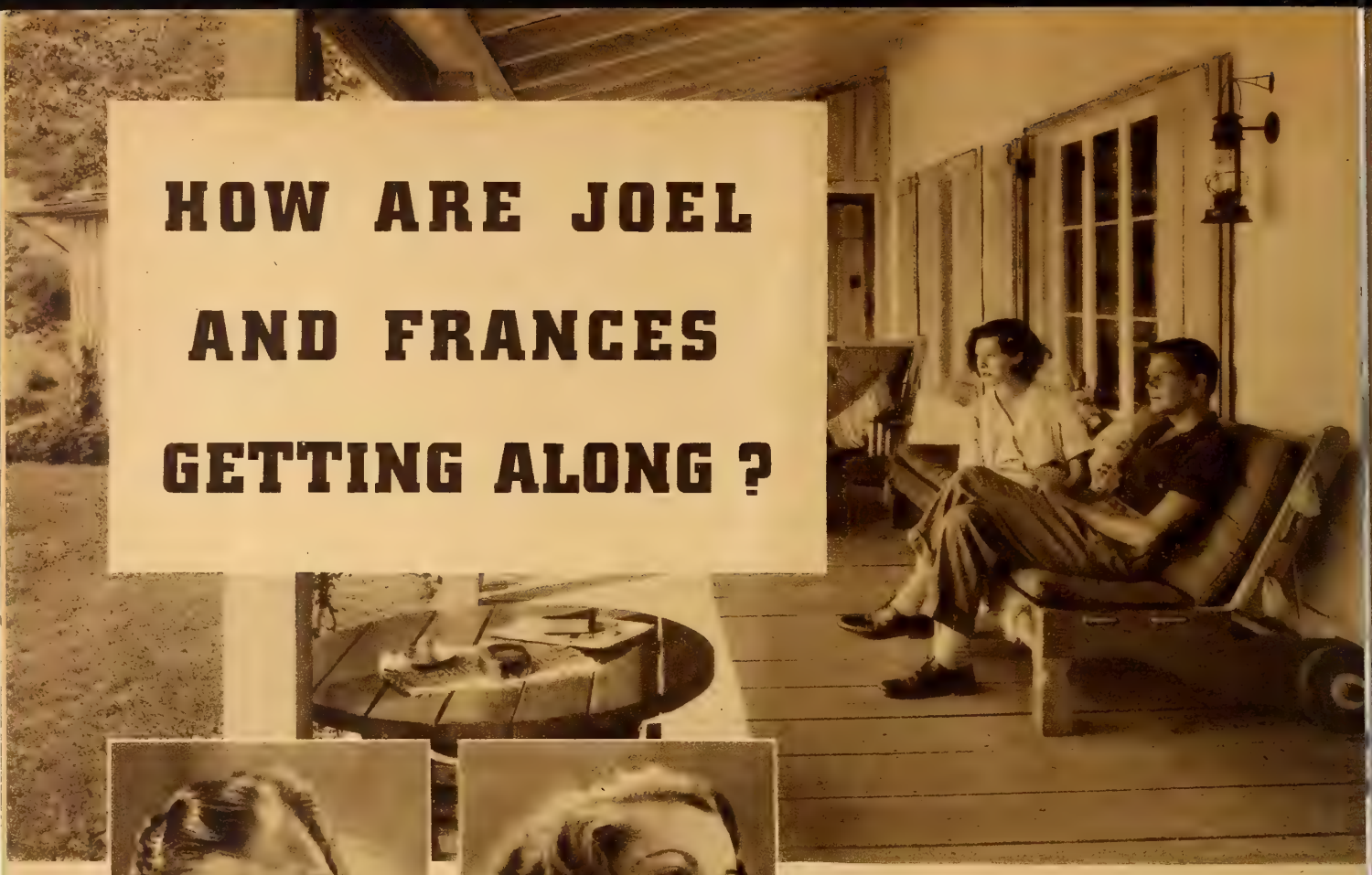
"So it was that my 'sacrifices' to my voice began very, very early. I was guarded against draughts, warned against wet feet, and went around day and night with my throat wrapped up. I was constantly having atomizers and all manner of patented what-nots shoved into my throat and nostrils, and was forever sputtering and gargling. All of which was a lot of bunk I had to outgrow. I suspected as much quite early in my career and immediately set out to harden myself against the elements. Soon I was defying the elements instead of guarding against them, and it worked.

"Today I have nothing in common with the tenors, sopranos and baritones who talk about being slaves to their vocal cords and who stroll about with their throats muffled up and their pockets full of lozenges and gargles. I do not go in for gargles, special foods, special exercises and deep breathing, and as for mufflers—bah! I'm a firm believer in the open-throated, open-chested school of thought. And I'm not the slave of my vocal cords. True, I take precautions against abusing them; a piano player doesn't fool around with doors and windows to see if these will pinch his fingers. I will not sing after having spent most of the night dancing. I won't sing when I'm tired or sleepy. (*Continued on page 103*)



"Naughty Marietta" MacDonald who jeers gayly at fellow singers who give "all" to their art. She lives and loves—and even eats —as well as sings.

HOW ARE JOEL AND FRANCES GETTING ALONG?



(Above) Frances Dee and Joel McCrea at home on their thousand-acre ranch, The Circle M, forty miles from Hollywood, where they spend their between-picture time. (Left) Both Frances and Joel wear the smile of contentment, for since their marriage they have made amazing strides in their careers. Rehearsing scripts and discussing stories together has proven invaluable to them.

The ideal Hollywood couple has a happiness formula

By Franc Dillon

"IF Joel can't do it, it can't be done," said Frances Dee with a finality that gave no doubt as to her opinion of her husband Joel McCrea's ability to do anything. The particular task that elicited this remark was milking the family cow. It seems that Joel, the big, outdoor man, who can ride a horse, rope a steer and brand a calf with the best of them, had never before attempted to milk a cow. But, for the benefit of his press agent and a cameraman, he tried. First, to the astonishment of those who knew better, he placed the stool on the wrong side of the cow. That slight but bewildering (to the cow) mistake having been remedied, Joel started milking. To the amazement of Mr. and Mrs. McCrea nothing happened.

"How do you work this?" he asked and, having received further instructions, made another attempt without success, which brought forth the declaration of confidence from his pretty wife.

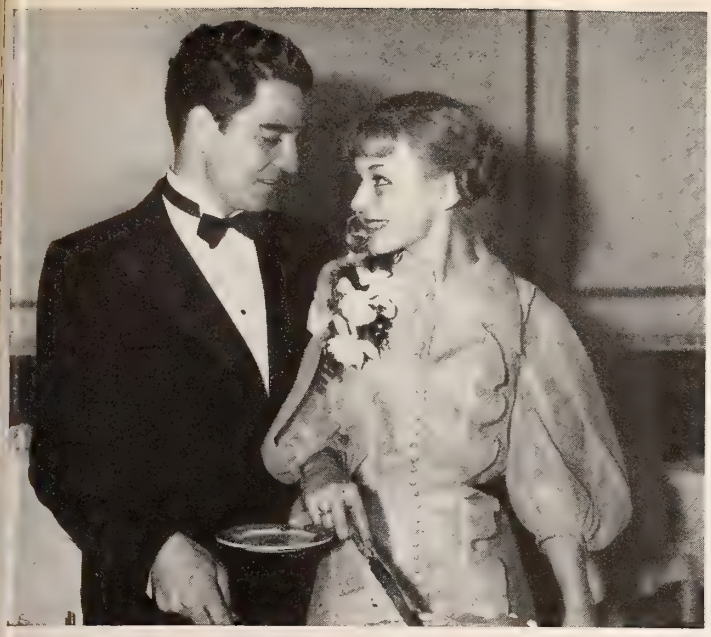
Such sublime faith in his ability to perform even so specialized a task as milking a cow is an indication of Frances Dee's feelings toward her handsome husband and he reciprocates to the fullest extent. These young people, after being married for a year and a half, are repeatedly referred to as Hollywood's ideal couple.

They don't wish to be held up as shining examples, having, no doubt, a superstition that talking too much about it might mar their present contentment, and insist they simply want to be themselves. But the fact that during this eighteen-month period they have had a baby and have made rapid and surprising strides in their screen careers would seem to justify reasonable satisfaction with themselves and their method of mixing movies and marriage.

Each gives the other credit for this happy state of affairs and, with no definite plan in mind for the coördination of their various interests, they have apparently worked out a successful solution.

"Joel has done everything for my career," Frances said simply.

Which seemed strange to me, inasmuch as she had more than once told me that when she was married she would give up her career immediately and make marriage her business. Instead, she kept right on working and even the interruption of having a baby has not interfered with her progress. With her appearance in "Becky Sharp," the first all-color feature ever made, Frances will burst upon the public as an actress of unexpected ability and breathtaking beauty. Even her (*Continued on page 86*)





fanfotos



(Above, left) Anne ("of Green Gables") Shirley had her seventeenth birthday recently. RKO renewed her contract and gave her a Chevrolet. She's shown with young Bob Hoover at her Vendome birthday party. (Above, right) Dick Powell and Joan Blondell at the Hollywood opening of "Golddiggers." (Right) Tom Brown and Anita Louise, together again after a tiff, attend "As Thousands Cheer." (Right, below) Jimmie Gleason's breakfast party. The host, with Karloff, Erwin, O'Brien and Armstrong. (Left, below) Will Rogers and Joe E. Brown chat at the Temple Israel Benefit.





More grand Scott shots of the Hollywood goings-on



Editor Burgum throws a party in the M-G-M executive bungalow to give Modern Screen's award to the "Copperfield" cast. All comers were welcome, so Ann Harding, Bob Montgomery and young Louis Hayward dropped in.



Young David and his mother (Freddie Bartholomew and Elizabeth Allan) with Herbert Marshall at the "Copperfield" party. Bart Marshall is working in "The Flame Within" with Ann Harding. Freddie looks properly dignified.

The Westmore boys—kings of the marcel and permanent—went very social recently and threw a big party on the opening night of their brand new beauty emporium. Everybody and Everybody's Wife—though occasionally in oddly assorted pairs—turned up to make merry. Kay Francis, looking very sleek, officially opened the famous wig-makers' new shop with a big gold key and Claudette Colbert, handsome in a brown and tan striped creation, vied with Kay for sartorial honors. Henry Wilcoxon sported a bob not executed by the Westmores. It was a snappy little shoulder-length coiffeur, which he is wearing in "The Crusades."

Speaking of hair—which is what one invariably speaks of in connection with the Westmores—Charles Laughton wandered around with a close clipped pate—souvenir of "Les Miserables." Anita Louise turned up with Tom Brown (yep, it's on again), Sally Blane with Norman Foster—and they do say he cares—Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, Margaret Lindsay and Dick Powell, Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten and a host of others. There was champagne and music and many more beeootiful flowers than you'd meet up with at a gangster's funeral, and—an enjoyable time was had by all.

■ ■ ■

Kay Francis surely doesn't seem to be out to win any popularity contests. Probably the only person she'd even care about making a hit with is Chevalier and, those in the know claim that Monsieur isn't too impressionable. At any rate, when it comes to friendliness and cooperation, the young woman is among those absent. At Countess Dorothy Di

By Regina Cannon



Our couriers ride in breathlessly with the



Freddie Bartholomew, all done up in Nat Pendleton's sailor cap, salutes Nat and a blonde beauty whom you may not recognize as Maureen O'Sullivan. It's only a wig worn for a picture. Also "Copperfield" party.



Carole Lombard goes to the Troc with one of Kay Francis' current escorts, David Nevins. Scotty didn't find out where either Kay or Bob Riskin (Carole's pet beau) were this particular evening. It's a good old Hollywood custom!

Frasso's party recently, La Francis wouldn't pose for pictures and advised her friends against it. However, now she's in Paris looking around for Maurice and the Eiffel Tower and other interesting places and nobody, it seems, recognizes her to be the American scream star—which surely has a tendency to gratify the Garbo in one.

■ ■ ■

It happened on the "Anna Karenina" set, where Greta Garbo is languishing these days. Director Clarence Brown wanted a certain effect in a scene which Greta was playing. They went over it three times. It still wasn't right. The director called out in desperation to someone on the sidelines, "Hey, bring us a pancake!"

Miss Garbo stopped short in amazement, "I am not hungry," she said. "I vould rather vork some longer."

When Mr. Brown recovered sufficiently, he explained to the Swedish Siren that a "pancake" is a mechanical contrivance used on cameras for special shots.

■ ■ ■

When the Robert Montgomerys built their Beverly Hills mansion, they insisted on a large attic. Friends who were slightly bewildered at such a waste of space are surprised no longer. For winding through its several rooms are fifty miles of toy train track, with switches, sidings, depots and all. Three passenger trains and two freights can run on it all at once, without colliding. Officially, it belongs to his



Photos by Scott

latest notes from our Hollywood reporter

two-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Ann, but Bob can be found up there at all and any hours of the day or night. "Just the little boy in me," he retorted when Joan Crawford teased him about his pastime, "just a lovable little boy at heart—don't *you* think I'm awfully lovable?" Rumor has it that Joan does.

■ ■ ■

Johnny Barrymore has cut loose and flown the coop—leaving family, home and studio in the lurch. His first move was ordering his wife, Dolores Costello, to vacate the home which they've shared for many a year—plus bag, baggage and children. The next was to thumb his Grecian nose at his studio where he was scheduled to do an important picture, and his final move was a fast one via plane to New York. The only one who's being honored by Mr. Barrymore's profile in the big city is his former wife, Michael Strange. Even Sister Ethel, abed with a shattered ankle, has seen neither hide nor hair of the gentleman.

■ ■ ■

Billie Burke's mantel in her drawing room is decorated with an unusually fine collection of elephants—all sizes, shapes and colors: of ivory, jade and semi-precious stones. But all that's to be seen of them is their posterior view!

Flo Ziegfeld collected them and was very superstitious about their power to bring good or bad luck on his household. To bring the best of luck, an elephant must face the East. Now, Miss Burke's mantel faces West—so what could she do but?

■ ■ ■

Score another for the Amurrican language! Tullio Carminati, as loyally Latin as spaghetti, admitted recently that he believes our native lingo is one of the most beautiful in the world—and that our slanguage beats every other form of expression ever invented. Although adept in five other tongues, Tullio had never become familiar with English until he was forced to learn it when talkies came in. It's rather sad, though, to think of all those years he was deprived of the pleasure of slinging slang.

■ ■ ■

Flash! Mary Brian and Dick Powell are thataway *again*. Seems those happy days when the Brian gal was selecting everything from grand pianos to tooth-brush holders for the new Powell mansion, were just a lull before the storm. For suddenly Dick announced that settling down was the last thought in his head, and Mary was heard to pass a coupla sneering remarks on domesticity in general. Mary picked up and packed off for a personal appearance tour through the country and—well, y'know what absence does to the hardest hearts! Dick moped and bit his finger-nails in solitary confinement, while Mary gave nary a tumble to the collitch lads who swarmed about her. So what?

■ ■ ■

What Joel McCrea has often wondered, but won't know 'til he reads this, is how Frances Dee knew so much about milking



The Mowbray party brought out both stair sitters and standees! Right, upstairs and down, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, the Alan Mowbrays, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Owen.



Right, Isabel Jewell sits on the stairs with Bill Tannen at the Alan Mowbray party but rumor says she still sees Lee Tracy, despite all words to the contrary.



Right, Mickey Rooney, Alice Faye and Phil Regan at the Temple Israel Benefit. Below, Phil Berg, Mrs. Gable, Leila Hyams and Clark (shut-eye) Gable at opening.

Below, Janet Gaynor with Dr. Veblin, who is her frequent escort.



Marlene Dietrich, below, as she left New York after a long vacation there.









Above, the Charles Boyers (Pat Patterson) during intermission at opening.



Above, Eddie Lowe, Merle Oberon and Joe Schenck at the Trocadero.



Above left, Virginia Pine (sans G. Raft) poses with Jean Hersholt at Colony Club. Left, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald at "Les Miserables" opening.



Dick Barthelmess and Mrs. Barthelmess stride into "Les Miserables" opening. Mrs. B. doesn't look very delighted about it all.



Left, Joan Bennett and husband Gene Markey arrive for same opening, too. A few days later, Joan flew East to read some play scripts, she may do one. It will be her first stage play since "Jarnegan."

a cow! When "the perfect pair," as Hollywood has so named them since their marriage, moved to live on their three-thousand-acre ranch, and Frances who had lived in the city all of her life knew more about milking a cow than did Joel, the latter was curious. But shhh—the secret of Frances' success has just reached our ears. She hired a neighboring farmer at fifty cents an hour to teach her the "art."

■ ■ ■

New York's most glorified penthouse is going to charm you in "Accent on Youth." And the most glorified view of Manhattan from the penthouse balcony high above the roaring city. But—shhh, studio secrets—it's a cardboard view! We'll swear to the penthouse being real stuff, but that panorama of gay Gotham is just twenty-five feet of "blown up" snapshots! Actual buildings in New York were photographed, then "blown up" or enlarged hundreds of times their original size, and carefully fitted together until it looks more like the metropolitan skyline than the real thing. Some fun—the studio prop men claim it beats cross-word puzzles.

■ ■ ■

Do you know what Cary Grant misses more'n anything else in the world? Nope, not Virginia Cherrill, the former Mrs. G., but a tattered old sweater that's been waylaid somewhere in the Hollywood scuffle. This sweater represents all the happiest moments of Cary's boyhood in England, for it was an award of merit to him from the Sea Scouts—an organization like our Boy Scouts. He even wore it in lieu of p. j.'s sometimes, he was that proud of it! "The thing that breaks my heart," mourns Cary, "is that someone is no doubt using my pride and glory for a mop-rag!"

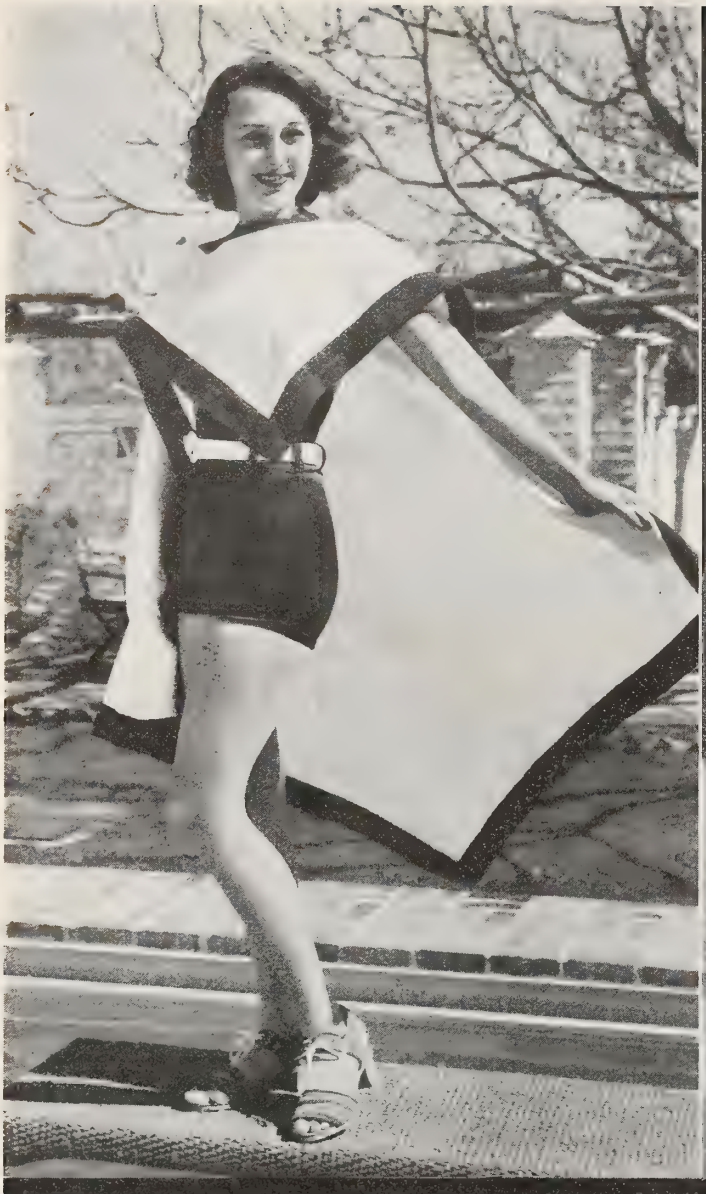
■ ■ ■

Here's a tip on fashion, girls! Dolores Del Rio, reputable best-dresser, has *seven* suits in her wardrobe, all of them strictly tailored in varying designs and fabrics. She admits also to what she terms an insane array of new chapeaux. From the looks of the top piece we spied her under at the Victor Hugo recently, she's quite right. It was an exact miniature of a man's straw sailor, tipped precariously on the side of her glossy locks. But Del Rio could wear a mustache and look elegant.

■ ■ ■

What with summer doing things to young men's fancies and young girls' wardrobes, there's been some high stepping around town lately. At the Brown Derby you can see the same couples lunching almost every day—so engrossed at looking into one another's eyes that they can hardly tear 'em away to study the menu. There's the glamorous Lili Damita escorted by that dashing Irishman, Erroll Flynn; Hoot Gibson and blonde June Gale, and lovely Virginia Bruce with Pinky Tomlin. Eddie Lowe seems cuh-razy about *two* blondes—for you'll find him buying soup and salad for Mary Carlisle or Marian Marsh, and sometimes both.

(*Continued on page 114*)



Up early, Ann dashes out for a quick dip before breakfast. Over a skin-tight satin suit, she wraps a tricky white and blue toweling beach wrap of unique cut.



Ready for a dash into the studio, Ann wears a printed silk jacket costume. The print is bright flowers on a navy background. The dress has suede trim at belt and neckline.

ANN *dresses* FOR A SUMMER DAY



Resting on her ranch porch with her pet spaniel, Ann wears a cool, striped cotton shirtmaker dress. Ann loves this type of dress for the ranch because it tubs easily.



Varied and smart clothes for ranch life compose Ann Dvorak Fenton's personal wardrobe this season



Above are two more ranch favorites, a candlewick cotton jacket costume in pale yellow. And a gardening outfit of checked pants, white blouse and 'kerchief.

SHE CAN TAKE IT!

By Elizabeth Ellis

Hollywood's snubbing Merle Oberon didn't faze her a bit

LA OBERON hustled into her hotel living-room, swishing a Hattie Carnegie hostess gown as if it were a toweling wrapper. She looked elegant, smooth and very sophisticated in the Continental manner—just as you would expect her to—but she had the sniffles!

It seems it was this way. She had been dancing and dining at the Central Park Casino the night before, and just before departing for home, the idea occurred to her that it would be fun to walk through the park in the snow. Mr. Joseph Schenck, her escort and former fiancé, protested vehemently but gave in and loaned his galoshes. Mink-coated, with the Schenck galoshes providing a tent-like protection for her thin evening sandals, Oberon did the Park with glee. Result, Miss Merle Oberon unmistakably was blowing her nose as signal for our talk to get under way!





Above, Merle Oberon in an exotic pose. Below, with Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergère."

She looks so exotic on the screen that I was expecting to have a very bad hour with an orchidacious, slightly la-de-da beauty whose British accent would have to be cut with a knife. I certainly was pleasantly disillusioned in the first five minutes of play. She looks like she does on the screen, only less the pampered beauty—much more natural and decidedly more human. There's a twinkle in the Oberon hazel eyes that puts you on your guard; you have an uneasy feeling that you may be taken for a slight ride. Especially if you pry too personally into her own private thoughts.

WE STARTED out with the good old chestnut about how-did-you-get-to-be-a-star? Oberon's succinct reply was, "I needed money and it was the only way I could think of to get it quickly!"

What! No burning desire from childhood to be a second Bernhardt—no vision to whisper to her? It couldn't be. I couldn't imagine finding a successful film star who had worked because she needed money, not because she burned with the divine fire. But it seems that was what she meant and, furthermore, she was none too sure that acting was a God-given talent, by any means.

You see, Merle Oberon, a few years ago, was Estelle Merle O'Brien-Thompson, who, being given a trip to England from India by a kind uncle, decided that India was pretty provincial and (*Continued on page 102*)

"I HAVE SAID Good-bye TO YOUTH"





Above, Dick Barthelmess, still a star after sixteen years. Left, a tense scene with Helen Mack and Joe Morrison from his new picture, "Four Hours to Kill."

By Gladys Hall

"I HAVE said good-bye to youth," Dick said to me. And those astounding words fell upon my ears with a reverberation of incredible thunder. I thought, I must be dreaming! For never before in a long experience of interviewing actors, of hearing astonishing statements and confessions have I ever heard an actor admit that youth is gone.

They may confess that their hearts are broken, that they have murdered their wives, that they are financially ruined, anything . . . everything . . . but never, never that they are not Ponce de Leons who have discovered the secret of perpetual youth.

And so as Dick made this sensational and unprecedented statement, I thought, Here is a man who would face a firing squad with a smile and a flip of the hand!

Dick was saying, "I am no longer young and I know it. I have stood at the crossroads. I've looked behind me and I've seen, down that long bright road the figures of 'Tol'able David,' of the boys who were in 'Broken Blossoms' and 'Way Down East' and others, retreating into the past. I've waved good-bye to 'Tol'able David.' I know that he is gone forever. . . ."

And Dick smiled the famous Barthelmess smile and there were admiring ladies of all ages gazing at him with warm appreciative eyes as we sat at lunch in the Victor Hugo café. And I thought of the time when D. W. Griffith said of him, "He has the most beautiful male face in the world." Just then three girls came over to our table and asked for his autograph . . . and I knew that neither they nor I could see any appreciable difference in the face that has been framed by a star for more than sixteen years.

DICK WAS saying, as I mentioned this fact to him, "But it isn't only a question of *looks,* you know. You say the real good-bye to youth when you stand at the crossroads and realize that you are faced with a decision. I have stood at those crossroads and I have made my decision. . . ." Dick laughed and added, "From this time forth I shall hope to (*Continued on page 80*)

Richard Barthelmess is brave enough to face maturity

$2500.00 CASH

1 Gabriel offers to lead the peasants in defense of their lives and faith.



2 The peasants before leaving their village forever bury the Church bells.



3 An avalanche comes down the mountainside and forces Turkish invaders to flee.



ONE HUNDRED PRIZES	
First	$1,000.00
Second	500.00
Third	200.00
Seven at $50.00 each	350.00
Ninety at $5.00 each	450.00
TOTAL—100 PRIZES	$2,500.00

100 Prizes for the 100 Best Letters

MODERN SCREEN offers $2,500.00 in prizes for the best 100 letters submitted during the months of June, July, August and September, 1935. This great contest gives everyone an opportunity to claim one of these magnificent prizes and also a chance to express an opinion on the greatest moment in the book of the century, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," which is being made into a tremendous picture of adventure and romance by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

If your letter is selected as one of the 100 prize winners, you are assured of at least $5.00 or possibly $1,000.00. Isn't this a simple way for you to earn some extra money? Think what you could do with one thousand dollars!

Surely you have a definite opinion on this subject and as you will see this is a simple contest to enter, there being nothing to do except write your letter of no more than 150 words. You may select any situation pictured alongside or, if you prefer, you may write about some other "great moment" from the story. Sit down now and send your letter while this contest is fresh in your mind. Many men and women just like yourself are entering this contest daily and everyone has an equal chance to win. You may win top prize.

Don't waste a minute! Turn to page 113 for the contest rules.

4 A child leads Gabriel to a spot where he finds his wife in the arms of another man.

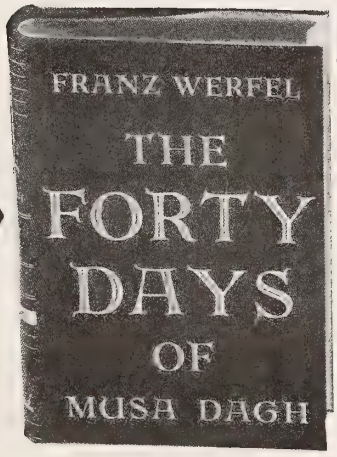


5 Gabriel's son at night drives a platoon of Turks away and captures their howitzers.



PRIZE CONTEST

Here's all you have to do Write a short letter answering this question: "What do you consider the greatest moment of this story?" Selection of one of the scenes pictured alongside will qualify. Whatever your selection, give your reasons why.



About the Book

Written by Franz Werfel, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" is the fastest selling book of the year and is creating tremendous interest all over the world. If you should desire to read this great adventure story you will find it on sale at all leading book stores. It is a moving, historical record of 5,000 Armenian men and women who heroically dared for forty days to withstand the oppressive might of the entire Turkish Empire.

For his hero the author took Gabriel Bagradian, Armenian by birth, Parisian by education and inclination, who, as the story opens, returns to his native land and, with annihilation threatening his race, leads these 5,000 peaceful villagers up the slopes of Musa Dagh (The Mountain of Moses) prepared to resist until death the Turks who were bent on carrying out the fatal decree of their war lord, Enver Pasha.

Simply, clearly, Werfel tells how the courageous little band dug themselves in, organized for battle, arranged a strange communal life, and, from a rock jutting out over the sea, flung a banner: "Christians in Need."

In prose which keeps pace with the excitement of the story, there is described the mounting suspense of those forty days of constant struggle against the repeated thrusts of the Turks, against starvation and internal strife. (*Cont. on page 113*)

10 The Turks attack and are driven back in a fierce battle in which many lives are lost.



9 Turkish forces lead a little group of Armenian peasants into unwilling exile.



8 Gabriel and a peasant girl fall in love, think they'll be killed, agree to die together.



7 In Constantinople the Turkish war-lord refuses mercy to the Armenians.



6 Gabriel's wife refuses freedom, stays with her husband on the mountain.





Ann Dvorak, James Cagney and Margaret Lindsay in a new thriller, "G-Men." Deals with the federal war on gangs.



Here she is, at last, the only Mae West in "Goin' To Town." Paul Cavanagh is the ardent swain pictured with her.



A great classic becomes a film masterpiece. Fredric March and Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables."

Variety, from great drama to light comedy, is

★★★ G-Men
(Warners)

They would have had a superb picture here if someone had just used a little restraint. As it is, "G-Men" is a long, long way from poor. It's the story of the Department of Justice boys who always get their man—even better than the Northwest Mounted of affectionate legend. James Cagney is excellent as the ex-East Side boy who puts his training in the law at the service of the government and comes through one hundred percent. Robert Armstrong is likeable in another of his hard-boiled roles. The girls—Ann Dvorak and Margaret Lindsay—don't have a great deal to do, but they do what they must satisfactorily. Our only complaint, to get captious again, was with the lack of restraint. There were just too many gangsters to be bumped off, too much noise of gunfire, too many cars tearing around curves at a high speed. Perhaps we're getting old, but we would like a little peace and quiet.

★★★★ Doubting Thomas
(Fox)

The only thing doubtful about this picture is the title, for it beats all the Will Rogers side-splitters—no mean record, you'll admit. Will makes the best of this opportunity to air a few more choice bits of dry philosophy on life, love and politics in general, but the guffaws are furnished by two capable ladies in the cast—Billie Burke and Alison Skipworth. Miss Burke is the devoted wife and home-maker for Will, a successful sausage magnate. Miss Skipworth is the self-appointed leader of the village intelligentsia and is out to get Culture at any cost. Being a lover of "the drahma," she persuades Billie Burke that she is a second Bernhardt and owes more to the beauty-loving world than to her sausage-loving husband.

Will may be temporarily downed but never out, so his cure for his wife is drastic but effective—with almost fatal results to the audience! As if these three expert comedians were not hilarious enough, there is Sterling Holloway and an excellent supporting cast for good measure. Put this on your list of "hafta sees."

★★★★★ Les Miserables
(20th Century)

Victor Hugo's plea for the unfortunates of the world has been transferred to the screen with great skill, sincerity and —almost—with genius. It isn't a pretty tale, of course, and whether you will like it or not, we can't tell. "Like" is hardly the word, anyway. It is almost unrelieved tragedy from start to finish. You should be greatly stirred by it. You will experience indignation and sorrow and, perhaps, horror. But we think that you will call it great.

Fredric March does the most sincere work we have ever seen him do as Jean Valjean. He has severe histrionic competition—as who has not?—from Charles Laughton. This amazing actor plays the role of Javert, the fanatic, law-driven prefect of police, who pursues Valjean throughout his life and then, when Valjean is at last within his grasp, lets him go free. In lesser roles, Rochelle Hudson, Florence Eldridge March, Frances Drake, John Beal and the splendid English actor, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, are all expert.



Franchot Tone, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell in "Reckless," based on a sensational news story that you'll know.



"Golddiggers of 1935" brings another cut-to-order part for Dick Powell. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest.



"Doubting Thomas" makes a swell title for Will Rogers. Billie Burke shares starring honors with great charm.

this month's movie spice . . . By Regina Cannon

★★★ Reckless
(M-G-M)

The title of this might apply, not only to the Kern-Hammerstein tune written for the picture and to La Harlow's daredevil character in the story, but also to the lavish manner in which money has been spent by the studio. The cast includes Harlow, Bill Powell, Franchot Tone and May Robson. In lesser, but still significant roles, we have Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton. The plot is part musical, part the Libby Holman case, with touches of "It Happened One Night"; "The Thin Man" and "Broadway Bill." All this leaves the reviewer in a pretty delicate predicament. One can't exactly say that the picture is good. And—shucks—one can't say that it's bad either. We ended up thinking that it's pretty good hokum, gave it three stars because of the good that's in it and decided to forget the weak points.

Harlow's acting has improved a little. Her singing and dancing are well enough, but they won't make Ginger Rogers lose any sleep. Powell is somewhat miscast and Tone has such a weak-sister role one feels sorry for him. Rosalind Russell was grand in a smallish part. Watch this girl—she's going places. And see the picture—it's good fun, anyway.

★★★★★ The Scoundrel
(Hecht-MacArthur-Paramount)

Hecht and MacArthur, producers of "Crime Without Passion," have done it again. Done what? Well, they have shown Hollywood how to make a picture. Without spending untold millions, with not a single "big movie name" with which to bless themselves, and without once using the word colossal.

Everyone knows the name of Noel Coward but not everyone has seen him in action. He is the star of this picture and a new personality to reckon with in the cinema world. He plays the role of a philandering unmoral (not to be confused with immoral) publisher of books. He had, we happen to know, quite a bit to do with the writing of the dialogue. The lines make you yearn for a notebook and expert knowledge of shorthand—or a good memory.

Julie Haydon, who had some small experience in Hollywood, does a fine job as the innocent young actress who loves, then hates and at last forgives the devastating Mr. Coward. Alexander Woollcott has a few brief moments for his bland witticisms. The story slides off into the realms of fantasy in the second half—but, even though you may not credit it all, we don't think you'll mind.

★★★ Gold Diggers of 1935
(Warner Bros.)

This "glittering galaxy of stars" is just another roll call by the Warner boys. Not that we're objecting to the antics of Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Hugh Herbert or any of 'em singly; but collectively it's too much of a good thing—and the same thing. Busby Berkely is among those present, of course, and proves that he can make anything on legs dance, by a super-spectacle of grand pianos tripping the light fantastic. (*Continued on page 70*)

HE'S *Naturally* FUNNY





Henry Armetta laughs and the audience rolls in the aisles. Below, the whole family. John, the twins and Mrs. A.

By Kay Osborn

LIFE has just been one bombastic explosion after another for Henry Armetta. Little troubles and big troubles have poured down on his good-natured head . . . which, at those moments, he always thwacks loudly with the flat of his hand. Then he garbles some unintelligible Italian and shuffles off, one shoulder high to the windward. And we—we always roar at his "screen" troubles. We can also laugh at his real troubles now—as Henry himself does—for most of them are a long way off. And today Henry has arrived—arrived at a nice salary of $500 a week, and a comfortable, sure position in the Hollywood ranks. Last year, Henry ranked fourth among the 9,000 thespians in the number of pictures and number of days acting before the cameras.

But 33 years ago, when Henry was fourteen years old, he arrived in this country from Palermo, Italy, as a stowaway. The immigration authorities were going to deny him admittance when an Italian barber, who had had a similar experience when he was a boy, offered to give Henry a home and employment. Henry worked for the barber for several years. Then he graduated to the Lamb's Club in New York, where he became a pants-presser. It was during his second year there that Raymond Hitchcock became attracted by his jovial disposition, and offered him a small part in his production of "Yankee Consul"—thus Henry became an actor. Which meant that his troubles were only just beginning. Those were long, lean, pinch-penny years. If Henry got fifty cents a day for his performances, he considered himself lucky. Some years later he came West to go into pictures. But he was still undiscovered. It wasn't until Henry himself discovered that a few of his natural mannerisms were funny on the screen. He found that people began to laugh every time they saw him. That business of slapping himself on the head, for example. He had done it often in his everyday life but it had never occurred to him to just act natural on the screen, until a doctor called it to his attention. It was this way:

The Armettas were expecting a baby. Their second. They already had one boy, Louis.

"We were broke again, disa time, too," Henry told me. "We wanna da baby, but we don' know how we gonna feed it, unless maybe I get da job. I wait for da doctor to tell me da news. He come out, and he smile, so I know everything is okay. (*Continued on page 111*)

Henry Armetta became famous merely by being himself

She'd Rather Work than Eat . . !



By Charles Darnton

ALL work and no play makes a bright star. Anyway, that's what it threatens to do in this astonishing case.

Do you realize, I wonder, what it means for a humble girl of sixteen to soar to the Hollywood heights in less than two years? Well, it doesn't mean the fitful blaze of glory nor the golden rainbow of reward, but just plain downright hard work.

To be sure, work is nothing new to Jean Parker, who began earning her living before she was seven. What she has done, then, in so remarkably short a time has been wrought out of the toiling pattern of her brief yet eventful life.

Accordingly, I wanted to know about the workaday side of her skyrocketing movie career. And as luck would have it, my appallingly industrious Westwood neighbor was, for once, at home instead of at work.

"Hi!"

An arm shot up, an arm as straight as the arrow-like body itself. There she was, down the road, a slender, vibrant figure in slate-blue slacks and tan sweater, her gypsy hair waving like a plume in the breeze.

"Come on!" she gaily cried. "I've got the whole afternoon off. Let's go some place and have some fun!"

We whirled away to a tree-shaded inn on the far side of green Brentwood. There, I learned, among other things, that little Jean Parker had—

Worked four months without a day off—

Worked sometimes twenty-four hours at a stretch—

Worked until she was so tired she couldn't sleep—

Worked all day, then at night getting supper for a family of four—

Worked until she lost ten pounds—

Worked with dangerous wild animals—

Worked in the face of still more dangerous temptations.

Not a bad record for a good girl, you must agree. But I was amazed even more when I asked what had been the hardest work of all and she said:

"Studying Shakespeare on a P. E. car."

Though I knew "P. E." meant Pacific Electric, I couldn't for the life of me understand what Shakespeare had to do with it.

"That was the first thing I had to do," she explained, "and, as I was going to school at the time, I did it while riding from Pasadena to Culver City. The dramatic coach at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted me to learn the potion scene in 'Romeo and Juliet,' then do it for him to see if I was any good."

"You *have* to be good to do that scene," I remarked.

"You're telling me!" she laughed. "I'd read the play, but I simply had no idea what Juliet meant by saying, 'And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth.' I wasn't even sure what a mandrake was—what is it anyhow?"

"It's a kind of wild fruit that isn't very good to eat," I informed her out of my vast intelligence.

"Well," she considered, "I figured it *must* be wild if it shrieked, but how in the world a mandrake could possibly scream had me guessing. I was puzzling over it in that P. E. car when a man next to me got up and left his newspaper on the seat. A fat lady sat down there, then the man came back looking for his paper and was surprised at not seeing it. I wasn't, because the fat lady completely hid it. Like the mandrake I wanted to shriek, but with laughter."

She kicked up her white buckskin heels and keeled over against the wall with a merry yelp. Her head didn't appear above the edge of the table again until I brought it up with:

"What then, after you'd really started working in pictures?"

"Playing Beth in 'Little Women' was the hardest thing I ever did," she solemnly declared. "To begin with, I was scared stiff, for I'd had no real training in acting. I realized I was just an amateur among professionals, and that now for the first time I was in direct competition with them. To make it harder still, I was only sixteen, while the others — Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, a wife and mother, and Frances Dee—were all over twenty-four. I did a lot of thinking about it, and I had plenty of time to do it—my, yes! You see, I had moved to Culver City, and the man with whose family I lived had to be at his work by six in the morning, so he'd drive me over to Hollywood and drop me at the RKO studio. So, while I waited there for three hours every morning, I'd keep saying to myself, 'You've got to be that girl and not let anything else enter your mind.'"

You know how well she succeeded in carrying out that determination. But there was one thing she herself didn't know. Only a day or two before I had read "A Provincial Lady In America,' in which its noted English author, Mrs. Delafield, speaks—and speaks first, if you please—of Miss Parker's performance of Beth as "artistically flawless."

"Oh, that's wonderful!" she delightedly exclaimed, marveling at this high praise from a high source. "I loved Beth myself, but I didn't think (*Continued on page 110*)

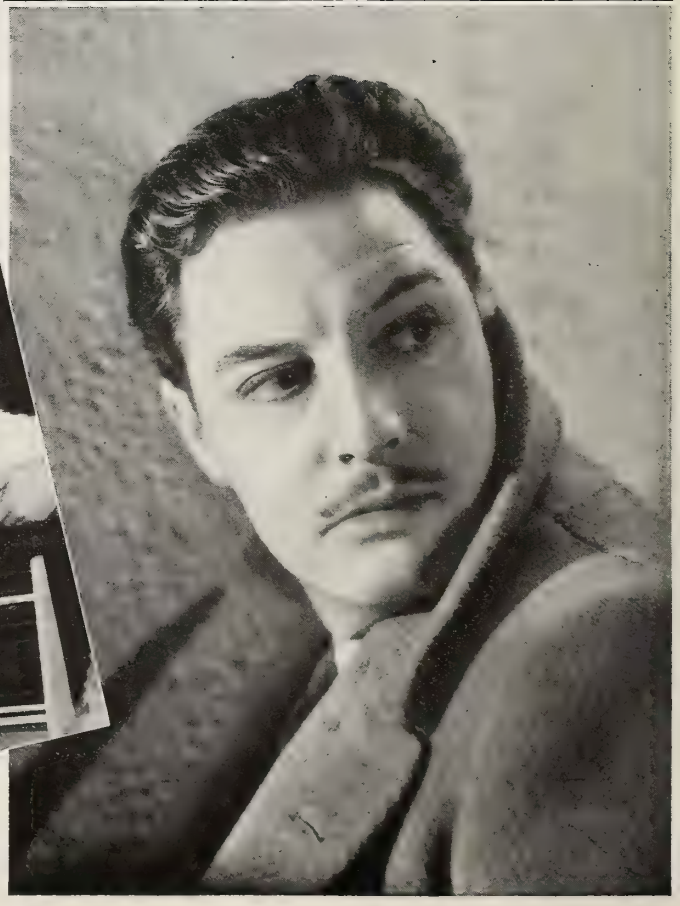
Jean Parker's overwhelming ambition will not let her rest

He's coming back to "the States"

Robert Donat fans! Read this and feel a little better. You have been writing this magazine bushels of letters asking about the good-looking English actor who made such a hit in "The Count of Monte Cristo." You have been asking for stories about him. Well, listen: he has been in England, doing a stage play and a picture for Gaumont-British called "Thirty-nine Steps." You'll be seeing that picture soon. Madeleine Carroll is his leading lady—see right. Since completing the picture, the poor man has had an operation for appendicitis, which has delayed his return to these shores, where he will make several more pictures. When he does come, we'll have our best writer at the dock to get a story on him for you. (Below, left) Mr. Donat at home with his two children, John and Joanna.







Don't Call Him Screen Lover!

Charles Boyer tells why he resents "Great Lover tag"

By Carter Bruce

"A GREAT lover," said Charles Boyer, "is the most pitiful creature in the world."

That unusual statement, spoken in French, came back to me as I listened to Hollywood gossip. A chorus of excited talk had swirled along the boulevard and through the cafés to label Boyer the latest Don Juan. It was sudden, breathless. The film colony had made a discovery.

It was inevitable, I suppose, that Boyer should be called a great lover. He's always had the reputation, although Hollywood is still ignorant about that. When "Private Worlds" was released, the most hardened critics acclaimed his genius. This Frenchman, they affirmed, had to have a profound understanding of love to deliver such a masterly performance. Then, "Break of Hearts." After the preview the men in the audience swelled the gasping chorus. Here was fascination indeed! Here was subtlety. Here was a penetrating charm which went straight to the heart and left it fatally weak. Here was a new, great lover.

As I listened to this whispered enthusiasm I resolved to finish a conversation which was started, and dropped long ago. When I first met Charles Boyer, in Paris, in 1931.

He was playing, at the time, in "LeVenin." I was present the opening night. The man made such an unusual impression that nothing would do but to make his acquaintance. His reputation, of course, added to my determination. I had heard it mentioned that he was the idol of the Parisian stage. In every salon where smart women foregathered he was an inevitable topic of conversation. I had always wanted to meet an alleged great lover and so, after my unexpected reaction on the opening night, I dropped everything else to search hopefully for a mutual friend. I was surprised. We had several in common.

CHARLES BOYER, it seemed, had a gift for friendship. That, in a sense, was his hobby. Quiet hours spent with stimulating friends were almost his sole recreation. Fortunately for me, he didn't limit his acquaintance to the stage. I was informed, in fact, that he seldom associated with actors. He preferred the company of lawyers, business men, politicians, and particularly writers. It was in the literary circle that I discovered our mutual friends. Paul Hariat, one of the friends, was glad to grant my request.

It was arranged to meet Boyer in his dressing room after the performance. As we waited, back stage, I watched a perspiring call boy hurry back and forth into his room with boxes neatly tied in colored ribbons. "Flowers, cigarettes, candy," grunted Paul, with a look of disdain. Sometimes the boy carried a scented billet-doux which he merely tossed on the table to add to the growing heap. It was fantastic. To my expression of astonishment, Paul merely replied that all women were fools.

He told me, leaning against the wall and sucking his cigarette, a little of Boyer's history. The spasmodic applause we often heard was well deserved, he said. Boyer had earned it. He had labored like a titan. Ever since he was a little boy he had followed his single objective—to become great on the stage. Peasants and artisans always gathered in Figeac whenever he recited in school. But his father was a successful (*Contined on page 92*)





He was France's premier matinee idol for several years and now he promises to become ours. At left, you see Boyer alone and in a romantic close-up with Katharine Hepburn from "Break Of Hearts." It's thrilling!

I'LL NEVER



Ginger is one of those frank girls who can admit her mistakes and knows how to go about correcting them, too.



Ginger and Fred Astaire in one of the swell dance numbers from the now immortal "Roberta." You'll see more fast and clever footwork by them in "Top Hat."

Ginger Rogers con

THIS interview was almost prevented by a horse. That was Ginger Rogers' story and it looked as if I was going to be stuck with it! It happened this way: Ginger and I had a date for lunch. She was late, twenty minutes late. But that wasn't the horse's fault—that's still another story.

I sat at a table in the RKO restaurant and tried to look interested in the menu. I know it by heart. Suddenly Ginger burst in. She sat down breathlessly. She had on blue gabardine slacks, no make-up, a perky brown tam and a gay orange and tan sweater. Ginger grinned, "I'm awfully sorry I was late, but honestly I couldn't help it!" She pointed an accusing finger. "It was all his fault." The guy whose fault it was turned out to be Bernard Newman, the designer of her costumes.

Ginger said, "I tried my darnedest to get here on time, but you know how

DO THAT AGAIN



Too much make-up is one of the youthful mistakes that she never will make again. Above, Ginger at eighteen.



As the predatory young gal in "Star of Midnight," Ginger lifts her glass to Mr. Bill Powell, threatening him with matrimony!

fesses some human frailties she won't be guilty of again

it is when you go shopping. I tried on every hat in the store and looked at every dress sample that they had! Things I need for 'Top Hat.' We start shooting Monday." She scanned the bill of fare eagerly and ordered a small fruit salad and a large orange juice.

While we waited for our orders, I explained to this freckled, frank young lady, "I want to know what mistakes you've made that you'd never make again. You know what I mean. Both professional life and private life miscues. Little things you may have done that hurt someone else or yourself. Things you've learned from those mistakes. We all make them. We're ashamed of them and ourselves afterward. What have you on your conscience, Ginger?"

She crinkled her nose thoughtfully. "I've made plenty of mistakes—I guess we all do. The difficulty is in remembering my worst ones! Number one is that, like everybody else, I've a tendency to tell too many white lies. I'm always so afraid of hurting someone's feelings by telling the truth, no matter how much it should be told.

"But I think that we actually do them greater harm in telling them what they want to hear. I've often fibbed when I knew that I should tell the truth and wake them up. In the end they have a lot of worries they might have been spared if they'd heard the truth when they should have. I'll make stout resolutions never to say anything but the truth and then I'll turn right around the next minute and double-cross myself. though, is that we carry them to such extremes. I've said things I could bite off my tongue for! Someone asks you to be frank and you get too frank, I imagine. We're all afraid of hurting somebody's feelings and when you realize that you've done just that you're perfectly miserable. I know I am."

"The trouble with both white lies and the truth,

JUST THEN Gene Raymond, who had the table across from us, pointed at Ginger and exclaimed, "I know her. She's in pictures. I saw her walk across the screen in 'Roberta'." Ginger grinned back. "I've seen you in pictures, too! You're Clark Gable, aren't you?" Mr. Raymond subsided. I mentioned that I'd preferred "Roberta" to "The Gay Divorcee," Ginger said, "It's pretty hard to do a sequel. And, gosh, in this next picture Fred Astaire and I are making we do one routine like that in 'Roberta' and one similar to a routine from 'The Gay Divorcee'! (*Continued on page 105*)

By Caroline Somers Hoyt



TRY THIS ON YOUR NEIGHBORS

By Gladys Hall

HOLLYWOOD, in case you don't know it, is scavenger-hunt conscious. Or unconscious. It is not surprising, at any hour of the day or night, to find Jean Harlow removing your grand piano or Bing Crosby in your hair abstracting kid curlers.

The Younger Set—Una Merkel and Anita Louise and Tom Brown and Mary Carlisle and Jean Parker and others—seem to make a weekly habit of scavengering the town until the gardens are denuded and the mansions of the humble and exalted are stripped bare.

They remove the food from under the eyes of their fellow stars, they rip babies from their mothers' arms, and the chin out of chinchilla coats, the mortgages off'n the roofs, the very make-up from celebrated faces.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have a very unpleasant definition for the noun known as *scavenger*: "A street-cleaner; an animal that feeds on carrion, as the buzzard" . . . Which really make Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls liable to apologies to the starry scavengers of Hollywood. Not, I am sure, that they ever thought of Jean Harlow in the terms of a buzzard . . .

The potency and penetration of the epidemic is all the more marked when it becomes known that Maureen O'Sullivan has succumbed. For Maureen plays a lone hand in Hollywood. She seldom ever goes around with any of the picture people. She hasn't a girl friend to her Irish name. She never goes to parties. She doesn't more than nod pleasantly even to the people she plays with in pictures. She has no social life. Occasionally she will have a small dinner party for three or four people—on the night before the scavenger hunt she was having the British Consul and his wife, John McCormick, the singer, and, of course, John Farrow to dine with her.

IN FACT, the greatest feat scavenging has ever achieved is the scavenging of Maureen herself. More about that later on.

Did you know that when Maureen or Jean or any of the stars go on these hunts they must be accompanied by another person and are followed by a police escort—an officer astride a motorcycle. It's excellent practice for the police force. It gives them postgraduate courses in sleuthing.

Anyway, I went on a scavenger hunt with Maureen and that night of teasing thievery is not likely to fade from my memory while the brain cells function . . .

We met at Maureen's apartment. Una Merkel and her

husband, Bob Montgomery and wife, Anita Louise and Tom Brown, Jean Parker and Madge Evans and Mary Carlisle and four or five others were there.

I was elected to accompany Maureen. And almost immediately we started forth on our "assignments" pleasantly pursued by an officer of the law. We set forth at seven p. m. We were to join the other hunters again at the hour of midnight.

Our first little commission was to retrieve a five-dollar gold piece which had been dropped at an earlier hour into the bottom of Freddie March's swimming pool. Maureen had consulted her list before leaving. And she is nothing if not thorough. The night being balmy and Maureen a healthy girl she put on a swimming suit under her tweed suit and we set out.

THERE appeared to be a party in progress at Freddie's. We left our car and pussy-footed it around the French-Normandy estate to the pool. Trailing us always—you must bear this in mind—was the officer. Maureen cast off the tweed habiliments. She made a swift and skillful dive. The silver waters were slenderly riven and some three minutes later Maureen appeared on the surface, a bit of gold gleaming between her teeth. She looked like a Nereid rising from magic waters and she had her coin!

There was an electric heater in one of the bath houses. I turned it on and Maureen dried off, while the officer discreetly turned his head the other way. Maureen donned her outer suit and we were on our way again with the officer muttering things about his great-grandmother who had died of pneumonia from such "goings-on" . . .

We sped next to the home of Clark Gable in Brentwood. Maureen's orders were to remove a dinner plate filled with dinner from the Gable table. So skeptical was Bob Montgomery that later when he inspected the dinner plate and contents carefully he called Clark's home and roused Clark from his midnight slumbers to check with him as to what he had had for dinner that night. He implied that he suspected us of having bought a dinner at the Vendôme, the Brown Derby or some such place. Clark said, rather emptily, that he hadn't had any dinner as same had been taken out of his very mouth by one Maureen O'Sullivan. But he added gallantly that starvation at such sweet hands was a paltry price to pay, although Mrs. Gable would like to have her dinner plate returned!

Norma Shearer's house at Santa Monica was our next stop. Our orders there called for the removal of a bath brush and hand towel from the bathroom. Maureen said, "That's because Norma always looks so clean—one associates soap and water and freshness with her." When we arrived at the house Mr. and Mrs. Thalberg were out for the evening. The servants were at home. But not one of them could speak one word of English. We tried the sign-language (*Continued on page 90*)

Scavenger hunting is a favorite Hollywood pastime. It's fun to hear Maureen O'Sullivan tell about it



Illustrated by Hamilton Greene

IT'S THRILLING TO BE AN *Actress*



Kay says, "Independence is the supreme thrill, it is the one I am working for." She says other amazing things in this sincere discussion of her thrilling existence.

By Faith Service

I SAID to Kay, "Isn't it thrilling, *really,* to be an actress?"

Kay's moonstone eyes in the camellia whiteness of her face focused on me in that soft, sometimes unseeing look of hers. She said, "Thrilling to be an actress? Why, I'd never thought about it. But—yes, thrilling. . . ." And the word "thrilling" *seems* thrilling when Kay says it in that velvety, throbbing voice of hers.

She said, "It's thrilling but not, to me at any rate, in the way you probably think. It's thrilling to me, first and foremost, for this reason—because all women love to be loved and a screen actress is loved, not by one or a dozen, but by thousands and even millions all over the world. It is thrilling because all women love to be admired and even envied by other women and a screen actress, deservedly or not, is admired and envied by legions of other women.

"It's thrilling to me to go to sleep at night and feel that all over the world people are seeing me and caring about me. It's being more alive than I've ever been before. It's being more conscious of my own existence. It's so warm, this feeling. All of life is magnified. All of love is multiplied . . . it is truly thrilling."

Just at that moment, Kay was called back to the set.

I had approached that set, where "Living On Velvet" was being made, a few moments before. And I had seen, as I neared the set, the figure of Kay, swathed in mink, and by her side, elegant in evening attire, gone a little gray and the more devastating because of it, sat George Brent.

Ha, I thought, I'll bet it's thrilling to be an actress! Mink—and George Brent—what more do you want? No wonder pretty little stenographers and small-town Susans envy the Kays and the Joans, as they pull on their dollar-ninety-five sweaters, hold hands with the gas-station Galahads and sigh, "There, but for the grace of God, go I!"

I reached the set, all primed to ask my question about the supreme thrillingness of being an actress. Kay and George were perched on teetery stools at what was built to resemble a "Quick Lunch" counter. They were dunking doughnuts in coffee. Back of the counter stood Edgar Kennedy, regarding them with a cold and fishy eye. They themselves wore looks of despair (and dyspepsia) under their studio make-ups. Director Frank Borzage amiably was enjoining them to remember that

Kay Francis finds her life thrilling, but for different



In this scene from "Living On Velvet" Kay, George Brent and Warren William feed a dog—but there was a scene where sixty-nine doughnuts became a trial!



And here is a scene from "The Goose and the Gander"—the newest Francis and Brent team work. How do you like this pair of brunettes together?

this scene was comedy, not tragedy, as it appeared!

There was a pause in the scene, during which Kay and I had the few words recorded above. Then came another pause while the crew made ready for the next take. Kay and George bolted for the nearest exit there to remove from their mouths the last bite of doughnut. They came back to me, saying weakly, "We have eaten *sixty-nine* doughnuts since morning! We have eaten doughnuts in the silent shots, in the sound shots, in the close-ups, in the process shots. We are still eating doughnuts. We are going to continue to eat doughnuts. . . ."

GEORGE SAID, reflectively, "There was that woman who yawned for eight days—*she* was front page news—"

Kay murmured, "We have eaten doughnuts for eight hours—"

George observed dispassionately and to no one in particular, "Doughnuts to you!" and strolled off to his dressing-room and soda bicarb!

Kay, released from doughnutting for half an hour, took me off to a couple of camp chairs, a glass of water and a pair of companionable cigarettes. She sank down beside me.

I called to her doughnut-distracted mind the question before the house. I said firmly, "But it *is* thrilling to be an actress, isn't it? You know, the old glamor stuff, the back-stage mystery. Lovely ladies who are pulled through the streets in their carriages by human hands . . . gallant gentlemen who die with a white glove crumpled in their hands . . . temperament, freedom, fever . . . that sort of thing?"

Kay regarded me with a jaundiced eye. I am afraid she murmured, "Doughnuts. . . ."

She rallied and said, "I suppose so. The great thrill to me is as I have told you . . . the warm feeling of being cared about by thousands of people. Some few of them have names and identities, most of them have not. But they are there—absent lovers—and I am conscious of them. There is one young girl in England who has written me daily for years. She works and saves too great a part of her money, I am afraid, to send me charming and thoughtful gifts. That is the sort of thing I mean. In the ordinary walks of life, if we have half a dozen real friends and perhaps a dozen 'admirers,' we are very fortunate—and very popular. An actress multiplies these friends and these (*Continued on page 88*)

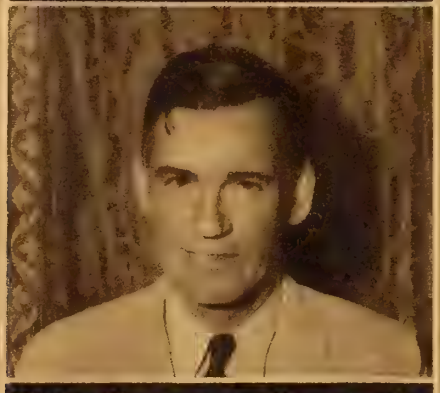
reasons than you'd imagine a famous star would have



Above, Brock Pemberton, a famous Broadway producer.



Pemberton gave Claudette her first role. He saw her talent.



Walter Huston went from vaudeville to stage via Pemberton.



Above, Margaret Sullavan; below, Fred March—stars today.



WHEN THEY WERE

Katherine Albert tells you how Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan, and others beat the school of hard knocks

JUST OFF the teeming thoroughfare, called Broadway, in a busy theatrical office, sits a man who can point to a dozen of the most glamorous and exciting picture stars and say, "I gave them their first jobs." His name is Brock Pemberton, producer of such hits as "Enter Madame," "Miss Lulu Bett," "Strictly Dishonorable" and now "Personal Appearance" and "Ceiling Zero."

For years bright faced girls and eager boys have gone in and out of his office, each one hoping for the magic words, "You'll do"—and a chance to play a role, no matter how small.

Pemberton is noted for being a discoverer of talent. He takes untried youngsters and trains them because, he says, "It's fun." He has an uncanny instinct for knowing instantly who has undeveloped talent and who is without the magic spark. But how? What did people like Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery, George Brent, Margaret Sullavan, Muriel Kirkland, Tullio Carminati and Walter Huston have which got them chosen, while hundreds of others were cooling their heels in Pemberton's office without receiving a glance from the producer?

FOR AT the time Pemberton remembers them, these boys and girls were, in appearance and desire at least, just like thousands of other ambitious ones, padding up and down Broadway looking for jobs. Yet these chosen few rose to the fame they now enjoy. They "got the break." But they had something to begin with, something that Pemberton was able to see when they sat, nervous and eager, before him. This magic spark, whatever it was, needed only a touch to release the flame of their talents.

So let's turn back the clock of Brock Pemberton's memory and look at them when they sat, young and untried, waiting, waiting, waiting in an outer office.

Pemberton was casting a play called "Puppets." The principals were all assigned to their roles but there was still a small woman's part to be filled. An actress Pemberton had used in several successful plays, a Frenchwoman, told him of a cute girl, born in France, but who had lived in this country for a long time and who had great stage possibilities. And so Claudette Colbert was given a ten minute interview with the producer.

Nervous as she was, much as she fidgeted with the end of her handkerchief, the (*Continued on page 108*)

JOB-HUNTING . .

Kay Osborn tells you how Hepburn, Bob Montgomery, Mary Boland and Douglass Montgomery were told, "You'll never be a star!"

"KATHARINE HEPBURN came to me in New York, with an introductory letter from a mutual friend, looking for a career on the stage. That was six or seven years ago, and what I know now, I expected then. It was her first visit to a producer's office. She had all the ear-marks of an amateur." Edwin Knopf, writer, producer, director and actor, now at M-G-M, leaned back and smiled as he reminisced.

"I dislike amateurs," he went on. "I always have disliked them, and there was no doubt about her being one the minute she walked into my office. She really looked about as unimportant as a schoolgirl can be. She was very serious and very intense about wanting to be an actress, but even that didn't impress me. I had seen that kind before! She didn't look as though she had anything and I very quickly told her so. I told her to go back to Bryn Mawr and finish her schooling, and then to marry some nice man and forget about the stage. She said that she would go back and finish her schooling, but she wouldn't forget about the stage. And as for marrying some nice young man! Well, she was very scornful on that subject."

"'I'LL COME back to see you after graduation,' she said, undaunted. I told her not to bother. I'd be in Baltimore by then, preparing for my summer stock company.

"But that didn't seem to discourage her and she went away with the same spirit that brought her in. I shook my head in despair. Why did untalented little things like that always want to go on the stage! That was the trouble with the stage. There were too many of them on it already.

"I had forgotten about her completely until she showed up again in Baltimore. I was rehearsing Mary Boland in "The Czarina."

"'Well, here I am!' she said.

"I could not even remember her name. I just looked at her.

"'I came down to work for you,' she said, with confidence.

"I told her to run along like a good girl. My company was complete. And I couldn't turn it into a school of acting. It was, after all, a professional stock company.

"Then she asked me if she could stay and just watch me rehearse. I told her that I *never* let anybody watch a rehearsal . . . that it disturbed (*Continued on page 109*)



Edwin Knopf, writer, producer and director, now at M-G-M.



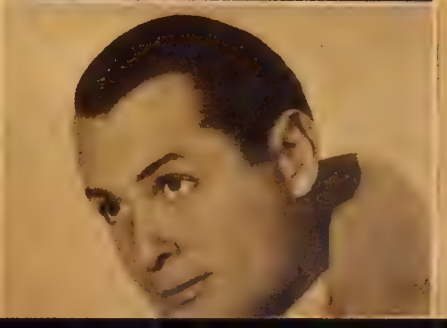
Above, Hepburn, who he said would never, never be a star!



Douglass Montgomery, matinee idol of Knopf's stock troupe.



Above, Mary Boland; below, Bob Montgomery, once in stock.



Alice Faye is an honest rough diamond in a town of polished glass



Hollywood CAN'T CHANGE ME!

By Richard English

"WHAT'S HOLLYWOOD taught me?" Alice Faye lifted a quizzical eyebrow, smiled a half smile and said with the husky voice that does torch songs so well, "First of all, you're a sucker if you let it change you! You notice the build-up on every new player: 'In all the world, never has there been a sensation like this!' Or 'A new, dynamic and different personality.' Sure—but just try and be different in in Hollywood!

"They sign you up because you're a new type of screen personality. You get one picture released and then the remodeling starts. The tearer-downers come in. Then the builder-uppers. They'll remodel you from toe nails to your teeth while you're supposed to grin and bear it."

Hollywood prides itself on being able to change a gal's coiffure, character and disposition with all the ease of the guy on the flying trapeze. Publicity men gayly will furnish you with an exotic past, two ancestors clinging to the rail of the Mayflower and a background that makes O. Henry seem tame. But Alice Faye's been doin' Hollywood wrong! She ain't changed a bit.

I know what I'm talking about, too. I met her through Rudy Vallee the day she stepped into her first leading role, her first day's work in pictures. Lilian Harvey had stepped out of the first "George White's Scandals" the day before and executives had chosen Alice for the role without even the formality of a screen test. One peek at her beauty, another peek at her in an abbreviated chorus costume, a second spent listening to her husky recording of "Oh, You Nasty Man!" and Alice was on her way. But she'd rather have been on her way back to New York and she still feels that way! Just listen to this:

"I think it's all rather silly myself! They tell you to be yourself, to sell your own personality on the screen, not to be an imitator. Then they'll turn around and explain that you ought to quit doing this and start doing that. That your coiffure is perfectly ducky, darling, but let's try it this way. They get in your hair in more ways than one! They'll even want to change your voice, so help me!"

Alice was getting up steam. She shook a Faye finger under the English schnozzle. "You've known me longer than any other writer, haven't you, Dick? You remember how I wanted to go back to New York after my first picture, 'George White's Scandals?' That was a little over a year ago. I'm just finishing my fifth picture now, the second 'George White's Scandals.' I've had a year to think it over. And I still think I'd have been smarter to have gone back to Broadway after that first one."

SHE CURLED her legs under her on the huge divan and waved a pillow at me, menacingly. I was fiddling with the olive in my martini.

"Want another?" Alice inquired.

I shook my head dutifully. "This is business. I'm here to do a story on you, Miss Faye!" Alice took careful aim with the pillow.

"English, will you

(Continued on page 107)

Lovers FOR A DAY

Henry Wilcoxon's greatest emotional experience

By Dell Hogarth



I WAS with her for no more than twelve hours in my life. But I'll remember her always. . . ." Henry Wilcoxon spoke with a dreamy thoughtfulness which arrested my attention instantly. We were in his apartment. A few hours before we had witnessed the preview of "The Crusades." The thunderous applause of the audience still echoed in Hank's ears as he lolled in an easy chair with his old, blue bathrobe and his slippers providing a welcome comfort. His meerschaum pipe was clamped in his teeth. Somehow, as we idly discussed the picture, our conversation veered to the character of that hard-bitten warrior whom Hank portrayed—Richard the Lion Hearted. When this swashbuckler was swearing, carousing, and conquering in Normandy he fell in love with a simple wench. He was with her but for a day. But, thereafter, some historians affirm, her memory lingered throughout his life.

Could such a thing be? Could such an ephemeral experience endure, when longer relationships are quickly forgotten? Men, notoriously, are swift to forget. It didn't seem possible.

But Hank argued the point doggedly. Of course it was possible. He knew. He had loved someone for one day—and he would never, never forget her.

I stared at him. The argument I was about to fling back died on my lips. It was apparent that he was quite sincere. His mood had altered immediately with that declaration. As he watched a cloud of smoke curl upward into the shadows of the vaulted ceiling, his eyes assumed a far-away look. He was thinking of the past.

I pressed him to go on. To tell me the story.

"PERHAPS it will do me good to tell somebody else about it. I never have before. You see, it is the greatest emotional experience I have ever had in my life. And it will sound fantastic.

"I saw her first in Cardiff, Wales. It was for only an instant. I was walking back to my hotel after the show one night to get some exercise. The night was raw, but I chose a circuitous route which led down by the harbor. Few people were about at that hour. Fog horns tooted dismally as ships crawled up the mouth of the Severn. But, in its way, it was beautiful. Fog blotted out the ugly warehouses. It swirled around lamp posts and made the naked trees seem like twisted gnomes. I turned down a side street. As I passed a lamp post, she went in the opposite direction. In that brief (*Continued on page 96*)

"IF I WERE POOR"—

By Julie Lang Hunt

FOUR Hollywood stars, with clothes to burn and salaries to dream about, inspired this story.

Four Hollywood stars, whose wardrobe worries, if any, can be whittled down to the slight irritation of too numerous fittings, offer four sound and workable plans to the girl who is badgered by the carking problem of dressing well on the weekly remains of a twenty-five-dollar salary, or less. And these four Hollywood stars know what they're talking about.

There is Jeanette MacDonald who hit upon a "way out" of the perennial and cantankerous clothes quandary when she was taking her first insecure steps toward a stage career.

There is Claudette Colbert, who learned from her mother the French woman's deft theorem for dressing with dash as well as with rigid economy.

There is Ginger Rogers who still can recall vividly the time when her mother managed to keep both of them fed, and, Ginger, at least, decently clothed on her stenographer's stipend of nine dollars a week.

And then there is Kay Francis with a plan so subtly skillful that it can be made to work smoothly for the girl with a large or a microscopic income.

Jeanette MacDonald's solution to the twenty-five-dollar-a-week conundrum is simple—so simple it can be summed up in three words—learn to sew.

Jeanette MacDonald would acquire the sewing habit and haunt the bargain sales.



"SEWING," she says, "is the sharpest and most effective weapon the smart business girl has when she takes on the battle of wresting rent, food and a few good clothes from the average salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

"If I were faced now with a clothes-tight budget, I would rush out and find the nearest city public school that offered a night sewing class. I would enroll immediately and even if I pricked my fingers with clumsiness and loathed the very sight of a threaded needle, I'd stick until I had learned how to copy a Chanel model so that the couturier herself couldn't choose between the original and my handiwork.

"Two or three nights a week devoted to the laborious mysteries of sewing means giving up parties, dancing and fun, and that is not easy, I'll admit. But the joy of a really adequate and smart wardrobe is worth such bitter sacrifice to most of us women."



Ginger Rogers offers a share-your-wardrobe plan which worked out for her once.

Now Jeanette ran smack into this sewing solution rather recently when she discovered the magic wrought in the personal wardrobe of a friend who had attended a series of these night classes in costume designing and dressmaking. Jeanette learned from her that within a few lessons, complicated frocks were put into work in these classes and that by the end of a single season, tailored

Any one of the plans offered by these four stars will solve your clothes-budget problem



A clever clothes-buying system would keep Claudette Colbert in the well-dressed class.



Kay Francis, one of Hollywood's best-dressed, would do wonders with an accessory wardrobe.

coats and suits were manageable without supervision.

"More women should know about this opportunity offered by practically every school system in the country and what great happiness this free instruction can bring into the lives of young girls who appreciate the beauty and importance of good clothes.

"IN MY own case, such knowledge would have ironed out a lot of rough going when I was getting my start on the stage. Clothes were almost as important to me as my singing lessons, but most of the family funds went for the latter.

"I still can remember a number of adolescent moments that were black with anguish because I felt the frock I was wearing was too obviously made-over, out-of-style and not up to the occasion.

"No one but the girl who has had to wear a few make-shifts in her life knows the sheer pain such concessions can cause."

Now Jeanette has still another plan that, when coupled with the sewing idea, offers an unlimited field of wardrobe miracles to the budget-harried girl.

Away back in those "getting started" days, she had her few frocks made by an inexpensive seamstress. During her many shopping tours for bargain materials she devised her own clever and money-saving scheme which she called "buying backward."

This plan is also simple. One merely sits tight and waits for the announcement of the early spring sales of all the succulent winter velvets, and lavish mid-January metal cloth and fine woolens. Such materials are always marked below cost just before Easter to make way for the spring and summer silks and cottons.

"It requires some staunch will power," Jeanette admits, "to spend money on yardage that cannot be used for fully six months. But when autumn arrives, your whole winter wardrobe lies waiting in a moth-proof corner, ready for scissors and pins and bastings, and waiting at a tremendous bargain at that."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S contribution is not so much a plan as it is a tradition, one that has been handed down through the years from French mothers to their daughters.

The true Parisienne is taught from childhood to practice the gay deception of looking like a million dollars (or is it francs?) but never, never spending the millions, even when and if they are available.

"I was taught to make old clothes do, rather than replace them with anything that was new and cheap," Claudette explained to me. "A winter coat was made to last season after season, with a possible change of fur for the collar. Somehow it never appeared shabby or demoded, because it was an excellent coat to begin with.

"A party dress was made from the best silk obtainable so it would stand up under many cleanings and then a good dye job when it went into its third year. All frocks were safeguarded against the ups and downs of the mode with deep hems, and were made over at least once."

If Claudette should suddenly (*Continued on page 100*)

Vacationing?

HERE'S WHAT TO WEAR



Maureen O'Sullivan's shorts and La Evans' tennis suit.

Elizabeth Allan's comfortable flannel sailing togs.



WHEN it comes to play clothes, we get right down to the favorite subject of most Hollywood stars. Despite all the elegant and glamorous clothes worn on the screen, Hollywood, in its play hours, relaxes in just the sort of knock-about outfits that you and I want to pack into our vacation and week-end bags.

The only way Hollywood can forget its terrific routine of hard work is to get out under the sun—bicycle, swim, play tennis, sail and dash down to Palm Springs or up to Arrowhead Springs for a brief rest. And what the smart Cinema-ites wear in these out-of-role, off-screen interludes is what interests us most right about this time

Time to pack your bags!

by Adelia Bird





Dorothy Tree in a linen crash suit that does not wrinkle.

Maureen's pink linen suspender play suit.

Ann Dvorak's hat and Carole Lombard going "Tahitian!"

of the year when we're vacation-minded.

First of all, let me assure you that our pictures this month represent costumes that you can wear on almost any type of vacation unless, of course, you insist upon going to Alaska! They're all smart and right for you girls who live in every point of the compass.

Maureen O'Sullivan packs her shorts and shirts first, then gets around to more conventional garb afterwards. Actively interested in sport, Maureen puts workman-like, comfortable clothes at the head of her vacation list—that's why she likes shorts so much. Two of these pet outfits are shown here. On page 64 you see her plaid linen crash play suit with matching skirt which converts it into a sleeveless summer sports dress. Blue and red the color scheme, with large white buttons on both the skirt and suit. This is a grand outfit for week-ends because it gives you the much desired two-in-one affair and eliminates the necessity of having to find a place for both shorts and an extra sports dress.

Suspenders add a nice individual detail to the usual shorts-and-shirt combination for another of Maureen's vacation costumes. Pink linen for the full short trousers and the buttoned-on suspenders The plaid gingham blouse combines pink with several other harmonizing shades.

Summer week-ends and holidays are here again



Bathing suits that star under the summer sun are simple, form-fitting affairs. Above, left and right, you see Betty Furness in her white ribbed knit suit with brown trimming. It has a deeply cut sunback. Cellophane woven with lastex is one of Jean Parker's newest. It's one-piece and glistens as if dripping wet even when it is dry! Below, left and right, Elizabeth Allan's knit "bra" and trunk suit in brown and plaid. And Jean again in a blue woolen model.

B. V. D. Bathing Suits

Maureen's white canvas sneakers and white socks are worn with her play suits and with slacks.

Madge Evans and I were discussing sports clothes one day and she made several very interesting observations about her preferences.

"If I had my way," she said, "I would have only two types of costumes in my closet—sports and evening things!"

I said that was my idea, too, but that our busy lives never permitted us to specialize quite so strictly.

"Well, fortunately," she continued, "our lives in Hollywood are arranged so that we can nearly have just such a wardrobe, if we wish. You see, I like to relax completely in my off-screen hours and I find that real sports clothes are the best for both lounging and playing. When I have to dress up, it is usually for formal parties where I am forced to wear evening clothes."

I asked her what she thought (*Continued on page 98*)

Smart suits for active swim-nastics and sun basking

We asked Society Women why they Prefer Camels —



No bothered nerves for Mrs. Allston Boyer

"Refreshing," says Mrs. Robert R. Hitt

No "Nerves"!

"Every one is gay now and almost every one is smoking Camels," replied Mrs. Allston Boyer. "I can smoke as many as I want and they never upset my nerves. Lots of people have told me the same thing. And I notice that if I'm tired, smoking a Camel freshens me up."

Flavor!

"In the enjoyment of smoking, Camels certainly make a difference," answered Miss Mary de Mumm (below). "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular." More expensive tobaccos!



"Flavor," says Miss Mary de Mumm

Mildness!

"Camels have such a grand, mild flavor, and that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them," said Miss Dorothy Paine (below). "Every one is smoking them now."

Women do appreciate mildness in a cigarette, and the additional happy fact that Camels never bother the nerves! Camel's more expensive tobaccos make a real difference . . . in mildness, flavor, and pleasure.

So Refreshing!

"Sometimes you are apt to smoke more than usual," said Mrs. Robert R. Hitt, "and I notice that Camels never upset my nerves. In fact, if I'm a bit tired, I find that smoking a Camel rests me—I have a sense of renewed energy."

Camels give you just enough "lift." They contain finer, more expensive tobaccos . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand. Smoke one and see.

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. BYRD W. DAVENPORT, *New York*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, *New York*



Mildness is what Miss Dorothy Paine prefers in Camels

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand



Beautiful

Virginia Bruce [illegible] one of Hollywood's most beautiful women and one of the screen's most promising young actresses. In a brief year she has emerged as a striking personality. Hollywood swains lose their hearts to her but she shows no favoritism. You'll see her next in "Let 'Em Have It" with Dick Arlen. Also in "Masquerade."

"Doctor, how do Skin Faults first Begin?"

AN INTELLIGENT QUESTION AUTHORITATIVELY ANSWERED—

1 What causes Lines?

Lines result when the *under* tissues grow thin and wasted, and the outer skin does not change correspondingly. It falls into tiny creases—the lines you see. To help this, nutrition of the under tissues must be stimulated.

2 Are Blackheads just Dirt?

Blackheads are due to clogged pores. Most often, this clogging comes from *within the skin*. Overactive glands give off a thickish substance that clogs the pores. The tip dries. Darkens. Collects dirt. Proper cleansing will remove the blackhead. Rousing treatment of the under tissues will prevent further clogging.

3 What makes Blemishes come?

"Blemishes" are the final stage of blackheads. They form when the clogging accumulation in the pores presses on the surrounding *under* tissues and causes inflammation. They are avoided by removing the blackheads that cause them. When blemishes are many and persistent, a physician should be consulted.

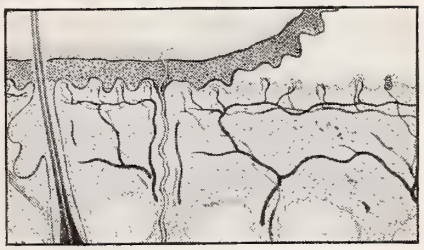
4 Can Coarse Pores be reduced?

Pores are naturally smaller in some skins than in others. They become enlarged through being clogged and stretched by secretions from *within the skin*. They can be reduced by removing the clogging matter and keeping the skin free from further clogging.

5 When do Tissues start to Sag?

Sagging is rarely noticeable before 30 to 35. Then the rounded contour is lost—notably in neck, chin and cheek line, and under the eyes. Here the skin sags, due to loss of tone in the fibres *underneath* the skin, to fatty degeneration of the muscles, diminished circulation, failing nutrition of the underskin. To avoid sagging, keep the under tissues toned.





The Underskin—where Skin Faults begin

If you could see through the epidermis into your underskin, you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands! On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines—wrinkles!

Mrs. Richard Gedney says: "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin fresh, smooth. I am never bothered with blackheads or blemishes."



MRS. GEORGE BOLLING LEE of VIRGINIA

beautiful and distinguished wife of the grandson of the illustrious General Robert E. Lee, says: "Pond's Cold Cream completely erases lines, keeps my contour firm. I use it every night. It seems to lift dust and grime right out of my pores."

Keep *Under Skin* Active

to keep Skin faults away

YOU SEE, from the authoritative answers given above, skin faults practically all begin in your *underskin*.

No matter what the fault, its important needs are keeping the *under* tissues vigorous and the skin *clean*.

Through these two means, Pond's Cold Cream has cherished the beauty of the most fastidious women in the world. For Pond's actually softens lines. Wards off blemishes, blackheads. Makes coarse pores less conspicuous. Firms aging tissues. Softens drying skin. It does these things by means of its deep-skin cleansing and its invigorating effect on the *under* layers of the skin.

EVERY NIGHT, cleanse deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed light oils sink deep, flush away every particle of dust, make-up, skin impurities. Cleanse a second time, patting the cream in briskly to rouse the circulation, stimulate the oil glands, invigorate the newly cleansed tissues.

IN THE MORNING—during the daytime, freshen with Pond's. You will be rewarded with the satiny texture that holds make-up evenly—the radiance of a skin kept clean and invigorated to its depths!

Try this a few days. The coupon, with 10¢, brings you enough for 9 treatments. Pond's Cold Cream is pure, germ-free.

Mail this Coupon — **for Generous Package**

POND'S, Dept. G 50 Clinton Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES
CORK-TIPPED



Extra what?.. EXTRA GOOD FOR YOUR THROAT

News flash! "The nation's throats were reported today to feel definitely cooler and refreshed as smokers in every State are swinging more and more to mildly mentholated KOOLS. Sales are at highest point in history. Smokers report instant refreshment from the very first puff and a worthwhile dividend in the B & W coupon in each pack good for a handsome assortment of nationally advertised merchandise." (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Write for FREE copy of illustrated premium booklet.
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME PREMIUMS



RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Reviews

(*Continued from page 47*)

Alice Brady gives her usual excellent performance, this time as the harassed widow on the verge of a nervous breakdown. And well she may be, what with a coupla million superfluous dollars, a daughter (Gloria Stuart) who's beautiful bait for fortune seekers, and a son (Frank McHugh) who's enough to drive any woman mad. Adolphe Menjou will really panic you as the wild-eyed dancing director—particularly when he goes into that dance brandishing the meat cleaver.

It's all light-hearted—and headed—entertainment, and if you're in that mood yourself, it should prove well worth a general admission ticket.

★★★ Four Hours to Kill
(Paramount)

In this you will behold the metamorphosis of Tol'able David. In other words, Richard Barthelmess has had the courage to change his type completely. He plays a hunted criminal—a criminal caught with pathetic swiftness by a detective who, for a refreshing change, is neither wooden-headed nor stone-hearted. Charles G. Wilson plays the minion of the law well. Helen Mack, Gertrude Michael, Joe Morrison and Ray Milland do well enough in smaller parts. Roscoe Karns does a surprising serious bit. The story gets unnecessarily mysterious at points. However, it is pretty fair entertainment. And we think you'll like Barthelmess just as well as an actor as you did when he was a hero.

★★ Party Wire
(Columbia)

Familiarity may breed contempt, but you'll find this small town story entertaining even if you happen to be living in such a place. For it deals with the humorous and tragic results of that insidious thing which even your best friend *will* tell you about—gossip. The moral is to tear down your back fence and tear out your telephone if you hope to escape its consequences. Jean Arthur is the gal in question here, who was once the town belle but suddenly finds herself outside the social pale, her job gone and her lover almost gone—all due to the misinterpretation of an innocent remark made via Mr. Bell's handy gadget.

You'll not only feel sorry for Jean, but appreciate her good acting and looks. Victor Jory is not so convincing as her "young man" but Helen Lowell, as his aunt and the town's dictator, gives an excellent performance—particularly when she collects all the village busybodies in the town hall and gives them a liberal piece of her mind. The pay-off comes when all are chastised and repentant as they return home—but each and everyone quietly picks up the receiver for some listenin' in, the minute the phone rings a neighbor's number.

★★ The People's Enemy
(RKO)

The title was well chosen, anyway, for this picture, as any audience would feel antagonistic towards such a yarn. It is the time-worn and tattered tale of the victory of justice. Now, we firmly believe that justice often *does* win out, but our feelings are hurt when it is pointed out so obviously. Here we have a baddie whose nasty disposition has not been sweetened by three years in the state hoosegow. Escaping with a sneer on his lips and a leer in his eye, he plots to wreak vengeance on his lawyer—who in the meantime has been pretty busy wooing and winning the affections of the convict's wife and cheeild.

You may wonder just where the justice comes in, so far, but you see the lawyer is a model of all the virtues and a pillar of society. It all looks pretty bad, though, until they finally decide to clean up on the desperado and get it all done with. Preston Foster does a good job of making himself obnoxious as the convict, while Melvyn Douglas does a poor job of making himself likable as the lawyer. Lila Lee is adequate as the "woman in the case."

★ Mary Jane's Pa
(Warner Bros.)

This picture is just one of those mistakes that *will* happen in the best regulated studios, but why Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee should be the goats again, makes this domestic tale a first class mystery. What laughingly would be called the plot has to do with another of these chronically charming but irresponsible newspapermen, who finally wanders away from his family and stays eleven years. We didn't blame him for that—but then he comes back. It seems that absence makes even such gentlemen's hearts grow fonder, so imagine Mr. Kibbee's surprise to find that his wife, Aline MacMahon, is contemplating marrying another!

Evidently working on the theory that the way to a woman's heart is through her stomach, the poor man becomes the family cook, just to be near his bad-tempered children and win back his wife. For some unknown reason his wife gives up her good job and good man and takes back the plump, bleary-eyed Guy. Not even a "happy ever after" ending, so the whole picture is a complete waste of time.

★ Chasing Yesterday
(RKO)

We were afraid this would happen. After Anne Shirley's surprising success in "Anne of Green Gables," she was bound to be still orphaned and appealingly naïve in her next picture—but the studio didn't have to cook up *quite* such a hasty story to capitalize on her charms.

There's a thread of plot, but it becomes hopelessly tangled by irrelevant situations. The cast does some good acting, but with such a background their efforts are to little avail. O. P. Heggie is lovable as the scholarly old gentleman who is inveigled by Anne to save her from the boarding-school where she is overworked and misunderstood. Helen Westley is humorous as the crochety old maid principal who cherishes hopes of appealing to Mr. Heggie's finer nature—hopes which are guilefully encouraged by Anne for her own ends. Anne herself still shows signs of becoming a capable actress, given good stories and excellent direction.

Better play solitaire the evening this

(*Continued on page 72*)

"I want my sleep to be beauty sleep—so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night"



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHANGHAI"

says CAROLE LOMBARD

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins — tiny blemishes appear — enlarging pores — even blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day —ALWAYS before you go to bed at night — use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.



B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

EYE THE SUN!

LUCKY the girl who can eye the sun—unafraid . . . of his frank remarks about her beauty! But it isn't so difficult. Apply make-up discreetly. (You know how outspoken friend Sol can be about too much powder, rouge, lipstick!) Then curl your eyelashes with KURLASH. Without heat, cosmetics, or practice, this marvelous little implement gives you a natural beauty point that is *more* flattering in strong sunlight. Your lashes will look longer, darker—sun-silhouetted in lovely shadows. KURLASH $1—and you're a sun-proof beauty right away!



Water Witchery

And let me tell you that even in the full glare of beach or tennis court, a wee bit of colorful eye shadow, SHADETTE, will be almost invisible but most flattering! While LASHTINT, the perfumed liquid mascara, will darken your lashes in an amazingly natural way. Water-proof—so you can wear them swimming! Each only $1!



Sun Shine

Another clever trick! Rub a little KURLENE into your lashes before you face the sun. It will set silken rainbows dancing in them . . . while just a film of it over your upper lids will give you a lovely "dewy" look and guard against sun-wrinkles and dryness. Awfully good for lashes! $1 in nearby stores!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department G7. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto 5.

(*Continued from page 70*)

little number comes to your neighborhood theatre.

★★ Swell Head
(Columbia)

Whether you're a baseball fiend or have never heard of the Babe, you won't find this yarn of the diamond boring. And unless your heart is as tough as a baseball mitt, you may even find a tear winding its way down your nose when Terry McCall, the Home Run Special, is blinded by a fast ball and tries to "play the game" anyhow. Sure, it's sentimental, with even pretty Barbara Kent angling for some sniffles from the audience, but there's more'n a few good laughs, too, provided by the antics of the team and Mr. Dickie Moore strutting his stuff.

Wallace Ford as Terry, gives a far better performance than we've come to expect from that gentleman. In fact, the entire cast knows how to "play ball." This picture should boom the gate receipts of every ball park in town.

★ Rendezvous at Midnight
(Universal)

Why such an inane plot should be selected for any picture is more of a mystery than the solution of the murder. There's a smattering of every trick known to the movie factories to intrigue audience interest—love, hate, comedy, tragedy, etc., all jumbled up so one's not quite sure which is which.

Valerie Hobson is the wealthy deb who pays a thousand for a gown without batting an eye, but is simply a-dither over the city police commissioner, Ralph Bellamy. He, poor man, is so blinded by duty that love hasn't a chance—until she is accused of murder, then *la passion* bursts into bloom in his manly bosom and he insists that 'twas he who committed the heinous deed.

The best performance is given by Catherine Doucet, as the proprietor of a gown shop which caters exclusively to the females of the Four Hundred—each of whom she assures is her "favorite customer."

★★ People Will Talk
(Paramount)

Charles Ruggles is still at the mercy of Mary Boland in their current matrimonial venture. The story is flatter'n the proverbial pancake except for the determined efforts of these two to provide the expected quota of giggles with a few guffaws thrown in for good measure.

Mr. and Mrs. have been united in the holy bonds for twenty-three years with not a single note of discord (attention, Mr. Ripley) when their daughter, Leila Hyams, announces her intention of Renovating her practically new husband. Tch! Tch! say mama and papa, no blot like *that* on the family 'scutcheon. Rising nobly to the occasion, they decide to stage a mock rumpus of their own—which turns out to be anything but playful.

The Conservation of Natural Resources committee should look into this woeful waste of talent. However, if you're running low on family squabbles at home, you may find this picture diverting.

★ It's A Small World
(Fox)

The director must've forgotten that it's not only a small world, but a short life, with neither time nor space for such unmoving pictures. The plot is old enough to be pensioned—two young things thrown into each other's company by force of circumstance, in this case the collision of their Fords. Reel romance follows—several hundred feet of it, consisting mainly of a game of emotional hide-and-seek. As for Spencer Tracy, he should stay far, far away from playful parts—and starches. Yes, Mr. Tracy is getting just a trifle portly. Wendy Barrie, a newcomer, is not only pert and purty but shows sneer-proof histrionic ability. Charles Sellon and Raymond Walburn try hard to make the situation a bit livelier, but without much success.

★ Bride of Frankenstein
(Universal)

Universal has gone and done it again. Another horror picture, picking up where Frankenstein ended and creating a bride for the monster. Except for its beauty, technically and photographically, nothing much can be said for it. An excellent cast struggle hopelessly with a poor story and the picture falls into a horrible picture class—rather than one of horror. Half the preview audience walked out during the showing, so don't say we didn't warn you.

★★ Village Tale
(RKO)

This is another small-town saga with the seamy side of rural life uppermost. A deep current of hatred underlies the story, caused by a foul-minded man who exerts his influence over the village loafers who have nothing to do but spit tobaccy juice around the post-office stove and savor malicious tid-bits of gossip. Kay Johnson is the girl who is the victim of their groundless speculations. She is tragically married to a worthless man, who, "egged on" by his cronies, does despicable things to humiliate her and "Slaughter" Scoville (Randolph Scott)—a man who is intensely disliked because he minds his own business.

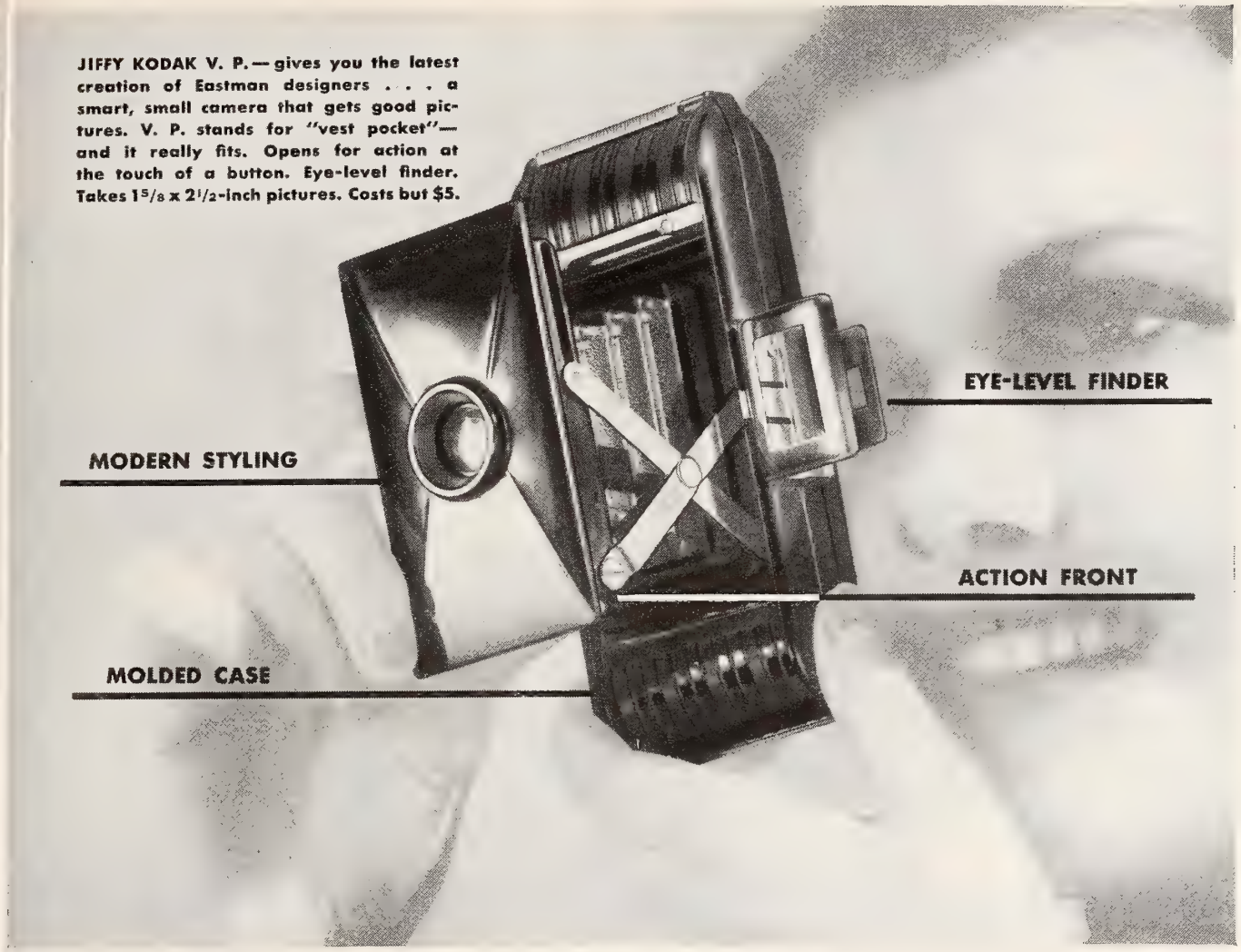
There is some comedy relief by Edward Ellis, who gives an excellent performance as the old man who befriends every cat, dog and human in town who needs help. Dorothy Burgess and Janet Beecher also are good in their roles, as indeed is every member of the cast. With such splendid characterizations, it is a pity that the story is so weak in spots that it tears down what good results there might have been. You won't find this a very pretty tale, but neither will you leave until you see the village scoundrel run out of town.

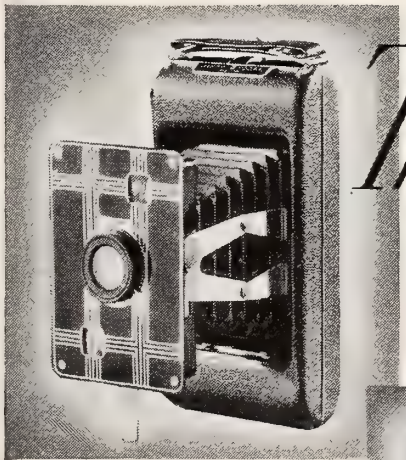
★★★ Call of the Wild
(20th Century)

Of course he doesn't rate star billing, but nevertheless, Buck, a big St. Bernard, nearly steals this celluloider. The story is a free—very free—translation of Jack London's famous yarn of the same name and deals with the gold rush of 1900, when the "diggers" weren't Broadway babies nor Hollywood blondes, but "numbers" faithfully depicted as to type by Clark Gable, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen and Frank Conroy. Nope, not a softie in a carload!

After one has witnessed reels of breath-taking snow scenes unreeled, the thin plot gets under way. There is the villain, convincingly portrayed by Mr. Owen, and

(*Continued on page 74*)





These newer Kodak features

show what your old camera lacks

JIFFY KODAK—Works so fast it had to be called "Jiffy." Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Extra smartness in its etched metal front. For 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures, $8. For 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, $9.



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REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

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Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

(*Continued from page 72*)

the comedy relief (which proves to be very little comedy and absolutely no relief) by Mr. Oakie, and Mr. Gable as the guy who doesn't want to fall for the beeooty, but does. Clark, let it be said, is becoming a first-rate actor, Academy Award or no A.A. Loretta Young, a bit elegant as to diction and with highly polished finger nails, is the gal caught in the drift—snow and otherwise. And then the St. Bernard—marvelous! Yes, taking it by and all, as it should be taken, "Call of the Wild" is better than fair entertainment.

★★★ Oil for the Lamps of China (Warner Bros.)

This picture is just about as good as they come in sincere, thoughtful screen plays. The story is intensely interesting, with the colorful Orient as its setting and the plot centering about a man's deep faith in two things—his work and his wife, and his struggles to do justice to both. Revolution, cholera and other episodes which might have been used for suspense are not enlarged upon, but the constant conflict in a man's life to be true to his responsibilities keeps you engrossed throughout.

Pat O'Brien is an employee of an American oil company in China, and believes that the company has the welfare of the Chinese people at heart, just as he has. Though his wife, Josephine Hutchinson, has suffered years from his blind, exasperating faith in the company, she is the means in the end of shielding him from disillusionment. Miss Hutchinson and Mr. O'Brien give superb performances.

Others in the cast are Jean Muir, Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron, who are capable in their roles. It's a worth while picture all 'round.

★★ Werewolf of London (Universal)

If you like stories that make the shivers play tag up your spine, you'll simply love this one! But if there's a drop of skepticism in your make-up, better stay away, for even the most gullible should find some parts hard to take. The long drawn out horrors begin in the Tibetan mountains where an eminent botanist (Henry Hull) is searching for a rare flower, and while picking the posy is attacked by a werewolf. Now, one scratch from this accursed creature turns the victim into a biological marvel—half-man, half-wolf—come the full moon. You've probably seen strange happenings by the light of that moon, but Mr. Hull changing to a nasty wolf beats 'em all. London is aghast at the mangled corpses strewing its streets and poor Valerie Hobson, as Mr. Hull's wife, has a pretty bad time of it, what with putting up with her husband's antics and being in love with another.

Henry Hull gives the only good performance in a role that is ridiculously inadequate for his ability. Warner Oland doesn't play W. O. with his customary suavity. But take this picture in place of your next turkish bath—you'll have just as good a time and perspire more freely.

★★★ The Informer (RKO)

Here is a very special picture, one that you'll have to feel "up to" to enjoy. The story is stark in its realism to the point of sordidness. It is the character study of a man who betrays a friend, not through malice but through weakness, and of his mental sufferings as a result of the impulsive step he has taken. It is laid in Dublin in 1922 when rebellion was running rampant. John Ford directed the picture and too much praise cannot be given him. Indeed, this is the only film we've seen in years that is first a movie and then a talkie. Sound is subservient to pictorial effect, and dramatic moments are pointed up through dramatic tricks rather than through dialogue. The direction is so good that it almost overshadows Victor McLaglen's superb performance of the name role. Never has Mr. McLaglen given such a finished, deft portrayal. Indeed, it marks his debut as an actor of merit, rather than a mere character player. Preston Foster, Margot Grahame, Donald Meek and Una O'Connor all come in for a share of praise.

★★ Goin' to Town (Paramount)

Well, the pen may be mightier than the sword, but it surely isn't half as effective as the hips, when it comes to Mae West operas. Yep, the buxom blonde takes credit for writing this one, which is about the same as taking it on the chin. Everything "up to and including" appears in the plot—a prospective husband Mae wins in a crap game, a blue-blooded gentleman she puts a deposit on in order to get the hang of things social, the making and breaking of the uppercrust Southampton colony—yes, it's all there! However, somehow—and here's where you're apt to doubt your sanity—you accept it in the spirit of good, soiled fun. The way Miss W. reads ribald lines all the lunacies and inanities seem worth an occasional laugh. However, let it be said that if the star doesn't get herself a story quickly, she'll soon become a movie memory. But this time, you sorta forgive, if not actually forget. Paul Cavanagh makes an incredible role seem almost realistic, as do Marjorie Gateson, Monroe Owsley and Ivan Lebedeff. Even though "Goin' To Town" isn't by any means that, you probably won't want to miss Mae West.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 10*)

a generally grand cast. He will also be in "Mutiny on the Bounty" with Charles Laughton and Robert Montgomery.

MARGARET STONE, Chicago, Ill.—James Dunn was born in New York City on November 2, 1905. Claudette Colbert's birthday is September 13 and she was born in Paris, France, in 1905. Gertrude Michael's home town is Talladega, Ala., and her birthday falls on June 1. Fred MacMurray was born in Kankakee, Ill., on August 30, 1908.

PAULINE GOODIN, Somerset, Ohio.—John Wayne is married to Josephine Saens and they have one son. He was born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907. After graduating from college he worked at various odd jobs around the Hollywood studios until he was given a chance to play in "The Big Trail" in 1930. He has been in the movies ever since. His next two will be "The Dawn Rider" and "Paradise Ranch."

BETTY FREEMAN, Buffalo, N. Y.—In "Gift of Gab," the part of Mac was taken by Douglas Fowley—not Guinn Williams. Joan Crawford's next picture will be "No More Ladies" with Robert Montgomery.

INFORMATION DESK,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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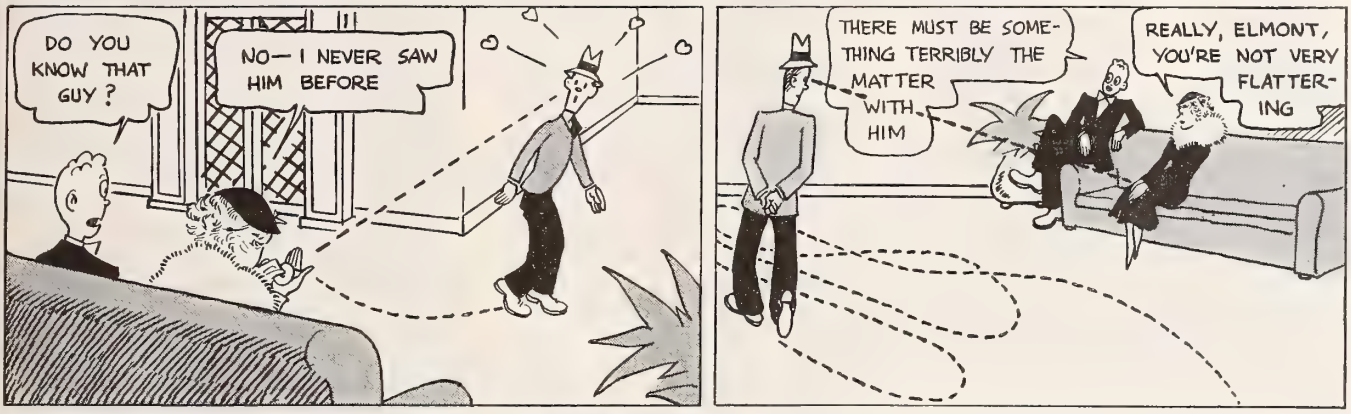
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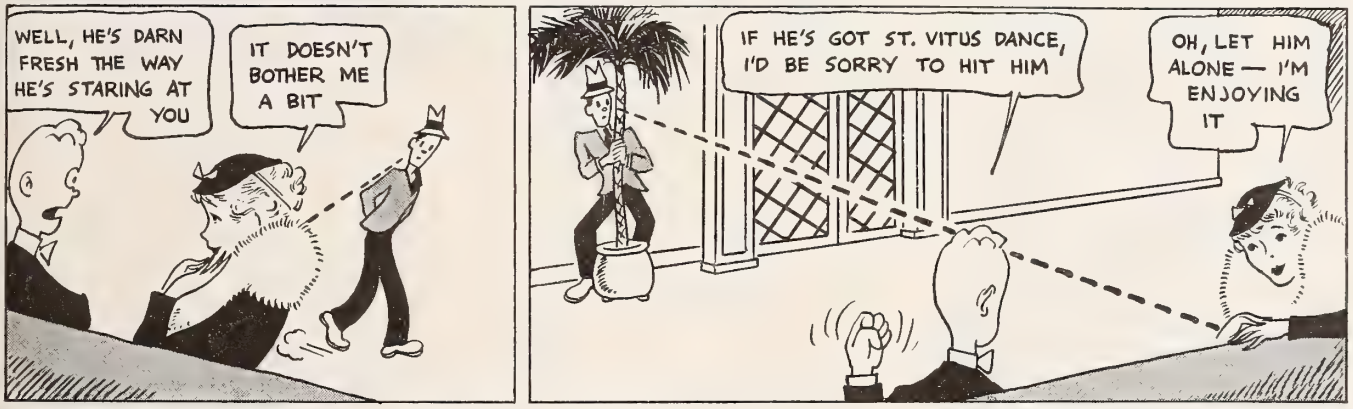
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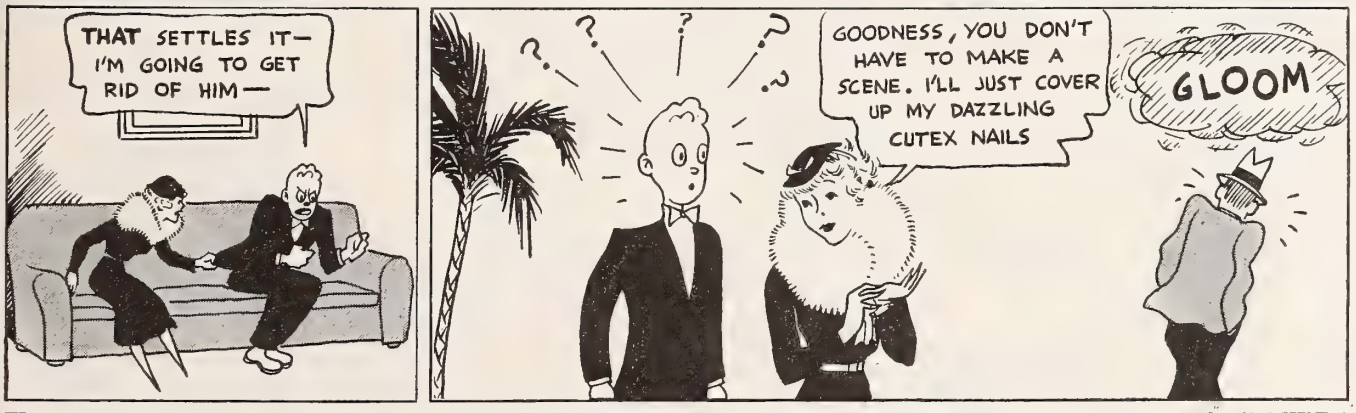
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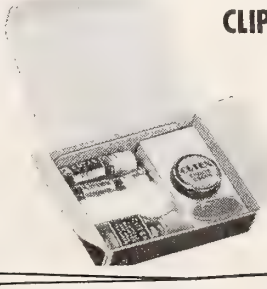




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— If you want excitement, try the new Cutex Coral, Cardinal or Ruby Nails. The Cutex lustre will keep you in the limelight! And, remember, the 7 lovely Cutex shades are created by the world's manicure authority. They're absolutely *fashion-right*. And every shade flows on smoothly, without blotching. Stays on for days and won't peel, crack or chip. In two forms now—Crème or Clear. Get the whole Cutex range of colors tomorrow, at your favorite store!

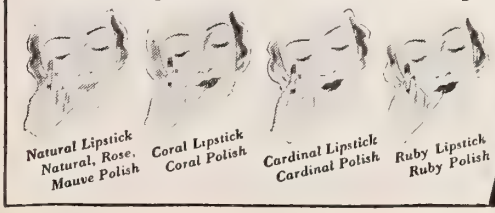
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Mail 14¢ with this coupon

Now a lipstick to match every shade of Nail Polish



Cutex now gives you 4 lipsticks to match or tone in with your nail polish. Grand quality. Permanent, but not a bit drying. They go on beautifully. Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Ruby.

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I enclose 14¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set which includes one shade of polish and 3 other manicure essentials, together with sample of matching lipstick, as checked below.
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Madame X investigates:



the truth about laxatives — as told to Madame X, the Ex-Lax reporter

THIS is Madame X, the inquiring reporter on assignment for Ex-Lax, the world famous chocolated laxative.

The Ex-Lax Company said to me: "Pack a bag...hop a train...go here, there and everywhere. Get the real folks of this country to tell you what THEY think about Ex-Lax. We want the plain facts. Go into any town, walk along any street, ring any doorbell. Get the story." Here are a few jottings from my notebook.

"EFFECTIVE"...."I used everything but nothing relieved me until I took Ex-Lax." Frank H. Port, 118-48 — 154th Street, Jamaica, Long Island.

"GENTLE"...."It is, therefore, very important when I take a laxative that it be one that is not harsh, yet it must be effective." Mrs. Anne E. Stadt, 7401 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

"EASY TO TAKE"...."I prefer Ex-Lax to all laxatives because it's easy to take and I like the taste." Pilot William Warner, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York.

"NON-HABIT-FORMING"...."I don't think one should take laxatives all the time, but only when one needs it. With Ex-Lax I get the desired result and don't believe it forms a habit." Miss Bessie M. Bean, 5687 Hub Street, Los Angeles, California.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Insist on the genuine, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 12*)

approached and my father was expected home she put on her nicest gown, prettied herself up generally and awaited his arrival (and the ceremony of dining) confident that she would grace the occasion to the very best of her ability, as it deserved!

"Even now, in California, she has not accepted our easy informality in the least. Still the Frenchwoman at heart, Mother dons a hostess gown or attractive dinner gown for even a simple dinner à deux. Whereas I, knowing there will be only the two of us, may come in sport clothes or even lounging pajamas, especially if I've had a long tiresome day at the studio and have gotten home late.

"'Oh, Claudette,' Mother will say, shaking her head reprovingly when she sees what I am wearing. I know that she feels that the evening meal deserves to be more highly honored. That I should at least make an effort to grace her table."

During this part of the conversation we were not neglecting the wonderful luncheon dish that had been recommended by the head waiter as the "special" for that day and one of their chef's masterpieces on any occasion. This dish proved to be a combination of eggs, tomatoes, mushrooms and seasonings, which quite lived up to the advance description of its merits. Claudette was particularly enthusiastic. So much so that I decided then and there to secure the recipe so that I could try it out myself in my test kitchen and then could pass on the complete directions to Modern Hostess readers.

Parenthetically speaking, that's just what I managed to do, although if you've ever tried to extract a recipe from a suspicious chef you would appreciate my efforts in your behalf even more! This luncheon prize, known as Eggs Netherland, which had won Claudette's praise, is indeed the crowning achievement of the Sherry-Netherland's Monsieur Theophile, Maitre de Cuisine—no less! You'll surely want to try it—then you'll want to serve it often. And think of the added pleasure you'll derive from knowing that the dish originated in such a swanky place and that it has Claudette's accolade of merit besides! But let's get back to Claudette for I haven't nearly finished giving you the helpful ideas I gleaned from my delightful table companion!

INSPIRED by the fact that the Eggs Netherland we had just eaten were simply a novel version of scrambled eggs, Claudette suggested other scrambled egg possibilities that you will want to try, too. One is to fill the eggs with finely chopped chives—imparting a lovely color contrast as well as a delicate, onion-like flavor. Scrambled eggs, where cream is used instead of milk, are delicious also. And *all* scrambled eggs are tremendously improved by being cooked over hot water instead of over direct heat. You'll be amazed at the difference it makes!

Speaking of cream and eggs, as we were a moment ago, there is a little omelette trick carried out by a Frenchwoman who is world renowned for her egg cookery. (I believe she boasts of knowing 1000 different ways of cooking eggs!) After an omelette is set in the pan and is ready to be folded over, a couple of tablespoonfuls of cream are poured into the pan. Somehow the omelette can then be folded with a flick of the wrist and with far less effort.

However Claudette did not confine her suggestions entirely to eggs, for she also feels that unusual things can and should be done with canapés, salads, desserts and even that lowliest of vegetables—the beet. Two of her canapé suggestions and one novel salad recipe are to be found at the end of this article. I can assure you that they are well worth trying.

The recipe for the salad, pictured at the beginning of the article, will be found in this month's recipe leaflet, together with a special French Dressing highly recommended by Claudette. Another Colbert recipe in the leaflet is for Stuffed Beets (as nice a way as I have ever heard of being both economical *and* dressy). Then there is another recipe in the Modern Hostess booklet you will surely want to try. It is Plums with Crême Colbert. This delicate sweet is a perfect proof of Miss Colbert's theory that dishes need not be elaborate to be delicious. This dessert is nothing but canned plums combined with a special French custard sauce. Unusual? Yes! Difficult? No! You can make it in your own home I'm sure—that is you can if you have the recipe! And of course all you need to do to procure that is to fill out and send the coupon. Yes, the recipes you receive, besides the Stuffed Beets, Swiss Salad and Plums with Crême Colbert just mentioned, will include the recipe for Eggs Netherland which Claudette wants you to know about so you can enjoy them too.

Favorite recipes of famous chefs—favorite foods of a famous screen star! What a combination! And yours for the asking! Write for them now so you can try them the sooner.

AND here are those other promised recipes before we say, with Claudette Colbert—"Au revoir."

Sardine Canapes

Cut thin slices of bread into oblong strips, each wide enough and long enough to hold a single boneless sardine. Fry the bread gently in butter, on both sides, until golden brown. Drain on paper kitchen towels. Place sardine on each bread strip, season with a couple of drops of lemon juice and cover with buttered bread crumbs. Place under broiler flame until crumbs are browned.

Chicken Curry Canapes

4 hard-cooked eggs
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon curry powder
¼ cup chopped cooked chicken (canned chicken is excellent for this)
fried rounds of bread

Cut hard-cooked eggs crosswise into thin slices. Carefully remove yolks without breaking the circle of whites. Blend yolks with mayonnaise. Add salt, curry powder and chicken (chopped very fine). Mix together thoroughly. Fry bread rounds gently in butter on both sides, until golden brown. Drain on paper kitchen towels. Place an egg-white circle on each round of bread. Fill centers with chicken mixture. Garnish each canapé with thin slice of stuffed olive.

Green Pepper Salad Rings

2 large, firm, green peppers
¾ cup cottage cheese



Helen Vinson and her mother, Mrs. Rulfs, leave Hollywood by plane. Helen will go abroad for Gaumont-British to make a picture with Conrad Veidt. This is in line with GB's plan to exchange American and English talent. Richard Dix and Walter Huston go over soon, too, while Robert Donat and others come here.

1½ tablespoons mayonnaise
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon grated onion, or
1 teaspoon chopped chives
2 stalks celery
1 raw carrot, scraped
6 large stuffed olives
lettuce

Cut thin slice from stem end of green peppers. Remove seeds. Cream together cottage cheese and mayonnaise. Add salt and grated onion or chopped chives. Place celery, carrot and stuffed olives in chopping bowl. Chop very fine. Combine with cheese mixture. Stuff green peppers solidly with this mixture. Place peppers in coldest part of refrigerator to chill thoroughly. To serve, cut peppers crosswise into thick slices. Place one or two of these cheese-filled slices on lettuce leaves on individual salad plates. Serve with mayonnaise.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me Claudette Colbert's recipes for July, 1935.

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Address .....
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and the sauce is better than I can make!

"WHO wants to slave in a hot kitchen this hot weather? I'm sure I don't! That's why I'm doubly delighted to have discovered Franco-American Spaghetti. It not only saves me work, but we actually like it better than the kind I used to make. My sauce never was as good as this. I think Franco-American has the *best* sauce I ever tasted!"

Just try it and see!

We might recite the long list of eleven different ingredients this glorious sauce contains . . . the big, luscious, flavorful tomatoes . . . the mellow Cheddar cheese . . . all the tangy spices and seasonings. Yet mere words can never express the most important thing of all that goes into it — the inspired chef's touch! But one *taste* reveals it—makes women exclaim in surprise, "Why, this spaghetti is a lot better than mine!"

Costs less, too

Serve Franco-American soon. See what a hit it makes with everybody. And remember, Franco-American is not only easier and more delicious, but more economical, too. Actually, it costs less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and burning fuel to cook them.

But that's only half the economy story. Franco-American is packed full of nourishment. It contains a rich supply of important food elements that are needed to build strength and energy, yet costs surprisingly little. Generous can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents. Why not ask your grocer for this delicious spaghetti today?



Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(Continued from page 15)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Limehouse Blues (Paramount)	2★	1★	1★	2★	0	1★	0	2★	0	2★	2★	0	2★	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	0	3★	3★
Little Men (Mascot)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	3½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	0	0	0	2★
The Little Minister (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	0	1½★	2★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (G-B)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	0	0	3★	3★
The Man Who Reclaimed His Head (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	4★	2★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Maybe It's Love (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2★	2★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	0	2★	3★	2½★	0	2★	2★	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	2★	2★	1★	0	0	1★	1★	½★	0	1½★	0	0	2★	1½★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Mississippi (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	3★	3★
Murder on a Honeymoon (RKO)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
My Heart Is Calling (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	2½★	3★
The Mysterious Mr. Wong (Monogram)	1★	1★	0	2★	0	1★	0	2★	0	2★	0	0	2★	0
The Mystery of Edwin Drood (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Mystery Woman (Fox)	2★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	2★	2★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	0	2★	2★
Night Life of the Gods (Universal)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★
A Notorious Gentleman (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	0	0	2★	3★
The Nut Farm (Monogram)	2★	2★	0	2★	0	0	2★	2½★	0	2★	0	2★	2½★	2★
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	0	1★	2★
The Perfect Clue (Majestic)	2★	0	2★	2★	0	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	0	0	2★	2★
The President Vanishes (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	0	0	4★	5★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	0	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	0	2★	2★	3★
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★
Reckless (M-G-M)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	0	0	2½★	3★
Red Hot Tires (First National)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★	0	3★	2½★	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Romance in Manhattan (RKO)	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	0	5★	5★
Rumba (Paramount)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	0	3★	2½★	3★
The Silver Streak (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	2★	3★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★	3 ★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	3★	3★
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	3★	3★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	3★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	0	2½★	2★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Traveling Saleslady (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	3★	3★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	0	4★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
We Live Again (20th Century)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★
West of the Pecos (RKO)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	3★	3★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2½★	0	2½★	3★	2½★	0	0	2★	2★
While the Patient Slept (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	0	2½★	2½★	1★	0	2★	2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	3★	2★	2★
The White Parade (Fox)	4★	0	3★	0	3★	3★	4★	3½★	0	4★	0	0	4★	3★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	2★	2★	0	3★	0	3★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★



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"I Have Said Goodbye to Youth"

(*Continued from page 43*)

play such parts as Wang in 'Good Earth' if and when that picture is made . . . or I should like very much to play the part of General Grant, whiskers, big black cigar and all if the story of the famous General's life is filmed."

I said, to myself, "It is too soon . . . the Barthelmess face should not be whiskered—not yet—"

Dick smiled, that memorable, one-sided smile of his. He gravely said, then, "I was dying on the screen. And I was dying, not of age but of youth. Youth can become a disease if we don't get over it in time. There comes the crisis in that disease and, if we do not meet that crisis bravely and maturely, we are doomed.

"I have grown weary of hearing people say to Ronnie Colman, to Bill Powell, to Warner Baxter and others, 'You gave a mar-vell-ous performance in "Thin Man" or "Clive of India" or this or that picture!' I don't mean that I am weary of hearing my friends praised or that I begrudge them their just due. It was and is their due. But I am weary of my own recent performances which, I well know, are entitled to no such praise."

I thought then, here is that freak of nature—the completely honest actor. And I thought, too, of the many years of youth this man, still in his thirties, has had. At his home in Beverly Hills, before we left for luncheon (the Barthelmess cook and butler being down with flu!) I had been looking over some of the scrapbooks his mother has kept for him ever since the days when he made the world Barthelmess-conscious by his performance in "War Brides" with Alla Nazimova. In 1916, that was. And one page out of all the millions of words and clippings in those books stuck in my memory. A popularity contest conducted in 1921 and there, among the first three names, the name of Barthelmess. William S. Hart headed that long-ago list, polling 64,556 votes. Wallace Reid came next with 59,824 votes and then came Dick with 37,460 votes to his young credit. And then on down a list of names which included William Farnum, Bryant Washburn, Eugene O'Brien, Warren Kerrigan and dozens of others. Dozens of others who are now only the shadows of shadows on the screen, while Barthelmess, finishing "Four Hours To Kill" at Paramount, is still a star today, and will be tomorrow, in his fixed and perpetual heaven.

I looked at him and thought—but those men were handsome, too, and young and had the same opportunities—why?

THEN Dick spoke again of saying goodbye to the boy who had been himself and I thought, those others . . . those who still live . . . they were not able to say goodbye to youth. They stood at the crossroads, too, and somehow they took the wrong turning.

"I knew," Dick said, "I knew several months ago that I stood at the crossroads. My pictures were terrible. *I* was terrible. I was miscast and ridiculous. People were laughing at me, not weeping with me. The reviews matched the pictures. I was dying—and I knew it.

"And so, there at the crossroads, there were four forks and I had my choice.

"One fork pointed to—retirement. I could retire, along with my scrapbooks and my memories and my family. And if I had so decided, I would have done so without complaint, without regret. I would have walked that fork of the road with contentment in my heart. I've nothing to complain about. I've had everything. I've made a small fortune. Some of it is gone now but there is enough left for me to live comfortably on, keep my family comfortably. I am completely happy. My original ambitions are fulfilled. People are apt to think of me as morose, melancholy because I have a sort of Buster Keaton pan—but that is just the face. The heart beats to jazz often enough.

"So, if I had followed that fork I could have gone to the South Sea Islands and lived the life of the lotus-eater, feeding upon memories. I considered that. There was a time, a few years ago, when I thought I wanted to do just that. But as I thought about it in the light of immediate action I knew that that dream, too, is the dream of youth. You have to be very young to dream of foregoing the world, of escaping the playing of your part. Very young or very much disillusioned. I am neither. And so that fork of the road was not for me to take.

"The second fork led to retiring from the business of acting and going into the business of producing and directing. Down that fork I did travel, quite a little way. I considered it very seriously. I believe that I am a producer at heart. In the old Inspiration Pictures days, in the days when I was working with Griffith, I had a lot to say about my parts and about the way I should play them. We were individuals then and not cans of soup turned out by a factory. And I've always been keenly interested in developing talent other than my own. Quite a few people who became prominent in pictures took their first starry steps in pictures of mine—Dorothy Mackaill and Bill Powell, Ernest Torrence and Madge Evans, Loretta Young and others.

"Last summer, in New York, Walter Camp and I discussed seriously the plan of re-forming our old Inspiration Pictures Company. We worked out plans and details. We decided that, if and when a Barthelmess story should present itself, I would do that story. But otherwise I would produce and direct other stars.

"We were just about set to go when Joe Schenck came home from abroad and we conferred with him. He was not encouraging about such a venture at this particular time. He told us that the picture grosses had fallen off considerably, due to the depression—and he scared us off and closed that fork of the road to me.

THE third fork led to signing a contract again with another studio. I knew what that would mean . . . stories I should not do . . . parts I should not play . . . a complete inability to do anything about it. If I took that fork, I knew that rigor mortis would set in!

"There was the last fork of the road open to me to travel—the branch that led to free-lancing, to doing only those parts, only those stories which I believe are suitable for me.

"I came back to Hollywood and I took that fork of the road. And now I have finished 'Four Hours To Kill' at Paramount. I play a murderer. And he is a long way down the road from 'Tol'able David,' from those boys who belong to my past.

"And so I have found maturity, or it has found me, and I have accepted it.

Gratefully, really. There was that book, 'Life Begins At Forty.' Well, I don't know about its *beginning* at forty but certainly it can go on from there and become richer, riper and more worthwhile with every milestone passed.

"It's especially hard for actors and actresses—I know. It's hard because we form the habit of looking into mirrors and believing that what we see there is the whole story.

"But with me it wasn't a question of looking at myself in the mirror one morning and exclaiming, 'I am no longer young!' It was a question of something deeper than the skin. I was no longer interested in being young. I was no longer interested in the parts I was playing.

"Of course I am more mature than I was sixteen years ago. I hope so. I would hate to be the victim of an adolescent fixation. People say to me, reproachfully, 'You are heavier than you were ten years ago'. Great Heaven, why not? A man in his late thirties cannot have the lines of a boy in his 'teens. That is physically impossible.

"No, because an actor says good-bye to youth does not mean that that actor is dead. It works the other way 'round. Many a good actor as been entombed in his youth. And most of the men who are successful on the screen today— Ronnie, Bill, Bart Marshall and Warner Baxter are men who have never made youth a selling point.

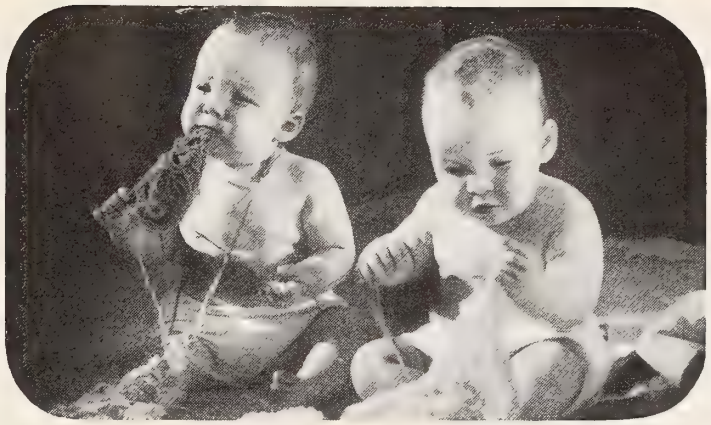
"I shall work now—more than ever before for the joy of working. I have never taken pictures for a 'racket.' Always I've been intensely serious about my work. I've been grateful for the things my work has given me. Money doesn't interest me any longer. I want enough to pay my taxes, to educate our two children, to buy Jessie a new coat now and then. But there won't be enough money in all of Hollywood to make me play a part unless I believe in it. Unless I know it's truly a part suited to me.

"I should say that George Arliss is the perfect example of all I've been saying. He has the one quality which can defy age, is independent of looks or sex appeal. And that is charm.

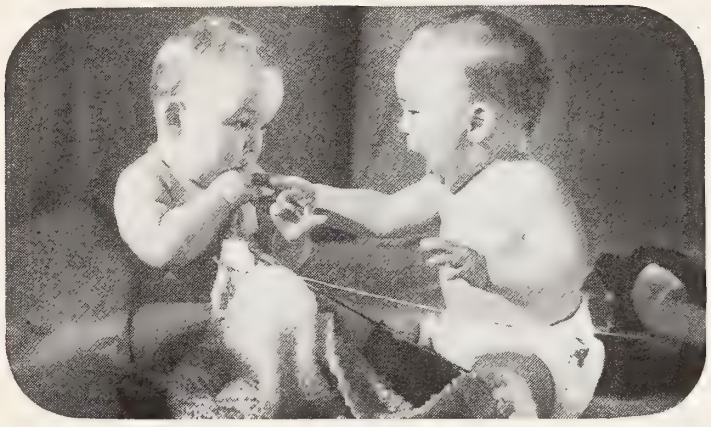
"I have said good-bye to youth," Dick said, puffing slowly on his cigarette, "and in so doing I have said good-bye to uncertainties and perplexities, to the fear of losing my way. I know, now, what I want. In my private life as well as my professional. We hope to sell our house here in Beverly Hills. We want to buy a farm in the valley, not a ranch, I won't call it a ranch—I want a farm and I'll put a white picket fence all around and call it a farm. And we'll have a pig and bees and a cow and we'll travel when we have the nostalgia for far places. I'll do the pictures that are suitable for me to do —and I'm happier than I have ever been in the course of an almost completely happy life. Which should be some sort of encouragement for those others who stand at the crossroads weeping into the mirror they hold in their hands . . ."

And so, "Tol'able David" is gone—down that long bright roadway we see his slender, pathetic figure vanishing into the sunlit distance . . . and watching him go, a smile on his face, stands a man with the matured face of David . . . a man who is brave enough to say good-bye to youth...

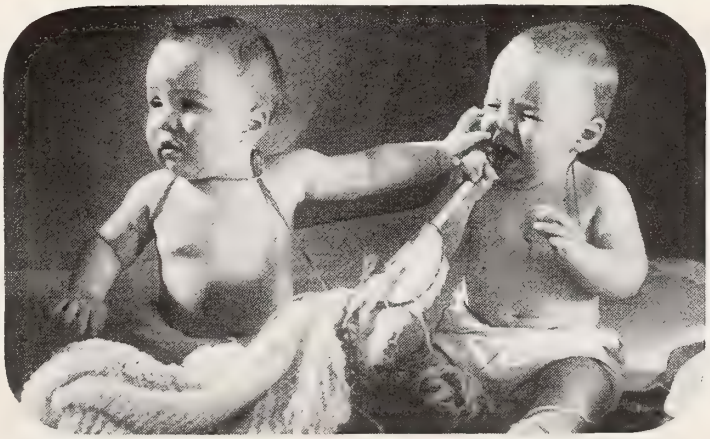
The Information Desk sees all, knows all, hears all, cinematically speaking. Your questions will be answered gladly. See page 10.



"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavor. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother — lemme try a mouthful of that!"

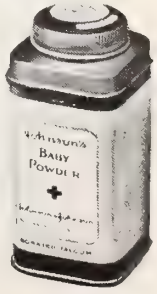


"Say, this is swell—a nice long, hard bone in it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No — you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off — it's mine!"



"Oh, take it, cry-baby! This woolly stuff's making you cross . . . you need Johnson's Baby Powder to soothe away the prickles. It's so soft, it makes any baby good-natured — even you!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . when I'm on guard, skin irritations don't have a chance to get started! I 'slip' like satin, for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No zinc stearate—and no orris-root. And does your baby have Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream? He should!"



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★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

Stars Who Broke Their Word

(*Continued from page 29*)

the hullabaloo?"

"Because," he continued and his voice sounded as if he were pronouncing a death sentence, "the studio insists that, if somebody doesn't take the blame quickly and write an open letter of apology to the newspapers, her new picture may not be released over there. In other words, after reading that cunning little diary, every patriotic newspaperman went to the bat for his insulted nation in front page articles which berated the lady in no uncertain terms for accepting their hospitality and then turning on them with this insolent criticism. Ingratitude was the mildest term they used!"

"Who pays the piper?" I asked.

"You do," he answered. "You wrote it—you fix it! Someone has to get us out of the stew. Under the circumstances, no one could convince the temperamental lady that she said all those *horrid things* about that *lovely country* and its perfectly *charming inhabitants!*"

So I sat me down to write a masterpiece to "whomever it may concern" bringing all my journalist's tricks to the aid of the beautiful lady in distress. It didn't make much sense, but it was all about a bold, bad journalist to whom the innocent star had confided her European impressions—and aforementioned journalist had taken advantage of her trust.

Probably I closed the letter with: "Forgive me—I knew not what I did!"

Pity the poor fan writer!

WHEN I entered his dressing-room, he was deep in a story of intrepid exploring—about an expedition up the Amazon.

"How I envy those chaps," he said, reluctantly putting aside the magazine and stretching his legs. "What wouldn't I give to change places with them! If I had my way, and a little more courage, I'd chuck all this right now." With a somewhat contemptuous wave of the arm he indicated the elaborate dressing-room, the expensive suits of clothes, all the paraphernalia of a screen star who had arrived.

"I'm no actor, you know." He grinned ingratiatingly. "I'm just a simple fellow!"

"Tell that to your fans," I chuckled, "they'd sue you for libel! But supposing you weren't the proud possessor of all this—supposing you were foot loose and fancy free? What would you rather be?"

"Believe it or not," he said, "I'd rather be a writer than anything on earth. I envy *you*, and that's not supposed to be a joke. No, of course I don't envy you the job of interviewing film celebrities—you can keep all that. But I envy the ability of expressing what you see and feel in words!"

He was very serious now, even the dimples had disappeared.

"What would you write about?"

"Listen," he said, "I'm going to do something one of these fine days that you or any other writer could do if you had the nerve. I'm going to the editor of the National Geographic Magazine, or to one of those chaps who heads an exploring or archeological expedition. 'Mister,' I'll say, 'let me go along on that jaunt to Tibet as your official reporter. I'll write it all up for you, and I'll guarantee it'll be worth printing afterwards. It won't cost you anything but my food, clothing, and shelter!' . . . That's what I'd do!"

"But you never will," I jeered. "Give up all this success, money, adulation. Give it up for a life of hardship and uncertain living."

"Give up being a clothes horse and a background for beautiful film actresses, you mean! Well, you'll be surprised one of these days for that's what I'm going to do." He grinned again—both dimples in prominence.

"'*Great Screen Star Renounces Life of Ease!*'—*or*—'*When A Man's A Man!*' Read all about it in tomorrow's Daily Gazette. . . .' I can hardly wait to read about it," I teased.

"So you think it's all a joke, and refuse to believe me? Will you take a bet on it?"

"Any time limit?" I asked. "One year, two years, ten years?"

"Well," said he, hedging, "let's leave it this way—*much sooner than you'd ever expect!* You'll be advised *when* by telegram."

"Will I be advised *where?*" I asked.

"Not on your life," said he vehemently. "I want to be alone!"

And the sequel to it all? Can't you guess?

Several days later, a phone call from the studio: "Mr. So-and-So doesn't want you to mention that little discussion about exploring expeditions under his name!"

"But why?" I asked, dumfounded. "Oh, just because"—was the enlightening answer.

And it was Mr. So-and-So who said that he envied the life of a writer!

HER sudden marriage had set Hollywood agog. It was one of those rare occurrences which no one, not even a super gossip writer, could have predicted.

It certainly hadn't looked like a romance to anyone—quite the contrary.

Saturday evening she left the studio a bachelor girl and returned the following Monday—a married woman! The first person she saw, as she hurried out of her dressing-room, still smoothing on her make-up, was the man to whom she'd been engaged!

He was standing behind the camera looking at her intently. She almost fainted from the shock.

For her decision to marry that other man so hurriedly had been entirely on this man's account. What no one in Hollywood knew was that she had been engaged to an Easterner for almost a year. Shortly before she fell so violently in love with her present husband, her then-fiancé had written that he was coming to Hollywood to marry her. She had consented, for she was still in love with him.

If a soothsayer had predicted that a dark, handsome and very persuasive stranger was about to walk into her life, she would have hooted at him. If a crystal gazer had seen "a sudden great change and a new romance" she would have shrieked with laughter. She has an excellent sense of humor.

Nothing more or less significant than a kiss in the dark changed the whole course of her life. As unconventional a girl as she is—it was as conventional a formula for falling in love as the one recommended in the popular songs: a moon, a balmy night, a strong arm around her waist (they were riding the roller coaster at the beach)—and a kiss!

Three days later she knew she'd been attacked by a virulent disease. She was miserable. She was joyous. All at once and both together. It was like having chills and fever simultaneously.

And then came the proposal—as sudden as the kiss. For a few miserable hours she fought with herself. How could she tell her fiancé who was already on his way to California? She couldn't face him with this shattering disappointment.

"When will you marry me?" the one and only was doubtless whispering. Her impulse told her to answer: *"Now—immediately!"* Marriage at least would be something irrevocable as far as the other situation was concerned. Better a sudden shock for him than the endless hours of explanation, recriminations, pleadings, and remorse that would be inevitable if she waited until he arrived to try to explain. Better a clean finish.

And so they stole quietly away on a Sunday and were married. As soon as the ceremony was over, she telegraphed to her ex-fiancé, who was speeding out to her on the Sunset Limited.

After the telegram was sent, she wondered whether she had been too impulsive. Should she have waited for his arrival to break the engagement?

But the knot was tied—and her happiness was great enough to counterbalance any lurking sense of guilt. Yes, it was better to have broken the news this way. In the long run it would probably hurt him less.

So she arrived at the studio the morning after her wedding, hastily applied her make-up, and walked on to the set—to find him standing behind the camera—*waiting* for her.

It was to have been a surprise which he had carefully and lovingly planned for her. Obviously, he hadn't received the message aboard the train and was, therefore, still blissfully ignorant of the shock in store for him!

Yet the heroine of this romantic drama had solemnly vowed to me, only six months previous, *that there were no men in her life.* In fact, she knew there weren't going to be any for years to come.

And I believed her!

QUITE different from that other actor who aspired to be a writer, were the views of another well-known thespian who had no envy whatever of the writing tribe. Once he had been a writer, and he remembers those days when he was swayed by the fickle muse, with the same joy that Tommy remembers the last time he took castor oil.

For he was not the sort of writer who fluttered the assembled bosoms at ladies' literary societies. Nor did his name appear in neon-lights on the marquee of some Broadway theatre as the author of the season's latest hit play.

He was that lowliest of the entire writing fraternity—a ghost for one of America's shrewdest and most successful scribes.

"I thought I was stepping up on the ladder of success when I graduated from reporting the exciting goings-on at suburban bridge and rotary luncheons to making, tasty, salable morsels from the left-overs of my boss's fertile mind!

"Take it from me," he said with feeling. "I'd rather do anything than be chief bottle washer to a successful writer. My boss is a splendid fellow, if you don't happen to be working for him!"

He leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes. Enigmatic, those eyes. He was going to be reminiscent. "Many's the time," he said, "that we used to dash down to the corner drugstore for a breathing spell after squeezing an idea dry. That man was a wonder. One idea would serve him in more marketable ways than twenty could serve you or me. And he didn't encourage his help to loaf. While he sipped an ice cream soda, I stood behind him getting instructions for my next assignment. I didn't have the price of a soda. And he didn't think it was fair to get me into the habit of borrowing money!"

At this point in his reminiscences, I interrupted. "Whoa, hold on—I believe I know your former boss. He's one of my best friends. It's X, isn't it?" I asked, mentioning the name of one of Hollywood's most important scenarists.

"What!" he gasped. "You know X?" Then a crafty look came into his eyes. "But of course, X wasn't the man. I was talking about two different people. Another writer, and another ghost!"

He cleared his throat, then said, "Incidentally, did you know I was a friend of Capone? Yes, I knew him well. And he once told me that if anyone ever tried to get tough with me, all I had to do was let him know, and he'd shut them up effectively!"

Meekly I departed.

A FAMOUS illustrator, who had painted some of the most renowned beauties in America, once described his ideal woman as "a balanced combination of whiskey and ovaltine!" Exhilaration and lullaby. A snappy definition for the perfect woman!

The star of whom I'm about to write had always seemed to me to fit that description. Therefore, I looked forward to my first interview with her with some excitement, although I had long since recovered from the heroine-worship stage.

Yet, as I sat waiting in her dressing-room, I felt sentimental, sixteen once again. A supposedly skeptical, perhaps even blasé person—the fan writer turned fan!

Then she arrived and in a few moments I was completely captivated. Gracious, easy in conversation, sincere, cultivated—she soon made me forget that she was a famous star enduring one of those abhorrent duties one executes reluctantly as part of the sacrifice for being a celebrity. And she, absorbed in the conversation, forgot an appointment for a costume fitting.

We had talked openly on a number of subjects, and some of her expressed opinions she asked me not to quote. I gave her my word—and kept it. I was particular to do so, since she had been misquoted more frequently than anyone else in Hollywood.

"Why must they write all that nonsense about me? Why need they continually misquote me?" she demanded. I couldn't tell her that the creation of sensational myths was a weakness peculiar to journalists. That would have been giving my brethren away. Also I couldn't have told her that she rated all this publicity because the public would read anything printed about her. She was a personality plus—the sort who always is noticed. Volatile as mercury, changeable as a chameleon, a combination of whiskey and ovaltine. If I had said that, she would have thought me out of my mind.

"I hope you can make something out of our random talk," she said as we shook hands. "And, by the way," she added, "you'll let me see the story when it's finished, won't you?"

Of course, I promised to show it to her. Who could have resisted such charm? Besides, I wanted her public to see her as she really was: a simple, sincere, completely feminine person and not



—it takes more than these glorious vacation days to keep me gliding along the main stream to health. I keep a sharp eye on diet, too. Shredded Wheat is my favorite breakfast because I discovered how it helps build lasting energy and strength."

* * *

Each tasty, nut-brown biscuit contains a natural balance of the vital health elements—the minerals, carbohydrates and vitamins so necessary to well-being.



SHREDDED WHEAT



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneeda Seal.

"Uneeda Bakers"
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Yet I Have the Neatest-Looking Windows in Town

"I NEVER realized how decorative window shades could be until I saw CLOPAYS. So many lovely chintz-like patterns and plain colors to harmonize with any decorative scheme. So beautiful, yet only 15c each! Why, I saved 85c a window." CLOPAYS are amazingly durable, too —cannot crack, ravel or pinhole and their patented creped texture makes them hang straight, roll straight, wear longer. Attach to old rollers in a jiffy with patented gummed strip—no tacks or tools. See CLOPAYS at your favorite "5 & 10" or neighborhood store. Mail 3c stamp for color samples to the **CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1443 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.**



LOOKS... FEELS...
and **WEARS** *Like Oilcloth!*

"It's great to save up to 85c a window with CLOPAY shades, but FABRAY saves even more. I use it every way I ever used oilcloth and more besides. It has the same surface, wears as well and stays presentable longer because it resists cracking and peeling. So many attractive patterns to choose from, too." FABRAY is utterly new and revolutionary. It looks and feels and wears like oilcloth but does not crack or peel because its base is tough, solid fibre instead of flimsy scrim. See FABRAY at your favorite 5c and 10c store or neighborhood store in standard sizes for shelves and tables. Send 10c for 2½-yard roll of shelf FABRAY, to the

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1451 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

an exotic, erratic prima donna.

In due time, the article was sent to her, and I awaited confidently her cachet of approval. Quite objectively, I judged it a good job of writing, and a flattering, though completely honest, portrait of this star. Certainly, she of all people, would appreciate its sincerity. *But* again, I was too naive!

A message arrived from the studio. Would I please come out that afternoon?

I found her still charming, but whereas she had been girlish and disarming before, she was now regal and distant. I soon discovered that her ladyship was neither amused nor pleased with my efforts to portray her as I saw her. Wasn't I making a grave mistake? Certainly her public wouldn't be in the least interested to read that she was just an ordinary woman with human problems and perplexities. No indeed, the article was not at all what she expected.

I should have been crushed. But I wasn't. What did she think they wanted to know about her, I demanded. "Your own words give a better picture of you than any description I could write, that's why I quoted you so literally. But you must admit that I didn't mention any of those things that you asked me not to quote."

"No," she said, and now her tone was icy, "you didn't misquote me but I do not like your story. I expected something different."

Once more she was ingratiatingly exercising that fatal charm. "Surely, you'll write another story, giving in your own words your impression of my personality?"

But this time I was adamant. "No," I said, matching her tone, ice for ice. "You asked me to quote you accurately, yet you don't like what you say when you see it in print."

"It is evident," she said, "that you do not understand me!" And her glance was enough to ossify me.

No, I didn't understand her. And the editor who accepted the story as one of the fairest and most sympathetic he had read about the lady, couldn't understand *me* when I wired him not to publish it.

"What's the idea?" he wrote back. "Are you retiring, or isn't our magazine good enough for you?"

There was no use trying to explain. He wouldn't have understood my compunctions. A good newspaperman, like the colonel in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," puts his job first. Was I growing lily-livered? He still thinks I'm either crazy or *very* susceptible!

Pity the poor fan writer!

Magnificent was her scorn. As magnificent as Lady Macbeth's. As scorching as Electra's. After the first five minutes of acquaintance, I was as dejected as the drenched landscape without, as desolate as her two pet Australian finches who, with pathetic industry, were building a nest in their cage because it was spring in Australia.

I had only strength left to sit and listen weakly, while another tempestuous lady of a thousand audacious legends flooded my mind (what there was left of it) with a monologue which was all frankness and light!

"You asked me to compare motion picture performers to the great actors and actresses of my day. Absurd! You asked me to compare Norma Shearer to Sarah Bernhardt. Still more absurd!

"What do such admirable young women as Norma Shearer know of the acting of my contemporaries? In the first place, they're too young ever to have seen them. In the second place, there has been a war. You knew that, I presume!"

Her eyes blazed; her hands moved with an epic gesture of contempt.

"That war made an unbridgeable gulf between the standards of my generation and the generation you asked me to comment upon.

"When I was young, a young woman who showed her legs was considered immoral. Immediately after the war, short skirts were the height of fashion. So why should I sit here and waste your time and mine by attempting such ridiculous comparisons?

"You might as well have asked me to compare making shoes to painting. One is an industry—the other an art.

"Has anyone the right to call himself an artist whose business is to stand in front of the camera and say the same sentence over twenty-five to ninety times? First with the chin up, then with the chin down, then grinning into the camera, then pulling a long face sideways. . . .

"Is there any art in a love scene in which the embrace is measured mathematically? While the hero clasps the heroine in his arms and mutters, 'Darling,' passionately, some make-up person runs back and forth daubing glycerine under the heroine's eyes so that she seems to be crying?

CAN there be any sincerity in that same passion of the hero when the director interrupts a moment of high emotion with, 'Lower your voice.' The hero tries it again. 'Darling,' he booms in a bass gutteral, this time pitching his voice two tones lower. 'Higher,' screams the di-



It doesn't take a sleuth to know that this is Jack La Rue's sister, Emily, with him! The other gal is Connie Simpson.

rector. And when it's all done and they've been pushed about like mannikins, they find out the next day that this 'fine speech' or 'touching scene' has been clipped right out of the picture.

"So how can you say that the actor has anything to do with the creation of a role in a moving picture? How can you say that he builds a character when the last scene of the story is often shot and finished before even the director knows what the beginning is going to be? It's the *make-up,* the *lighting,* the *camera,* and the *cutting* which make the fans gurgle at the great screen actress or actor.' What a performer may consider his finest spontaneous gesture is thrown out by the director or cutter, who, with the camera and make-up men, are the *real creators* in this industry.

"But don't for a moment go away with the idea that I'm not pleased with Hollywood or motion pictures. I adore it out here. I love the climate, the flowers, the sunshine, the charming and amusing people I've met (and don't let anyone tell you there aren't many of those here)—and most of all, the money!"

This was the essence of the curtain lecture she fired at me when, in good faith, I asked her to compare today's feminine screen stars with yesterday's great women of the theatre. It had seemed a harmless enough question, but oh—what it brought in its wake!

Unfortunately, she was also one of those who wanted to see the story before it reached print. I, trusting creature, blithely promised.

I returned several days later, with a copy under my arm, to find her, whose name was a tradition, in something of a temper. Seeing me seemed to irritate her still more. She started her tirade.

Why, in heaven's name, she had granted me an interview, she couldn't understand. She must have felt sorry for me. If I wrote because I needed money, far better that I had gone to her and asked for $25, instead of her opinions! She would far rather have given me the former!

My pride bristled. I had to hold on to the chair and pray for self-control.

Having delivered herself of this little pleasantry, she settled down to read the article she knew she "wasn't going to like." (Portions of it I have quoted above.)

Her eyes took in the first three paragraphs, then flashed dangerously.

"This is outrageous!" she cried.

I sat there blinking, too dumfounded to speak.

"Young person," she said, drawing herself up to her full height, and practically sweeping me out of the door with her words, "I shall not permit this to be printed. Why? Because . . ." and with a grand flourish she took her pen from the desk and wrote in large letters across the top of my article, "I object to personal interviews!"

Then, to put the finishing touches to a perfect experience, she swept magnificently to the telephone and rang up my editor: "Just to make sure that the young person who entered my house under false pretenses won't try to put something over on me—as is the custom in Hollywood!"

After which knock-out blow, the lady, who took back everything she said, bade me an hysterical farewell in the manner of the best melodramas.

"I shall ask you to go," she said, "for I am not used to strangers in my house! In fact, I am beginning to feel ill!"

And wondering whether I would ever awake from this nightmare, and all the others, I staggered out into the California sunshine.

Amazing gains in Energy in cases of extreme RUN-DOWN CONDITION*

Patients in hospitals got better appetite and digestion—clearer skin—as CONSTIPATION left



In a leading Eastern institution, patients got these marked benefits:—

IN one American hospital, 93% of chronic constipation cases were corrected by treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast. Similar results were obtained in 89% of skin cases of digestive origin . . . These typical cases were taken from hospitals' actual records:—

CASE OF N. M. WOMAN. AGE 24.

Constipated. Patient had suffered for many months from indigestion, anemia and underweight. Bad skin condition (acne vulgaris).

After treatment with the new Fleischmann's Yeast, bowel movements showed marked improvement. *Indigestion disappeared. Patient's skin improved. She slept better.*

CASE OF Q. W. WOMAN. AGE 23.

Obstinately constipated since childhood. Anemic, underweight, digestion and appetite poor. Was given 6 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day.

General condition improved very much, bowels moved much better and more often. Patient made almost complete skin recovery.

"It is of great therapeutic importance. I had remarkable results," says the famous Dr. Cain.

Dr. André Cain (pointing to X-ray) is one of many physicians who have reported remarkable success with the new yeast. He is Physician-in-chief of the Hospice d'Ivry, near Paris.

This cause of run-down condition completely corrected by new food rich in "Protective Substances."

A NEW WAY to treat run-down condition—which consists in adding *one food* regularly to the diet—is now giving remarkable results in American hospitals and clinics!

A most common cause of run-down condition is *constipation.* And constipation, it has been found, can be *completely corrected* by increasing the body's supply of certain "protective substances" stomach and bowels need.

No ordinary diet supplies enough of these substances—not even diets with fruits and vegetables. But one food is extremely rich in them. This is the new Fleischmann's Yeast!

This new fresh yeast increases the flow of your stomach's juice, stimulates and strengthens the muscles of your stomach and intestines.

As a result, your food "digests" better—elimination becomes normal—your system is freed from the bowel poisons which so often cause unnatural fatigue—indigestion—skin troubles. Begin now to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast and eat it *regularly,* following the rules below:—

Eat three (or more) cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast each day—plain, or in water, milk, or fruit juice.

Eat it one-half hour before meals so it can start your digestive juices flowing before *other* food enters your stomach.

If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. *Have a regular time for evacuation—preferably after breakfast.*

At grocers, soda fountains, restaurants.

THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST can give complete bowel regularity . . . help you *keep* free from constipation and indigestion, skin troubles, run-down condition. It's a food—not a medicine.



* . . . *caused by constipation. To be sure of the cause of your condition, see a doctor.*

NRA CODE

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One cleaner for every white shoe in your home! From the children's sneakers to your own delicate white kid shoes. Jewel cleans and whitens at the same time. Easy to apply, it gives all kinds of white shoes a smooth, lasting whiteness that *does not rub off!* You can't go wrong with Jewel. Try a bottle today. You can get it at most stores for only 10 cents. At Kresge Stores ask for De Luxe White . . . 10 cents.

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Whittemore's, who make Jewel and De Luxe White, have been making shoe polishes for nearly a century. They also manufacture superior Oil Pastes for leather shoes in all colors — black, tan, brown, ox-blood and neutral — in convenient cans with the easy-opener. Only 10 cents. Whittemore's Oil Pastes polish, preserve, and soften your shoes. Will not crack the leather. They give your shoes a mirror-like shine — whether they're wet or dry! Add it to your shopping list this week.



10c

How Are Joel and Frances Getting Along?

(*Continued from page 34*)

loyal fans, of which she has plenty, will be surprised at the improvement over her past performances. A new sweetness and understanding of life shows in her work, and color photography, heretofore more or less an experiment, has found her an ideal subject.

"I wanted to give up my career when I married Joel," she continued, "but he wouldn't let me. I thought marriage, a home, husband and family were all I wanted. Joel knew I was sincere in my belief but he was wise enough to realize that sooner or later I might miss my work and blame him."

"I have always said I wouldn't let my wife do anything," Joel interrupted. "In fact, I always declared I'd never marry an actress, which only goes to prove that men as well as women can change their minds. I thought the place for a married woman was at home but now I wouldn't want to be married to a girl who didn't have some outside interest—something to keep her alive and alert. I think every wife should have something besides housework and petty daily cares to think of.

I EARN enough money to hire all the help she needs at home. Frances hasn't enough to do in the house to occupy her time, even with the baby, which she doesn't want to let out of her sight for more than a few minutes.

"But Frances has too much ability to stop now. I didn't feel that marrying me was enough to compensate her for giving up a career. Anyway, what would she do if she didn't work? Spend her time at cocktail parties or playing bridge? Fortunately, she doesn't care for that sort of thing."

Frances confirmed that statement with an emphatic shake of her head.

It is apparent that Joel understands women although he was never regarded as a "ladies' man." He knows how changeable a woman, particularly an actress, can be. He should, in this instance, at least, for he remembers that for six months Frances refused to meet him. "What's the use?" she asked her friends who were trying to bring the two together. "He isn't the type of man I like."

But Fate was on Joel's side and they met when they played opposite each other in "The Silver Cord." Five months later they were married.

"I wasn't terribly interested in getting married until I met Frances," Joel admits. "I had the ranch, which took up all my spare time. When I decided to marry I didn't know how a girl of Frances' type would like it. But she is as enthusiastic as I am about living in the country."

The Circle M, their thousand-acre ranch forty miles from Hollywood, is the place they call home. They keep an apartment in town, where they live when either one is working on a picture, but the minute they finish they can be found at the ranch. Rather, they *can't* be found, for without even a telephone they are safe from every sort of outside disturbance.

There, in their attractive farm house, which never steps out of character despite every modern convenience, they *live*. There, from the top of their own private hill, they can look in any direction conscious that everything within eye sight is their own. They can ride horseback for hours, which they do every morning, without venturing off their own property. They can don bathing suits and dash down the hill a little way to dive into the swimming pool, which is no fancy, blue-tiled Hollywood creation but a cement-lined hole in the ground.

On the ranch they spend their time very much *en famille,* for they are a very clannish couple. Not that they aren't the friendliest people in the world, but they are very much wrapped up in their respective families. There is a suite in the farm house built to accommodate the two grandmothers of little Joel Dee McCrea, and it is always occupied by one or the other of them.

THEY are seldom seen at parties or at the late spots in Hollywood and when one or the other is preparing for a new picture many evenings are spent in studying their roles.

"Frances and I always rehearse our roles together," Joel recounted. "We hold script for each other. When Frances is giving me my cues she often suggests a better way for me to play a scene. I try her way because she is a much better actress than I am an actor and is good on characterization while I am better on judging stories.

"At first we were very embarrassed rehearsing before each other—probably more so than we would have been with anyone else—but now we don't mind at all. By rehearsing and becoming thoroughly familiar with a role before we start a picture, our work is much easier when we go on the set to start work on a picture."

"I'm more interested in my career than ever," he continued enthusiastically. "Frances got me out of a rut."

"I wasn't exactly indifferent about my acting," he protested when it was suggested that he may have been more interested in the ranch than he was about anything else.

"Well, maybe I was a little bit indifferent," he admitted reluctantly, and then, as though to explain, added, "I was making enough money and getting by as a personality actor. Frances got me to go to her teacher, Samuel Kayzer, and he's done a lot for me. She said if I was going to act I ought to be a good actor. Everyone seems to think I have improved, so I owe it all to Frances and Mr. Kayzer. He's the fellow who coached Freddie March and Ann Harding and, oh a lot of well-known actors. He knows his business.

"I don't want to keep on acting until I'm an old man," he laughed. "I want to quit a year before they fire me. But I don't want to stop now. I feel that I'm just getting into my stride. I'd like to be in outdoor pictures—the type of thing George Bancroft does. I think I'd be pretty good at that sort of thing." At which point the little woman nodded a vehement affirmative.

"When they offered me the role in 'Private Worlds' they didn't think I'd take it because another actor, Charles Boyer, was the star. I told them I didn't care who else was in the picture. All that mattered to me was my part. I don't mind playing with a star like Boyer, Her-

bert Marshall, Bill Powell or any good actor."

Since Joel began his screen career about seven years ago he has been almost continuously under term contract to one company or another. He has had the bitter experience of receiving a salary week after week, for months at a time, without ever setting foot before a camera. He has many times played roles for which he was not at all suited. And he refuses now to be bound by a term contract to any company.

"I don't want to sign another contract because I feel if I'm free to select the roles I play I will progress faster," he explained. "Being under contract is just like being pensioned. You have to take a role whether you are fitted for it or not because you are being paid every week. I can make a living on the ranch. I don't have to make pictures. But I want to, of course.

"Frances may sign a contract if she can have a clause in it giving her the right to turn down parts that she doesn't feel she should do.

"So far we've been fortunate in working and being idle together, but neither of us would give up a good part just because the other wasn't working. We would give up a trip or a vacation, however, if a good role came up for either of us. Why not? It's business. A career is a great deal more important than having a good time."

JOEL'S feet are firmly on the ground. Having money is nothing new to him. He has always had it but, being an independent determined sort of chap, he has always insisted upon earning his own way. He's Scotch, too, and decidedly the head of the family, which suits Frances just fine. She is the perfect wife, always seeming to agree with anything Joel says. Only once since their marriage have they held a different opinion on what, to them, was a serious matter.

That time it concerned the question of whether or not the baby should take sun baths. Joel, being addicted to fresh air and the great outdoors, believes that no one can get too much sun. Frances, the cautious, young mother, thinks the direct glare of the sun is too strong for a baby and might injure her child's eyes. This slight difference of opinion which, in many instances, might have developed into a dandy family row, was settled amicably and in short order when Joel said, "Well, a baby is a woman's business and Frances knows best."

So little Joel Dee, whom they call "Dee," does not take sun baths and when he is taken outdoors fully dressed, wears a fetching little pink sunbonnet.

"Most young married people expect too much of love," Joel said in further explaining their happiness. "They think life after marriage is going to be just like it was before; that they can go on having one long good time. They can have a good time, of course, but it's different. Marriage takes away your freedom and gives you responsibilities. Frances and I both wanted to have a baby right away. We want our family while we are young and we wanted to have responsibilities."

They agree that the responsibilities are more than overbalanced by the compensations of having each other, and they think a little more responsibility—for instance, one more baby—will make everything just perfect.

"But we have no plan for working out our lives," they insist.

So, as Gertrude Stein might say, having no plan, no plan, no plan seems to be an excellent, excellent, excellent plan!

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test



No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will always have an unpleasant "armhole odor." Test this by smelling your dress tonight

EVERY sophisticated woman realizes that to be socially acceptable she must keep her underarm not only sweet *but dry*. Those who deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—soon find out to their sorrow that the easy way is *not the sure way*.

The reason is simple. Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. No matter how little you perspire—some moisture is bound to collect on the armhole of your dress. And the warmth of your body brings out a stale, unpleasant odor within a few minutes after you put your dress on!

Once you realize that *nothing*, not even the most careful dry cleaning, will completely remove this musty smell, you will know why women who want to be *sure* never to offend use Liquid Odorono.

SAFE . . . ask your physician

Odorono was developed 23 years ago by a physician for his own use. *Your* physician will tell you it has no harmful effect. Women use millions of bottles yearly. It does not dry up or injure the pores of the underarm in any way. It simply draws the pores together and diverts the underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where it can evaporate quickly without becoming offensive and embarrassing.

Examine your dress tonight

If you are not a regular Odorono user, when you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric at the armhole. You may be horrified when you realize that that is the way you smell to anyone who is close to you!

It will help you to understand why women who try short cuts to daintiness always come back to Odorono. In the end, Odorono is easier. There's no fuss and bother with shields. Odorono ends guesswork and worry scientifically and safely.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or for hurried use—to be used daily or every other day. You will want to have both in the house—for night or morning use.

Make Odorono a serious habit, and you will enjoy complete freedom from moisture, ruinous and humiliating stains and careless, untidy "armhole odor."

On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to know the relief and confidence brought by Odorono, send for the two samples and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



CAREFUL WOMEN avoid all "armhole odor" in their dresses by gently closing the pores of the underarm with Liquid Odorono. Millions of bottles are used every year by women who insist on being sure.

● To know the comfort of keeping the underarm completely sweet and dry, mail this coupon today with 8 cents.

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
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I enclose 8¢ for generous-sized bottles of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

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Everyone looks at your *Eyes* first



Make them attractive with

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The Approved Mascara

BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so *instantly* with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

It's Thrilling to Be an Actress

(*Continued from page 57*)

admirers almost innumerably. There is no sensation in the world, no thrill in the world comparable to the thrill of being loved.

I SUPPOSE I'd never thought much about the thrill part of it because the thrills an actress is supposed to have are not thrills to me. In the first place my mother, Katharine Clinton, was an actress. I was brought up in a world of theatre talk and theatre people. The mystery was matter-of-fact to me.

"The other, so-called thrills are *terrors* to me. I am shy. I am easily embarrassed. I would loathe having my carriage drawn through the public streets by human hands. The equivalent of that in our day and way is being besieged by autograph-seekers in public places. I am grateful for the interest that prompts that seeking, of course, but I am too frightened and self-conscious to get any authentic thrill out of it.

"I loathe all of the trimmings. I hate the publicity part of it. I'm afraid of interviews. I detest posing for pictures. I despise fittings yet I've been called one of 'the best dressed women on the screen,' which always hands me a laugh, seeing as how I never wear anything but pajamas or last year's sport clothes when I'm not working. I probably care less for clothes, for shopping, than any woman in the world. I wouldn't *go* shopping on a bet unless I have to.

"I like to be comfortable but luxury *per se* has no appeal for me. I still prefer lamb chops to any form of dietary delicacy. I always drive my old Ford around by myself. I have a nice house with some things I care about in it but it is the kind of a house that any competent business girl could have if she wanted to.

"I never 'do anything' about my personal appearance. I mean, I eat anything I want to eat, and if I do gain an extra pound or two, I never know it. I never go in for beauty parlor stuff. I never have massages nor facials. Sunshine and fresh air and keeping my face clean are my 'Helpful Hints To Beauty.' I like to play tennis, bridge and backgammon. I like to watch football games and six-day bicycle races. I adore to read detective stories. I spend every available spare moment on my schooner, the 'Pamet-Head.' I have two dogs, two cats, a parrot, a rabbit, a canary, some gold fish, some *very* refined frogs.

YOU may want to know what all this has to do with the thrill of being an actress? Just this: the things that make up my personal life could easily be a part of any moderately successful woman's life. The thrills that are popularly supposed to belong to an actress—orchid-like cultivation of one's beauty, sensational public appearances, gorgeous clothes with intensive time and attention given to them, diets of caviar and peacocks' tongues, night clubs and all the rest of the glitter and glamor are not *my* thrills at all.

"But," said Kay, "I have my thrills, my kind of thrills. I've told you about the greatest of them all. There are others. Being an actress is a job to me. And right there is where my next big thrill rears its startling head. It's thrilling to me *to have a job. Any kind of a job* in these difficult days. I'm grateful for it. Grateful that I'm independent, able to do for myself, beholden to no one. I'm even more grateful and more thrilled that I'm able to do pleasant things for my mother and for others I am fond of."

Speaking of doing things for those others she is fond of, reminds me of an odd predilection of Kay's. She never gives Christmas presents. That is, not on Christmas. She says that Christmas is a very sacred festival to her and that she feels it should be kept sacred and kept—a festival. And that this very spirit is being murdered by the hard, commercial spirit of exchange which has crept into the world of late. The calculating spirit of "She or he is going to give me something and I'll have to return it in kind." And so Kay does it all differently. All through the year, all of the time, she sends a gift to this friend or that, whenever she happens to see something she knows that friend would really care about. If such a gift happens to present itself around Christmas time, all right. But if it happens to come her way in May or June or July she sends it then. I like that, don't you?

"And then," Kay was saying, the pale smoke from her cigarette making a mist about her night-black head, "and then there is the thrill of knowing that I am contributing my small share to the entertainment and pleasure of thousands of people. I am one of those who may be said to have a 'Mission in Life.' And I believe in helping people to take their minds off themselves and their own problems, even for a little alleviating space of time.

"Oh, I've had one or two of the expected thrills, too, of course. Anyone who can eat sixty-nine doughnuts in the course of a morning is human, all too human. I had a thrill when I first saw my name on a four sheet, for instance. I was going by train, I remember, from Los Angeles to San Francisco. On the way up, I happened to glance out of the window, and there on the bill-boards, as tall as the sky, was the name KAY FRANCIS in—whatever the picture was. I've forgotten. But I've not forgotten that I did feel a very genuine thrill.

THERE was the time when I bought my first, and only, mink coat. This one. Like most other girls and women, I'd dreamed of the day when I should own a mink coat of my own. Back in the days when I was doing secretarial work, when I was working in the real estate office, even when I was 'just a housewife.' I'd see lovely, sumptuous ladies swishing about in mink and things. I'd sigh, and wonder whether I, too, might own a mink . . .! Then the day came when I *could*. I gave many days to it, as a matter of fact, I shopped that time. I compared mink with mink. I determined to have nothing but the best. I got it—and the real thrill was not so much the mink coat, as the fact that I was buying it for *myself!*

"Having a job, independence is a real thrill to me, you see. I'd feel the same way about any work I might happen to be doing so long as it was my work and I was making my own money and standing on my own two feet.

"Independence is the supreme thrill—it is the one I am working for. And when I have it, I shall retire from the screen. Yes, I know . . . everyone has said that and no one ever does it. *But I*

shall. I might, in my retirement, make a picture or do a play, now and again, if I was asked to. But for all practical, day-by-day purposes I shall be retired. I'll live simply. I'll travel, I'll read, I'll have my schooner. Then, and only then, will the real thrill of being an actress come home to me—when it has become the thrill of *having been* an actress!

"I get a thrill out of my mother's thrills. The first time my name was ever on Broadway in electric lights, Mother went down to that theatre and walked around the block a dozen times, just so she could look at it. She even took a camera with her and made a picture of it . . ."

Kay smiled, that rich and luscious smile of hers. She said, "I hope I haven't disappointed you. I should have been able to tell you feverish tales of lovers and rendezvous—of freedom to live my own life—and temperament—of trysts and orchids and gold bath tubs and champagne massages—but we work too hard to have many rendezvous. We have less freedom than any other group of people in the world. If we have a little fit of temperament, it is front page news within the hour. Happiness is difficult to snare and to secure because happiness roots best in peace—and there is no peace. Orchids and gold bath tubs and champagne dips are the kind of thrills other people *think* we get. Perhaps some actresses do. I doubt it. That sort of thing is as old-fashioned as the gentlemen who died with white gloves in their hands . . .

"No, the thrill of being an actress is, to me, the thrill of being loved by more people than could ever have known of my existence otherwise. It is the thrill of having a job. It is the thrill of being able to make my mother's life pleasanter than it might have been without me and my work. It is the thrill of believing that I am giving my small share of pleasure and amusement to others. It is the supreme thrill of being more alive than I might have been if I did not live under a magnifying glass . . ."

A boy staggered by bearing six mammoth boxes. The air became redolent of doughnuts. George Brent beckoned, bleakly, from the set.

Kay trod out her cigarette with a white satin heel. She gathered her mink about her. She said, "If there is any thrill in death by doughnuts, I'll let you know . . . farewell . . ."



Alice Faye eats peanuts with attractive Charles Locher at the circus.

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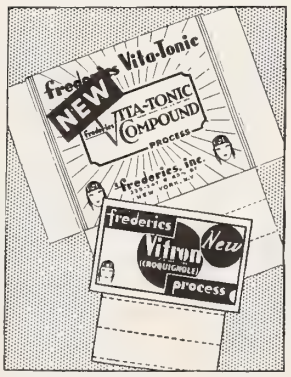
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THAT'S too bad, now—to have *this*, of all things, come between you and that man who is "practically perfect" about everything else.

We'll tell you something. A lot of men are like that—far too many. Great fellows, most of them, but they haven't learned the facts of life about this perspiration business.

Just leave it to us. We'll fix it.

Send us his name and address on the coupon below, and we'll send him something that will make him absolutely proof against underarm odor.

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NRA

Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

Name .....

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Try This On Your Neighbors

(*Continued from page 55*)

and a high-school goulash of French and German. But all to no avail. Maureen finally went into action. She made the motions of scrubbing her face and washing and drying her hands and brushing her hair. Maureen proved what a graphic and poignant actress she can be in "David Copperfield," but I'm here to state that she never did a more superb bit of pantomime than she did the other night on the threshold of the Thalberg home with the gaping Thalberg retinue for audience. And the result was that five minutes later Maureen descended the Thalberg stairs bearing a bathbrush and a dainty monogrammed guest-towel.

WE found later that Bob Montgomery had tipped Norma off to what was going on and between them they had primed the servants to pretend to speak no English and to chatter gibberish so as to make it more difficult for Maureen. They reckoned without the histrionic ability of the Irish!

Joan Bennett's was our next stop-over. We were commissioned to get a baby's rattle from Joan's nursery. Joan and Gene Markey were playing some sort of a card game when we arrived. Maureen decided to use honesty instead of subterfuge in this case. She came right out and told Joan what we were doing and what we wanted. And here she met up with a fierce maternal possessiveness. For Joan said that we could have anything in the house just so long as we would leave the baby's rattle. Anything belonging to small Melinda, she said, was too precious to trust to the hands of a—a scavenger. Maureen said that this meant failure and, no doubt, the loss of the prize, but that she could perfectly appreciate a mother's sentiments and be moved by a mother's tears. If Joan would give us a diamond bracelet the head pow-wow of the scavengers might not count the loss of the rattle against us. Instantly Joan disappeared and then appeared again bearing a diamond bracelet and we went forth into the night with the exalted emotions of those who have spared a mother's heart. Even the officer was snuffling and rubbing his eyes with his coat sleeve as he lurked in the doorway and watched too that tender little scene.

We hunted down Francis Lederer next. Never mind where. We promised not to tell. Francis' whereabouts were not a part of our assignment. What we did have to get from Francis was a front page of one of his most cherished World Peace pamphlets. Francis was amenable to reason only after we had promised to bring up our sons, if any, without a single firecracker on the Fourth of July and total abstinence from toy guns, cannons or even a bean-shooter. Having made two World Peace converts of us, Francis ripped off the front page of one of his pamphlets and we stole forth from the retreat of Francis.

MAUREEN stepped on the gas, the officer zoomed after us and we sped back to Beverly Hills again. This time to the home of Director W. S. Van Dyke who has scavenged Africa and the North Pole and other outposts of comfort for the masterpieces he has given to the screen. Maureen said that she was really ashamed to go to Van Dyke's. He is known to all scavenger hunters as a willing martyr to the cause of scavenging. His weekly bills for remodelling, redecorating and refurnishing his scavenged home are part of his heavy overhead. Van was just leaving his house, all uniformed and tanned and handsome. He greeted us without surprise. Maureen told him, timidly, that we simply *had* to get three white hairs from the bear-skin rug in front of his fireplace. She admitted that he could have felt no greater terror when he speared the polar bear in the Far North than she did while making this request. Van gave his hearty, genial laugh. He said, "Go in and take the whole rug if you want it. I can go back North and get another." But Maureen is as conscientious as she is courageous. She has punctilio and she might have had pneumonia. She produced a pair of tweezers from a diminutive pocket and carefully abstracted three white hairs from the recumbent bear skin.

On our way back from Van's we stopped at Bill Powell's. Bill is living in the Lita Grey Chaplin house here in Beverly Hills pending the completion of his new mansion. Bill was at home. Alone. Reading. Maureen told him right out, with the blushes that only Maureen can richly and redly blush, that she had to get from him an autographed photograph of Jean Harlow. Bill seemed to have a mother's heart where this treasure was concerned. He, like Joan, offered us anything in his possession if we would forego the photograph of Jean. But this time Maureen stood her ground. She said that this was a deadly serious business. It was, in a way, life or death. . . Bill finally removed a lovely smiling head of Jean from the nearest table and handed it to us, a catch in his throat and the prayer that we would return it to him before the stars should have faded from the western sky. (It was returned to him, *I* know. *I* returned it.)

The officer sort of choked up over this one, too. He said that he didn't know that these here now scavenger hunts could be so pitiful.

We drove on to Toluca Lake. We had to snare Bing Crosby. And Bing's was a honey. In a businesslike brief-case Maureen carried one of those little recording machines into which a person sings and his voice is recorded. We had to persuade Bing to make that record. Bing looked a trifle weary when, with more of the O'Sullivan blushes, he was asked to make for us an impromptu record. He said that he was really awfully busy with the Santa Anita racing news. He said that he was incorporated but was seriously thinking of incorporating as the most scavenged man in town. And he finally broke down and sang, "Baby's Shoes" for us—and for the record. He reminded us that it should, in his case, be titled "*Babies'* Shoes."

We had one funny little one to do with a member of our own hunt. We had been commissioned to get one of Tom Brown's love letters to Anita Louise. Our orders read, delicately, that we were not to read the letter nor more than glance at it. Well, we failed. Maureen talked to Anita Louise's mother and was told that Tom had never written any letter to Anita Louise. They have never been separated long enough to make a letter possible. And whenever there has been distance or time between them, Tom

has used the phone. Which seemed to us to be something of a sly peep into a lovely young love.

"I don't really mind failing," Maureen said, "for such a darling reason."

OF course, we had to stop at Mae West's. We invaded her apartment, guards and all—and were doubtless admitted, not on our own face value, but because of the portly presence of the officer of the law. We told her that we'd come to get a new Mae West joke. And Mae gave us this one: It seems that she met the Invisible Man on the set the other day. She said to him, "Why don't you come up and see me sometime?" Whereupon he answered, "Why, Mae, I was up there last night!" Mae added that this quip might be on every tongue by morning, but it was brand new as she handed it to us.

Joan Crawford was on our list. Joan lives practically next door to the Clark Gables in Brentwood. We should have skipped over the mock oranges and gone to Joan's directly from Clark's. In our excitement we forgot to do that. So out to Joan's we went. Joan had just finished running an after-dinner picture. Franchot was there and two or three other Joan-admirers. We were commissioned to get from Joan a—guess what? A gardenia! We were hospitably invited in. Maureen cast an eager eye over the lapels of Franchot and the other gentlemen. Not a gardenia among 'em. But Joan seized upon us with avid hands. Here, she said, was her chance. She had been considering writing a story about herself to be called "The Curse of the Gardenia." Now we had given her an "out" and would she take it? Whereupon Joan gathered up her gown and, with Franchot behind her, rushed out into the night. With frantic, determined fingers, regardless of manicure, she invaded the garden and tore from the earth, roots and all, a gardenia tree! She handed it to us without a word. But her eyes, her shortened breath, her air of inexpressible triumph and relief said more plainly than words, "This is the last of the gardenias—now and forever!"

That flowering shrub won Maureen the prize. As Una Merkel observed, "You have not only brought home the booty, *you have murdered a legend.*"



Cora Sue Collins and Jean Harlow wish May Robson "Many happy returns" at her seventieth birthday party.

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From a Mother of Small Boys. "I have two small boys, aged three and four years. That means a lot of steps, and being on my feet so much has caused corns. I heard your broadcast, advertising Blue-Jay Corn Removers. I bought a box and used them. My corns disappeared like magic." —*Mrs. Katherine Hull, San Jose, Cal.*



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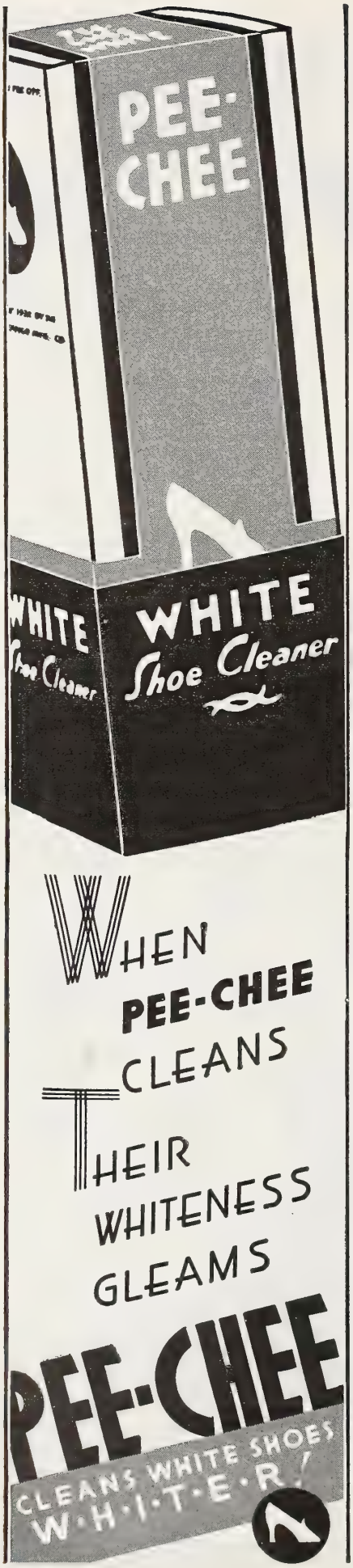
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Don't Call Him Screen Lover

(*Continued from page 51*)

merchant. He merely humored his son's preoccupation with the drama. Even on his death bed, he confidently expected that little Charles would carry on his business. Thereafter, Madame Boyer devoted her life to the education of her only child. She insisted that he finish at the Sorbonne before she would consent to his choice of a career. But Charles never wavered. His ceaseless practise with gesture and voice was interrupted only by the War.

"It was that War, Monsieur," Paul said with a sigh, "which makes him prefer tragedy to comedy."

"He's always serious," Paul confided. "But don't be mistaken. He's really a delightful fellow. He just doesn't like to waste time, you know, with the insincere." As he spoke, Boyer paused to exchange a word with his leading lady.

"Criticise him," Paul admonished, quietly. "He likes it. But don't . . ." He broke off as Boyer turned toward us.

The actor's expression lost its gravity as he recognized his friend. He stepped forward, with outstretched hand. No one can acknowledge an introduction so graciously as a Frenchman, but at the moment I recalled what some of the literary clique had said, "Boyer always has a temperature of 104. He's constantly under tension." As I felt the nervous grip of his hand and caught the feverish gleam in his brown eyes I felt that this, perhaps, was not so much of a gross exaggeration. He directed us into his room, shoved beribboned boxes off chairs, and after we were comfortably seated, his long fingers fumbled with a box of cigarettes. We lighted up. My eyes took in the fragrant disorder at a glance and returned to the anxious host. As he measured three jiggers of Napoleon brandy it was only his fingers, I noticed, which revealed his inward tension. Sipping our drinks, we talked for awhile about America and then, like an ass, I made a faux pas. "It must be slightly intoxicating to be attractive to so many women," I said. "How does it feel to be a great lover?" I was immediately aware of the unpleasant reaction. Paul stabbed me with a glance and a slight flush crept into Boyer's cheeks.

"I'm not this lover," Boyer mumbled. "And what sane man would want to be? Your great lover is the most pitiful creature in the world." To my incredulous exclamation Boyer answered with an indulgent smile. "You don't think so?" he said. "Then I fear you know little about women."

WE dropped the subject. In our subsequent meetings, in Paris and Hollywood, I never referred to it again. But after the preview of "Break of Hearts," as I said before, whispering tongues were giving him the same glamorous reputation on the screen that he had in France. I was anxious, suddenly, to finish that conversation. To have him clarify that curious statement over which I had pondered so often. So I phoned his house. He was home. He asked me to come out.

Two furiously wagging tails attached to a Scotty and a Boston Bull greeted me at the door. The Scotty belonged to Pat Paterson, Boyer's English wife, and the American pup was his own devoted companion. They romped joyously about our feet until the library door finally shut them out. The warm hospitality of this room, with the quiet dignity of its book-lined walls seemed to inspire friendly confidence. I came straight to the point. Before Boyer could complete the amenities of a host, I recalled my unhappy remark at our first meeting. "Your reputation almost demands that you make yourself clear," I said. "You'll have to some day. This is as good a time as any."

"All right," he said, in his slightly accented English, "I'll tell you why I'm not a great lover. I not only have no desire to be such a man, but I couldn't be even if I wanted to. I lack several characteristics every great lover must possess. It's not a striking appearance. Many Don Juans have been ugly men, some almost repulsive in body and face. It's not fame. That helps, of course, but it's not indispensable. Nor is it money. Wealth gives a tremendous advantage but so many famous lovers in history have been really paupers. You might call it personality; yet there's a host of personalities which fascinate women, Mussolini's, for instance, and yet he, most certainly, cannot be placed in that category. The first indispensable quality a great lover must possess is complete lack of faith in love."

I exclaimed my surprise but Boyer went right on talking.

"It's more than skepticism. It's a natural inability to feel anything but the most casual sensations that love can inspire. This inability to really feel love enables him to pass lightly from conquest to conquest; to simulate grand passions and play the gallant upon any occasion. It's a game because he is entirely unaffected. And because his heart is free he can master women.

"Consider a moment; and see if this isn't so. When a man's really in love he's a hopeless thing. He acts like a stricken fool. His mind wanders off in a haze of dreams, torment and ecstasy struggle in his heart, he cannot eat, it is difficult to sleep. When he's with his beloved, what does he do? Can he gallantly caress her hand and whisper his love in compelling words? No! He boyishly mumbles about irrelevant things—business, his hobby, what he hopes to do. How can such a man have the dominant assurance which makes your lover such a success?

"A great lover must have one ambition to the exclusion of everything else—to be a conqueror in the domain of women. His empire is flesh. And because he secretly despises all women, he wants to make them his slaves. And in turn, he is enslaved by them. Why? The answer is simple. Every intense person is the slave to his ambition, but the ambition to which we refer is the cruelest of all. A great lover is nothing but the mirror for feminine vanity. He must reflect each woman's ideal of a hero. And because no two women are alike, he can follow no single rule for conquest. His technique must vary with each one. With some he must be your cave man type, with others he must appeal to their sympathy, some he can dazzle with sophistication, many can be swept off their feet by the apparent sincerity of his ardor. Occasionally he appeals to the maternal instinct by seeming lonely and desolate, some are impressed by worldly accomplishment, a few by his spiritual depth, many he must buy. Always, he must aim for the vulnerable spot—the illusion which the woman, herself, has concocted about the man of her dreams. He must conform to that. He

never can be himself. It's this everlasting pretense which makes him a slave to his every consort. And that, you must admit, is not an enviable plight."

IT came to me, suddenly, that perhaps, after all, Boyer was not so well qualified to speak on the subject. That he was speaking from theory, rather than experience. What was it Paul had said? "A serious boy grew up to be a serious man following one objective." An internationalist at heart, the war had shattered young Boyer's most precious illusion. Returning to Paris, he entered the Conservatoire de Drama with the vague hope that, someday, the world would be his audience. As chance would have it, the first play in which he appeared was "The Battle" in which he portrayed a Japanese naval officer torn between patriotism and love. His success was instantaneous. But throughout the following, triumphant years his life had one motif. A careful plan which found him in Paris, London, and Berlin, always seeking to enlarge his audience. That is what brought him into films, that is what brought him to America. And in America he did two things to astonish his friends—he failed, and he got married.

Or rather his first picture failed. "Caravan" was a dismal flop. "It was idiotic," Charles told me at the time. "They gave me a silly role as a moon-struck gypsy. All I could do was make love with my eyes and fiddle a violin. I know nothing about violins. I felt like a ridiculous amateur. So I bought up my contract." But although he returned to France, he left his heart behind. It was treasured, adoringly, by his wife.

Some of his friends declare that the only girl in the world he would have married is—Pat Paterson. The manner of his courtship justified this contention. He met her, wooed her, and in three days they were man and wife. I talked to the sprightly musical comedy star, who has been the toast of London, just after they returned from Yuma. Her naturally tinted complexion was alive with happiness. Here, I recognized immediately, was just the adorable simplicity which would be irresistible to a man who had always been the prey of predatory women.

"The great lover," Boyer continued, "must be an artful devil. He must have an agile mind to discover whatever is susceptible in a woman; he must have the resourcefulness to apply the requisite technique. He can have no conscience. He must lie so well that he deceives even himself. Some peasant maid must be convinced that all France is hers before she succumbs to his entreaties; he must fascinate with tall stories of far-off heroism; he must breathe into delicate ears an undying love he has never felt; and to many, when his heart is anxiously pounding, he must act indifferent. For he knows full well, this great lover, that contrary to popular conception, many women are dominated by the thrill of the chase. So he goes through life, pursuing and pursued, and knowing nothing of love."

WHAT a strange people are the French! And Boyer the most typical of all! Believed to be an insatiable Lothario, he finds happiness only in a domestic life. He and his wife seldom go out. They spend evenings at home playing billiards or romping with their dogs. Their friends are few—but intimate. And Boyer has the reputation of being a romantic dreamer. Yet, in most aspects of life he is eminently practical. There is but one exception. He gambles. On one occasion he stood at the tables of the Club Internationale in Paris for seventy-two hours until his last sou was gone.

As far as temperament is concerned, he is vastly misunderstood. He is temperamental. But not in the way Hollywood believes. He bought up his first contract, at a heavy loss to himself, not because of pique, but because he was faithful to a professional ideal. He insists on spending six months out of every year in his native France, solely because he is smothered by Hollywood's "shop talk" environment. He keeps to himself on the set, avoiding the other players, not from a temperamental whim, but in order to concentrate on the role which, for the time, he really lives. And then, in his behavior toward the feminine half of the film colony there is slight amazement. He is cordial. He is even gallant. But there is no effulgence. The reason we have already guessed.

"Consider the great lovers of history," Boyer is saying, "Casanova, Cellini, Don Juan, De Maupassant, Cagliostro, Villon. They were successful men in their lines but their memoirs reveal an agony of spirit. Pandering to every whim of a casual mistress, they were unable to have feminine companionship. And they discovered, too soon, that women are acquisitive. Difficult to win, they are more difficult to escape. Each of those men was seared by spite. A woman's vindictiveness, when scorned, can sometimes make Satan tremble. Every woman has a bit of the coquette, but in her heart she wants love to be more than a sporting affair. No, a man can play every other game with impunity except the game of love. Its thorns are sharper than its flowers are sweet."

NO MORE STEAMY KITCHENS ON WASHDAY



AND REMEMBER, LADIES, RINSO IS APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

WITH Rinso all you need to do is *soak* your week's wash in its creamy, active suds and dirt and grime are lured out—*safely*. Then you rinse—and hang out a wash that's 4 or 5 shades whiter, sweet as clover, bright as sunlight! And clothes washed this "no-scrub" way last 2 or 3 times longer. That means you'll save lots of money. Try it—and see!

A little Rinso gives rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water*. Recommended by makers of 34 famous washers. Wonderful for dish washing. Easy on hands. Get the BIG package today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

The biggest-selling package soap in America

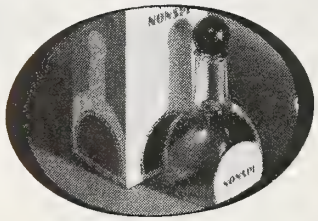
"POOR ED! HE HAS NORA ON HIS HANDS AGAIN!"

"IT'S A SHAME NORA RISKS OFFENDING BECAUSE SHE IS AFRAID TO PREVENT PERSPIRATION. I'M GOING TO TELL HER ABOUT NONSPI."



Prevent underarm odor and perspiration this safe way

● **Nonspi is the safe way to prevent underarm perspiration. It is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use it without irritation. It now comes in a bottle with a siphon-principle top, easier, more sanitary and more economical to apply. And Nonspi itself is also improved so that it covers a larger surface area, and spreads quicker and easier. One application protects you two to five days. 35c and 60c a bottle at all drug and department stores.**



NONSPI

THE SAFE ANTI-PERSPIRANT FOR FASTIDIOUS WOMEN

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

The Nonspi Company MM-75
113 West 18th Street, New York City

Send me a Special Trial-Size Bottle of the new Nonspi. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin), 15c in Canada. This offer good only until June 15th, 1935.

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Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 8*)

really isn't. If you just knew all the letters I get from you readers in the summertime asking, "How often do you think I should shampoo my hair? My hair is dry, and I shampoo it only once every two weeks. Is this often enough?" . . . And so on. Here and now let's settle the shampooing controversy once and for all. *Shampoo your hair as often as it needs it,* or in other words as soon as it is dirty. This will mean more often than usual in the summer.

DON'T do a half-way job of shampooing, either. Use a good liquid shampoo. Wet the hair thoroughly. Then massage the shampoo into the scalp with the finger tips until you have a really prodigious lather. Rinse thoroughly. Now work up a lather again with some more shampoo. Finish by rinsing in at least three changes of water. A lemon juice rinse or one of the excellent vegetable rinses on the market will help to make your hair the shining halo of highlights you want it to be.

Second knot (and make it a good lumpy sized one): don't forget brushing! Brushing cleanses, stimulates, and polishes. When you brush, stroke up and away from the scalp. Brush until you get a pleasant feeling of tingling life in your lazy scalp. Then you know that the sebaceous glands of the scalp are being stimulated, and it is the distribution of the fat of these glands through your hair that prevents a dry, lustreless condition. I'm not sure but what brushing, if you do an active enough job of it, isn't really the best way to massage your scalp. Be sure to brush your hair thoroughly every time you come home from a drive (especially if you've occupied the rumble seat).

Third: be as fastidious about your hair brush as you are about your powder puff. Select your brush with care. Choose an efficient brush with firm, wide-set bristles . . . and then keep it clean. I know of an excellent brush with the bristles so cleverly set that they actually pick up the hair in strands, and encourage a natural wave, too, incidentally. You will find pictured one of the best tricks I know for keeping your hairbrush clean when you're brushing your dusty locks. A piece of clean gauze or cheesecloth pressed down over the base of the bristles will prevent the dust from accumulating there, and can be changed with each brushing.

Surprisingly few people know the rules for keeping a hair brush clean, young, and healthy. Very hot water will soon cause the bristles to lose their youthful firmness. Luke warm water is best for the brush bath, with soap or soap flakes, and occasionally a few drops of ammonia to cut the grease. Never immerse the back of the brush, and never, never let the brush soak for any length of time. Immerse only the bristles, as shown in the illustration. Put the brush to dry face downward on a towel in the sunshine. Be sure to place it with the bristles down, as illustrated, so that the bristles may rid themselves of every drop of moisture; if you were to place the bristles face up, the moisture would have a chance to run back into the "roots" thus tending to make them soggy. All of which rules are simple things, but vital to the life of a faithful brush.

Fourth: sun your hair but don't scorch it. See that your hair gets its share of the enlivening sunshine, but bear in mind the danger of overdoing a good thing. If you live in the city, where you can't trot down the street hatless without causing lifted eyebrows, and you can't get away to the beach even occasionally, sneak up to the roof, or out to the park, and give your hair a good sunning once in a while. But if you are going in for a heavy session on the beach, wear a wide-brimmed hat part of the time, or seek the shade of a beach umbrella. Your hair can get sunburned too, you know, in a manner of speaking, and then it becomes like straw, streaky, and unattractive. I don't want to underrate the value of sunshine as a tonic to the hair, but neither do I want to underrate the damage that too strenuous doses of sunshine can cause. Many woeful winter hair troubles are traceable to summer neglect.

FIFTH: remedy any dry tendencies with hot oil treatments. Soapless oil shampoos are also helpful. For the hot oil treatment, warm a small amount of olive oil, and massage it into your scalp with your fingertips. If convenient, leave the oil on overnight, but if you have to shampoo your hair right away, wrap a towel wrung out of hot water around your head for about fifteen minutes to aid the scalp in the absorption of the oil.

Sixth: avoid the use of water on your hair as much as possible. Wear a cap when you're taking a shower. When you're washing your face, protect your hair from the constant soap and water inroads with a ribbon or a wide band of elastic. Be as particular about the fit of your bathing cap as you are about the becomingness of your summer "bonnets." We're so prone to slick down our hair with water, to brush it with a soaking wet brush, or run a wet comb through it, when waves and kinks are apt to be unruly. It would be better to apply a tonic or a brilliantine with an oil base to it. The latter is excellent for hair that must stand the glaring rays of the sun. The nicest way to apply brilliantine is with an atomizer. Try it!

Seventh: (and here we get to the coiffures you've been waiting for) get your hair up and off your neck, and keep a tidy, off-the-face hairline. Up and off the neck, and don't let any "stragglers" fail to live up to that cardinal rule for summer! The tendency is all for the back hair to swirl around and up. Longer hair, too, shows this upward trend, reminiscent of the French twist, like Julie Haydon's. It's easy to brush your hair up from your neck, and mass it high on the back of the head in ringlets, a simple version of the silhouette of the gay nineties. A smart idea is to let the locks grow out, just at the hairline, so that they can be brushed upward to meet the curls clustering on the outward curve of the head. For hot summer days with your crisp organdies and billowy chiffons, you'll want a coiffure that is in tune, one that reflects soft, sweeping movements and crispness at the same time. I don't think you'll want bothersome locks on the brow, or intricate treatments over the ears. For most of us, the most satisfactory summer hairdress probably will be the one in which all the hair is directed off the face, and off most of the ears, too, and built up in the back with fresh, crisp looking curls. If you want more softness about the face, and those of us with sharp or prominent features do generally need more softness, a smart hair style is one that combines an almost unwaved top with soft side curls. The curls should

move toward the face and off the neck in such a hairdress.

One slick, easy hairdress that I think is the essence of summer coolness is achieved by brushing the hair off the temple without a smidgeon of a wave, and then turning up the ends into two rolls of neat curls.

Somehow we think of inward shininess as a sort of reflection of outward freshness and cleanliness. The sweat glands function overtime in hot weather, and you need plenty of warm water and soap to thoroughly cleanse the skin. If you're tired, if you're dusty, if you're cranky, if you're weary of "trying to shine" in the heat, take a bath. And include in that bath all the lovely perfumed bath accessories that make bathing such an economical luxury rite nowadays. Naturally, you will want to use a deodorant and depilatory regularly during this revealing season. The underarms and legs must be kept free of superfluous hair, and there must never be a question of personal fragrance and daintiness. I know of a pleasantly perfumed depilatory that comes in cream, liquid, or powder form, and a deodorant that comes in convenient stick form for hasty application at the beach or the dance.

THE beach and the dance . . . modern girls must be "devastating" at both. In fact, nowadays the only girls who go in for sun-browning are those who know it's becoming to them (generally the not-too-delicate blondes and the medium brown-haired types), or those who are just too lazy to prevent it. Shining faces as well as shining heads are very much in order at the beach, for at the seaside one should exhibit a beaming countenance that shines with oil. Protective suntan oils are necessary to keep the skin from becoming too dry, and to prevent those squint lines that etch themselves into our skins so easily. Don't try to get tanned if you have the kind of a skin that freckles the first sunny day. Use a sunburn preventive, and go in for wide brimmed beach hats, beach pajamas, and parasols. For your land pursuits in the sun, use a heavy powder base, and plenty of powder in a darker shade than you generally wear, on your neck, face, and arms.

Sometimes there are beach party occasions when one wants to be particularly decorative at the beach, too. Then remember that the eyes and the lips are the features to be emphasizd in beach make-up. Brows which have been shaped to a natural line may be accentuated with a pencil whose coloring is not affected by perspiration. Waterproof mascara can be applied very lightly on the lashes. And lips will profit by the application of a good oily base lip rouge. Even at the dance, one still goes in for the avoidance of artificial makeup. Naturalness is the art we strive for . . . powder that tones in perfectly with our skins, and lipstick that is colorful, but does not coat the lips brilliantly.

If you are interested now in checking up your shade of face powder, I have a handy little package containing four distinctive shades, together with cream, lip and cheek rouge to match, that is yours for the asking. There is no cost involved.

Read about Mary Biddle's SPECIAL FREE OFFER to you this month. It will show you how to put the proper "face value" on summer. Remember that Miss Biddle's free beauty consultation service is also open to you. Just drop her a line about your personal problems and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for her reply.



IT MAY BE THE COLOR OF YOUR FACE POWDER!

By *Lady Esther*

Did you ever stop to think that the shade of face powder you use so confidently might be altogether the wrong one for you?

It's hard to believe that women can make a mistake in their shades of face powder or that one shade can make you look older than another. Yet, it's only too obviously true!

You know how tricky a thing color is. You know how even a slight variation in color can make a startling difference in your appearance. The same transforming effect holds true in the case of face powders. Where one shade will have positively the effect of making you look young, another will, just as decisively, make you look older—*years older than you are!*

Face Powder Fallacies

Many women look years older than they actually are because they select their face powder shades on entirely the wrong basis. They try to match their so-called "type" or coloring which is utterly fallacious. The purpose in using a shade of face powder is *not* to match anything, but to bring out what natural gifts you have. In other words, to *flatter!*

Just because you are a brunette does not necessarily mean you should use a brunette or dark rachel powder or that you should use a light rachel or beige if you are a blonde. In the first place, a dark powder may make a brunette look too dark, while a light powder may make a blonde look faded. Secondly, a brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a dark skin and vice versa. The sensible and practical way of choosing your face powder shade, regardless of your individual coloring, is to try on all five basic shades of face powder. I say "the five basic shades" because that is all that is necessary, as colorists will tell you, to accommodate all tones of skin.

My Offer to the Women of America

"But," you say, "must I buy five different shades of face powder to find out which is my most becoming and flattering?" No, indeed! This matter of face powder shade selection is so important to me that I offer every woman the opportunity of trying all five without going to the expense of buying them.

All you need do is send me your name and address and I will immediately supply you with all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. With the five shades which I send you free, you can very quickly determine which is your most youthifying and flattering.

I'll Leave it to your Mirror!

Thousands of women have made this test to their great astonishment and enlightenment. Maybe it holds a great surprise in store for *you!* You can't tell! You must try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. And this, as I say, you can do at my expense.

Just mail the coupon or a penny post card and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther Company, 1935

FREE

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (14)
Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

These lovely women prefer

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

so will You!

I prefer FAOEN because it's different!



Countess de la Vairi

Prominent society leader and arbiter of fashion prefers FAOEN No. 44.

Some call it Glamour—I call it FAOEN!



Frances Williams

Internationally-known stage star, now appearing in Life Begins at 8:40.

I had tried seven perfumes before I finally discovered FAOEN!



Mimi Richardson

Well-known model and New York debutante prefers FAOEN No. 12.

To me, FAOEN is the essence of Romance!



Anne C. Parker

Popular society debutante —a descendant of Duncan Phyfe.

10c in tuckaway sizes as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Lovers for a Day

(*Continued from page 61*)

moment I saw her beautiful face.

"But I never forgot her haunting beauty. She was so lovely, it was like a stab of pain. She wore no hat. Her hair was like spindrift. Green eyes were elfishly luminous in the lamp light. Perhaps it was vanity, but I thought she smiled.

"I wanted to stop her. As I listened to her footsteps on the pavement I was on the point of rushing back. To stop her. To talk to her. To find out who she was. And where I could see her again. Instead, I was a coward. Too conventionally sensitive. I walked on slowly, looking back, listening to her footsteps die away.

"How I kicked myself afterwards! And how different everything might have been if I'd met her then. But all I could do was speculate as to what kind of a girl she was. I tortured myself with these thoughts. They were my constant preoccupation. She was, I decided, just nineteen. A girl of the streets? Ridiculous! She was probably one of a large family. A family in poorish circumstances. No doubt, she was a dutiful daughter. But was she? There had been such a fierce independence in her proud carriage as she passed me on the street. More probably, she was one of those insurgent spirits who are obsessed with a craving for freedom. A girl who was anxious to try her young wings along some strange course.

WELL, three years later I saw her again. I recognized her instantly. It was easy, you understand, for I had been unconsciously searching for her all the time. I saw her in Portsmouth. I was playing stock at the Garrick and she was in the audience. It wasn't until the middle of the second act that I caught a glimpse of her in the fifth row. I stopped, I staggered, I forgot my lines.

"I came to with Myra—she was the ingenue—trying to cover up the awkward moment by frantically ad-libbing. The stage manager was whispering hoarsely from the wings. But even in my sudden embarrassment the exact seat in which she was sitting registered on my mind. Somehow, I finished the scene. Back in my dressing-room I dashed off a note. I got hold of an usher. He promised faithfully to deliver the note without fail. Then I struggled through until the final curtain."

Hank cleared his throat and asked if I cared for a drink. His own throat was dry. Hank poured me a generous whisky and squirted soda in his own until it was barely flavored.

"Funny," he said, "how trivial we can be in the important moments of life. I knew, of course, that she'd be waiting. Just as I felt so sure all along of so many other things. When I rushed into the lobby the audience was still leaving. People were gathered in little groups to laugh and talk. She was sitting in a chair—so alone, so strangely apart from everyone else. I stepped up beside her. She looked up. Her dark lashes shadowed green eyes which were flecked with golden points.

"I heard myself saying, 'How do you do?' She smiled and said, 'How do you do?' Her voice was softly musical when she spoke. I said, 'I saw you once, years ago.' 'Yes,' she murmured, 'I remember.' I said, 'My name is Henry Wilcoxon.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I know that, too. My name is Deirdre MacArthur.' Then, for some unaccountable reason, I made some stupid remark about the weather.

"We left the lobby. I never did know how far we walked. I was emotionally drunk. Her arm was so snugly warm in my own. We passed taxis which we didn't think of hailing. Down curious streets where I'd never been before. At last we entered a Chinese restaurant.

"There were only a few things about her I'd been able to find out. She was one of seven children. Her father was superintendent of a coal mine in Wales. She was studying music. She wasn't married. Beyond that she wouldn't tell me anymore. But as soon as I gave our order and the hovering waiter departed, I asked her something which I had meant to ask her from the first: 'Will you be my wife?' Her eyes grew wider as she stared at me from across the table. Her lips parted in a faint smile. 'No,' she said, with a curious catch in her voice. 'But thank you, thank you so much.' Oddly enough, that didn't depress my spirits. I felt all along that she would refuse. Just as I knew that I must keep on asking her.

WHEN we taxied home she insisted that the driver stop at a corner. She wouldn't permit me to accompany her to her lodgings. It was a squalid district. As we stood there, by the lamp post, that momentary vision of long ago returned. It was then that I kissed her. Perhaps it was the way the lamp light spilled on her hair, giving its ash blond texture the quality of spindrift whipped from the breaking waves. She didn't resist the caress. I can feel, even now, the warm pressure of her hand on the back of my head. 'Goodbye,' she whispered. 'I had to see you again. And I knew that someday I would. But promise me something now. Please!' I held her in my arms as I promised. Her head came back to look for a breathless instant into my eyes. 'Remember now, you've promised. Don't try to see me again—ever.' She twisted out of my grasp, turned, and ran down the street."

Hank poured a spot of Scotch into his glass and squirted it full of soda.

"That is the first serious promise that I've ever broken. I couldn't help myself, I suppose. And I'm glad. When the show moved on to Leeds at the end of a week, I quit. I haunted that squalid neighborhood day and night. But nobody seemed acquainted with a girl who answered her description. I never saw her myself. But finally a cockney lad in a grocery market felt sure that he knew whom I meant. He led me up a side street. We climbed a rickety stairway in a flat. He pointed to a door. I gave the lad a shilling and raised my knuckles to knock. I never did. The door opened. And Deirdre stepped out. She stepped out swiftly and closed the door behind her. Her face was chalky white. From a window she must have seen us coming. Her coat was on. As I read the reproof in her eyes I felt like a cad. She didn't speak. I reached out to take her hand. 'You're coming with me,' I said. She didn't resist. Gesturing for silence she caught hold of my sleeve as we tiptoed down the stairs. I hailed a cab.

"We drove out to a hill overlooking the harbor and I told the cabby to wait. We

walked down a grassy slope to spread our top coats under a cluster of yew trees. It was May. Even the commercial activity on the harbor below seemed touched by the fever of spring. Nervously belching tugs kept churning the water into soapy ribbons. A steamer hooted for the pilot, a great liner swung away from the hovering insects, blasted a warning, and proudly got under her own steam—going, I suppose, to America. Deirdre leaned against my shoulder, breathing in all this beauty. Her hair brushed my cheek. 'Why don't you marry me?' I said. My voice seemed to startle her out of some dream. Her breath came more quickly. 'Suppose,' she finally said, 'that I begin at the beginning. You shouldn't have come. But now you'll know all.'

"Her story was an unusual one. Briefly, it was this. She had fallen in love with her music teacher who was twenty years older than she. When her family suspected the romantic attachment, her father and eldest brother waylayed the maestro. He was beaten so horribly he went to the hospital. Deirdre was stricken. Her teacher had never realized her secret infatuation. When he partially recovered, his pride was shattered. He was a nervous wreck. People still regarded him with suspicion. He had to leave town. Dierdre insisted on going wherever he went. She loved him now. And he wasn't well. Internal injuries had made him susceptible to tuberculosis. Finally, he gave in to her pleadings. She could accompany him as nurse and he would continue with her music. So one night they slipped away.

HIS health became worse. They had only his insurance to live on. She worked on the side and saved money to take him to South Africa. His single passion had been to make her the greatest pianist in the world, but now, by the way his eyes followed her about, she knew that he worshipped her. He never uttered his love. He merely said, 'I must live until I teach you all I know.'

"And throughout these years Deirdre realized that she was responsible for his condition. She couldn't hurt him in any way. She hoped, someday, to make him proud of her.

"Well," Hank continued sadly, "it was dark when we left that hillside. Red and green lights on the steamers gleamed up from below. Driving back in the taxi I had the devil's own time making her agree to my proposition. But I wouldn't let her go until she did. Then I hurried to my hotel, packed, and hopped the next train for London. In three days I had a job. In six weeks I was able to send the necessary funds.

"That summer I lived for her letters. I received one every day. Beautiful letters from South Africa. They evoked the image of that last hour in the cab. Deirdre snuggling against my shoulder, the touch of her cheek, the warm appreciation of her hands. I devoured each letter. But what I really wanted to hear—although I wouldn't admit it even to myself—was that at last she was free.

"I didn't think for a moment that she would deceive me. But before her letters stopped coming I accepted a long-run engagement. I was desolate. I wanted to break my contract and sail for South Africa. It finally became so intolerable that I managed to be released. I booked passage. The day before I was to sail I heard from her again."

"Wait," he said, "I'll show you that last letter." Rummaging his hand through his shock of curly, black hair, he left the room. In a little while he returned. He untied a faded ribbon from a bundle of letters. He handed me the one on top and sank down in his chair. "Read it out loud," he said.

The stationery was plain. It was written in a fine, neat hand.

Dearest Henry,

Thanks for everything you've done. The money you sent I used for specialists so I couldn't live apart from Ricci like you begged me to do. I had to stay with him until the end. He died last September. But I couldn't let you know about it then. You see, Henry darling, I contracted what the doctors call quick T. B. I couldn't allow you to marry a phantom, now could I? So goodbye, sweet. The doctor is in the next room and the nurse is waiting to turn out the light. This is probably my last letter. Enclosed is the only thing I have left to give. Keep it always.

Love,

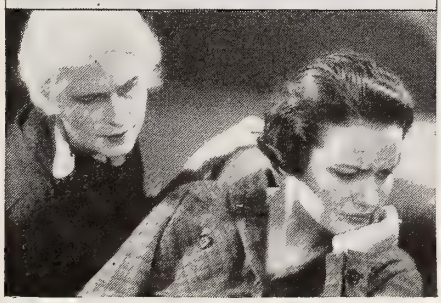
Deirdre.

There were several blots on the last few lines. I stared at them for a moment, and then returned the letter to Hank. Without a word he handed me a small crucifix. "Just think," he mused, speaking more to himself than to me, "those few times we were together were less than one whole day. Yet it seems that I've known her always . . . and always will."

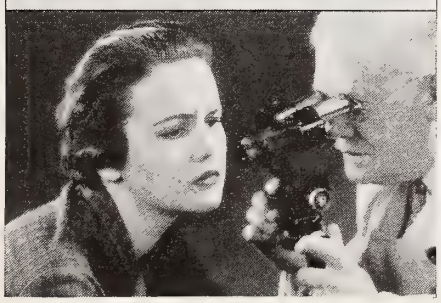
I fingered the crucifix gently and then handed it back. I could think of nothing to say. So I muttered something about the hour and we said good night. Hank probably needed some sleep.

"HAS DONE WONDERS FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SKIN"

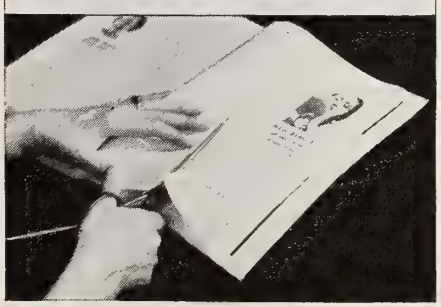
"My Daughter Suffered for Months with a bad Eruption on her Face"



"She went to Specialists and tried Everything we heard of"



"Till Finally, seeing your Ad in Magazines, we tried Yeast Foam Tablets"



"It has done Wonders. I cannot speak too Highly of Yeast Foam Tablets"



Every quotation in this advertisement is a true copy from an actual letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Anna May Wales

NOTARY PUBLIC

ANNA MAY WALES NOTARY PUBLIC COOK COUNTY ILL.

THE story told here isn't just "advertising." Every word of it has been taken from an actual letter, one of thousands written by grateful users who have gained radiant and unblemished skin by eating Yeast Foam Tablets.

If you have any trouble with your complexion, why don't you try Yeast Foam Tablets now? They contain precious elements that help rid the body of internal poisons which are the real cause of most skin troubles.



Unlike other yeast, these little tablets are good to eat and absolutely safe because they cannot ferment in the body.

Mail the coupon right away for a generous 10-tablet sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

MM 7-35

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

A GOOD HABIT MADE EASY



USE PERSTIK—IT'S EASIER TO USE AND EASY TO KEEP IN YOUR PURSE

Here's a new kind of deodorant—a welcome improvement. No need to spread it on or rub it in with the fingers. No need to dig into a jar. Use it before or after you are dressed—it cannot injure clothing. No waiting for it to dry, and you can use it right after shaving.

This new deodorant is the size and shape of a lipstick—applied as easily as a lipstick. A few touches to the armpits and you are protected against odor for the day.

Its name? Perstik. And because it is the size and shape of a lipstick, it is easy to keep in your purse for use during the day or evening. If you have ever—even for a single moment — suspected the presence of under-arm odor when away from your boudoir, you will appreciate having a Perstik with you in your purse at all times.

Drug and department stores throughout the world feature Perstik at 50¢. Or send 10¢ for trial size to *"Perstik 467D Fifth Ave., New York City"*

Accepted and Approved — Good Housekeeping Bureau

Perstik

Vacationing? Here's What to Wear

(*Continued from page 66*)

of the culotte, or divided sports skirt as it is more popularly known.

"I don't like them at all. They seem like a bad compromise between skirts and trousers and they certainly are cumbersome to wear. I love both pajamas and shorts. My favorite sports costume is one that I buy in all colors from the shop that Bebe Daniels and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher run. I will send you a picture of them because they are so practical and so easy to copy."

What's more Madge kept her word and sent the picture, which you see on page 64. A short-sleeved shirt and either slacks or shorts make up the costume. Unbleached muslin is the inexpensive fabric used—the beautiful part being that you don't have to iron them after washing. Madge buys them in natural shade and in various colors and they are trimmed with bright buttons which are tied on with string! A colored belt to match the buttons is an added detail. As you can see, Madge wears them for tennis, and she ties her white woolly sweater about her neck to form a shoulder protection after the heat of a fast set.

Another combination that Madge likes especially is a navy blue ribbed silk pajama suit. The short-sleeved shirt has two patch pockets, the left being decorated with Madge's monogram in white.

WHILE on the subject of pajamas, I have to tell you about those that Pat Paterson wears almost constantly at home and at the studio. Pat, being an English girl, said that she was amazed at the informality of Hollywood dressing when first she arrived over here but after a few days at the studio, she could see readily why so many actresses preferred to wear either slacks or pajamas—they are not only comfortable but highly practical.

"I actually find it hard to dress up anymore," she said, with a slight grimace in the direction of her closet which was bulging with the new wardrobe which René Hubert had designed for her. "I love Hubert's clothes which he has designed so cleverly for me, of course, but really I have become so devoted to my daytime costume of black satin slacks and red satin jacket, that I almost want to wear them on the street! I can't do that though, because my husband won't let me!" She giggled as she said it but you could see that she was in dead earnest. Her husband, as you know, is the very attractive Charles Boyer—and he, being a Frenchman, frowns on the too casual costuming of Hollywood.

"You really mind then what your husband likes and dislikes in your wardrobe?" I asked.

"Oh, goodness yes, I wouldn't think of wearing anything that Charles really dislikes. It seems silly to me to defy your husband's tastes in things. After all, what's the fun of dressing, if you don't achieve admiration from your husband? He hates all crazy hats, too. In fact, if he had his way, completely, I'd only wear the simplest black clothes, in the best French tradition. However, being English, I do digress, as you see."

She waved an airy hand toward the aforementioned closet. It was jammed full of attractive things but, frankly, I was more intrigued with her trousseau lingerie. And since lingerie goes into every vacation bag, I'm going to take time out to tell you about a few things.

There was a peach satin nightgown with long, full sleeves and a demure Peter Pan collar. Its sole trimming was not lace but beautifully done featherstitching! On the left side her own name "Pat" was scrawled casually in her own handwriting, embroidered on, of course. She laughingly admitted that some of her more intimate undergarments bore the written tag "Shrimp" which is her husband's very elegant pet monicker for her!

A black lace nightie had the same Peter Pan collar but short sleeves and was very feminine with its high Empire waist. Still another was a very bridey confection in white satin with pale beige lace and had a brief but very lovely jacket topping it.

ELIZABETH ALLAN, another English star who has taken Hollywood's brand of sports clothing seriously, wears very full white flannel slacks with a navy blue flannel jacket for yachting or sailing. You can see it at its breezy best on page 64. Elizabeth tucks a polka-dotted Ascot scarf into the neckline of the white mannish blouse she wears with this—the beret she contends is the most practical sailing headgear.

To digress from the active side of our vacation program, take a look at the stunning crash linen suit which Dorothy Tree is wearing on page 65. It's grand on or off a vacation schedule and you will find so many uses for such a suit that you always will have one on your summer list henceforth. The old bogey about linen being so impractical and crushable is practically a myth now because the new weaves are so skillfully executed that nearly all wrinkling and mussing is eliminated. Dorothy's suit is the classic tailormade with single button jacket, rather wide lapels and a fitted waist. Her accessories are perfect complements from the wide-brimmed panama with green woolen cord trim to the green blouse, white "air-conditioned" pigskin gloves and trim white pumps.

Leave it to *la belle* Lombard to take the dramatic viewpoint of beach clothes! It takes dash and daring to uphold the "best dressed" title in Hollywood or anywhere else—remember Carole's famous predecessor Lil Tashman who never let a good fashion trick go by? Carole's beach skirt and top, divorced enough to show a daring streak of her slender waist in the flesh, are an Americanized version of a Tahitian beauty's best dress! Navy blue linen is set off by bright buttons and a gay colored band on the skirt—the latter doesn't show because Carole's swaggering walk shows the slit skirt instead, not to mention her shapely limb. The gay wicker hat is a knockout extra in the picture. And don't miss her shoes because they are the newest rage in summer footwear all over the country. Interlaced strips compose the entire shoe, created to give a step-in pump effect with bare toes. Kid, cotton and silk are some of the mediums used for this clever footwork.

And speaking of beach hats—or sun hats, as you prefer, Ann Dvorak's favorite one follows an off-the-face movement. Ann likes to get tanned, so the hat is nothing more than a decorative gesture with her. You will see it on page 65. It's a rough cotton, stiffened and stitched with a great sweeping brim fastened back off the forehead. It has quite a swashbuckling air.

Bathing suits—what a vast field for thought! Really, there is hardly a clever idea in this category that hasn't been developed this season. You can have the briefest, most practical of swim togs, or you can go to the other extreme and choose a taffeta fancy that just sits and suns but never swims! If you like to swim, you will pick some really useful suits likes those I have shown on page 66. These aren't afraid of any amount of water and they are practical, yet styled with originality and an eye to flattering your figure.

The dressy group, those gay cottons, crêpes, taffetas and others which catch the eye of the "beached" crowd, can be had in a myriad styles. Nearly all of them can be worn in the water, but as you know, a real swimmer scorns fripperies.

As perishable as cellophane sounds, strangely enough it combines with lastex to make one of the most popular suits this summer. And it is the slickest looking thing. I mean slick in the shiny, shimmering sense of the coat of a wet seal emerging from water. Jean Parker simply adores her cellophane woven suit and has proved its practicality by many dips in pools and the Pacific. These suits aren't scratchy, as you would think, but are soft and pliable.

ELIZABETH ALLAN prefers the bandanna "bra" and trunks type of suit. Her brown shorts are in a heavy knit and the top has a halter neck, also brown but plaided in green and orange.

Both Betty Furness and Jean Parker like the knitted suit with brief attached skirt over the trunks. Betty's suit is white in a rib stitch with brown trim. The back is cut low, the front in square effect with straps.

Jean's suit is very conservative, being in Kingfisher blue rib knit with contrasting braid trim. Again a skirt covers the trunks but is part of the suit.

The peasant beach dress is a great favorite to wear over your suit when out of the water. It usually is made with a basque top and full, ankle-length skirt. Bright cottons in gay prints are the popular fabrics for this. A lot of the younger crowd wear 'kerchiefs tied over the hair and under the chin, à la Russian peasant women when they work in the fields. It's an amusing idea and keeps your hair smooth without having to wear a beach hat. The Tahitian influence, like Carole's costume, is also much in evidence. Of course, you old dyed-in-the-wool pajama and slack gals need feel no qualms about continuing to wear them because you have half of Hollywood on your side. It just depends upon your school of thought. You can have one of each, you know; one for practical purposes and the beach dress for glamor plus!

When you go off for a week-end or a vacation, pack your bag with the least number of extras. There's hardly a place, unless you are going to a very grand hotel or a swanky private summer home, where you won't live almost entirely in sports clothes. One dinner dress of some gay summer cotton or silk and one simple afternoon dress will suffice for an average short vacation trip anywhere. Of course, if you are going to be traveling constantly, rather than to be idling in the sun, you had better send for my list of clothes for various types of vacation trips.

I have prepared a summer vacation fashion schedule for you that includes cruise, resort, country and travel suggestions in clothes. Just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request, and write to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.





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APPEALING LIPS
IN INTERESTING TEST



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"If I Were Poor—"

(*Continued from page 63*)

find herself faced with the perplexing business of living and dressing on twenty-five dollars a week, the habiliment hobgoblins, at least, wouldn't have her baffled or stymied. She would pick up her girlhood training in clever economy right where she left it when she went on the stage.

"I would get along somehow until I had saved enough for just one tailored suit, but a good one, mind you. I would hibernate financially again until I had enough for one excellent pair of shoes. I'd be willing to take a risk on a cheap blouse and hat because these are smaller items that can sometimes be successfully camouflaged for a long time.

"I'd wear that one smart outfit every day for a year, if necessary, but I'd be secure in the knowledge that I was a well-dressed woman, even if I had but one garment to my name.

"I'd follow the same routine for a coat. I'd stamp out temptation when I passed shops flaunting cute, cheap little dresses I needed so badly, and I'd do without a few lunches, but in the end I would own one lovely black coat with straight lines that could not possibly be annihilated by any sudden swerve in the style market.

"But when I could afford a party frock, I might relax my rule slightly and look for an inexpensive one because evening things receive only slight wear, and the dim lights of night are usually very kind to the uncertain seams of the catchpenny gown."

And then Claudette offers her own shopping chart, one she used not so many years ago when she was collecting her first adolescent finery.

The Colbert chart is divided into two separate listings. The first group itemizes the apparel that must always and under all circumstances be the very best. This list includes all daytime wear, suits, dresses, coats, both tailored and dressy, shoes and gloves.

The second group is titled "Safe If Cheap" with an admonishing footnote that says, "But watch your step." This listing indicates guarded economy for hosiery, lingerie, handbags, blouses, hats, dinner and evening frocks, and a bargain wrap.

KAY FRANCIS would meet our twenty-five-dollar-a-week challenge with an "accessory wardrobe."

"I could manage to hold my own in any fashionable circle with exactly three well chosen costumes," she told me. "However, each of the three costumes would do triple duty and do it with chic and éclat by the sheer sorcery of the accessory plan."

Kay is absurdly proud of her suggestion, because she made it work throughout one entire Hollywood season when an overcrowded picture schedule precluded shopping forays. All this occurred about three years ago when Kay was winning her first recognition from all the prominent Parisian couturiers as Hollywood's best-dressed woman. During that very winter, she made one black crêpe frock see her through every formal and semi-formal engagement, and one gray suit and a black afternoon dress meet all her daytime sartorial needs. She actually led the film colony's fashion race with three outfits.

And that is why Kay can offer you this amazingly shrewd set of wardrobe blueprints. She says:

"I would manage somehow from my twenty-five-dollar salary one good suit for business wear. It would be made to measure because that is the only way to purchase any tailored garment. I would have my dressmaker or tailor add to the usual jacket and skirt, a jumper of the same material, thus turning my skirt into a trim, two-piece frock for the office.

"Instead of expensive and perishable batiste blouses, I would select several lightweight jersey sweaters in bright and dark colors, and one silk blouse shot with metal threads to dress up the suit for luncheon and matinee dates. This would give me one tailored suit, a two-piece frock and one semi-dress outfit.

"The second garment of my three-costume collection, would be an afternoon frock and it would be in a color complementary to the suit so that hats, gloves and shoes could be interchangeable. If the suit were black, oxford gray or navy, I would have this frock in black or gray.

"This outfit should be a two-piece affair because the dress you can divide into two equal parts is the one that lends itself gracefully to the magic of accessories. There should be one pair of inexpensive but well-made clips to change the neckline of this frock, and there should be one three-quarter length tunic of a contrasting shade, preferably a bright jewel color with which the outfit is entirely transfigured. And then because there is that blessed separate skirt, I would sometimes wear it with my silk metal-shot blouse for informal Sunday evening occasions, the movies, and the bridge gettogethers.

"And now we come to the evening frock, which is so important to the girl with many dates and a slim income. It should be black, this evening gown, and not too extreme in cut to help defy that "dated" look after its first season. I should own a long-sleeved jacket of the same material, or if I could afford it, an extra metal cloth jacket. When worn with my little coat, the deeply décolletage formal becomes the perfect dinner costume.

"To my jacket I would sometimes add a bright scarf of emerald green or wine red satin and I would tie it Ascot fashion for extra dash. I would find a small cluster of dark red carnations and pin them on the lapel of the dinner jacket (when the scarf is not worn) and I could transfer these flowers with gratifying results to the tailored lapel of my suit.

"For those big nights when my black gown must do formal duty, I would collect two or three bright and enormous flowers to change the effect of the waist, the shouder line and the very back of the décolletage. I might even buy a remnant of brilliant silk and swathe it about the waist and let the ends fall down the back into a gay train. I would certainly treat myself to one enormous clip that could be effectively snapped at varying points of the neckline and waistline and would look effective against a black background."

Kay Francis believes in her accessory plan. She knows that she can carry it out tomorrow, if necessary, and still walk in the ranks of the impeccably groomed. She knows all this because even in the very midst of Hollywood's unbridled extravagance she has made this three-costume-accessory-wardrobe function for her, and function, I might add, beautifully.

GINGER ROGERS offers the most unique solution of the quartet.

She practiced what she is about to preach way back in the days when she

helped her mother scratch out a budget for her school-girl clothes from her mother's nine weekly dollars.

"Mother's earning capacity grew healthier by the time I thought I was a young lady, but I still suffered mental agonies over my lack of clothes," Ginger told me. "Nice things are so darned important to any girl, especially the young ones who are just sprouting their social pinfeathers.

"I finally solved my own gritty problem with my cousin, who was my size and age and usually agreed with all my clothes selections. We decided to pool our slender budgets and buy a single but complete wardrobe between us.

"It worked something like this: instead of one last year's evening frock, made over, we had two new ones owned between us, and in place of my mother's hastily revamped jet basque, I had a half interest in one honest-to-goodness evening wrap. I had the use of three hats instead of one, two winter coats instead of one, and so on."

Of course, Ginger realizes that convenient cousins are a great scarcity, but in theory her plan could be made to work. She suggests a girl friend who travels in a different social set, and one who can wear the same size, and who will always be a good sport when it is her turn to have the frocks cleaned and repaired.

And then Ginger offers a second plan, one that is practiced with huge success by the girls who play bits and extras in pictures. These girls need large and varied wardrobes for their work and they usually keep themselves well stocked by purchasing, at nominal prices, the slightly used personal gowns of a number of stars.

Ginger believes that this procedure should work for the wardrobe-weary girl in any town where there are a number of smartly gowned, socially prominent women. If a personal introduction to such women proves impossible, a businesslike note outlining the plan, making it very clear that all selections will be paid for, should bring results.

"Surely," Ginger says, "there must be at least one wealthy, well-dressed woman in every city who would warm to the idea of making some girl gloriously happy, and at the same time realizing some small sum for bridge or charity from her prodigious seasonal wardrobe expenditures."

And now I am certain that you can understand why four Hollywood stars, festooned with finery, can offer four practical and amazingly applicable wardrobe plans to the thousands of girls who are beset by the bleak vacancies in their daily raiment.



Dolores Barrymore steps out with her sister, Helene Costello and Frank Craven for first time since divorce rumors

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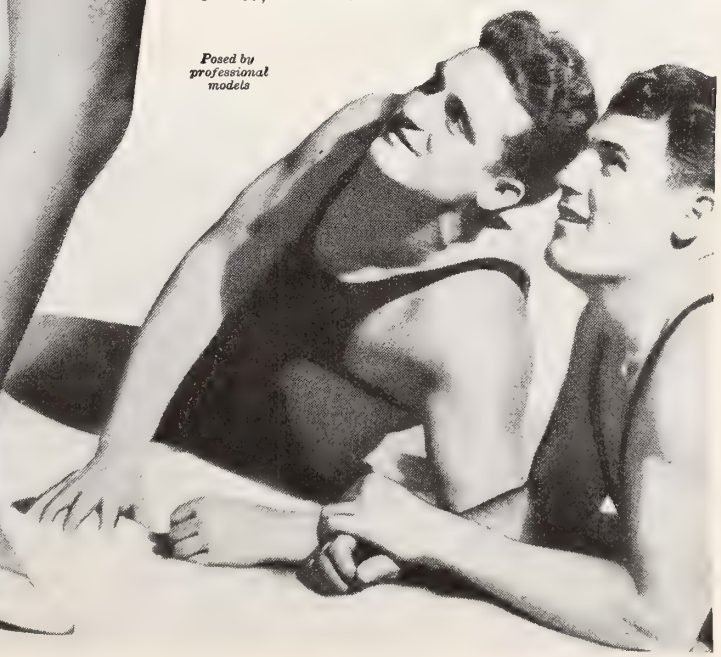
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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

She Can Take It

(*Continued from page 42*)

small-town. It was swell for Merle to think so—but there wasn't any money to foster an indefinite stay in London. And, too, her uncle was pretty upset. He was responsible for this cool, determined young niece and he didn't dare return without the O'Brien-Thompson offspring because then her family might be a trifle upset, too!

Having done a bit of acting with the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society, which staged pantomimes, Merle decided that she could try her hand at acting in London. Also, a number of people had told her that producers fell for a beauty such as hers. She kidded her uncle into thinking that she had a good chance to land a job, so he, being a good sport, gave her a return-trip ticket to Calcutta and enough money to last her a month. If, at the end of that time, she had not located with some theatrical company, she was to return home.

MERLE never used the return ticket, she cashed it in when funds ran low! She didn't have the faintest idea how to go about getting into either the theatre or the films, but she was determined to make the grade. She scrimped along on her uncle's stipend, meanwhile doing the agencies and trying to hear of a job. Finally, she heard that the H. M. V. Film Company was holding an audition for players at the Café de Paris. She discovered upon arrival at the restaurant that about fifty other girls had answered the call and she didn't have a chance.

However, a rather authoritative looking gent came up while she was there and asked her if she would like to dance in the Café. She was hungry and needed money desperately but she had heard stories about café dancers, so she declined. The man was persistent, despite her rebuff, asking her to have tea a few days later at the Café so that she could meet some of the other dancers. He thought it would change her viewpoint. By the time that day arrived, Merle was even hungrier so she went reluctantly. Result was she got a job as hostess and stayed there for three months until she was snatched away by her frantic mother who arrived from India to find out why she hadn't come home.

Merle won her mother over to her side enough to have her linger on in London with her and provide a home while she continued to look for a theatrical job. By this time she had decided that films were the quickest money-makers. Through friends made at the Café, she finally obtained extra work with British-Gaumont. It wasn't until two years later, however, that Alexander Korda, the great European director, saw her at lunch one day and offered her a screen test. In fact, it was Mrs. Korda who called his attention to her, thus interesting him so much that he sought out the set where she was working and watched her do a small "bit." Result was that she started work for him and soon became one of his most talented finds. Her first leading part was with Roland Young in "Wedding Rehearsal." You probably remember her first with Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies," and later as Ann Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

She and Leslie Howard have been great friends ever since the first picture in which they worked. She is one of his staunchest admirers. At the time we met in New York, Leslie was appearing on the stage in "The Petrified Forest" and Merle told me that she hoped she would have a chance to return with his cast to London and play the feminine lead with him when it opened there.

"I would like to do the part of the girl in Leslie's play," she said. "She is such a real character and I think it would be excellent for me to get some stage experience. And playing with Leslie, I think I would get the self-confidence I would need to attempt my first stage role. I have worked with him so much and he knows the stage and its requirements so thoroughly.

"I like film work but I feel that I need contact with audiences, too. The stage would give me that."

I asked her how she liked working in Hollywood for the first time. She made a slight grimace.

"I HAD a perfectly grand time the last two weeks I was there," she said. "But I went into seclusion the first six weeks. I don't know whether everyone resented the fact that I had broken my engagement with Mr. Schenck, who is very popular out there, or whether Hollywood instinctively is hostile to all foreign importations. I can't believe that I had attained enough importance in their eyes to loom up as a menace!" She chuckled as she said this, because I think secretly she believes that is just what a number of dazzling Hollywood beauties thought.

"I really was bewildered," she continued, "at everyone's hostility. It frightened me and so I took to hiding. As far as Mr. Schenck and I were concerned, their attitude was silly, inasmuch as broken engagement or not, we see a great deal of each other and are the best of friends. You know, I actually became so terrified at the disapproval evidenced for me, that when I finally took courage and accepted an invitation to a party, I stayed close to one friend in the room, asking what man I should smile at and what one I shouldn't!"

And if you believe Merle Oberon did this, you are crazy, because all the time she was telling me, that twinkle, I mentioned earlier, was wickedly glinting. And what's more, I can't imagine Hollywood scaring the Oberon for very long. In fact, a little later, in our conversation, we veered off on clothes, and she told me what a sensation a gown, designed for her by Norman Hartnell, made when she appeared in it at one of these very Hollywood parties. You don't wear dresses like that to appear as a shy, retiring soul!

Merle doesn't think anyone in Hollywood seems to be happy. She thinks pictures out there do something to people.

"I think your stage people and our film people lead a more normal life than the Hollywood stars. I mean by that that they aren't under the spotlight nearly so much. You don't feel that you have any private life in Hollywood, or when you become a Hollywood star. Yet I like working there. We had great fun on the "Folies Bergere" set. Of course, I adore Maurice Chevalier, he is one of the kindest men in the world and one of the nicest to work with. I have known him for so long that I felt quite at home while working. I am going back to make "Dark Angel," and I feel sure that I

shall have a good time—the last two weeks of fun I mentioned, convinced me that you can have a good time in Hollywood when everyone relaxes. I wouldn't want to live there permanently, ever, but it is nice to go out for a few pictures a year."

We got onto the subject of happiness, and Merle shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't think you find happiness in being an actress. Perhaps some do, I can only speak for myself. I can't understand now, and you will think this funny since you know how I struggled to get an acting job, I can't understand why young girls should leave nice comfortable homes to battle their way up to an uncertain success. I was so young and so silly that I thought I couldn't stand the small confines of my home in India. I was born in Tasmania, you know, but I had been educated in Calcutta. It seemed as small a life to me as your smaller cities must seem to your young American girls."

SHE looked very serious when she said this, I felt she meant it honestly. And as if, half-talking to herself, she continued, "I had never been hungry, never been without nice clothes, until I started struggling for a career in London. Perhaps that is why I am so extravagant now. I made my own clothes because I couldn't afford to buy nice ones and I refused to wear cheap materials. I used to haunt the fabric counters, when I wasn't looking for a job. I found I could pick up good remnants when the season was nearly ended and I would save them for as long as six months until the season was suitable, then I would make them up into a simple costume that I knew, at least, was good because of its nice fabric. It didn't matter if my sewing was amateurish or the style none too smart."

Merle doesn't stint any more, I can tell you, having looked long and enviously at a closet jammed full of lovely clothes. Many were from her favorite designer, Norman Hartnell of London. She likes black best, brown next. She hardly ever wears colors, she doesn't think they become her. She has a mania for hats, pays wild sums for them. The lovely ice blue of her Carnegie satin hostess gown, she looked upon as an indiscretion, she had never tried that particular shade before. It was very becoming.

She is a delightfully inconsistent person. She tells you solemnly that she is amazed at her popularity over here, yet you know she is calmly steering her own bright destiny with a deft hand. She is deliberately naïve one moment, coolly sophisticated the next. I believe her skepticism about happiness because I think she would be miserable if she found life too placid, too lacking in its recurrent sting and uncertainty. And I think, too, that her slight antipathy to Hollywood is merely the shadow cast by an enormous curiosity to take the place apart and see how it ticks!

There's Too Much Hooey About "Sacrifice"

(*Continued from page 33*)

NOW another one of those fantastic notions so prevalent among singers is the one about talking. A singer about to sing, must not talk! The singer, if something must be said, must whisper!

SOMETHING SPECIAL IN

Chocolate Ice Cream!



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

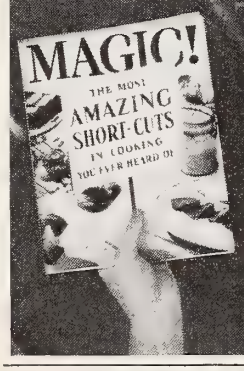
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2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 cup cold water
2 cups thin cream

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, and stir over boiling water for five minutes until mixture thickens. Gradually add water and thin cream. Blend thoroughly. Cool and freeze in two-quart freezer. Remove dasher. Pack in ice and salt for one hour or more after freezing. Makes 1¼ quarts.

● No freezer ever turned out creamier, smoother, richer-tasting ice cream than this. Yet this is easily made, economical.

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Oh, the whispering sopranos, and tenors and baritones, too, that I've met! Just try to talk with one a few minutes, or a few hours, before they get their cue to burst into song. With quiet dignity they will whisper, 'Mustn't talk. Singing, you know.' Now the truth about whispering is that it causes just as much strain as ordinary conversation, if not more. The only logic to be found in this pet superstition is that talking, like running, jumping or riding a horse, requires some physical effort and if a singer talked long enough, and loud enough, he or she might, eventually, become so tired physically as to be 'out of voice.' But talking before singing never hurt anyone.

Miss MacDonald scratched her pretty head. "Let's see," she meditated. "What next—oh, yes! The sacrifice for the figure. Nine out of ten singers tell of the sacrifices made to their figure by the over-development of the diaphragm, that partition separating the chest from the tummy, and the consequent big tummy. Most coaches actually spend a lot of time seeing to what extent a pupil's diaphragm can be developed. I had one teacher who held to the belief that if I could hold my breath and say my A-B-C's two or three times while holding it, that I was doing splendidly. Bunk! That might be great training for deep-sea diving, or underwater swimming, but not for singing.

"The real development is in the throat and it is not necessary to have such a big wind-bag, below, in order to make noises out of such a little opening, above. The sacrifices made for the figure, by the over-development of the diaphragm and the tummy, nine times out of ten, are nothing but an apology for having wrestled with too much spaghetti and *vin rouge*! Which brings me to the subject of a singer's diet, about which much has been written. This, too, is the bunk! I never take my voice into consideration in the matter of food. I eat what is good for my stomach, and do not eat things that are bad for it. Diet for singers? Baloney!

"Then there's love! A lot of singers, male and female, have told of the sacrifices made to their voices and most of them have used the phrase, 'I had to give up love.' That's silly, and my only answer to that assertion is that none of us are singing all of the time.

"These same people assert they must forego all social functions, as another sacrifice to their art. That, too, is asinine. If a singer really did that, such a singer would become so warped mentally that it would automatically have a very bad effect upon a performance.

"Life should be made a joyous thing, not a burden, even by singers."

IT was then that we entered upon a discussion of temperament, and Miss MacDonald broke down and confessed that she, too, has more than a fair share of it. "I have not always agreed with my superiors," she admitted, "and when you fail to agree with them you are called—well, a bit difficult. I am! But I've never shown any sign of temperament, never been difficult, with persons over whom I have authority. Doing that, in my opinion, is showing off, and a sure sign of an inferiority complex. If I do not like some poor devil on the set, I'm not going to have him thrown off because I do not like him, as some temperamental persons have done. And until recently I thought I had done fairly well with my childhood training which had to do with concealing my emotions. On this recent occasion I found I wasn't quite cured. I'll tell you about it.

"Ernst Lubitsch hurt my feelings—and I cried. It was just before I was to start singing. Then, every time I started to sing, I'd think of my injured feelings, and start crying again. Before long I had my throat tied up in a knot, and couldn't sing a note. For, I repeat, there is no bunk about not being able to sing when emotionally upset.

"Then, recently, during the recording of a big scene in 'Naughty Marietta,' I got unstrung. There was a lot of tension. I got mad, and when I get mad I want to kick something.

"I did. The object of my temper was a steel chair. The chair clattered to the floor and I started hopping about on one foot, holding my toes in my hands. Everyone on the set laughed at my discomfiture. They were entitled to laugh and pretty soon I was laughing with them. But I wasn't forgiven so easily. I was framed!

"Just as I burst into song a carpenter arrived, knelt beside me and the chair, and started nailing the chair to the floor. And a property man arrived with a large rubber boot, which, it was suggested, I put on my right foot before doing any more kicking!

"That cured me.

"No, there isn't so much to this temperament business. What is commonly known as temperament is usually exhausted nerves, or an open display of the emotions. It's usually 99 per cent temper and 1 per cent mental."

Once again Miss MacDonald scratched her pretty head and once again she smiled with another idea.

"It's about singers, and drinking," she announced.

"Tradition has it that sweet wine and strong drinks are definitely bad for the vocal cords, yet scores of singers swear by brandy-and-honey and use it just before singing. Now, where's the logic of that? Certainly, honey is sweeter than sweet wine, and brandy is a high proof distillation of wine, so what? I know some male songsters who believe so firmly in the value of honey and brandy that they eat honey with their meals and drink the brandy just before singing!

"Now, as for me, personally, I couldn't take a drink even of a mild wine, and sing, any more than I could sing after eating. Any intoxicant, even wine, would ruin me for the time being. Now a mild intoxicant is said to relax the throat muscles, but it relaxes mine so completely that I have no voice. Eating before singing? I'll tell you a secret. When I am scheduled to sing I do not eat. Instead, I sip a little lemon juice to still the gastric juices that are battling for food and then swallow a little honey to soften the irritating effect of the lemon. Why don't I give in and eat? Because when I eat I am likely to yawn, and when I'm fearful of yawning—well, I simply can't contemplate a high note."

Miss MacDonald was thoughtful.

"We've been talking about this sacrifice business for a couple of hours," she said. "There certainly are a lot of singers, men and women, who shed public tears over all their sacrifices. But, do you know that there are a lot of them who talk about their sacrifices who really ought to sacrifice their singing—and forget it!"

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I'll Never Do *That* Again

(*Continued from page 53*)

"But we were talking about my faults, and fibbing in particular. I get the biggest kick out of Mother when she tries to fib! It almost kills me! You know how mothers tell white lies to get their children to do things? Well, I've been on to her for years! The other night she was trying to sell me an idea by telling a whopper and her expression was a dead give-away! And I guess that most of our mistakes are give-aways about us to others!"

A page boy brought a phone to our table. Miss Rogers was wanted on the phone. She talked rapidly into it, jumped up and exclaimed, "Excuse me a minute, will you, Caroline? I have to ride a horse in the picture and they've got several lined up in the street and I'm to pick the one I want. I'll be right back!"

I tried to look nonchalant in this dining-room of strangers. A publicity man came up and asked for Ginger. I explained morosely that Ginger was out in the street looking for a horse to ride in a picture. He gave me a startled look and almost fell over Gene Raymond as he backed slowly away from me.

Suddenly she was back again. "Well, that's over," she announced triumphantly. "I even rode him! Now all I have to do is take a make-up test this afternoon and the day is over." I suggested that we learn the rest of her mistakes before a horse stuck its head in the window looking for Ginger. She was game, for she smiled and said:

"Have you ever seen girls that wear too much street make-up? Well, I used to belong in that quota. Every kid that wants to go on the stage seems to think that she has to look and act like an actress twenty-four hours a day. After you've been around a while you know better!

"I started stage work when I was fifteen, winning the Texas state championship during the Charleston craze. But I'd been addicted to too much make-up long before that! Instead of attracting favorable attention like you want it to, it's very liable to have just the opposite effect. Why, when I was seven, I was make-up conscious. You ought to hear my mother tell about that!

"Mother and I were in New York then. We were living in a hotel on Fifth Avenue and one day Mother rushed in, grabbed me by the hand and hurried me down the street to where she had a business appointment. She noticed that people were staring at us and, when the snickers eventually grew too frequent, she stopped to glance at little Ginger. One look was enough!

"I'd been arraying myself in all the make-up and props I could lay hands on. Not that I was laboring under the idea that I was going to be an actress. I simply craved make-up! So, there we were on Fifth Avenue, my lips painted a bright red, enough rouge on to supply a chorus and, to top it all, decked out in my mother's long jade earrings.

MOTHER took me over into a dark corner, and did she scrub that make-up off with a handkerchief and her underskirt! It's a family joke now, but one time—and not so awfully long ago—my use of cosmetics was something of a professional and personal handicap. I imagine





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that girls don't realize that too much make-up makes you look quite like everyone else instead of making you stand out from the crowd.

"Another fault of mine has been in being too readily impressed by smooth surfaces. Perhaps you have to grow older to learn that still waters run deepest. But cute boys who had great lines and acted like bigshots were one of my kid failings. They don't wear well, and in going about with pseudo-people you either make yourself appear extremely gullible or as false as the people with whom you associate. And that's no help to either your career or yourself if you want to succeed and have people like you for yourself.

"You'll notice that young girls like to go around with that type, but when they get married it's to those men who have some seriousness and stability in their character. That's the tip-off!

"One of my most highly developed feminine traits I've managed to overcome to a degree. Practically all girls like to gossip. I did. And at times gossip so readily becomes malicious that you hardly realize what you're saying or implying. One thing I did stands out in my mind. It taught me the greatest lesson and caused me more genuine humiliation than anything I've ever experienced.

"When I was playing in musical comedies, most of my time was spent backstage. Naturally gossip was one of our favorite recreations. I remember, in this instance, that I was playing at a theatre in Washington and in talking to a girl said something about another person that was absolutely uncalled for.

"Luckily for me—and I mean luckily—that person happened to be standing right behind me and heard what I'd said. I'll never forget how terrible I felt when I turned around and saw her standing there. Her lack of retaliation hurt me more than anything she could possibly have said or done. I learned one lesson from that experience that I'll never forget. 'Wash your dirty linen at home!'

"I'm absolutely rude at times and must repulse people whose only intention is to be kind. I'm so darned afraid of falling for flattery that I often have a feeling that people are saying one thing and meaning another. That makes it hard to be polite. As you know, Hollywood is given to effusiveness. A lot of it is genuine. But I can't help freezing up when my own common sense tells me that it was just meant as honest praise and that I should be deeply grateful for it."

GINGER finished her orange juice, spoke a moment to B. B. Kahane, head of the studio, waved to an electrician, and once again plunged into Miss Rogers' faults. She said: "Another mistake that I often make is my lack of decision. I'll sometimes stall around and hesitate and end up by not knowing just what I want.

"For example, when we're picking songs for my pictures. The song writers will play them over and then say, 'How'd you like them?' I'll hem and haw around sometimes. Other times I'll turn around and make a snap judgment and say that I don't like a certain song. Their experience will prevail, though, and darned if it won't turn out to be the hit song of the picture!"

As we started for the door, with Ginger already late for her make-up test, she suddenly exclaimed, "I'd forgotten about my 'life of the party' complex, and that's one mistake I never want to make again! Many times I used to go out on a date and I thought I was the belle of the ball if I was the center of attraction.

"Really, I was simply making my escort feel conspicuous! After I'd get home and think about the evening, I'd feel like giving Ginger a good swift kick! It's far better to be a little backward than to embarrass your escort by being the life of the party, to monopolize the conversation and so on."

Ginger hurried up the street to the test stage. Not a horse was in sight. While she professes to have made plenty of mistakes that she'd never make again, you'll probably agree that lack of honesty and frankness aren't among them!

Results of Popularity Questionnaire

(*Continued from page 13*)

Thanks, Between You and Me-ites, for your grand response to the questionnaire which appeared in this corner of the April issue. Thousands—and we mean thousands—of ballots have poured in. I'm sure you'll find the results of our conscientious tabulations extremely interesting and enlightening. Here goes:

Title	*First Place*	*Second Place*	*Third Place*
Most Beautiful Star	Claudette Colbert	Norma Shearer	Loretta Young
Most Handsome Man	Clark Gable	Fredric March	Gene Raymond
Favorite Female Star	Joan Crawford	Claudette Colbert	Greta Garbo
Favorite Male Star	Clark Gable	Dick Powell	Bob Montgomery
Best Dressed Woman	Kay Francis	Joan Crawford	Carole Lombard
Best-Dressed Man	William Powell	Clark Gable	Adolphe Menjou
Musical Liked Best to Date	The Gay Divorcee	Flirtation Walk	Roberta
Most Enjoyable Film	David Copperfield	Lives of a Bengal Lancer	Forsaking All Others
Favorite Team	Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell	Joan Crawford-Clark Gable	Myrna Loy-William Powell
I'd Like to See Teamed	Mary Brian-Dick Powell	Mae West-Clark Gable	Janet Gaynor-Gene Raymond
I'd Like to See Starred	Gene Raymond	Maureen O'Sullivan	David Manners
Bit Player Liked Best	Henry Armetta	Frank McHugh	Nat Pendleton
Would Like to See More Pictures With	Fred Astaire	Gene Raymond	Clark Gable
Favorite Comedian	Eddie Cantor	Charles Butterworth	W. C. Fields
Favorite Comedienne	ZaSu Pitts	Patsy Kelly	Una Merkel

Hollywood Can't Change Me!

(*Continued from page 60*)

quit being dignified?" she demanded. I compromised by following her suggestion. I haven't won an argument with her yet!

Peace restored, Alice went on with the conversation. "Maybe it's just me that doesn't fit. I don't know. But the best times I ever had in my life were when I was in the chorus. I used to go window shopping between shows and I got more kick out of that than I do out of being able to buy things now. You hear a lot of gags about people being tired of it all. You know in my case that I'm telling the truth when I say I happen to prefer New York to Hollywood. Nothing personal, understand. That's just the way I feel. Broadway's my home. I belong there, I don't here.

"What I can't understand, Dick, is much of the hullabaloo about being a picture actress. I've worked on the radio, I've worked in night clubs, done personal appearances. You can be yourself—you go out, do your job and the rest of the time is yours. But here I feel like part of a parade twenty-four hours a day. They worry too much. 'Where're you going?' 'What'll you wear?' 'What'll people say?' They never miss on that last one! If you've got nothing on your conscience why should you have to worry about what people say or think?

"The happiest two weeks I've had since I've been in pictures were spent two thousand miles from here. I did two weeks of personal appearances in Chicago and it was swell. Everybody was swell. I'm old Grandma herself when it comes to those stage jitters but just the same I enjoyed it. Of course, you have to remember that if it weren't for pictures there would be no personal appearances. But even if I do get so scared by an audience that I have to lean on a piano for a prop, I like it. You've an audience to work with and not a big bunch of lights that say, 'So this is Faye, huh? Well, make me laugh!'

"I only wish I had Rudy's assurance on the stage. He walks out and wows them five shows a day, week in and week out, and nothing upsets him. That's why he's on the top where he belongs. But me! I'll see some guy in the fifty-ninth row looking for his hat and I'll say, 'There you go, Faye, driving them out of the theatre already!' My knees begin to rattle and it's all I can do to stop from going into an 'off to Buffalo' right off the stage and into the street!"

I GLANCED around Alice's apartment. From her porch you can see the ocean. One of the finest suites in the most exclusive apartment house in Hollywood. Beautiful furnishings, an expensive radio, her mink coat thrown over a chair. "How about these?" I inquired, nodding at the various accoutrements of her success.

Alice ran her fingers through her blonde hair, put her hanky back into the pocket of her deep blue lounging pajamas. "I'm plenty grateful to Hollywood for what it's given me. No matter how hard you work to have to remember that it's certainly Hollywood and the studios that combine to put you over. I got my chance here and I'm not forgettin' it. My mother, cousin and two brothers live out here with me. That's swell! You know how I feel about my folks."

"Another thing I've learned here is that if I should ever get married, I'd certainly marry an actor! You have to, in self-protection. You have to marry someone that talks your language, that knows what you're up against. So many marriages have two strikes on them to begin with that if you're smart you'll fall in love with someone in your own profession. Movies and outsiders don't seem to click so well. Nor with society people for that matter." She grinned. "Not that Faye would be knowing society people! But if you have a common background and about the same type of interests it'd seem to me that there's a better chance of making the grade together. You mightn't believe it, but I'm nigh on to twenty-two and I've never had a proposal in my life! So I guess Faye doesn't need to be getting wrinkles on that score."

As you see, Alice doesn't pretend to know all the answers. She doesn't mingle with the local intelligentsia, if any. Her pals are people who knew her in New York. But she does know all the answers about little Miss Faye who sings for her supper and her family's.

You can't kid her and she won't kid herself. I remember when the studio thought that she should take voice lessons to improve her diction. Alice went to the high mogul of the studio and said simply, "Listen, do you think people are going to go to pictures to see my idea of how to speak like a professor in five easy lessons? You told me to be myself. I'm trying to stay that way. Do you want me to sing songs like, 'Oh, You Nasty Man!' with a broad A? It's silly. I'm not going to do it." That was that. She didn't. Three pictures ago, as Hollywood reckons time, that was. And she's been made a star in her latest one.

ALICE looked out of the window at the traffic streaming along Sunset. Half aloud she said wistfully, "I'll be going East in a week and, gee, will I be glad to be back home!" Looking at her I felt that I knew just how she meant it. Life hasn't been any bed of roses for Alice. She started her picture career under the handicap of unpleasant publicity. She sold herself when the picture was released, simply because Alice Faye didn't fit in with the situation that had been foisted upon her. She doesn't tell you that she had to go to work at fifteen. About her long rehearsals and shows as a Chester Hale chorine. She knows what it means to ride home to Brooklyn on the subway at three in the morning after working all evening in a night club.

The best thing about her, from Hollywood's point of view, is her lack of pretense. That alone sets her aside. She won't pretend to be a lady of elegance or of blueblooded ancestry. No smart quips fall from her lips but plenty of horse-sense does.

Alice was saying, "Sometimes things just don't mesh, I guess. This is one of those times. If I changed, I wouldn't be Alice Faye so all I can do is try to get along by being myself. Maybe I'd been more adaptable if I came from the legitimate stage. But as it is, I'm embarrassed working in front of a chorus—I'd feel more at home in it and I'm not kidding!"

Success can't daunt her, I guess. That it's made her wiser, made her less carefree, I know. But neither Hollywood nor any other town could change this kid who stepped into a leading role her first day in the celluloid city. Who said Hollywood couldn't take it? It's made Alice Faye a star for staying herself!



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When They Were Job-Hunting—Part I

(*Continued from page 58*)

wise eyes of the stage man saw that the girl had tremendous vitality and intelligence. As he talked to her, he discovered the alertness of her mind and the keenness with which she grasped everything he said. He pronounced the magic words, "I think you'll do" and Claudette was sent, like every other beginner, to read the part before the stage director.

They saw that she was good and, after several weeks rehearsal, the company opened out of town. But by this time influences were at work over which Claudette had no control. There were large holes in the play. Scene after scene had to be re-written and by the time that this was done, Claudette's part was so changed that she was no longer the type to play it.

YES, she had got her first job. Her vividness had impressed a producer and now she was thrown into the depths of despair. To any producer this is just a "bad break." And Pemberton was too busy languishing over his sick play to bother over a girl's sick soul. He did not know until years later—perhaps he has never known—that Claudette's heart was broken. You see, she did not know that the talent she had, the very thing which had caused Pemberton to give her the part was the thing that would get more roles for her.

The only thing that kept her going was a chance meeting with Katherine Cornell at a party. The great Cornell, already an established actress, looked deep into the girl's eyes and said, "Do not be discouraged. You are so young. You will have a hundred more chances. If you have the ability, there is nothing that can keep you back."

But while Claudette was losing her role in "Puppets," a very earnest young man was working like a slave to fit himself for the stage. He was brought to Brock Pemberton by an agent, as a fellow who showed promise, and given one of the male roles in "Puppets." Fred March was his name. Pemberton saw in him the vital spark and gave him his chance. But he had trouble making himself heard beyond the first few rows. All the emotion necessary was in his voice. What it lacked was volume. For weeks he took the most strenuous exercises under a competent teacher and, by the time the play opened, his voice was firm and resonant.

But Pemberton was having more trouble with "Puppets." The girl who had opened out of town in the role similar to the one Claudette Colbert had and which the re-writing had changed, became ill. They realized that she must be replaced by another girl. Desperately Pemberton wired to New York to have someone for an interview the day he arrived. Worried and harassed he came into his office and was instantly greeted by the most charming smile he had ever seen. It beamed at him from a piquant little face topped by a mop of golden hair. His secretary said, "This young lady was sent up by the agent. She's done a couple of small bits in musical comedy." But Pemberton knew from that first bright smile that she had the magic that would electrify theatre audiences. Her name? Miriam Hopkins.

AND all during rehearsals it was that smile that the producer and director and other members of the cast remembered.

Most of these young players were, as I've told, sent to Pemberton by someone who could vouch for them. Very seldom has the producer time to interview those forlorn, would-be actors and actresses who sit day after day in his outer office hoping for a chance for a word with him.

However, one day he noticed, amongst that motley crew a girl whose very appearance caught his eye. She was so quiet, so demure, so calm. He told his secretary to send her in. She had no agent and was merely making the weary rounds of producers' offices hoping for a break. Two things impressed Pemberton—first, her gentle manners (she was so obviously a lady) and secondly, her rich lovely voice, a naturally beautiful voice. So he sent her out in a road show of "Strictly Dishonorable" and eventually she had the chance of playing the leading role. That's how Margaret Sullavan got her first break.

The play "Strictly Dishonorable" itself has a dramatic background. Two newcomers to Broadway appeared in the New York production. One was Muriel Kirkland, picked from fifty girls who tried out for it and another was Tullio Carminati. Tullio had been a well-known actor in Italy. A film company had brought him to America a couple of months before talkies came in. When the microphone menaced Hollywood, the moguls decided that the Italian's accent would not record so he was sent on his way.

It was in a road show that someone saw him, realized his charm and suaveness and recommended him to Pemberton. And his success was instantaneous.

BOB MONTGOMERY was another who approached Pemberton and was given a small part. And George Brent was picked for a role in "Seven Year Love" when he was still an unknown. Walter Huston was discovered by Pemberton in another way. Walter's sister asked the producer to see him. Huston was, at that time, playing in vaudeville. Various acts were on the bill that evening, most of them pretty dreary. And then Huston appeared. Why, the man could do everything—he sang, he danced, he acted in a little skit he had written himself. So versatile was he, of such depth was his acting that Pemberton did not bother giving him a small role. Instead, he began at once looking for a play for him. And he found it in "Mr. Pitt." In this same production, by the way, was an unknown called Minna Gombell.

Amazing, isn't it, how great these names have grown? Surprising to realize that those boys and girls, like you, perhaps, today, were out job-hunting! And hunting jobs with them at the time were boys and girls whose names no one knows. When all is said and done, Pemberton, himself, hardly knows why he picked these few. One had a bright smile, another was gentle and lady-like, another was intelligent and earnest. But this fact remains, there was in each one some vital quality, some force of personality, some latent talent that shone through the awkwardness one feels in applying for a job, that overrode the nervous tension bound to be felt before so omnipotent a producer as Pemberton.

With this mysterious, undefinable quality you can't be kept back. Those first little roles were the open sesame for these stars. But had Pemberton not seen it someone else would have. Talent was there and talent cannot be buried!

When They Were Job-Hunting—Part II

(*Continued from page 59*)

any direction and it annoyed the actors. But she didn't seem to understand English, for she took off her hat and made herself comfortable. Finally, because I thought she would annoy me less *on* the stage than she did sitting right there on my elbow, I told her she could be one of the Czarina's ladies-in-waiting. . . .

"She was on the stage before I had even finished my sentence. I told her where and how to stand. Then came the dress rehearsal and I knew that *something had to be done!*

YOU see, even in an atmosphere part, Katharine Hepburn stood out like a bright star in an indigo firmament. She wore the identical costume that the rest of the ladies-in-waiting wore and was supposed to act and be just like them. But she wasn't! She wasn't, at all. For this reason she spoiled my entire set-up. She made the other ladies-in-waiting look unimportant, colorless. Katie had something about her that you just couldn't miss. I didn't know what it was then. I scarcely know what it is now . . . but I knew I had to either throw her out of the company altogether, or give her a better part. I decided to do the latter.

"Mary Boland was also responsible, in a way, for my giving Katharine Hepburn a chance at a good role. You see, Katie adored Mary—but not from afar. She would follow her around, watching her every gesture, listening to her every intonation, getting in her way and under her feet wherever she turned, until poor Mary could stand it no longer.

"'For heaven's sake!' she would say, 'Why don't you give this girl a big part and keep her busy and out of my way?' So you might say that Mary, too, helped Katharine to get started in her career.

"It's foolish, in a way, for anybody to say that they discovered Katharine Hepburn. *She discovered herself!* She knew she had something to offer before anyone else knew it. And she knew that she had to get on the stage for that someing to be seen and appreciated. She arranged that through her own will and determination . . . the rest was easy. When a girl like Katie hangs around the footlights, you just have to put her back of them.

"Here is something interesting about her that I don't believe has ever been told before. Following two summer seasons at Baltimore, I decided to produce a play on Broadway. That play was 'The Big Pond' and I gave Katharine a chance at the leading role. She worked like a Trojan on that part. We rehearsed for several weeks, and opened out of town, at Great Neck. By that time we were all certain that Katie was promising material. But she wasn't ready yet. She hadn't the necessary training and experience. And after a week in Great Neck, I had to tell her so. I felt like the devil about it, but I had to tell her that she just wasn't ready for Broadway.

WELL, she took it beautifully. There were no tears. There were no angry outbursts. In fact she said and did something, the like of which I had never heard before in the theatre. 'All right,' she said. 'I understand. But if I can't do the part on Broadway, I'd at least like to understudy it.'

"And so Katharine Hepburn understudied the role she had just been playing. It was one of the most amazing indications of good sportsmanship that I have ever witnessed. And she stuck with us, too, during the length of the show's run on Broadway."

But Mr. Knopf was introduced to even other examples of good sportsmanship, right in his own Baltimore stock company. Most stock companies at that time were operated on the star system. Each company usually boasts one or two well known actors, or actresses who had been well known on the Broadway stage. These actors received six or seven hundred dollars a week and the rest of the company received practically nothing, in comparison. So, also, did the producers. For this reason, Mr. Knopf decided that there would be no stars in his company. Even well known players, who might like to come down to Baltimore for the fun of the thing, would never receive more than two hundred dollars a week, his top salary. Supporting players would, on the other hand, receive better-than-average wages. There would be no names in lights. There would be no favoritism shown in any way. It was just to be one big happy family.

Strangely enough that is exactly what it turned out to be. Even Mr. Knopf was surprised. It didn't seem that so much talent and so much temperament could be thrown together and still live to tell the tale. In addition to Mary Boland and Katharine Hepburn, Douglass Montgomery and Bob Montgomery were also members of that company. If one of them played a leading role one week, he played a bit part the next. The dressing-room question was handled a bit more simply. The biggest and best dressing-room, which was the one always nearest the stage, was occupied each week by the person having the most costume changes. In the two years that this Baltimore company existed not one actor asked for a raise. Not one actor complained about his quarters. Not one insisted on more publicity. Not one seemed jealous of anyone else—and there were no nasty outbursts of temperament.

"Of course, of the four people mentioned, three of them were comparatively unknown then. Mary Boland was the exception. It's interesting that in spite of the warning 'you can't be stars here!' that's exactly what they all turned out to be! Which is just another way of proving that you can't keep a good man down.

Douglass Montgomery was one of the first to open with this Baltimore stock company early in its first season—and the whole town went mad about Douglass. At least, the ladies did. He played juvenile parts and hearts both young and old went pitty-pat every time he appeared on the stage.

After the end of the third or fourth week, a few of the more enterprising matinee hounds got together and formed the "Douglass Montgomery Club." What was its purpose? What is the purpose of any club? They wanted to meet their Douglass. They wanted to shake his hand. They wanted to twist the buttonhole in his lapel. And, since they had organized a club in his honor, it was only polite that he should invite them to tea, or at least come out into the audience to greet them after the performance was over. They had special stationery printed. They sent Douglass the joyful announcement of their organization and, of course,

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Doug responded as they expected him to. Even in those days he had plenty to talk about and so his worshipers found him even more delightful in person than they did on the stage. His popularity grew by leaps and bounds and it looked as though Mr. Knopf's "no-star system" was doomed, because of Douglass.

DID it turn his head? Did it turn the heads of the other members of the company away from him? Quite the contrary. They laughed and kidded him about it but no one seemed jealous. Everything went along just as smoothly as before.

"At the end of our first stock season in Baltimore," Mr. Knopf went on, "Douglass Montgomery received an offer to appear in a New York play, and left us. Which meant that I had to look around for another juvenile. It was about that time that Bob Montgomery came to see me. I liked him, in spite of myself—you see, he, too, was, at that time, little more than an amateur.

"From the beginning Bob worked against tremendous odds. Remember that Baltimore had been crazy about his predecessor, Douglass Montgomery. So, though they liked Bob, they were always wishing that they had their little 'Dougie' back. The newspaper critics were always comparing the two—an always odious procedure. Patrons wrote us letters, asking about Douglass. Why hadn't he come back? Where was he playing at the moment? and so forth. A few even insinuated that I had purposely hired Bob because he had the same last name that Douglass had. Insinuating, too, that in this way I had hoped to entice Douglass Montgomery fans into the theatre—under false pretenses.

"Bob was a bit discouraged at first, but as time went on he saw that he was gaining a foothold himself. The strain of trying to take Douglass Montgomery's place lessened. By the end of the season, Bob had won over many of his predecessor's fans and had gained hundreds of new ones for himself.

"It was at about this time that the play 'Broadway' closed on Broadway and came to Baltimore. They opened in a theatre next door to ours. A girl, by the name of Elizabeth Allen, had the lead in that play. Bob Montgomery came to me one day and said, 'There's a swell little actress playing right next door. I want you to meet her. Maybe we could have her here in the company with us.' Accordingly, Bob took me next door to meet Elizabeth Allen. He had not known her very long, then, himself, but it was easy to see that he was all for her! I liked her, too, and told her to come and see me when she finished her run in 'Broadway.'

SO, several weeks later, Bob Montgomery and his future wife, Betty Allen, appeared together in one of our plays. They were married, I believe, before the year was over. Incidentally, that play in which they acted together was 'Clarence,' with Bob playing the juvenile role.

"Bob, too, showed what kind of stuff he was made of during my early association with him. After 'The Big Pond' I signed to direct another play on the road with the hope of bringing it into town later. The producer, Arch Selwyn, wanted Douglass Montgomery for the leading role. But Douglass wouldn't be free for several weeks. So I made Bob a proposition to play the role during the road try-outs with the understanding that he would give it up, as soon as Douglass Montgomery was free. Bob, as usual, was swell about it and he had so thoroughly proved himself a fine actor that when the time came Selywn hated to see him give up the role.

"Following the production of the play, 'The Big Pond' was bought for Maurice Chevalier to do in the movies and, since I was sent out to Hollywood to do the adaptation, I lost track of most of the people with whom I had worked. But to prove to you that there is such a thing as a grateful actor I want to tell you that when I did meet Bob Montgomery again, I needed his help—and badly. Let it be written in the book, if those who deny to actors the quality of gratitude—he came through, and generously."

These people have all gone a long way since those early days. When we hear today that Katie Hepburn fights with her director we surely cannot blame it all on her disposition—after what Mr. Knopf has told us. No real trouper is naturally belligerent. The word "trouping" means quite the opposite. Some people are born good troupers. They get to the top eventually even though they may have to play all the backwoods towns . . . sleep in small, cheap hotels . . . eat bad food and live on a few dollars a week. They get to the top even though they have been told that they *can't be stars!* At least, that is what happened to these four people, and we admire them all the more because of it!

She'd Rather Work Than Eat

(*Continued from page 49*)

anybody would pay any attention to me. I was terribly shy then and so tired from worrying that I felt numb. But all the girls did everything they could to help me, particularly Miss Hepburn. She was lovely to me. When I said I lacked her intensity, she told me that what she needed was my relaxation. That struck me as funny, because she didn't know I was half-dead for sleep."

SHE could laugh at it now, though a bit wistfully.

"Has everybody been kind to you?" I inquired.

"Yes, very kind indeed," was her grateful reply, "everybody but one woman star. As we took our places for a scene, one day, she turned on me angrily and called out, 'Don't stand there, you little piece of trash!' Of course, I was just a nobody, but I didn't feel I was trash, and what she had said right there before others hurt me terribly. I stood where I was, in spite of her, because the director had told me to stand there. But I never spoke to her again. A day or two later she stopped and demanded, 'What do you mean by passing me without speaking?' But I wouldn't answer her."

Spunky little thing, this Jean Parker, with all her gentleness and charm.

"All the directors I've worked with," she went on, her face lighting again, "have been fine and helped me immensely, most of all dear 'Boly'—Mr. Boleslavsky, you know. In 'Rasputin' he handled me like a baby. Lionel Barrymore had a bad cold and was afraid I'd catch it, so we didn't rehearse our scene. 'Boly' just read it

over with me. He thought, and so did I, that as the Princess Maria I should look Slavic, and as I'm Polish that was simple. I just accentuated my looks by slicking back my hair and wearing a switch, then making my mouth wider and straighter by taking the curve out of it. I never have anyone put on my make-up and I always do my own hair."

As you may surmise, this uncommon youngster gives the impression of being a thoroughly competent person. There were no silver spoons lying around loose when she was born, so she soon learned to make herself useful with the kitchen variety, and what's more she never did any crying about it. She feels pretty much the same about pictures.

"It isn't that I can't cry easily," she assured me. "But I don't believe a tense scene should be played with tears. They should be held back, and if the audience is made to feel the scene strongly they will do the crying. I know girls in pictures who can cry at the drop of the hat. But there must be more than mere surface emotion, something deep down inside you. Before I tried it I thought acting in pictures was much more artificial than it is. But it's really like paying you to play house sincerely."

"And paying you well," I suggested.

YES, that's true," she assented. "But good shoes and good cars are all I care about. Maybe I'm crazy."

She grinned impishly over her salad.

"Is it easy to play house sincerely?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "it really isn't. With normal intelligence a girl must have good health, otherwise she won't be able to stand it. Then everything depends on her training. With me, first of all, something had to be done about my thin little voice. The teacher I went to said, 'I want to treat you like a rose. We will start at the roots, then you will bloom.' That sounded lovely, but somehow I couldn't help feeling that my voice ought to be pulled up by the roots. I must say for it, though, that it came in handy for yelling purposes in my first picture, 'Divorce in the Family.' I had to fall out of a canoe into dirty water and sticky mud three times—and did I yell! When I got through making a mess of myself I looked mighty like, not a rose, but an old swamp hag."

She hopped up and ran her hands down her straight hips.

"Did work do that?" I asked.

"I'm afraid it did," she admitted. "This is the first day off I've had in four months. I worked in three pictures—'Caravan,' 'Have a Heart' and 'Sequoia'—without a break, sometimes working twenty-four hours at a stretch."

"Did you mind going to the studio at six in the morning when you were playing Beth?"

"I minded getting up at five, which I had to do," she confessed.

"You put in a pretty long day."

"But an interesting one," she added.

"And did it end with your work at the studio?"

"Not quite," she hesitated to say. "You see, when I got home at seven o'clock I had to get supper for the family—five of us altogether."

"Have you ever felt in danger of temptation?"

"No," she promptly answered. "It would be silly of me to say I haven't had any temptations in picture work, and I know that the movies are an orgy of temptations—money, greed, vanity, rivalry, passion. But yielding to those temptations is an individual matter. Before I went into pictures I was in love with a boy, and I'm still in love with him. He's everything in the world to me, and some day I expect to marry him, have a home of my own and babies. Those are the things I want and value above everything else in the world. Meanwhile the only thing in pictures that interests me is my work."

There seemed nothing more to say and nothing more to do than offer her a cigarette.

"No, thank you," she smiled.

Jean Parker doesn't smoke, and she doesn't drink, but she is hopelessly addicted to—work.

He's Naturally Funny

(*Continued from page 48*)

I say, 'What is it? A boy or a girl? The doctor, he laugh and pat me on da shoulder. "It's better dan dat,' he said. 'It's a boy *and* a girl!' At first I don' unnerstand. He say again, 'Mr. Armetta, it's twins!'

"Holy Mother! I was upsidedown. I hit myself on da forehead, like I always do. He say, 'Dat's funny!'

"I say, 'You tink maybe it's funny—two instead of one?'

"'Oh, no, dat is not funny,' he say. 'Dat is wonderful. I laugh at you. You are funny, hitting yourself like dat."

WELL, it seems that Henry was too confused by the arrival of the twins to think twice about what the doctor was saying. He calmed down after a while, however, when he saw the twins, and saw how cute they were. And the next day or so, Henry did get a job. It was while he was waiting to do a scene, that he remembered what the doctor had said about his looking funny. He went to his dressing-room, stood in front of a mirror and slapped his forehead again. Yes, maybe it was funny. He went back and tried it in front of the camera.

"Da director, he laugh. Everybody on da set, dey laugh. Da people in de audience . . . dey laugh at de preview. And I laugh, too. Not because I tink I am funny," Henry hastened to add. "But I laugh because now I tink maybe my troubles are over."

And that was about the size of it, too . . . particularly after he added that funny walk of his, to the thwacking business.

The walk, with one shoulder high in the air, was not natural however. Henry worked that out for himself.

"One day, I sit in my house, tinking how I can be more funny, when I see a pillow on da couch. Well, I tink dat maybe I am too tin. I was ver' tin. Yes, you don' believe me? I show you pictures. I tink, maybe I should be fat. I put de pillow under da vest, and look in da mirror. But I say to myself, 'Henry, if you are fat, you walk different. You have more to walk wit.' So I walk different ways. But it not ver' funny. Den, da pillow, he slip a leetle to one side, and I jus' naturally lift my shoulder to balance him. Now, dere! Dat, it is funny! The director he say so, too. So, for a coupla years, I been walking sideways. I get fatter, we make da pillow smaller. Now, I don't use da

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City.....

pillow anymore at all. My stomach, he is all me, in person."

And speaking of Henry "in person," he is just as charming and delightful and as enjoyable as he is on the screen only, of course, not quite so exaggerated. We had luncheon together at one of Hollywood's finest restaurants and I must say that I have never dined with anyone who received more deferential attention and courtesy than Henry did. Perhaps it was because the waiters have seen Henry waiting on tables on the screen many times and have seen him spill soup on some of Hollywood's loveliest stars. Perhaps they knew that Henry knows what not to do if one should stay out of trouble, and they were, therefore, twice as cautious and courteous. (Henry has the reputation for being the funniest character waiter in the business. You have also seen him as restaurant and hotel proprietor. Not to mention his roles as cab driver, street sweeper, etc.)

BUT I rather think that there was more to their attention than that. Henry is the sort of a fellow that you can't help liking. A man who once worked for fifty cents a day and who now makes $500 a week and who is still as sincere and modest as ever. He bears no grudges. He has a face on which only friendly thoughts register. He is a genial and generous host. You can't *help* liking a man like that.

Speaking of being a host. Henry has a specialty . . . barbecue parties. Henry has never owned his own home in Hollywood because, as he says, he prefers to move around. But the first thing he does when he moves into a house, is build a barbecue pit in the back yard. Consequently, Henry has populated almost the whole of Beverly Hills with barbecue pits, and they are beautiful, expensive ones, too. In fact, when Henry moves out of a place, the owner can always be certain of getting at least $20 a month more rent from his next tenant. When he gives parties, which he does often, he always serves barbecued steaks and a big dish of spaghetti which he prepares himself.

"I no save da money," he told me. "If I get a coupla dollars in my pocket I say to my family, 'Come on, we go to some swell restaurant, and eat swell.' We have a big meal. Maybe with champagne. I don' care. I don' care about da future. When we got money we enjoy it. Extravagant? No! Only, you know, good food, good wine, dat is fun. Dat is da best life."

Six years ago Henry bought his first car—a second hand Chevrolet for which he paid $250. Today he owns the most modern of modern cars, a new streamline Chrysler. It's his pride and joy and there's an interesting story connected with it, too.

Not long ago he decided to do something he has always said he was going to do. You know how a man is always saying, "Someday I'm going on a roughing trip. All by myself. I am going to leave my family and go off into the woods and eat beans and bacon cooked over an open fire!" Well, at last Henry was going to do it, but he was going to do it in style. As he told me, "I have da new car, but I don' wanna drive it. I wanna chauffeur. He drive me and I sit in da back seat and be comfortable. Well, we start off. I lean back and try to get comfortable.

"But I get so nervous to have somebody else drive my beautiful new car! And da chauffeur, he was ver' reckless. I have no fun at all. So I tell him to get out and sit in da back seat, and I drive. Well, I drive and feel ver' happy again when, all of a sudden I smell someting burning. I look in da back seat and dere is my chauffeur *asleep*—and his cigarette burn up all my new upholstery! Dat time I hit myself on da head good—to stop myself from hitting him. After dat I don' let him smoke, not any more. But I was also ver' much afraid someting else happen, so I turn around an' we come back home. Chauffeurs, bah! I tink dey just are not for me. Maybe beautiful new cars not either. I don' know." He shrugged.

"Well, you've got to do something with $500 a week," I kidded him.

"Oh, don' you worry about dat, I can do sometings," he laughed. "Yep, dat is ver' excellent idea."

He motioned to the waiter and whispered something in his ear. When the waiter arrived with the champagne he said, "You want me to make a noise when I pull out the cork, Mr. Armetta?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Armetta with that quick funny little gesture of his. He put his finger to his lips. "Shhh," he said.

I smiled with approval. Most any other actor would have said, "Of course, by all means. Let the joyous 'pop' ring out!" And they'd only be hoping that there was somebody important there to see, and hear!

Garbo Is Driving Me Nuts

(*Continued from page 31*)

come in mighty handy at my house for Garbo left me headaches to go with the hot-water bottle.

If I'd known the job it would be to follow in her footsteps, I might never have bought the house. But I got so tired of being asked how I liked Los Angeles that I picked up and moved to Santa Monica. The natives have such a plaintive, wistful way of asking how you like the town—just as if they expected you to say you didn't.

It took Los Angeles a long time to find out where Garbo lived. I hope it doesn't take them as long to find out she moved. At present the tourist guides are reaping a big profit showing my house off as the place in which Garbo lived. All I'm getting out of it is a hoarse voice telling sightseers and insurance salesmen that Garbo doesn't live here any more.

I don't rightly know which is worse—insurance salesmen or sightseers, unless it's the two ant exterminator salesmen who fought over me. Why, if they fought ants as they fought over me, there wouldn't be an ant left in Southern California—or an ant exterminator either.

I told those fellows they'd make a sale if they would figure some way to exterminate the sightseers, but they admitted that was one science they hadn't mastered.

From the street you might not even suspect there was a house here. A huge ten foot cypress hedge hides all evidence of habitation. The only entrance is by the driveway which runs through a cypress arbor. You'd think Garbo could have hidden in here as long as Dillinger kept hidden.

But, at the rate sightseers pour up that driveway, I sometimes think a "Wel-

come" sign hangs in front. Tourists drive right up to the house, park by the garage, and when they've figured out where Garbo used to walk, decided she couldn't go swimming in the fish pond, and wondered where she took her sun baths, they drive out again.

When one Middle Western woman spied me, she sighed dejectedly, "I guess she doesn't live here any more."

Another one, was so sorry Garbo had moved. "I wanted to tell her about the sinking of the Titanic," she explained to me. "She would have been so distressed!"

There's some recompense, though, in the packages we sometimes find on our doorsteps addressed to "The Beautiful Swede," or the "Mysterious Garbo." If it's cake, I don't bother to forward it.

The straw that broke my back, however, was the car full of Iowans that puttered up the drive to a stop. I was lounging in the patio basking in California's well advertised sun. Out of the corner of my eye I observed them looking me up and down.

Now I wasn't trying to appear furtive or mysterious. I wasn't posing as Garbo. I was slouching comfortably in an easy chair, wrapped up in a black artist's smock with a slouch hat pulled well down on my forehead.

"Humph," snorted a woman in the back seat, as the gears ground into reverse, "I don't think so much of Garbo's new disguise."

That was the final straw. I believe in Southern hospitality, but when in Santa Monica, I decided to do as the Los Angelans do. I built a retaining wall, shutting off the patio from the drive. Now when people come in, all they get is a good view of the chauffeur and the kitchen.

If my experiences are but a sample of Garbo's no wonder the poor hunted beauty was frightened away by crass American curiosity.

At heart, of course, I think almost everyone who's had a taste of fame really likes it. Once you've started to attract public attention, there are two ways to take it. One's to be affable and put yourself on exhibition. That calls for handshaking, greetings, autographs.

I've done my share. Of course, it's easy to recognize me. Almost every caricaturist has taken a whack at me, and the better the caricaturist, the better the likeness. Friends have asked if it doesn't bore me. "It does," I confess, "but if you really want to see me bored, wait till people stop noticing me."

It's like a movie star who was dining with a friend of mine. Suddenly she turned to my friend and asked, "What's the matter with everyone tonight? Nobody's annoying me by staring at me."

My friend could have observed, but didn't, that a fading celebrity is like a betrayed husband—the last to hear the bad news.

The other way to accept fame is to act as Garbo—remain aloof and become even more mysterious and glamorous. Whether Garbo's solitude is sincere or affected, it's made her ten times as fascinating.

It worked with her. But imagine the embarrassment of Garbo's imitators. They've tried to hide away from the world and found that no one cared. And if this isn't the end of Garbo stories, it's the end of this one. Ah tank ah go to bed!

$2500.00 Cash Prize Contest

(*Continued from page 45*)

As for the overpowering climax, only Werfel can recount the happenings of that fortieth day when the Turkish forces gather for a final not-to-be-denied onslaught, and Gabriel, standing among the remnants of his decimated forces, hears the sound that rose from off the sea. . . .

How Much Will You Win?

The person submitting the best letter containing *no more than 150 words* will be awarded the $1,000.00 first prize, the person submitting the next best letter will be awarded the $500.00 second prize. The person submitting the third best letter will receive $200.00, and the persons submitting the next seven best letters will receive $50.00 each. In addition to these ten prizes there will be ninety $5.00 prizes. If your letter is judged to be one of the first hundred best letters submitted, you are assured of at least $5.00 and possibly $1,000.00.

Read Rules Carefully

Below is a listing of the contest rules. Be sure that you read these rules carefully. You will find them easy to understand and you may be sure that they have been written with equal fairness to the contestant and ourselves.

All necessary information concerning the contest is contained in this listing, so if you will adhere to these instructions, you may be sure that your manuscript will qualify for the judging.

Do not wait another day to start your letter. Take advantage of this contest immediately. Our experience has taught us that everyone is capable of finding some interesting slant on a contest of this nature, and your letter may have just the necessary idea to place it among the winners.

You may submit as many letters as you desire, although only one prize will be awarded to any one person in this contest.

CONTEST RULES

Print your full name and address in upper left-hand corner of first page; the total number of words you have written in the upper right-hand corner.

Prizes will be awarded for the letters which best describe the selection of the writer. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for. Neatness will count.

Send your letter in any ordinary envelope you wish. Do not use special mountings or unusually decorative letters or envelopes as they in no way will influence the judging.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE.

Do not send letters of more than 150 words. This applies only to the main text of the letter, excluding salutation and signature.

This contest is open to everyone except employees and former employees of the Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, The Viking Press, Inc., and members of their families.

The contest ends at midnight, Eastern Standard Time, September 30, 1935.

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PAUL RIEGER, 225 First Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Good News

(*Continued from page 39*)

Paul Kelly's one of the most popular young men in this town—but it isn't due to his nice smile nor correspondence school charm; it's all due to his chili con carne. Yep, Hollywood's highest and mightiest moguls angle shamelessly for an invitation to the Kelly home just to sample and re-sample his work of art. Paul's favorite hang-out is his kitchen where, armed with a huge copper kettle and a two-foot wooden ladle, he brews his mysterious concoctions. Paul's awfully helpful to those who want the recipe. "Just line up all the ingredients on top of the stove," he advises, "and throw 'em in as the spirit moves you."

■ ■ ■

Besides the talented Katherine, Cecil B. DeMille is the proud papa of Agnes, who's earned herself an enviable reputation both here and abroad as a dancer. Katherine's an adopted daughter, but Aggie's a real "chip off the old block"—so much so in fact, that there's apt to be sparks flying when he and his fiery offspring clash. F'rinstance, the director had the brilliant idea that his dancing daughter would be an asset in his picture, "The Crusades." And so did Agnes—until she found that she was to dance on the back of a bull! It took a trip to New York to calm the lady—and the bull's in the picture without Miss DeMille.

■ ■ ■

What with almost every junior contract player at Paramount drafted for "College Scandals," you can expect something plenty lively if not actually scandalous. Arline Judge, Wendy Barrie and Willie Benedictine are just a few samples—and what that trio can't think up has never *been* thought up! Nothing, it seems, can dim that devilish sparkle in Arline's black orbs. Even when a two hundred pound beam fell on the set, crushing one end of a davenport—the other end being occupied by Miss Judge—she cheerfully reflected, above the rattle of her knees, "Humph! That almost knocked the giggles out of me!"

■ ■ ■

"Happy birthday to youse," carolled everyone on the M-G-M lot recently in honor of the studio's oldest and youngest stars—May Robson, who was celebrating seventy years of accomplishments, and Cora Sue Collins who had reached the venerable age of seven. The party was given by Louis B. Mayer, and the guests included all the old-time troupers and the youngest hopefuls on the lot. Lotsa fun, made merrier by two elegant birthday cakes—one a three-tier, five-foot high concoction, surmounted by a bird cage with a live canary chirping a gay greeting. On top of the cage was the number seventy in bright spun sugar. Then there was a tiny but equally beautiful cake, frosted in glistening white, and bearing seven pink candles in rosebuds. And we join in to wish you both many *more* happy and successful birthdays!

■ ■ ■

Frank Borzage has at last met his directorial Waterloo. Beneath his magic touch many actors and actresses have given their best performances. There has never been anything or anybody that Mr. Borzage could not direct with success—until now. Out at the Uplifters' Club, for the last month, you could see Frank and his stablemen experimenting almost every day with a group of half-broken Mexican ponies. It was the director's fond hope that these spirited mustangs could be developed into valuable additions to his polo string, and that he would become the envy and despair of Will Rogers, Bob Montgomery, Chet Morris, Gene Raymond and his other polo competitors. But the only development so far are numerous bruises on Mr. Borzage and some wrecked Santa Monica landscape. "I've soothed some of the wildest tempers in Hollywood," reflected our hero, as he ate his lunch from the mantel, "but my charms are to no avail on a Mexican mustang!"

■ ■ ■

There's just one person in this country who is not conscious of the fact that Shirley Temple is a child wonder—and that is Miss Temple. Thanks to her wise mother, this small girl is more unspoiled than many a child of her age. She plays every day with her friends in the neighborhood of their modest Santa Monica home; she has very few toys, most of the



June 'n' January! Here's a familiar and baffling twosome seen everywhere. Toby Wing and Sir Guy Standing.



Joe E. (ten gallon lid) Brown and Roscoe Karns have a swell time at Hoot Gibson's annual rodeo.



New Hollywood romancers, Norman Foster (Claudette's ex) with Sally Blane at Westmore's opening.



More Gibson rodeo-ites, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson and Noel Madison and his wife. Mrs. R. at left.

ones sent her by hundreds of fans are delivered to children's hospitals and orphanages; she thinks that moving pictures are "lotsa fun" and that's all. And this is most amazing: Shirley has never seen how adorable she is on the screen—because she's never seen herself on the screen at all!

■ ■ ■

Ann Sothern is New Yawking—but *this* time we'll bet she's looking forward to Hollywooding again. The last time, a year ago, that Ann left town, she didn't much care if Southern California ever saw her again, or not. In fact, the young leddy had firmly made up the gray matter under her yellow curls that it wouldn't. But back she came—they all do, for "just one more chance." And she got it. Ann is now a full-fledged star and positively scintillates with joy.

■ ■ ■

They do be saying that there's another Astaire in the offing in the person of George Murphy. We can't exactly believe *that* but we will vouch for George's ability to trip the light fantastic. For years he has done professional dancing in this country and Europe, but, on ruining his dance team by marrying his partner, he succumbed to the lure of the Klieg lights. "These flickers aren't exactly a soft spot," George said ruefully, lacing up his twenty-eighth pair of dancing shoes on the "After the Dance" set, "for the shoe industry it's a snap and a half, though."

■ ■ ■

Fred Astaire seems determined to keep the country dizzy. Every man, woman and child with two legs rushes home after seeing the Astaire do those twists, turns and glides so effortlessly, determined to execute the same manoeuvers. And just when they're too exhausted to go on contortioning, Mr. Astaire springs a new dance and it all begins over again. First, the Carioca swept the land, then the Continental and now—the Piccolino! You'll see the last named in "Top Hat."

■ ■ ■

Many of the stars out here believe in sporting symbolic weather vanes on their house-tops. Atop Ken Maynard's palatial shack in Beverly Hills you'll see a bucking broncho and a dashing cowboy astride, silhouetted against the sky. But some of our well known actors don't take themselves quite so seriously—their roofs flaunt weather-vanes showing flippant fish and cuckoo birds!

■ ■ ■

The European situation may be settled, but the Hollywood situation's attracting more attention and causing more anxiety around these parts. To move or not to move, that is the question. It seems that in the long run the studios will save an amount of lucre yearly that can't be sneezed at, by moving East; but on the other hand, there's millions of dollars invested here in property and a coupla million dollars worth of climate. So what? Anyhow, all the stars and producers have stopped even planning 'till this question is settled for once and for all—which may mean a couple of years or a couple of days. No wonder the town is kinda het up!

■ ■ ■

You can't serve fish or say fish to either Marian Marsh or Dick Cromwell these days. In a recent picture, several sequences were shot at the wharves. It was necessary to have a boat full of fish for local color—but said fish provided more than local *color* after the famous California sunbeams had warmed them for ten days. The day the studio chow wagon brought filet of sole as the main luncheon dish for the company, Marian and Dick hastily retired to the nearest hot-dog stand for nourishment.

■ ■ ■

Leo Carrillo and Luis Alberni are genuine hot-headed Spaniards — but in pictures they're always Italians. In desperation, finally, Señor Alberni appealed to a prominent director for a Spanish part in one of his works of art. "Not a chance," said the director promptly, "I want a Spaniard to play this part that's a *real* Spaniard—one who can even speak the language." Luis broke into a desperate volley of Spanish, but the director walked wearily away saying, "Nope, Italian never *did* sound like Spanish and never will."

■ ■ ■

King Vidor was a daily fan at Santa Anita all season, but it wasn't the hosses





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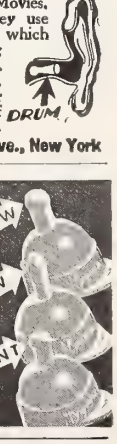


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Clark and Mrs. Gable arrive at the "Call of the Wild" preview. Mrs. G. looks kinda glum, doesn't she?

he went to see—'twas the spectators. He wants to study human emotions under the strain of winning or losing on the ponies. No wonder Vidor's one of the finest directors of intense emotional pictures when he will devote days to studying just the changing expressions of racing addicts. "Some people show such vivid and strong feelings in their faces," said Mr. Vidor, "that were they to be portrayed on the screen—even the most tragic ones—they would call for laughs from the audience; they'd be just too ludicrous to seem natural."

■ ■ ■

A friend of Helen Vinson's was considerably perplexed to receive a large box of lump sugar from New York where Helen is visiting before taking off for England and a Gaumont-British picture. He didn't quite know whether it was meant for a compliment or something else again, until the following day when an explanatory letter arrived. Seems that Helen's horse, Arabella, just mopes and languishes when her mistress is away, and would he be a "friend in need" to both Helen and Arabella and go out to her North Hollywood ranch and give the horse a lump a day?

■ ■ ■

Wendy Barrie's through with housebreaking—her own house included. Arriving home from a party one windy night, she fumbled in vain through her purse for the key. Disliking to awaken her maid, she prowled around the house on the look-out for an unlocked window, and finally located a loose one in the kitchen. It was high and took plenty of poking with a stick to raise. Then Wendy clambered up, got a leg over the sill and quietly slipped to the floor. Just then a blood-curdling scream rent the air! Wendy crouched shivering in one corner, just missing the violent swing of a broom as it was aimed at her. There, not exactly pale, but with her teeth chattering audibly, stood Mandy Lou, Wendy's buxom, brave cullud gal!

"An' ef Ah'd had a gun, Ah would've shot t'kill," she affirmed, when she could get the words through her clattering teeth.

■ ■ ■

Constance Collier, who slipped quietly into Hollywood a short time ago, found herself a rage after her first picture. Miss Collier has that certain sumpin' which movie audiences go for in a big way. But still the lady isn't happy! "I expected Hollywood to be a mad, hectic town," she complained, "and I came all prepared for a nervous breakdown from overwork. But instead my first picture was completed calmly in three weeks and I was told that I could rest and vacation for another month at least before starting my next."

That's a brand new complaint from an actress. Why, even the lady's recreations would prove hard work to most of us. She goes in strenuously for writing, composing music, motor-boating and is a constant spectator at racing matches, polo, tennis and aquatic events, to say nothing of indulging her fondness for cooking large spreads for friends at any hour of the day or night. Seems likely she'll have that breakdown—from too much recreation.

■ ■ ■

Here's something new in fan devotion. Fay Wray and her husband, John Monk Saunders, write that they are entranced with the English way of showing admiration for stars. Fay has been in England doing a GB picture. "I have an escort of boys on bicycles every evening when I go out," she says. "They follow my taxi to the theatre, restaurant or wherever we may be going. And when we arrive, they stand and smile until we've gone in—and that's all. They're extremely polite about the whole matter and have nothing at all to say."

■ ■ ■

Frank Capra was just starting work on the difficult script for "Lost Horizon" when he won the Academy Award for the best directorial work of the year on "One Night of Love." Chances to work after that were as scarce as hen's teeth—so Mr. Capra in desperation packed his suitcase and himself off to Palm Springs, the desert hide-out. But his public proved just as smart; he couldn't outwit them, it seemed, until he struck the happy thought of playing hide-and-seek. He immediately left for Hollywood, stayed a day and left for the desert. That night he returned to the Hollywoods—and continued taking important phone calls at Palm Springs! Had 'em re-routed, y'see. Well, neither did we, at first. Anyhow, only Mr. Frank Capra knows where he is now.

■ ■ ■

Peggy Fears has devoted her time to startling staid Hollywoodites since her arrival here some time ago. Between outlandish garb, sable bedspreads and nine greyhounds on a leash, the gal's succeeded nobly, too. But her latest idea of midnight airplane jaunts to Palm Springs and other points of interest in the state have not made such a hit with her friends. Last week her party narrowly escaped disaster when the plane made a forced landing in the desert, with a landing wheel knocked awry on a ledge of rock as they came down. It wasn't the first forced landing for Peggy and pals, but it was the first time that the entire group of them were found shivering in a disabled plane, listening to coyote obligatos until the cold, gray dawn.

■ ■ ■

Peter Lorre, that wild-eyed Hungarian who sent the shivers pell mell up your spine in "M," was asked by Farenz Waxman, musical director at Paramount, if he had any power of scaring people off the screen. Lorre said that of course he could—he was born scary. Waxman bet him twenty-five dollars that *he* was unscarable—but in less than three minutes he was rushing madly out of the room, after Peter had "turned on" his hypnotic, lurid leer. Nor was the check presented personally—Mr. Waxman mailed it.

■ ■ ■

Carol Ann, Wallace Beery's adopted daughter, is about as cute as they come in the line of little girls. Wallace finally had to make good his promise to her, given in a rash moment, that she could appear in a picture with him. So the three-year-old was given a part in "China Seas"—just a little part, which was soon completed. But Miss Carol Ann, once "in the movies" was not to be ousted so quickly. Every day she appeared at the studio, insisted on donning grease-paint and sailor suit, and staying on the set—confident that her genius was indispensable to the picture.

■ ■ ■

Francis Lister, from latest reports, is considering changing his name. The dignified Englishman says it is no gag, but a matter of considerable moment.

It seems that since publicity was sent out revealing the fact that his uncle was Lord Lister, the man in whose honor Listerine was named, Francis has been bombarded with letters from fans asking if he can use his influence and get them free samples.

"My fans seem more interested in their gargling than in my acting," said Francis mournfully.

■ ■ ■

Binnie Barnes, England's newest import of feminine charms, has fallen in love over here. Maybe you've heard that it's with Buck Jones—but 'tain't so! She's enamoured over a little gosling which Buck picked up half starved and nursed back to health at his ranch. When he brought it to the studio, Binnie became so fond of it, that Buck presented the bird to her. She promptly sent it to her mother who has a country place in England. Buck is a bit surprised, to say the least. "I never expected my ward to have such advantages," he said, "foreign travel and an English eddication is more'n *I* ever got!"



Children's day at the circus—the Dick Arlens and son with Helen Twelvetrees and her young son, Frank Woody, Jr.

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Modern Screen

August

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Jean Harlow

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MODERN SCREEN

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Beauty Advice . . . . . Between You and Me . . . . .
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Discovered

IN A HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!



The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.

Together, A GREAT STAR and a NEW STAR



William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name —Luise Rainer!

WILLIAM POWELL *in*

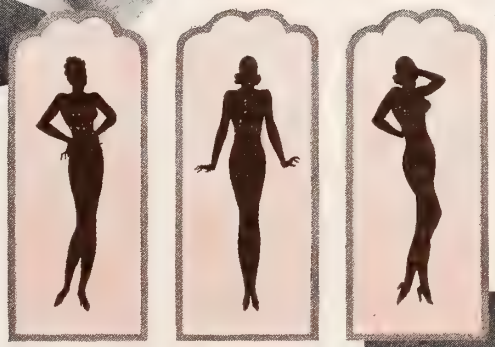
Escapade

with

LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS

A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart —and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!



Reviews

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES







Above, Charles Boyer and Kate Hepburn are tops in "Break of Hearts." Above, center, Joel McCrea, Shirley Temple and Rosemary Ames picnic in "Our Little Girl." Above, right, Chet Morris and Paul Kelly, gangsters in "Public Hero No. 1." Right, you can depend on Herbert Marshall and Ann Harding for some fine acting in "The Flame Within."



By Regina Cannon

Let Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on page 52 be your picture guide.

★★★ Break of Hearts (RKO)

The Hepburn fans have a treat in store, for in this her latest, Katie has an opportunity to run the gamut of her emotions—and it isn't all the way from A to B, as a wisecracker once put the range of the young woman's histrionics. This time she takes in the whole twenty-six! Also, she looks radiant—which means that the camera's a fibber or the cameraman, an expert. But—and be still you thumping female hearts—the pièce d'résistance of the whole bloomin' business is one Charles Boyer. Not much on the profile, but oh, the charm and acting ability! John Beal, too, does a fine job in a secondary role—that of a champagne-drinking playboy—which is a far cry from "The Little Minister" and is one up for Mr. Beal's versatility. The first part of the story, which deals with the meeting of an ambitious music student and a great musical conductor, is thrilling in its beauty and realism. Then all of a sudden, something goes boom and, once again, we have the one about two rich, temperamental people chasing each other all around Robin Hood's Bar (not a typographical error), not to mention the great Atlantic. There is the conventional happy ending which, in a picture with such initial startling story possibilities, also comes in the nature of a let-down.

Preview Postscripts

During the making of this picture, the set was closed to visitors. Katie always insists upon this. It's probably the Garbo in her. The set is not only closed to visitors, but to columnists. Those are the baddies who insist that a star is invariably "that way" about her current leading man. Sometimes they're right. Sometimes they're wrong. At this writing, Charles Boyer is in Paris with his wife. Mr. B. is slated to do things to the female public. They in turn will do things to the male public. They'll say, "Why aren't you like Charles Boyer? Why aren'tcha, why aren'tcha? And then the male public will pick up its morning paper and leave without kissing the female public good-bye. John Beal may not cause much havoc, but he has his share of charm, though it's not of the "what I want, I take" variety. He comes to us via the Broadway stage, where he has several "hit" performances to his credit.

★★★ The Flame Within (M-G-M)

Unless you have a passion for psychiatry or Ann Harding, this picture may leave you quite cold. The story involves little action, but a great deal of profound meditation, sharp repartee and mental anguish. Miss Harding can always be depended upon to "do" something; so having painted, written and played the harp in former yarns, she is now a nerve specialist, intent on untying the knots in people's personalities and snarling her own up in the meantime. It takes Herbert Marshall to untangle her—in fact, it takes him four years of silent suffering before the independent creature sees the light. In spite of such troubles though, they both do some convincing acting. But Maureen O'Sullivan and Louis Hayward, as the doctor's patients, outshine the stars with their performances. Maureen is the spoiled, spunky daughter of millions, who tries to escape Life via wrist-slashing and window-leaping. Hayward seeks solace for his woes in dat ole debbil drink.

As a thoughtful psychological study this celluloider is okay, but it's too thoughtful to be classed as excellent entertainment.

Preview Postscripts

Mr. Edmund Goulding must not have been satisfactorily psychoanalyzed, for he became such an ardent student of psychiatry that not only did he direct this opus, but the story itself is the result of a Goulding brain-wave. (*Continued on page* 8)

"Accent on Youth"



Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismated; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.



Now the question — and one of the several possible answers — has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.

REVIEWS

A tour of today's talkies



Bob Woolsey and Bert Wheeler doing justice to "The Nit Wits." Believe us, it's hilariously funny.



Handsome Ray Milland is Sally Eilers' leading man in "Alias Mary Dow," a Universal picture.



Beautiful photography, a swell rhumba number and Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian in "Under the Pampas Moon," make it a must.



George Raft comes into his own in this exciting murder mystery, "The Glass Key," with Edwin Arnold and a grand cast.

(*Continued from page 6*)

Besides looking "mental" enough to qualify for Mr. Goulding's heroine, Ann Harding also beats all the other fillum ladies on that "sassiety upper-crust" look—and she comes by it honestly. Brought up in military circles, Ann even knows how to take orders—ask Mr. G. But don't ask Harry Bannister, her first "ex"—and last, to date. He's too busy asking the courts, anyhow, about who's getting the custody of their small daughter, to pay much attention . . . Herbert Marshall's the bone of contention in these parts—seems all the brightest stars crave strong, silent men for reel lovers. So much so that real wife, Edna Best, packed up and sailed for merry England recently, leaving Bart at the mercy of Garbo, Shearer, Bennett and Swanson. Since Maureen O'Sullivan left the Emerald Isle, she's changed from a wild, Irish rose to a hard-working, dependable actress, who is now more in demand than almost any other young player. Maureen claims that everyone on this picture had a "ravelling good time," for the set looked like an old-fashioned knitting bee most of the time, with every feminine player making a dive for her knitting when a "shot" was over.

★★★ Our Little Girl (Fox)

It's another Shirley Temple picture, which means A-1 entertainment for the kiddies, a fair show for grown-ups and a great clanging of the box office bell. If one wants to register a criticism against little Miss Curley Top, it would be that she is beginning to act just a leetle bit too much and seems quite camera conscious at this stage of the game. But who could register a complaint against that endearing dimple, that enchanting smile and the sturdy bit of babyhood that is our Shirley?

This time the Fox starlet plays the daughter of a country doctor who unwittingly neglects his pretty wife for experiments, urgent hospital calls and the like. There is another man—of course, there always is—but he's not a baddie by intent; well, he's Lyle Talbot! However, Shirley saves her parents' marriage through her winsomeness. The child's supporting cast—Joel McCrea, Erin O'Brien-Moore and Rosemary Ames—do what they can at interpreting not too scintillating characters in a time-worn yarn, as does John Robertson who took care of the directorial end of the picture-making.

Preview Postscripts

If the green-eyed monster comprised part of Frances Dee's make-up, the young woman would forbid hubby, Joel McCrea, to appear in another Temple celluloider. Seems our Shirley is positively shameless in her affection for Joel. Everybody talked about it and, where there's so much smoke—well, *you* know. . . . On the strength of this great love, Fox tried to induce Mr. McC. to sign a contract to keep him in the fold, but he is evidently not permitting the romance to interfere with work, for he's still free-lancing. . . . Rosemary Ames, now the wife of Abner Stillwell who does big business in Chicago, got special permission from the groom to make this, her final, appearance on the screen. . . . As for Lyle Talbot, this gentleman did a little sulking about the set as he was once tops in Shirley's affections. It isn't easy to be supplanted, but time is a great healer. . . . Erin O'Brien-Moore, one of Broadway's finest stage stars, ought to be done something about. She's movie material plus. Somebody ought to throw a good role her way or at least a little decent lighting and then would she go places. . . . Let's not forget to mention Sniff. He's the Scottie the whole cast wanted to adopt when the picture was over. However, he's through with acting. It's too hectic. Maybe that's because he caused so many retakes. It's invariably the feller that's in the wrong that does the yipping. (*Continued on page 95*)

They

HAVE ALL GONE GB

Individuality is what gives vitality to pictures. ¶These stars are now with GB . . . because GB Productions have individuality, glamour, and a tone all their own.

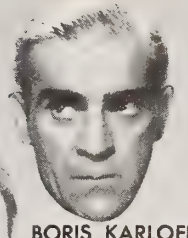

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- FIRST A GIRL
- BORN FOR GLORY
- ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND
- A GEORGE ARLISS SPECIAL

GB TOPS 'EM ALL

*By courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The Modern hostess

If you were a guest in Myrna Loy's home, the menu would include a crisp, tangy salad. Perhaps an Avocado or a Sour Cream Salad, the ingredients for which are pictured at the left, below. Simple to make, a treat to eat.

By Marjorie Deen







HUMOR, originality and sex appeal are outstanding characteristics of lovely, laughing, alluring Myrna Loy, as we all know. And those same qualities characterize the salads that are whipped together daily in Miss Loy's kitchen for her especial enjoyment.

"Sex appeal, humor and originality in *salads?* How is that possible?" you inquire incredulously.

Well, and why not? I know I was completely sold on just that possibility after hearing Myrna Loy's ideas on the subject of salads and after listening, fascinated, to the recipes and salad-making directions generously given me by Miss Loy's French-Spanish, Mexican-born secretary de luxe and feminine major-domo, Carolina Pradeau. From the efficient Carolina (pronounced Cahr-o-leena by Miss Loy) I managed to find out a good deal about new ways to fix and serve the different greens and dressings that comprise the salad course. But of even greater importance is the fact that I discovered during our conversation the kinds of salads that Myrna Loy demands.

"I loathe sweet salads, all thick with gooey fruits, cherries and whipped cream," redheaded Myrna informed me. "I like salads that are crisp, tart, full of green vegetables and drenched with a spicy dressing—a French dressing, maybe, or Thousand Island, or the Special Mayonnaise that Carolina makes. Down with sweet salads!" she declared with an impish smile.

And won't the men folk cheer at that declaration! For Myrna's words, I am sure, echo the protest of most of the males of the nation. Down with sweet salads indeed—men, like Myrna, want greens that are crisp and dry, vegetables that are fresh and crunchy and dressings that are tart and tangy.

Of course, it's not at all surprising that the men would approve of anything that Myrna favors, for as Loy goes so goes the masculine nation. Yes, since playing the humorous, companionable, entirely urbane wife in "The Thin Man" Miss Loy has become, in a comparatively short time, the Number One Glamor Girl of the films. Which merely proves that the exotic is out of date!

YOU REMEMBER doubtless when this very popular young star from Helena, Montana, self-christened Myrna Loy to match slanting green eyes, auburn hair and a striking appearance, played only sirens, without achieving more than a moderate success. Then along came another type of role completely and she discovered that a nice, healthy sense of humor gets a girl much farther these days!

But how to inject a sense of humor—not to mention sex appeal and originality—into a salad? Well, that's a problem that might well stump the average housewife. So let's see what hints we can collect from the imaginative Loy kitchen. I'm pleased to relate that while doing so we can also pick up some working plans for a couple of light summer dishes which Miss Loy dotes on.

Men will rave over the salads that Myrna Loy likes

These include one jewel among gems—a Mexican dish on which Carolina prides herself no end. It is Myrna's favorite concoction and is called "Taquitos"—but more about that later.

On those days when her many other duties allow her time to go into the kitchen, Carolina proves to be a splendid all-around cook. And, according to Myrna, she's a past master at salad-making in general, having very definite ideas about the ingredients that go into her salads. "More salads are ruined in the making than in the serving," she says very wisely.

"Never," says Miss Loy's Carolina, "do I let metal touch the salad greens—whether lettuce, romaine, chicory, endive or water cress. Many people shred greens with scissors, you know, or chop them with a knife. Not I! I always tear salad greens with my fingers."

How many times, in restaurants, have you marveled at a salad's firm, fresh beauty? Well, to achieve the crisp, dry perfection of a professional chef's salad, according to Carolina, you place your greens in a sieve or colander, wash them thoroughly in cold water, shake the water from each leaf and place the greens in a dry napkin. Then place them in the refrigerator for three hours or so. This eliminates the necessity for freshening greens with ice cubes or any danger of waterlogging them.

Another Carolina precaution is never to put the salad dressing on greens and vegetables until the last moment—just before serving, in fact. As you have probably learned from sad experience, nothing ruins a salad more quickly than adding the dressing an hour or more before serving and popping it into the refrigerator for safe-keeping. Your salad comes out as limp as a post-Christmas pocketbook!

HAVING found out that Myrna is extremely fond of salads, I set about discovering her favorites from Carolina. One, I found out, is Sour Cream Salad; another is a delicious concoction called Salad De Luxe, the recipe for which Myrna begged from the chef of Musso-Frank's Café, a popular and informal Hollywood restaurant. Still another is a ritzy Salad Caviar, and the fourth is a pictorially perfect dish utilizing an avocado (alligator pear, you know) and a hard-boiled egg to achieve a handsome effect and a dashing color scheme.

Salads, in the Loy household, frequently take the place of desserts, appearing last on the menu, followed only by a small (*Continued on page 90*)





"That's a mean crack. Why don't you be nice and tell Lucy how to get rid of tattle-tale gray?"

"How would I know? I've never kept house. You tell me and I'll tell her."

"All right, listen . . ."



"Lucy's trouble is left-over dirt—her clothes are only half clean. So tell her to change to Fels-Naptha right away. That *grand golden soap* is so *chockful of naptha* that dirt almost flies out. And I mean *ALL OF IT*, too!"



"I'll remember—anything else?"

"Sure! Tell Lucy to wash everything in that gorgeous trousseau of hers with Fels-Naptha Soap. It's gentle as can be to silk undies and stockings. And it's nice to hands, too." © 1935, FELS & CO.

FEW WEEKS LATER . . .



"Look! I told Lucy what you said about Fels-Naptha—and now she won't keep house without it. It's a life-saver!"

"That's why I tell everybody . . .

BANISH TATTLE-TALE GRAY WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP"

By Regina Cannon





(Left) Sharon Lynn, Sally Eilers and Myrna Loy at the Beverly-Wilshire. Myrna went to Europe after a studio tiff. (Below) Laughton, Gloria Swanson, Herb Marshall, Frances Marion and Merle Oberon celebrate the King's Jubilee at the Ambassador.



When is a husband not a husband? Yep, you're right! When he's Mae West's. However, all this talk about wedding rings, rice, old shoes and the event that is supposed to have come off way back in 1911 isn't getting the buxom blonde down. Indeed, 'tis said that the handsome dark lad with eyes like coals of fire (just the poet in us, pals) who led the lion cub on a leash before the Brown Derby recently is the present object of Mae's affections. Anna-hoo, the fans armed with autograph albums and fountain pens, bent on collecting the "John Hancocks" of their film favorites, retreated when the miniature Leo made his personal appearance, and the doorman at the B. D. beat a hasty retreat into the adjoining auto park, as your reporter dropped the pound of steak she was carrying in order to keep the African puppy busy while she looked for a hole in which to hide.

Well, whoever said that there is nothing left to hunt in the jungles these days except the Martin Johnsons surely knew what he was talking about!

■ ■ ■

Just to prove that we're generous or foolhardy or sumpin', we give any of you who may be embryo lyric writers a lead on a new song. Howz about "When it's casting time at Metro, then the stars begin to sulk?" Never mind, never mind, you're welcome! Seems that that gwate big Wally Beery just didn't like the role assigned him in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," so he up and flew away to parts unknown until the Powers That Be decided to coax him back. Yep, they didn't even know Wally had gone until the hangar in the airport was found empty.

Then Myrna Loy, so full of "perze" and aplomb, didn't care for her part in "Lie Like a Gentleman," so she took a train and a boat and wound up in dear ole Lunnon. That was going far enough away from an unpleasant situation, you'll admit! However, all's well that ends well and, at this writing, the two problem children have returned to home and filmside with a vacation apiece to the good.

Moral: If you want a thing, don't ask for it—just take it!

■ ■ ■

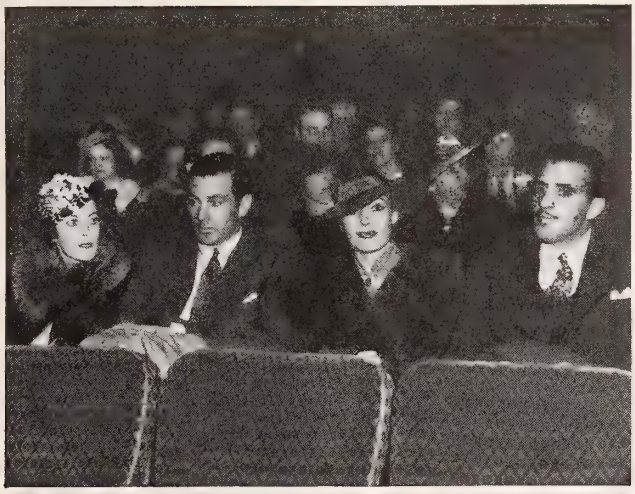
Well, it may not have been orchids to Ann Sothern, but it surely turned out to be a big corsage of scallions for Gene Raymond! It seems that the story got around Hollywood that this pair were "that way" and that the platinum gent had sent Miss S. a dozen orchids to clinch the deal. Instead of being grateful that he was accused of being such a spendthrift, Raymond em-

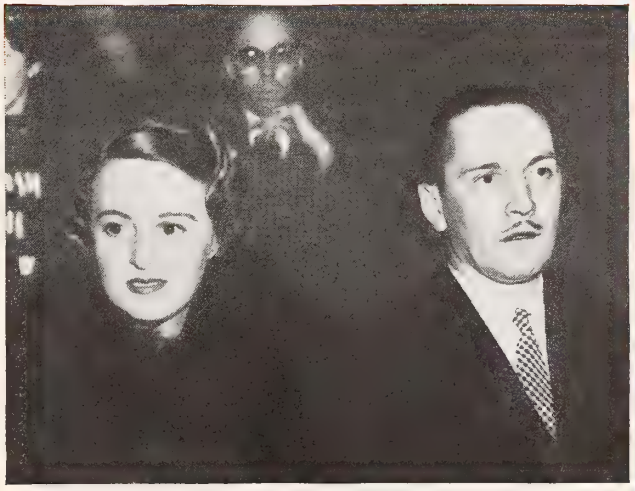
Come and get the lowdown on the ever-changing



Illustrated by Russell Patterson

(Below) The Gary Coopers and the Cedric Gibbons (Del Rio) turned out for the charity benefit given by Art Stebbins for the children's playground. (Right) And the Fredric Marches, who gave such realistic portrayals in the film classic "Les Miserables."





phatically denied wherever possible that he even so much as presented the lady with a posie. Gallant—eh, wot? Naturally the woman in the case became much embarrassed. But Gene explained it all away by saying that if the false rumor got around to Janet Gaynor she might be angry and perhaps even jealous. Now, pull-eez! Janet with her dentist-beau, her impacted wisdom tooth n'everything!

■ ■ ■

You're gonna fall for Luise Rainer, Metro's latest importation, when you see her in "Lie Like a Gentleman." La Rainer was discovered in Hamburg (a city in Germany, not to be confused with the product of a hot dog stand) and is totally unimpressed even by genius.

A charming gentleman approached the table when we lunched recently and after he departed, Luise remarked, "He eez so sweet. He play to me on the boat coming over when I am so-o seasick. He play well, too. Heez name is Mischa Elman." And how are *you* getting along with your music?

Did you know that Shirley Temple has two false teeth? Yes, yes, she's getting along now, is our little girl. In order to fill the space left by two departed baby molars, a dentist inserted tiny china ones and Shirley had her troubles keeping them adjusted during the filming of "Our Little Girl."

■ ■ ■

The English colony here are certainly augmenting our vocabulary! Someone asked Herbert Marshall why he didn't buy a home in Beverly Hills and really settle down.

"My dear," he replied, "I can't stand *coping,* that is why. Coping with mortgages, coping with taxes, coping with servants!" However, luckily for the real estate agents, there are plenty of Americans who like to cope!

■ ■ ■

Those old meanies who predicted that the Joan Bennett-Gene Markey matrimonial bark was heading for disaster are now just as busy pretending that they don't know what is being talked about when the matter is accusingly brought up. You see, when Joan tripped to New York all by her lonesome recently, it was to visit her oculist and not for the gay vacation that was reported. This news is perhaps disappointing in some quarters, but nevertheless true!

Hollywood scene—straight from the Cinema City



Ginger Rogers shows a distinguished guest about the "Top Hat" set, Col. Henry L. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Ginger's sea-going costume is nifty, dontcha think?

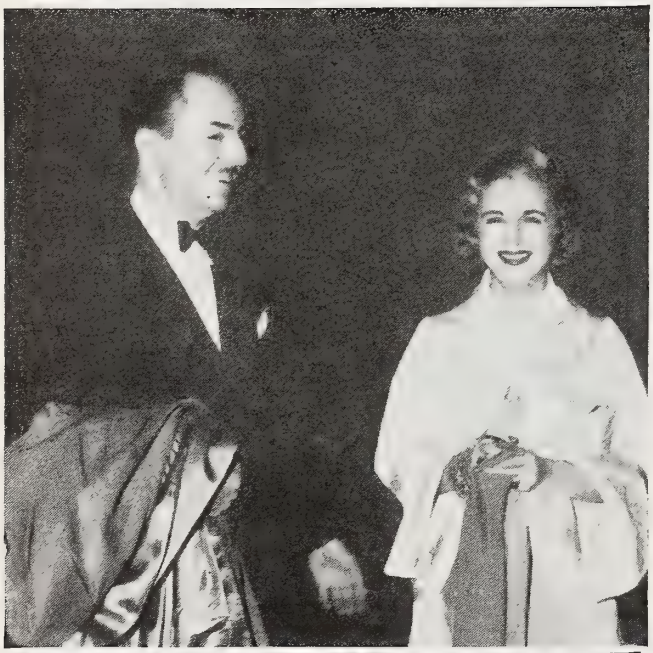
We wonder if Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames like to play Indian. At a recent preview of Bruce's latest picture, "Let 'Em Have It," he entered the theatre lobby alone and twenty paces behind (or four tomahawks) his "squaw" sauntered. Two nights later at a big preview, along came Bruce, all dressed up and on parade seemingly by himself. And again, Adrienne brought up the rear. What goes on? The Cherokees vs. the Comanches? No prize will be given for the answer, no matter how nearly correct you hit it.

■ ■ ■

Pat Ellis was seen for the first time in lo, these many moons, stepping out to the Trocadero with Earl Blackwell. Theirs was one of those romances that "flivvered" as Hollywood romances have a way of doing, but it looks as if all's well again with this handsome young couple—for the time being, anyhow.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of constancy, if you think that sudden fame and fortune necessarily change a young man's affections, you'll be surprised. Fred MacMurray and Robert Taylor, lads who will go far histrionically and financially, are still cuh-razy for the gals who "knew them when." Fred still knows that the beautiful model in a Los Angeles department store is the only one for him and Bob will tell you any old time that a "bit" player on the lot—and not Jean Parker or any other Jean—is the feminine tops.



No, now don't get excited! Bill Powell isn't dating Joan Bennett Markey in place of Jean Harlow. They just were snapped this way at a recent benefit. So that's that, my dears.

■ ■ ■

You'll find it's the biggest, boldest, baddest he-men who carefully walk several feet out of their way to avoid going under a ladder. So we weren't s'prised to hear that Buck Jones is superstitious. His famous horse, "Silver," is getting along in years, so has had to have several doubles for difficult feats. And each and every one of his new stand-ins must answer to the name of "Silver" before Buck allows him to appear in the picture! Claims that name has brought him nine-tenths of all the luck he's ever had.

Can you imagine it? We always thought the best place to study the Hollywood stars was right on Hollywood Boulevard, but Doris Kenyon, Fritz Leiber, Joan Crawford, Billie Burke and many other of the movie colony folks go to Griffith Park these days where the world-famous planetarium has just been completed. They claim it's the best place in town to study the stars.



Frances Langford, a great radio pet, sings a duet with Dick Powell for a weekly broadcast. Frances is on the coast to make a picture. She's a cute trick to watch for.

■ ■ ■

Kay Johnson believes in suffering for her art if need be. In fact, she's even sacrificing husband John Cromwell's peace of mind for the next year to come—at least every time he looks at her. For t'other day Kay had her hair cut off within an inch of her scalp—all for the Noble Cause. She happens to be crazy about her new role for "Jalna" and, finding that the wigs which she was to wear looked too heavy, Kay just hied herself to the nearest barber chair, shut her eyes, gritted her teeth, and told him to go to it! What's more, she's facing a predicament with her hats, for the only kind of chapeau Kay will wear is the kind that perch right on the tip of her nose.

■ ■ ■

Know how you get the jitters when someone literally sits on the horn of their car in front of your house? Well, Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot know how 'tis, anyhow, for the other day they were entertaining Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr, when a loud and persistent tooting started up from the front drive. Finally Evelyn reached for her hat, claiming that she was slowly but surely losing her mind—and she'd rather lose it at home. So the Hal Mohrs' started for their car, only to find it hidden in a cloud of smoke, with a valiant crowd of neighbors dousing buckets of water on it and frantically honking the horn for the owner!

Adrian, who designs smart gowns and snappy accessories over Metro way, had a tough assignment on his hands recently. The order was to think up something gay and colorful in the way of lady's apparel for Stuart Erwin. No, your eyes are *not* deceiving you! It seems that Stu is to play a female impersonator in "Broadway Melody." Try as Adrian would, his client got twisted up in every length of silk he put on and, no matter how conservative the model, Mr. E's freckled face beaming atop it, gave the frock that futile, silly look.

Speaking of the Erwins, this happy pair threw a spook party not so long ago, at which the women became so hysterical that it was called off in favor of bridge in short order. Among those frightened were the Paul Kellys, Pat O'Briens, James Cagneys and Frank McHughs—all Persians!

Going up! The Laurels and the Hardys rise to the ballroom floor of the Beverly - Wilshire for the Mayfair party. Left to right, Mrs. Laurel, Stan, Mrs. Hardy and Oliver.

■ ■ ■

The making of "Diamond Jim Brady" rated Hugh O'Connell a couple of sprained leg ligaments. It seems that Hughie was required to bounce a Gay Nineties belle on each knee in the barroom sequence. The gals hadn't even a bowing acquaintance with lamb chops and pineapple—or any other diet you can name. Mr. O'C. must have bounced too realistically and—well, you know the rest! He was carried home only to find that more ill luck had overtaken him. His Chinese cook had heard about their needing extras for "Oil for the Lamps of China" and swiftly departed Warner-ward to be an actor without so much as a "by your leave" from Hughie. It never rains, but it pours!

■ ■ ■

Jean Muir is fast climbing the ladder of success. But she's climbing in her stocking feet! Before going into any of those tensely dramatic scenes, for which she's gaining such an enviable reputation, Jean kicks her shoes into a corner on the set. Then she proceeds to emote. "I feel so much more more soulful this way," she explains.

The two charming Mexican sisters, Renee and Raquel Torres, pose informally. Raquel is Mrs. Stephen Ames, you know. And Renee dates many swains.

■ ■ ■

If there's anything that makes the husky men of the screen grit their molars and see red, 'tis when some lissome lassie sighs enviously and says, "Aren't they lucky—never having to diet for their screen figgers!" For—shhhh—even the gentlemen of the fifth estate have to watch that third dimension. Clark Gable, Richard Dix, Pat O'Brien, in fact all of 'em—are subject to waistline scrutiny by their directors. The latest actor to go on a rampage of pineapple juice and an occasional lettuce leaf is Jimmy Dunn who was advised in no uncertain tones to part with ten pounds before showing up for the lead in "Song and Dance Man."

■ ■ ■

In "Orchids to You," John Boles' latest flicker, you'll see the world's most beeYOUtiful set—in fact you'll almost smell it! It's a florist shop built of chromium and glass and housing millions of lovely flowers. There are American Beauties, orchids, violets, lilies, camellias and—well, every variety of bloom under the sun. Such a profusion of posies we'd never seen—and wouldja believe it, every one is artificial! Special studio flower-makers have painstakingly patterned each bloom into such an exact replica of the original that only by feeling the paper leaves and sniffing the pasty perfume could we believe that our eyes deceived us.

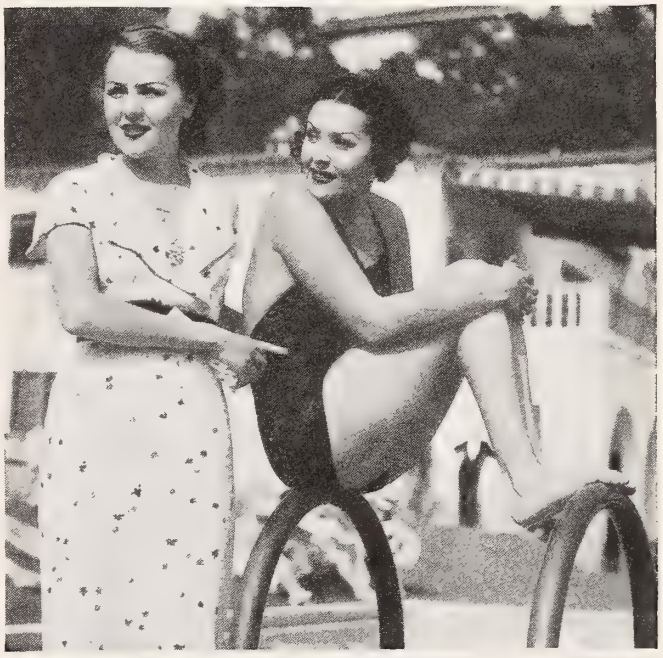
Hollywood wonders if James Bakewell and Mary Carlisle are back together again. They certainly look chummy hereas snapped at the Torres' tennis party.

■ ■ ■

Fay Wray just can't keep her feet on the ground any more. After flying from New York to Hollywood, following her return from London, where she was kept busy by Gaumont-British doing "Clairvoyant" and "Bulldog Jack," Fay spent just two weeks in sunny California, then flitted back to New York enroute to foggy England. "I just don't like terra firma," Fay explained to the crowd seeing her off at the airport. "Well, as for me," flipped Bob Montgomery, "the more firma the less terra."

(*Continued on page 54*)







beauty advice

A vacation can do wonders for you—from a beauty standpoint



Grace Moore, off to Cannes for her vacation a while ago, knows the value of "getting away from it all." Why don't you, too, catch up on your beauty while you're vacationing?

by Mary Biddle

AROUND about this time we read snatches about the stars "getting away from it all," and tripping off to Europe, or the Bermudas, or retiring to their own "little" place in the country. For sheer vacation glamor we hand the palm to Grace Moore and her handsome husband, Valentin Parera, who celebrated the occasion of their fourth wedding anniversary in Venice, in the very "Palazzo" overlooking the Grand Canal where they spent their honeymoon. The glorious Grace sang at the King's Jubilee in London, and spent some time at her home near Cannes in Southern France, so she is our idea of a cosmopolitan vacationer de luxe.

Ah, me, we sigh in envy, and wonder how it would feel to plan a vacation such as that. But here we are up to planning our own vacations, so we can't be very envious. Do try to make your vacation as different as possible this year. We all need a change of scenery, a "getting away from it all," once in a while. A vacation is the greatest wrinkle eradicator in the world. The fatigue lines that make our faces haggard, and develop those nose-to-mouth furrows, the frown wrinkles that etch themselves through worry and tenseness, all get smoothed out miraculously.

All right, you say, it's all very well for her to talk, but we can't very well make a vacation different unless we have a different budget. Well, what if you only get a vacation in the country, you can make it a real beautifying vacation, anyway. Take long hikes along country roads and sweet smelling woods. "Go Hollywood" and wear shorts. Climb fences and jump brooks. Ride horseback. Climb haystacks and slide down them. All those things are going to accomplish marvels with your figure. The spare tire around your waistline will be punctured before you know it. You'll have to take in deep breaths of the fresh air, and there is nothing better than deep breathing exercises to round out a hollow neck and flat chest, and make you desirable looking in a décolletage evening gown for later on. You have soft water in the country, too, which your skin will appreciate. You'll come back from your vacation looking so healthy that you'll gasp at your-



self in the mirror, and say in admiration, "Is it really I?"

Whatever your vacation, whether it be spent at the seaside, in the mountains, or in the city "doing the sights," you generally have to make your trip by train, auto, or boat. (Unless you're like Miriam Hopkins and a lot of the Hollywoodites who go in for air travel almost exclusively.) So you'll want to have a complete, compact, convenient, ready-at-a-moment's notice beautifying kit. Suppose you should discover Robert Montgomery or Ronald Colman back on the observation platform of your train. Don't whip out your compact, and apply fresh powder, rouge and lipstick over stale, grimy make-up. Hie yourself to the dressing-room or turn an implacable back to curious onlookers. Apply your cleansing cream with quick but thorough fingertips. A quick cleanser is one of the most important things your beauty kit should hold. A liquefying cleanser that melts right down in your pores in a jiffy is a grand quick cleanser. Remove the cream with soft facial tissues. And do carry a large supply of the latter on any and all traveling occasions. (Use them double thickness and you'll find them the most sanitary handkerchiefs in the world . . . you know how grubby looking handkerchiefs get in a short while.) After removal of the cream with the tissues, wipe away every last trace of oil with a skin freshener. If you're feeling hot and sticky, a skin freshener or mild astringent is a beautifully refreshing face tonic. Pat the freshener on with a small cotton pad which you can throw away afterward. You can get a small box of cotton pads at the ten-cent store, and they're a worthy traveling investment. Use them for patting on your powder, too. Some of the powder puffs I've seen traveling have been grimy enough to make strong men shudder.

RAQUEL TORRES, who married Stephen Ames a year or so ago, and has since had about four or five honeymoon trips, says that the success of keeping fresh looking while you're traveling depends on the frequent cleansing of the skin. And that's one time when you can't say, "Oh, I just don't have time for it."

If you can manage it in your vacation budget, an overnight kit is a convenient thing to have for carrying all your beautifying aids; the kind with a mirror in the top so that it becomes a regular portable dressing-table. When I say all your beautifying aids, I'm not prescribing

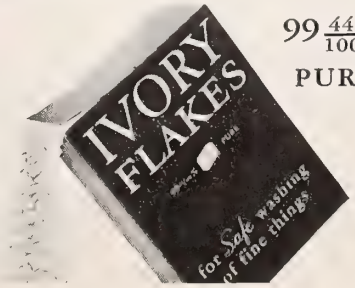
(*Continued on page 77*)



Makers of gay smart dresses advise, "Wash them with IVORY FLAKES*"*

Cape frocks . . . jacket ensembles . . . prints — the most exciting new frocks are being designed to take trips through lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. The Carolyn Modes we show, for example, are all tagged "washable with Ivory Flakes." And listen to what other creators of America's smartest daytime clothes say — "We have found that pure Ivory Flakes give the best results in laundering our washable fashions." Of course, Ivory is *pure* — that's why it's an "Ivory-washable" season!

Good news for you — and good luck for your pocket-book! You get *1/5 more flakes for your money* when you buy the big blue Ivory box. Ivory Flakes are your biggest bargain in fine-fabrics soap today!



99 44/100 % PURE

An Intimate Subject.... but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex

CAN'T CHAFE—CAN'T FAIL—CAN'T SHOW



"CAN'T CHAFE"

Means much on active days

To be happy and natural one must be comfortable. The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But mind you, sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

"CAN'T FAIL"

Is important, too

Security means much to every woman at all times . . . and Kotex assures it! It has a special center layer whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This special center gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

"CAN'T SHOW"

Gives evening peace-of-mind

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. What an aid to self-confidence and poise. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

IT'S only natural that women should be vitally concerned about this intimate subject. And I've discovered this: once women understand the 3 exclusive advantages that only Kotex offers, most of them will not be satisfied with any other sanitary napkin!

By reading the facts presented here, you can learn what I believe every woman has a right to know. You need never have times when you're ill at ease. For now there is a simple way to carefree, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain. Here's a modern sanitary napkin—Kotex—that has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem.

Kotex brings women 3 gratifying comforts that you can understand by simply looking at the construction of the pad itself.

With all of these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary kinds.

For greater protection on some days depend on Super Kotex. For emergency, look for Kotex in ladies' rooms in West Cabinets.



Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

BUY THE NEW KOTEX SANITARY BELT. Narrow and adjustable. Requires no pins.

QUEST

the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness



A new scientific discovery makes possible the perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex . . . and for your every need! Quest, sponsored by the makers of Kotex, is a dainty, soothing powder, pleasant and safe to use. Quest assures all-day-long body freshness. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex . . . only 35c for the large 2-ounce can.



Encore!

A triumphant encore to "One Night of Love" is Grace Moore's new Columbia picture, "Love Me Forever." Leo Carrillo and Michael Bartlett, a new singer, provide the love interest for the lovely diva in this opus. Grace finished work on the picture and then rushed off to New York and a sailing for England in order to keep her date at Covent Garden on June 6, when she warbled for the King and Queen as part of the Jubilee celebration. Any prolonged stay in Europe will depend upon how soon Columbia will need her.

Clever-Lovely



Bette Davis need no longer doubt that Hollywood thinks she's a swell actress since all the Academy Awards stir. Evidently undismayed by the clamor, Bette steals a sun bath between shots on "Front Page Woman."

After an Hawaiian vacation that stirred up romantic wedding rumors about an Army officer, Ann Harding is back at work, looking lovelier, if possible. Her next role is in the famous play, "The Flame Within."



Now Kiss

Here he is, girls, the blond young gent who is giving all Hollywood's he-men a bad case of migraine since you fans went wild over him in "Naughty Marietta"! Nelson Eddy —a magnetic new personality, grand voice and—well, the editorial staff is out of adjectives! He and Jeanette MacDonald will team soon again for M-G-M.



And to the right, another new face that is causing a great flutter whenever it flashes on the screen—Fred MacMurray. Perhaps it's because Fred considers all the acclaim just pure luck, that he gives a very genuine, unaffected portrayal to all his roles. "Men Without Names," a new one of the G-men thrillers, is in work now with Fred in an important role.



Old Timers



You don't need any introduction to this suave, charming gentleman who adds a distinguished touch to every picture he appears in. Sir Guy Standing, of course. Incidentally, Sir Guy has had Hollywood's tongues twitting about his frequent public appearances with Toby Wing. You'll see him next in "The Big Broadcast of 1935."



That zany, Charlie Ruggles—he manages to get into more baffling situations than any other comedian on the screen. It's probably the wrong number that he's toying with here, but you'll have to see him in "No More Ladies" to make sure. Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery and Franchot Tone are Charlie's playmates in this opus.



Collegiate

She may be a mother and one of Hollywood's most respectable matrons, but to her fans, Arline Judge is the collegian's delight. Her lively wise-cracking netted her her eighteenth campus flapper part in "College Scandal." And if you don't think it takes skill to be a perennial collegian—try it!



Going on Ten

This gay young miss has a way of stealing more than her share of applause in about every screen role she has. Jane Withers isn't quite ten yet but she is a swell little actress. Meet "Bubbles" who poses with Jane and is her pet blue Persian kitten sent by a fan. Jane's in "Ginger" with Jackie Searle.

the truth about the Mysterious Miss Loy

First part in the charming story of a plain freckle-faced Montana girl who became Hollywood's leading exotic lady

By Gladys Hall

A little girl of thirteen stood alone in a strange room and said to herself, *"My Daddy is dead."* And, as that thin, chill knife of dread certainty entered her heart, it cut her life right in half, as neat an incision as ever was made.

For on one side of the knife-cut stretched thirteen sunny, secure years for little Myrna Williams, daughter of David and Della Williams. Happy home life in the pleasant spacious house in Helena, Montana.

Helena was a wealthy community, for many of the Gold Rush families were still living luxuriously and gaily upon the wealth the Gulch had once given up to them. They were the comfortable custodians of the Gulch and life was lived spaciously there, substantially and well. And the Williams family, while not conspicuously wealthy, were comfortable, too.

The small Myrna's first thirteen years were lived in a peaceful, plentiful home of her own, with a room of her own and pretty clothes, books and toys plus good times with a young brother, David, to tease and be teased by. The Montana ranges were her playground and on those magnificent acres she grew robust, hardy and fit.

Myrna's grandparents were pioneers, stalwart men and sturdy, child-bearing women who had come over the plains in covered wagons, taking the day as they found it. From them, Myrna believes, she has inherited her belief that to live for the day is sufficient unto itself. As those hard-living pioneers laid them down to rest, giving thanks for a day of food and safety, so Myrna lives only for the day and does not reckon with tomorrow, and tomorrow. She takes good care of the present. She leaves the future to her Presbyterian God.

Once, when she was very small, a visitor teased her and said, "What nationality are you, Myrna?" And the child answered, soberly, "I am Presbyterian."

And she was. *Very* Presbyterian during her adolescent years. Given to reading the Bible for hours at a time and saying long and earnest prayers, very preoccupied with the rigors of observing the Ten Commandments.

Her father's people were Welsh, her mother's people came from Scotland and Sweden. Only last year her mother returned to Scotland to visit and brought back interesting tales of the eighteen sons and daughters of the maternal great-grandmother who are settled the length and breadth of the Scot domain.

MYRNA NEVER saw her father's mother but she is said to resemble her. From the paternal grandmother, she has been told, come those wide cheek bones and slightly Oriental eyes, that Celtic something in that calm provocative face. Strange and haunting are the tales told of Grandmother Williams, of her fascination and courage, her Welsh wit and wisdom, the aura of mystery that always hovered over her. The "Mystery Woman of Hollywood" must be legend derived direct from the "Mystery Woman of Wales!"

But it was Myrna's maternal grandmother who most influenced Myrna's childhood. Myrna's mother and father were gay and sociable people. They had a great many friends, a great zest for life and entertained and were entertained lavishly. And many a time Myrna and the small David were sent to Grandmother Annabelle's for the night or for a week at a time. And Grandmother Annabelle was a memory-making grandmother. The kind of a grandmother who had a storeroom full to overflowing with jams and pastries, and cookie jars full of ginger cookies and a reticule filled with pep'mint lozenges and a heart full of the old lore of the days when she had crossed the country in a covered wagon.

"She never took *anything* as a hardship," Myrna told me, "and I think that if I have any independence of spirit I owe a great deal of it to Grandmother Johnson. As a child she gave me to understand that there is something nasty about people who whimper and whine, even when those people have a real right to scream and cry. She had a lusty fearless joy in life and hardships were a part of life and you took them—standing up!"

Myrna's father was her pal, too. He was a gay person, Myrna told me, a man who made a lot of money in Montana lands and believed that

(*Continued on page 63*)



Above, Myrna as the daughter of Fu Manchu, one of the many oriental roles that first typed her. Below, as a dancer in an early picture—she expected to dance to fame.



Left, Myrna, the finished actress of today who will soon do a sequel to "The Thin Man." And below, Myrna Williams, as pretty a baby as ever opened her eyes in Montana!



They Await Parade

OLDEST, AT 95, STILL HALE

ALL ABOUT THE GREAT MAE WEST MARRIAGE QUESTION

Is Mae married or not? Evidence gathered for this story answers "No." But what do you think?

By ROBERT EICHBERG

WHEN MILWAUKEE relief workers, reassorting municipal files, came across an application for a marriage license dated April 11, 1911, and made out to "Mae West" and "Frank Wallace," nobody was very much interested at first. It might have meant any Mae West (there was one in burlesque some twenty years ago—and another is a colored girl living in Harlem today)—or another Frank Wallace, for that is not an uncommon name.

But when closer inspection revealed that the married Mae gave her birthplace as Brooklyn, her father's name as John, and her mother's maiden name as Matilda Dilker, born in Paris, the whole world pricked up its ears. For our own curvaceous Mae's father was Battling Jack West, and her mother fit the other description. Then, too, Mae was born in Brooklyn.

Immediately the press of the nation went mad. They printed a denial from Mae, who said, "I never heard of the guy." A statement from Jack Linder, who produced her big stage hit, "Diamond Lil," saying, "She got Frank Wallace a job in the show. They were together a lot. But he died a couple of years ago." Another from a Frank Wallace who is a dancer in vaudeville, saying, "I'm the man Mae married, I can prove it." A facsimile of Mae's sworn statement, made when she was convicted of giving an immoral performance in her show "Sex," shows that she then swore she WAS married.

This, apparently, clinched it, so MODERN SCREEN sent me up to interview Wallace.

He made an appointment to meet me in the room of his dancing partner, Trixie La Mae, in a theatrical hotel on West 45th Street. It was one of the strangest places I have ever seen—a brilliant crimson dressing table—a mammoth scarlet radio set—a depressed little monkey gibbering in a big cage—two monster couches —and an atmosphere so full of cigarette smoke you needed a gas mask.

MISS LA MAE, a tall slender blonde with a southern drawl, introduced me to Wallace. He is tall, dark, partly bald and very thin, with deep-sunken black eyes and a nervous manner. The first thing he said was, "I can give you a swell story. I can tell you all about it. But I've got to get some consideration."

"You'll get every consideration," I said. "I'll even check the story with you before I print it."

"Well," he said, "I didn't mean that. I meant for expenses. Like for pictures."

"You won't have any expenses. We'll take any necessary pictures."

Then it came out. Mr. Wallace would give us any sort of story we wanted on Mae—if we hired him. We explained that any story he was paid to give us wouldn't be worth printing, because he would naturally try to earn his money, and therefore would be biased. We did agree, however, to pay him ten dollars apiece for any old photos he had of himself and Mae, outside of the one picture already published in the papers.

He told us several conflicting stories of why he could not give us the pictures. First, they had all been destroyed in a fire at his mother's home; second, that his manager had them, and would want more money than that to release them; third, that they were up at his mother's in Albany, and it would cost quite a bit to go there and search for them. Then he suggested that pictures could be "faked."

To be fair about it, I don't (*Continued on page 92*)

Here at the right are some of the pictures which may influence your answer to our question. First the marriage license that came to light in Milwaukee and started all the fun. Below, at left, is Mae in "Diamond Lil" when a Frank Wallace was the "singing waiter" shown with her. And, next right, the same Frank with the two who made up his trio in the same play. Last row, Mae as she is today in "Goin' to Town." And last, a dark Mae in a honeymoon pose with a Frank Wallace and her brother. Do you think the dark-haired gal looks like our blonde Mae?

MARGIN RESERVED FOR BINDING

WRITE PLAINLY WITH UNFADING INK—THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD

This form of certificate is to be used only by local registrars for recording in the REGISTER OF DEEDS. SEND THIS CERTIFICATE COMPLETELY FILLED OUT TO THE REGISTER OF DEEDS when the monthly report is mailed to the state office.

DO NOT distribute these blanks to midwives or other persons required to report marriages to you. Remember that all original certificates must be sent direct to the State Registrar.

PLACE OF MARRIAGE

County of MILWAUKEE

Township of

or Village of

or City of MILWAUKEE

STATE OF WISCONSIN

Department of Health—Bureau of Vital Statistics

COPY OF MARRIAGE RECORD

Page No. .....

(To be filled out by the register of

PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS

GROOM	BRIDE
Full Name: Frank Wallace	Full Name: Mae West
Residence: Brooklyn N. Y.	Residence: Brooklyn N. Y.
Color or Race: W	Color or Race: W
Age at Last Birthday: 31 (Years)	Age at Last Birthday: 18 (Years)
Single, Widowed or Divorced: S	Single, Widowed or Divorced: S
Number of Marriage: 1	Number of Marriage: 1
Birthplace: New York (State or Country)	Birthplace: New York (State or Country)
Occupation: Actor	Occupation: Actress
Name of Father: Joe Wallace	Name of Father: John West
Birthplace of Father: Russia (State or Country)	Birthplace of Father: New York (State or Country)
Maiden Name of Mother: Anna Rubria	Maiden Name of Mother: Matilda Dilker
Birthplace of Mother: Russia (State or Country)	Birthplace of Mother: France (State or Country)

Maiden Name of the Bride, if she was previously married .....

CERTIFICATE OF PERSON PERFORMING CEREMONY

I HEREBY CERTIFY that Frank Wallace and Mae West were joined in Marriage in accordance with the laws of the State of Wisconsin, at Milwaukee Wis this 11th day of April, 1911

WITNESSES: (2)

Name: Arthur Chutkin
Residence: Milwaukee
Name: Etta H. Wood
Residence: Newark N. Y.

Signature of Person officiating and P. O. address: Joseph E. Cordes, Judge of the Civil Court, Milwaukee Co., Wis

License No. 40553 Date 4/11/11

FILED Apr 14, 1911

F. A Kraft M. D.
Local Registrar

County Clerk Martin Plehn

esidence, 22 Wyverne at the ... May 29. Reposing at the uneral Parlors, Broadway and ... uneral services May 31, 12 ight-saving time), in the chapel 's Methodist Episcopal Church, Av. and 86th St. Rev. Dr. L. Forman officiating. Inter- ertown, Wis.

On Tuesday, May 28, 1935, , son of Isaac Vail Brokaw and ould Brokaw and beloved husFrances Seymour Brokaw. Fuvate at Mount Pleasant Cemetery Newark, N. J., May 31, 1935, at

—The Huguenot Society of Amerounces with regret the death on of their late member, George T.

M. JAY SCHIEFFELIN, President. GARET A. JACKSON, Secretary.

—Requiem Mass will be celebrated Gregory's Church, St. John's Place Brooklyn Av., Saturday, June 1, at M., for the repose of the soul of Rose Cahill, who died May 25.

AHAN—Cornelius, beloved husband of a Grace Callahan. Services at BapHome, Spuyten Duyvil Parkway near th St., on Saturday at 2:30 o'clock erment Oakland Cemetery, Yonkers.

PENTIER—Emmett C., on May 2 35, beloved husband of Eleanor (ne nz), loving father of Eleanor. Servic Raymond B. Dunnigan's Chapel, Br town Building, 188th St. and Webst Av., Thursday, May 30, at 8 P. M. neral Friday at 2 P. M. Interment Fer Cliff Crematory. Kindly omit flowers.

ARSON—Jean Maclay, widow of the William Moore Carson and daughter the late John S. Williams and M Maclay Pentz, at her residence, Park Av., in her eighty-first year. neral service at St. Thomas Church Av. at 53d St., on Friday, May 3 10 A. M. Interment private.

CLARKE—On May 29, 1935, at his dence, 176 Seely St., Thomas A. C beloved husband of Leonora V. (nee Desmond), father of Desmo Clarke, Mrs. Frank C. Colgan, Geraldine W. Clarke and Leon Clarke. Funeral on Saturday, Jun 10:30 A. M.; thence to Roman Church Immaculate Heart of Mary Solemn Requiem Mass will be c at 11 A. M. Interment Holy Cross omit flowers.

CLIFFORD—Helen W., devoted William, Henry, Ralph and Jose gurber and Mrs. Lawrence Clue of Sidney and Emily Siegman. services at the West End Funer 200 West 91st St., Saturday, Jun A. M. Interment in Lutheran

CUNO—Zillie, widow of the la beloved mother of Benno. F day, 10:30, from late residenc ingside Av.

de FIGANIERE—Suddenly, a Va., Major Frederick de Fig vices at St. Bartholomew's C ic St. and Bedford Av., Saturday, June 1, at 10:30 may call at the parlors of Edwards, 86 6th Av., Broo day. Kindly omit flowers

DENZER—Maurice, beloved stance Mayer, brother of Theresa Masback, Millie G Heller and the late Bessi Service Friday, 10:45 A Riverside Memorial Chape Amsterdam Av. Interment

DERICKSON—Jessie Irene, suddenly, on











Read this one girl's true experiences before

MODERN SCREEN is proud to present this unique series of articles written by a Hollywood extra girl who, since she is still working in pictures, must not reveal her name. So many extra girl stories come from embittered, disgruntled girls who haven't seen Hollywood for years. But this young lady will give you the true picture of Hollywood today, discuss the chances of an unknown's getting into the movies, and give you intimate "set" gossip of the stars. As her story progresses you will realize how important it is to her career that her confessions remain anonymous—now, begin her story. . . .

WHEN I first came to Hollywood, about five years ago, I was given a lot of different kinds of advice. Although I had done a little work in a summer stock company not far from home and, therefore, felt that I would be just what Hollywood wanted for the talkies (for the talkies were not old then), my father believed that Hollywood and all of show business was sinful and wicked. He had not minded the stock work because the director of that was very nice and had been to our house for dinner, but, when I said that I was going to Hollywood to go into the movies, he hit the ceiling!

I don't know where he got his information but he told me things about Hollywood that made me blush. But I was blushing more easily then than I am now, for I was only eighteen. Although I did not have sense enough to ask Dad where he got his information, I did not believe him. I believed what I had read in the movie magazines—namely that Hollywood was just like any other town and a girl could be good or bad, because men were not any more "on the make" in Hollywood than in Podunk.

So, imagine my embarrassment or amazement or something when, a week after I arrived in Hollywood, I had a proposition. And the man was a director, too!

He worked for a cheap little independent company. I know now that they are called "quickies" but I did not know that then. Then, every company was alike to me. They all made movies and I wanted to be in the movies. The only difference, I thought, between this company and Metro or Paramount was that I had been out to Metro and Paramount and couldn't see anybody, whereas, at this little company I was able to see the director.

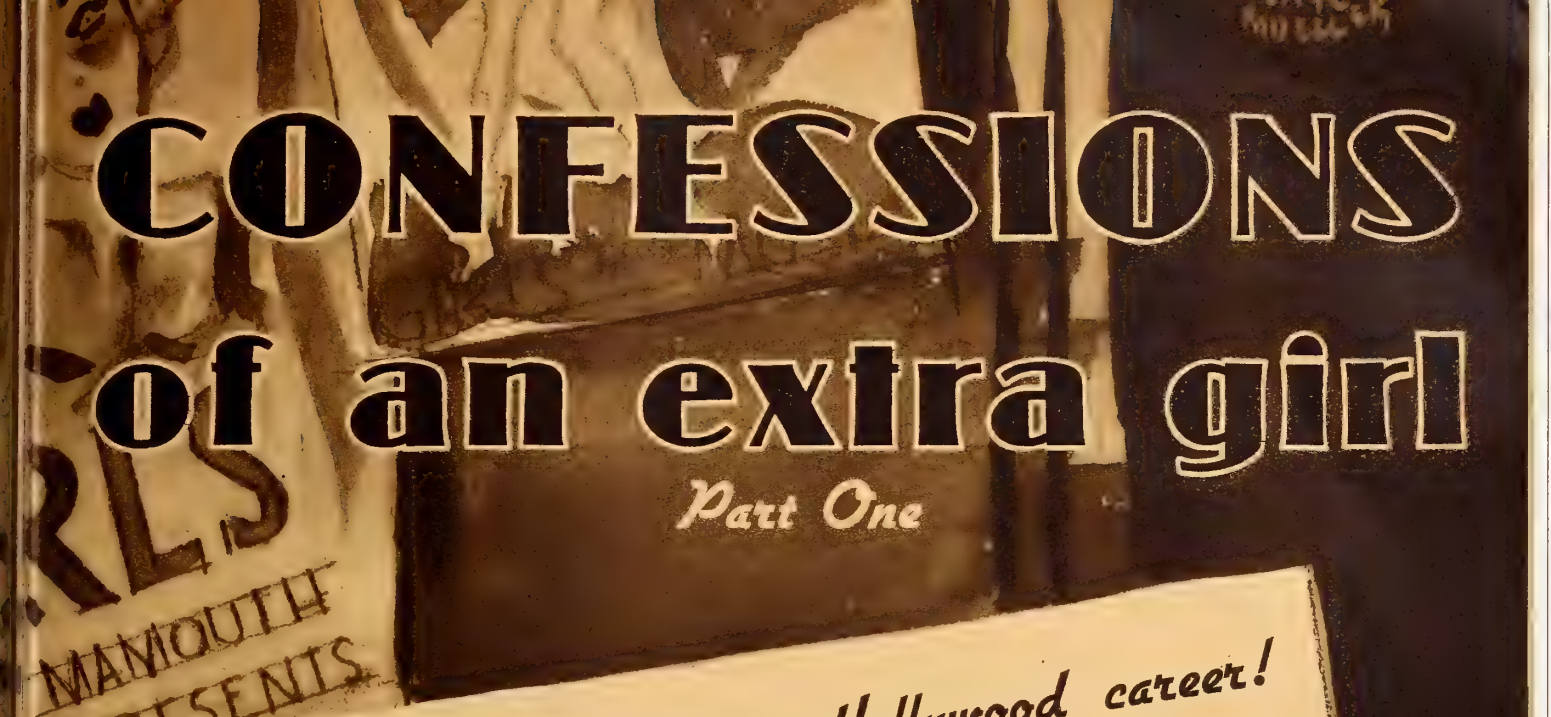
Well, we sat in this cheap office on one of the studio lots that rent space to the quickie companies. The director had on a tweed suit that was baggy at the knees and his fingernails were not clean, but he was not, actually, a bad looking man.

THERE WASN'T anything in the office but a desk, two chairs, some files, a couch and the director. When I went in he stood up and shook hands with me. I thought that was wonderful because at Paramount and Metro nobody had stood up because I never could get to see anyone.

He said, "How-do-you-do, Miss Andrews" (that's the name that I'm going to call myself), "sit down."

I sat on one of the chairs. He smiled and said, "Now tell me all about yourself."

I said, "Well, I have had some stage experience and I know that I can act." And then I told him about the summer stock



CONFESSIONS of an extra girl

Part One

you acquire delusions of a Hollywood career!

company and the parts I had played in the various plays. He smiled and nodded and I thought that meant he was pleased and would make me a star right away. He looked over some papers on his desk and said, "Yes, I think I have a little part for you—not a big role, understand, you couldn't expect to jump into a big part right away. Yes, I'm *almost* sure there's a role in my picture that you could play."

My heart began to pound. Here I was just a week in Hollywood and I was going to get a part, and people had told me that girls had been in Hollywood for six months without so much as seeing the inside of a studio.

And then I did a very foolish thing. I jumped up from my chair and ran around to the director sitting behind the desk. I grabbed both his hands and said, "Thank you. Oh, thank you!"

He stood up, still holding both my hands, looked right into my eyes and said, "You're an impetuous little thing, aren't you?" And I said, "Yes," because I thought it would make him think that I was fiery and could act.

"This is a big acting part," he said, "the woman is supposed to be very experienced. What do you know about life?" And then, because I was so afraid that I wasn't going to get the part, I behaved foolishly again. I didn't really know anything about life but I was afraid to say so, so I answered, "Well, I'm young in years but old in experience."

"Oh, are you?" he asked. "Let's see." He was laughing so much that I thought this was all just friendly until he suddenly grabbed me and kissed me. I was so amazed that I just stood there and didn't know what to do. Then he let me go. "No, not so old in experience," he said, "but we can fix that up. You see, my dear, you can't act until you've lived and an innocent girl like you shouldn't be running around loose in Hollywood. I can make a great actress of you if you'll put yourself completely in my hands and do everything I say. How about having dinner with me tonight? I'll read the script to you."

BUT BY this time I was crying and I realized that I wasn't going to get the part and that this was the Hollywood Dad had told me about. I ran out of that office as fast as I could, with my hat over one eye. And I was so disappointed I thought I should die.

Now that was five years ago. The man was a little quickie director. And that is the first and last time in Hollywood that a director of any sort has ever behaved that way. So I guess Hollywood is like any other town after all, because girls get propositions even in Podunk.

I've told about this first because I thought it was so strange that this should happen to me my first week in Hollywood and then not happen again. But now I'll go back and tell about my starting to Hollywood, although I don't know whether that is interesting or not. But here goes.

I had read that a girl shouldn't go to Hollywood without enough money to live on for six months. My Dad, as I've told you, didn't approve. But my Mother, who had always wanted to be an actress, gave me my railroad fare and five hundred dollars. And with my stock experience, I thought there was nothing else I needed.

I had read of the Studio Club but I didn't want to live there because, strange as it seems in a girl who likes acting, I liked to cook, too, so I wanted a little apartment with a kitchen.

My train arrived in the morning and I had sense enough not to take a taxi to Hollywood because I knew how far away (*Continued on page 87*)

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER





Above left, Norman Scott Barnes and his doting parents. Right, Joan Blondell, a star who is proud of her motherhood.

"I want to talk about my baby!"

Says Joan Blondell, smashing Hollywood's pet taboo

By Kay Osborn

IT just never occurred to me to seek out Joan on the subject of her baby—for publication, that is. It's sort of understood out here that women stars with babies don't like to talk about them to the press. A lot of other writers weren't asking about the baby either, because they, too, considered the subject taboo.

I ran into Joan one day and asked her about the baby, carefully explaining that my interest was personal, not professional. I told her I knew she didn't want to have a story written about him. So you can imagine my surprise when Joan protested, "Who says I don't!" and her blue eyes flashed. "As a matter of fact, I've been quite hurt that nobody has come to me, wanting an interview about me and my baby. What is this, anyway? Doesn't anyone want to hear about him? Of course I'll talk about my baby! *He's the most important thing that's ever happened to me, or ever will happen!*

"This business of a baby spoiling the fans' interest in a female star is all the bunk. Audiences today are more intelligent than they used to be. They like to see an actress give a good performance, more than anything else. And a baby helps a woman to become a better actress. My baby is helping me. He takes me out of myself. Makes me understand many more emotions than I have ever felt before. Why shouldn't I talk about him?"

Well! We plopped into the nearest chairs, and, believe it or not, I never got another word in edgewise.

It seems that Joan's baby is the cutest, the cleverest, the prettiest and the healthiest baby that ever shook a rattle. Oh yes, I know you've heard that story before. But this time it's so, says Joan.

"Do you know that right this minute, and at this minute he is exactly five months, three days, and five hours old, he is every bit as big as a year-old baby? Why, he never could wear any of the lovely things which were given to me at my shower. I've had to give all his presents away. The doctor comes in to look at him on his weekly visits, and laughs. Just laughs! And Normie laughs right (*Continued on page 73*)



Bill wanted to forget Hollywood and its ceaseless grind; he had enough wealth so he ran away—and ran right back again!



Bill found there was workman's compensation—like playing with Jean Harlow in "Reckless," for instance!

No Success as a Playboy

By Martha Kerr

WHEN THE alarm clock rings at seven-thirty and you know you can't roll over for that extra snooze or you'll be late for the office, how many times have you said, "Oh gosh! Wouldn't it be swell to have all the money you need so you'd never have to work again?"

And when work is particularly arduous and confining do you ever think longingly of the Riviera and Paris or the South Sea Islands or Shanghai? You wouldn't be human if you didn't.

This story is for all you who have strained at the yoke of a job. It is the story of a man who had worked hard all his life, had made enough money to quit—and didn't. And it's as exciting a little journey into human psychology as any I've run across in Hollywood.

A good many years ago I was assigned the task of getting together, for a magazine, a group of photographs of the stars in the roles they had always longed to play. One girl was mad to play Portia and had her picture taken in the classic Shakespearian costume of the first lady lawyer of fiction. Another girl had a secret yearning to do Peter Pan—and got pretty cute all over the place in a leather doublet. One of the men thought it would be wonderful to be Hamlet and struck the well-known attitude.

When Bill Powell's photograph came in I thought he had got the idea all wrong. There was Bill, attired in a natty modern lounging robe, lolling back in an easy chair with a highball on a nearby table. This looked very unfamiliar. And then I read the accompanying note: "Role I most want to play. Wealthy, retired motion picture star, living on the Riviera." Signed Bill.

I thought it was a funny gag—and that was that. Several years later I happened to mention it to Bill and I asked him if that were still his ambition.

He shook his head. "I tried it," he said. "It didn't work."

And then he told me the story which is for all of us who long to kick our jobs in the face.

Bill had worked hard for stardom. And, after he became a star, he discovered that fame was pretty empty and that all it got you was a lot of worry and grief. He had enough money to last any man a lifetime. Hollywood made his nerves jingle.

He told his friends that he was going on a trip to Europe. Actually, it was his plan to retire from the screen and come back to the United States only for a visit. Fortunately, he did not make such an announcement. But in his heart he knew that he was through—through with work forever, through with pictures. Hadn't he earned the right to enjoy a little leisure? Wasn't it about time that he lived life instead of playing it before a camera?

HE WENT straight to the Riviera—that glamorous vacation spot where the wealthiest and most spectacular of Europeans gather to loll in their gay cabañas, go to bed with the dawn, wear smart clothes, dance and gamble.

Bill thought it was the most entrancing place he had ever seen. Nobody to call him to the set at nine A. M. Nobody to give him scripts to read. No wardrobe and no make-up tests. No endless waits if the film in the camera buckled. No grinding work under the glaring lights. Nothing but clean white beach, lovely sunshine, amusing people, gayety. (*Continued on page 72*)

Bill Powell tried to retire—but it didn't take!



Above, three of the best looking figures in Hollywood—Bennett's, Crawford's and Harlow's. And right, the tiny lady who can make your figure look thataway, too—Madame Sylvia.



We wish to make an *Announcement*

Dear Readers: Please be advised that, commencing with our next issue, Madame Sylvia of Hollywood joins our ranks. Read details below and get your pictures ready!

Her name is as well known as that of President Roosevelt, Mickey Mouse and Garbo. Sylvia of Hollywood has brought more beauty to a beauty-starved world than all the jars of cold cream on the cosmetic counters. She is going to write a series of articles for MODERN SCREEN. The first one will appear in the September issue—so don't complain that you weren't told.

Now, here's what Sylvia wants you to do. She wants to be of real assistance to you. She wants to take, with each article of her series, one general type of face and figure—point out its defects, its need for improvement and tell you just exactly how such improvement can be achieved.

For example: How many of you are—in a general way—the Jean Harlow type? Does your mirror or do your friends tell you that you "look sort of like Harlow"? Blonde, curved, voluptuous. Would you like more perfectly to achieve the svelte and lovely Harlow lines and fight off the plumpness which that old meanie, Nature, delights in wishing upon this particular type of beauty? Sylvia will tell you how to do it. She did it for Harlow and she will do it for you.

Here is what you must do: Send your photograph to Sylvia in care of this magazine. A full length photograph please, in a bathing suit or a close-fitting dress. A snapshot will do. Send it as soon as possible. In her second article, Madame Sylvia will choose the girl who looks most like Jean Harlow. She will also pick, from the photographs sent in, several other near-Harlow types, criticize the bad points and tell just how they can be improved. Mind, you need not look like Jean's twin sister in order to benefit by this. We are speaking of a general likeness of face and figure.

So—Harlow-girls, send your pictures to Sylvia. And next month we'll tell you the second type Sylvia will overhaul. Believe us, if you listen to Sylvia and do what she tells you, you won't be sorry. We *know*. There is a large safety-pin taking in the slack of the skirt we're wearing. We're very proud of that safety-pin, because it indicates a reduction in poundage—all thanks to Sylvia! You can be equally as proud if you follow her advice.



Loretta goes on a clothes spree

Loretta Young had been running about the Paramount lot in the medieval trappings of "The Crusades" for so long that when she had a day off she went on a shopping binge! Above, left, is a charming silk ensemble—a black crêpe dress with unusual hemline is topped by a gay floral patterned, three-quarter length coat. The popular cape theme is stressed in a blue and white polka dotted silk ensemble. Red and white dotted silk is used for the flowers and belt. There's a deep veil on her straw sailor hat. Radishes make a perfect trimming for a lady gardener's costume! Bunches of them trim Loretta's wide-brimmed hat and her pale pink linen cape frock. Note big front pocket for gardening gadgets.


Loretta Young



doffs "Crusades" costumes for smart modern garb

Since evening is the time when Loretta really has a chance to relax during work, she went in heavily for stunning formal costumes on her recent shopping trip. At the extreme left, top and bottom, you see two charming ones. A great-skirted lilac taffeta gown with violet corsage at the waist and over it a blue taffeta wrap with corded detail. If you will look across the page you will see this same gown without the wrap. Isn't it charming? Especially the sweep to the skirt and the flesh-colored revers. Back to the left again, and below, Loretta wears a black and white printed satin gown with an interesting décolletage that is outlined with a flaring ruffle of the fabric. Again the wide skirt is emphasized—this is one of her pet evening details, and since she is tall, she can carry the extra width off with perfection. Ombré-toned fringe is a striking trimming for a simple eggshell white dinner gown. The fringe forms a capelet, and makes a hemline of unusual gracefulness. And last, looking forward to fall, Loretta selects a two-piece dinner gown of double-faced satin. The crêpe side is used for the blouse, the satin side for the skirt. Huge pink flowers at her waist.

Clothes from Nina Foley's Shop, Los Angeles

Paul Lukas answers a question you all ask at some time

Can a man be true to one Woman?

By Gladys Hall

"CAN a man be true to one woman all his life?" I asked Paul Lukas.

And Paul, smiling a quizzical, raised-eyebrow, faintly amused smile said, "I should not talk on this subject, really. Because I am what is known as a sad dog . . . happy as I am in my marriage I still flirt a little, here, there, not seriously, but a little . . . perhaps only to prove to myself that I still can flirt.

"If I answer your question I shall have to tell some very personal, very private tales on myself. Well, why not?"

It did seem slightly preposterous to ask Paul Lukas, of all men, whether he thinks there can be such a thing as one woman in a man's life—one fidelity outlasting the years.

For Paul is the type of man who kisses your hand, looks into your eyes and you see, in your mind's eye, the white hands of hundreds of women, the responsive eyes of hundreds more. This suave sophisticate from Budapest is the type of man who makes a woman feel that it is magic and subtle and deliciously dangerous just to be a woman.

"One love in a lifetime?" Paul repeated after me. "All right, I will tell you how it is with me. I should not, perhaps, be taken too seriously because I am . . . well, women are irresistible to me. I am like that. No, a man does not love only once in a lifetime and he should not. Especially the actor should not. Because the strength of the actor is in his imagination and that imagination should be fed by more than one experience.

"I repeat that a man does not love once in a lifetime. I do not say that such a love is impossible. But to make such a love possible the woman must possess two qualities. Some call them the 'good and bad angel' in woman, and there must be both. I call them 'rolling gold' and the 'sense of home.'

"Now I shall have to tell these private tales on myself to make you see what I mean. In the first place, I learned very early in life to realize the enduringness of love. For I was in love while I was still at home in Budapest. It happened to me, this terrible love, while I was on the legitimate stage playing at the Comedy Theatre in Budapest, in Ferenc Molnar's 'Liliom.' She was a woman not of my class. She had worked havoc with other men, I knew. She was, from the very beginning, unfaithful to me and I knew it. But I loved her with such a desperation, such a hunger, such a blind hopelessness of passion that I shall never forget. For three and one half years this savage, sinister thing possessed me. I couldn't help myself. One ugly thing after another she did to me. And then, one morning, I awoke and it was gone. Gone as though a poison had been drawn from my blood. The woman had become a stranger to me, a stranger for whom I felt nothing but repulsion. I now believe that because she did so many ugly things to me she herself became ugly in my eyes.

"But she did teach me," he said slowly, in that rich accented voice of his, "one thing which helps me to answer your question. She taught me that if a woman is 'rolling gold' she may hold a man for most of his life. This woman was 'rolling gold' and if she had had that one other quality I might never have escaped her.

"Now I will explain to you what I mean by the term 'rolling gold.' Shortly before I left Berlin, where I had worked under the direction of Max Reinhardt as guest artist in the theatres of Vienna and Berlin, a slight misadventure befell me. I had carried, in the pocket of my overcoat for many months, a gold-piece. I had

(Continued on page 84)





Right, Paul Lukas and next to him his wife, Daisy, with Claudette Colbert, her best friend. Paul is appearing in "The Age of Indiscretion."

Three score years and ten

C. Aubrey Smith looks back on a full and dramatic life

By Faith Service

WHAT do you really know about that superb actor, C. Aubrey Smith?

You know that in almost every good picture you see, "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "The Crusades," "China Seas," dozens of them, there is a tall, virile, kindly Britisher who looks as though Galsworthy might have written him into "The Forsyte Saga" (he could be old Jolyon to the life). You know that you are always glad to see him, that he adds richness and authenticity of character to every part he plays and that you carry away with you, invariably, a warm and grateful memory of him.

But isn't that about all you know of C. Aubrey?

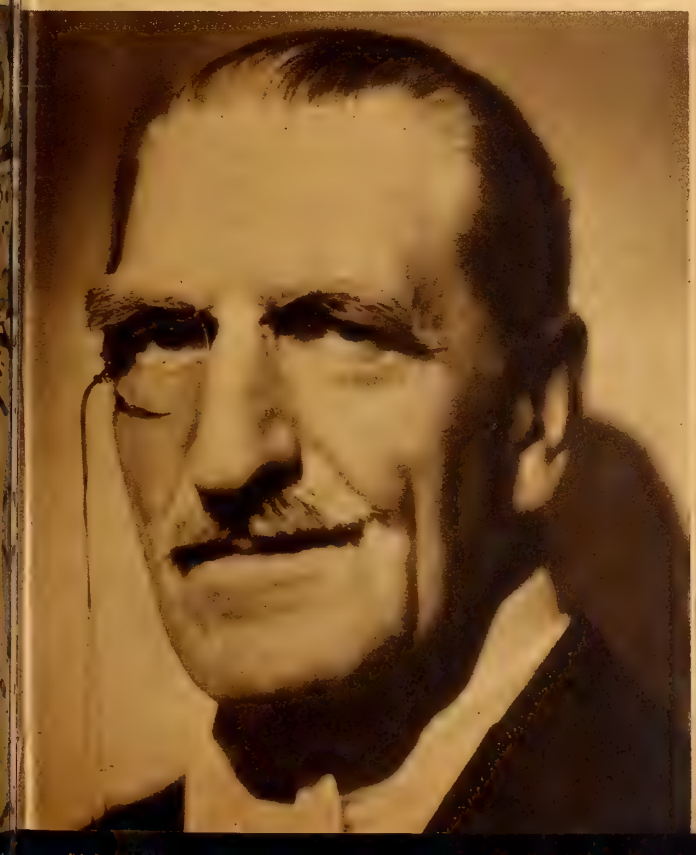
Did you realize that he is seventy-two years old and that almost fifty of those years have been spent on the stage and that these three score years and ten constitute a stage in themselves—a stage upon which have walked the greatest beauties, the most famous men and women of his colorful generation? Ellen Terry and Lily Langtry, our own Maude Adams, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Charles Frohman, Sir James Barrie, George Bernard Shaw, and Victoria, Queen of England. No wonder he says, politely, that the theatre is not what it used to be, nor great artists what they were in the days when Ellen Terry rehearsed some six and eight weeks before she spoke a line before an audience.

Did you know that he has been married, and to the same wife, for over forty years and that he has a married daughter and that before the summer wanes there will be a first grandchild.

It is going to be hard to get three-quarters of a century of rich and robust living into the confines of one short story, but I'll do my best. For it's a long, long way C. Aubrey Smith has come from his father's surgery in London to the studios of Hollywood. A long way and a good way and as he enters his three score years and ten he says, "The most and the best of life is to love what you are doing, and to be kind."

SOME SEVENTY odd years ago, a small boy was born in London to a proud young doctor and his wife. He was christened C. Aubrey Smith. Then two sisters come to the Smith home and they grew up in the Victorian Era when the widowed Queen ruled the realm with a child-sized hand and influenced her time and time to come with Victorian virtue. An age when all things gaudy and theatrical and gay were frowned upon by the little prim lady in Balmoral Castle and so by her subjects.

C. Aubrey Smith remembers the funeral of Victoria—sees in his memory that tiny coffin, flag-draped on the gun-carriage, while all of England mourned and the whole world was at half-mast. He (*Continued on page 78*)



C. Aubrey Smith today at seventy lives a busy, fruitful life. His next picture role will be in "China Seas."



Beautiful Lily Langtry is one of the many famous women C. Aubrey recalls.



And prim little Queen Victoria set the tempo of his early years.

Women can be loyal

By Ruth Biery

The appealing story of Ann Dvorak's stand-in whom she is grooming for stardom

ANN DVORAK was walking down the dirt road leading from her home in the country. Thinking of nothing in particular except the clean sky overhead and the soft air around her. It was good to be alive. It was marvelous to know fate had done so many kind things for her.

A sound. Ann could not place it. What made it? She looked around her. A young girl was running the lawn-mower over stubby ends of grass not far from her. Ann noticed the grass was stubby, wild, unwieldy. Why was this child trying to mow it?

Ann looked more closely and drew a sharp breath. Here was beauty! The dirty slacks, the mussy hair, the roughly tanned hands and arms, the huge blue eyes and the length of black eyelashes for which most women, whom Ann Dvorak knew, paid big sums in beauty parlors. And suddenly Ann wanted to know her. How could she make her acquaintance? She looked around hurriedly. "Eggs for sale!" She smiled. She had her own eggs; she raised her own chickens. But the cook could make an angel food cake—

That was the first trip. Ann made several. She took her husband, Leslie Fenton, with her. Always to buy eggs. Ann and Leslie grew weary of angel food cakes in the two weeks which followed.

But it was when she was alone that Ann, suddenly, asked the girl, "And what do you mean to do with your life? Are you planning to spend all your days out here mowing wild grass that should never be cut, talking to white leghorns which can't understand you?"

THE GIRL shrugged. "I don't know. What can I do? What is there for me to do? I graduated from the Van Nuys High School. I tried teacher's college. I always wanted to be a writer. I took a little journalism at the University of Southern California but I couldn't keep it up. There wasn't enough money. What is there?"

"But you are beautiful!" Ann spoke impulsively.

The girl shrugged. "Am I? What has that got to do with it?"

"But you just can't stay here and do *nothing!*" Ann was insistent. (*Continued on page 81*)







Top, Ann Dvorak, once a stand-in herself, gives another girl a chance. Next, Ann and Helene McAdoo, the lucky girl, at the Fenton ranch. And right, Ann and her husband, Leslie Fenton.

A great actress puts on a great act

By Katherine Albert



THEY SAY that she's shy (she says so, too). So shy that she trembles with fear before she steps on the stage to give a performance, so shy that she's afraid to see her own films after they're completed, so shy that the very sound of an interviewer's voice (and her own voice answering) is enough to depress her for days.

That's Elisabeth Bergner. That's the girl who is hailed as the greatest actress since Bernhardt, the girl whose stage gaucheries have knocked New York for a loop, whose picture, "Catherine, the Great," made in Europe, thrilled you and whose future productions you will see as they come across from abroad (for she will not make films in Hollywood). The Viennese glamor girl. The acting queen.

So shy. Useless to try for a personal interview. Useless to meet her in her dressing-room or at her hotel, draw up a couple of chairs, smoke a couple of friendly cigarettes and chat together like two human beings.

Instead Miss Bergner is persuaded by Joe Schenck, through whose company her pictures are released, to "meet the press"—a gesture which went out with Pickford curls and "Shakespeare is my favorite writer, my dear." So the girl who is too shy to be interviewed, to have a cosy tête-à-tête, "meets the press"—a couple of hundred of them—at a cocktail party in a regal apartment at the Ambassador.

Let us see just how this shy flower behaves when "meeting the press."

IN THE FIRST PLACE the apartment looks like a movie set. It is all done in cathedral-like grandeur and would remind one of a cathedral were it not for the fact that at the end of one enormous room there is an elaborate bar and standing before it is Elisabeth Bergner.

Her hair is straight and blonde, parted on the side and sweeping across her head, leaving the brow exposed. She wears a dark blue skirt, a loose printed blouse and a dark blue tie. There are but three or four people in the room when I arrive. The bartenders are the only ones who seem in the least busy. They have nice honest jobs. They don't deal in emotion, except in a very roundabout fashion.

Schenck, to relieve the tension, offers La Bergner a large dish of steaming spaghetti. "What iss diss?" she asks.

Schenck tells her.

"No, no, t'ank you."

He offers her some chicken à la king.

"And diss—what iss diss?"

He explains.

"No, no t'ank you."

We are standing. Schenck suggests we sit and, in (*Continued on page 88*)

Meet La Bergner, of "Escape Me Never"



My husband is my Best friend

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

THE really successful people in this world are those who waste neither time nor energy grousing over the conditions which exist in their lives but, instead, get busy and shape them into a happy pattern.

Which brings me to Irene Dunne. For Irene has taken her marriage, which circumstances projected into a pretty difficult pattern, and made something darn swell out of it. A husband and wife separated most of the time by three thousand miles might be expected to grow apart. But, after four years of this state of affairs, Irene Dunne and Doctor Francis D. Griffin are as close and as good friends as any two people you know. And far closer and much better friends than entirely too many married people you know.

The first evening Irene and Frank Griffin were in New York this last time, after their trip from California by boat, he took her to the theatre.

"Let's run over and see 'Personal Appearance'," he suggested at about eight o'clock when the last of the friends who had dropped in to see them had left. "Not dress? Okeh. I'll call down and have them reserve seats." And he was on the telephone.

"Personal Appearance," one of Broadway's most successful comedies is, you know, the story of a movie star, a flamboyantly temperamental upstart who mushrooms to fame. There are many who feel there has been no star, like the lady Gladys George portrays in this play, since the talkies. Claiming, therefore, that the play is dated. Be that as it may, it remains good fun and no one laughs harder than the movie stars who go to see it.

The Griffins sat well down in front. But because they hadn't dressed and because they had come in quietly no one recognized them. They were as alone in that theatre as any other couple who moved closer and reached for each others' hands when the lights went down.

EVERY TIME there was a little jibe at the expense of the movie star, Frank Griffin would turn to Irene and she would feel his eyes bright with laughter.

"Must I do everything myself?" the movie star in that



Above left, Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Frank Griffin, in New York. Their first long trip together in four years. Irene says news pictures don't do Frank justice. Above, Irene in her great success, "Roberta." She will make "The Magnificent Obsession" and "Show Boat" on a loan to Universal.



Above, Irene and Randy Scott, her leading man in "Roberta." Irene deftly handles her life so that a brilliant career and a happy marriage dovetail despite enforced separations during work.

Often, Irene Dunne feels, we dwell too much on love and forget that husbands and wives can also be friends

play asks in an harassed moment while at least six people wait on her, hand and foot.

Irene felt a nudge in her side. And she remembered times, when her secretary had neglected to send a check for the telephone bill or her gardener had failed to tie up the chrysanthemums against the tugging wind, and when she had said something very similar.

She pretended, however, that she didn't know what that nudge meant. She continued to sit there very seriously for a second or two. Then, as usual, unable to resist his salty laughter, she began laughing, too. And when she couldn't find her handkerchief he had to give her one of the huge affairs she has made especially for him, since those sold in the shops rarely come large enough to please him.

As the final curtain fell they hurried out into a taxi and back to their hotel. Then, while Irene went in to change into something comfortable, Frank Griffin lit the electric grate fire. For the sake of cheer.

"You wouldn't have any good Irish reason for taking me to that particular play on our first night in New York?" Irene challenged him over their cheese sandwiches and beer.

HE SHOOK his head soberly. "Certainly not!" He was as innocent as Irishers can be when they've been up to tricks.

"That's what I thought," Irene said sweetly. It was a game two could play. "That's exactly what I thought!"

I lunched with her on one of her crowded days in New York. Her suite had the atmosphere it always has. New books were about. Music stood open on the piano which is moved into any suite she occupies, simultaneously with her trunks. Red tulips and purple lilacs were lovely against the pale green walls. And the jonquils which filled a silver bowl were no brighter yellow than the sweater Irene wore with a black tailored skirt.

She shuffled a batch of photographs which had arrived, photographs taken of her and Frank Griffin during their voyage from California—on (*Continued on page 86*)





Three-Cornered Romance



Joan Crawford, beautifully gowned in pleated gold brocade, is out to bewitch these two charming gentlemen, Bob Montgomery and Franchot Tone, with particular attention to the former. It all takes place in that delightful comedy-drama which was such a success on Broadway, "No More Ladies." Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Denny and Gail Patrick also take part in the merry goings-on.

Gable Flipped a Coin

Five times, that big little word "if" changed Clark's destiny

By Katherine Albert

SOME philosophers believe that there is a destiny which guides us, a fate which overtakes us and that despite anything we do our lives are mapped out for us.

Others contend that chance is the true goddess and that your life and mine is a succession of "ifs." "If I had not made a mistake and taken the road to the right, my car would have been hit by a truck." "If I had not come down with influenza I would have taken the plane which crashed." If, if, if. And certain things which seem to be hard luck at the time happen to turn out to be the best luck one can have.

As proof of all this let's turn the spotlight on the astonishing life and career of Clark Gable and see how great a part chance has played. The "ifs" in his work loom larger than an executive's power. And what strange "ifs" they all are.

Number one: If he had not been almost penniless and terribly lonely in a little Ohio town he would not have become an actor!

Having no money and no friends seems to be the worst fate that can befall a person. Yet that was what opened up the way to the exciting road Clark was to travel.

He was working in a rubber factory by day and attending medical school at night. He was set upon becoming a doctor. And then a tawdry, down-at-the-heel stock company camped in a tent on the outskirts of the town. If Clark had had the money for more lively entertainment he would never have gone to that show on a Sunday night, the only evening he had free from medical school. And if he had not been so bitterly lonely and depressed, he would certainly have seen no glamor in that miserable tent show.

BUT BECAUSE of all these things he saw in that tent the release from his hum-drum existence. His life, at that time, was completely devoid of glamor, and the company represented freedom and a full emotional life. He came to know the actors and when the pitiful little troupe left town Clark left with them, as a sort of handy man who occasionally was allowed the delightful experience of playing "super" and sometimes bits and small parts.

Number two: If a man had not become ill Clark might have been the stock company handy man all his life.

In bits and small roles and sometimes a second lead, Clark saw no chance for advancement. The stock company leading man was a great favorite wherever the company played. And then the man became ill. With great misgiving, the manager handed Clark the leading role. He was tremendously successful. And even after the erstwhile star recovered Clark continued in the top spot.

Number three: If he had not ripped his coat on a nail, he might this very minute be a second-rate vaudevillian.

He had been out of work for some time and needed money badly when an offer was made to him to play opposite Dorothy Davenport (Wallace Reid's wife) in a personal appearance vaudeville tour.

Much as he needed money Clark deliberated. He was trying hard to make a name for himself in the legitimate theatre and he knew that if he took this job it would only afford temporary financial relief and would not help him in the advancement of his career at all. He wanted to act on a real stage, not simply be a stooge in a vaudeville act. Broadway was his destination, he felt, not the little towns into which the circuit (*Continued on page 90*)



If Gable had not tossed a coin, he might never have been spied by Hollywood.



Loretta Young and Clark Gable in a romantic close-up from "Call of the Wild."

WIN A Dress!



Four smart star fashions free!

Read all the details below

1. Write a description, fifty words or less, of the model on these two pages you would like best to own—and tell why. The words "a," "an," "the" will not be counted.

2. Mail your letter to Adelia Bird, in care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. The contest closes on midnight of August 15, 1935. No letters postmarked after that time will be eligible.

4. State your size and preference, according to the description of the gowns given here.

5. In judging, consideration will be given to neatness of presentation and aptness and originality of expression.

6. The four best descriptions in the opinion of the judges will win, in each case, the costume best liked by the writer.

7. The decision of the judges (Miss Bird and the editors of MODERN SCREEN) will be final. No contest entries will be returned.

8. In case of duplicate entries of prize-winning merit, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

(Above, right) Joan Blondell models for you a trim and trig spectator sports costume in the very popular contrasting jacket and skirt theme. The jacket is heavy white linen, very broad of shoulder and very nipped-in of waist, with four big pearl buttons. The skirt is black linen with a thin white stripe. Both skirt and jacket can do double service with other skirts and jackets in your wardrobe, proving that this is a handy outfit as well as a smart one.

(Next page, on the left) If you are yearning for a very romantic frock, here it is. Blonde Glenda Farrell shows you this dinner dress of black net, banded with narrow inserts of black ciré satin ribbon. There is a swishy taffeta slip underneath and a demure rose at the waistline. The graceful and filmy double capelet is detachable. This sort of dress is always in good taste—dressy enough, but not too dressy, when your hostess says, "Just an informal party."

All you need is fifty words, an idea and a stamp



All Costumes by Studio Styles, Inc.

(Center) One can't go wrong on a good-looking print dress. Margaret Lindsay's dance frock is heavy printed silk crepe in shades of purple, fuschia and green in contrast to the dead white background. The panelled skirt is ankle length, with a slight dip in the back, while the blouse top has a draped elbow length sleeve treatment. Worn with a huge cartwheel hat and sandals to match, it would make a grand summer dinner-and-dance ensemble.

(Right) A dainty afternoon dress, worn by Margaret Lindsay. The model shown is in a misty pale blue chiffon, made on softly tailored lines. Navy blue binding on the sleeves and collar and down the front of the bodice provides a contrasting touch. Navy blue grosgrain ribbon is looped through two slashes in the collar and tied in a small bow. There is a stitched navy belt and deep tucks in the skirt—front and back —which are released at the knees.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? And furthermore, it is!

keeping cool

YOU CAN look cool, even if you don't feel it! That is the best platform for your July to September dressing. And if you can't find clothes that create an illusion of cool detachment from the torrid atmosphere, it isn't the fault of the designers and fabric manufacturers this season. Crisp, sheer and airy are the summer textures—cool, practical and wearable are the results of clothes fashioned from them.

Hollywood-ites are especially expert at getting their wardrobes down to the coolest possible terms. As you know, California sun gets burning hot in the daytime, even though evening usually brings a refreshing breeze. Linens are prime daytime favorites, while chiffons, organdies and sheer cottons are evening pets.

Cool colors dominate the Hollywood scene. White, alone and in all sorts of combinations. Pinks, blues, greens and natural tones. Many of the light shades are contrasted with dark tones in the same color range such as pale blue with navy and pink with deep wine red. Such combinations give you a very fresh, cool look. It is amusing to notice that so many wintry colors are being used, too, and that combined with white or some pastel shade, they look as summery as the pure whites and pastels. For instance, a deep wood green is becoming very popular when accented with a light lime green or white. And Dubonnet red, a true wine tone, is another color that used to be relegated to the fall and winter color card but is showing up with fetching results as an exciting summer shade.

A number of your favorites have contributed their cool thoughts to our fashion tale this month—and they should give you inspiration for your clothes, accessories and even your hairdress!

Since nothing makes you forget a hot day quite so completely as dressing up and trotting off to dance in the cool of the evening, I have dedicated pages 48 to 49 to summer evening gowns. These are pet costumes of each star pictured and are suitable for either country club parties or city roof gardens. Let's look them over carefully.

By Adelia Bird

JOAN CRAWFORD'S detachable starched piqué collar gives a sharp, crisp accent to her pale blue satin gown. Its creases and jutting points are definitely reminiscent of the headpieces of a certain French order of nuns. I wouldn't be surprised if it actually drew inspiration from such a source. And when you think how cool nuns manage to look in their dark robes, even on the hottest day, you can see why this idea has merit. Joan's train really is too exaggerated for a summer evening gown for all of you but that is one of the dramatic licenses a designer has to take for scenic effect. The vest, also of starched piqué, is accordion pleated and the clips are placed adroitly. Joan wears this gown in "No More Ladies."

Gertrude Michael chooses a sheer black gown for her California evenings. It is a dramatic one with its full tulle skirt and short capelet with little hood to pull up over her locks. These hooded capes are a

Refreshing fashion ideas for rising temperatures











Weather report—heat wave to continue! So as you read that in the paper, turn your eyes to the cooling pictures on these two pages. Extreme left, Joan Crawford's crisp starched piqué collar and vest topping a blue satin evening gown. Next, sheer black tulle for a gown and hooded capelet of Gertrude Michaels'. Dolores Del Rio's striped "sari" worn over a white gown gives her a new elusive personality—nice wrap for cool evenings. Frances Drake a cooling sight in sheer brown and white polka dotted net. Huge, colorful chiffon flowers at the bodice. And above, the incomparable Kate Hepburn in pale pink satin with cape of rose tulle. This is the stuff out of which Hollywood fashions its illusions of refreshing mid-summer coolness.











And for daytime freshness, here are some more grand thoughts. Left above, Maureen O'Sullivan's pale yellow linen with bright red accessory accents. Next, Pat Paterson in a satin, candy-striped chiffon negligee of soft blue. And Mona Barrie in a coarse blue and white peasant linen jacket costume. Right, Carole Lombard in navy blue and white dotted shorts with an amusing long white linen beach coat over it. And last, Kathleen Burke in a charming pink dotted Swiss garden frock, her arms full of dogwood.

grand innovation, don't you think? How many times we all have rummaged through our dressers to find some scarf or piece of material to wind around our heads, and usually, whatever came to hand, looked so makeshift that we discarded it outside the club house door. But these capes are decorative—and so-o flattering. All you need is a few yards of net, tulle or chiffon. Most of the stores are full of them, very moderately priced, too, for such a new stunt.

Dolores Del Rio never hesitates to adopt the most unusual ideas from each new season. Her sheath-like white gown with its striped "sari" is very new and stunning. These saris are an East Indian head scarf worn by native women. They impart a feminine and most un-modern air. Dolores is wearing one designed by Orry-Kelly that is a more fullsome version of the real native sari. Hers is to be used either as a cape wrap or in the sari manner as shown in the picture on page 48. The draping of the sari is half its charm—and I think it takes an exotic person like the Del Rio to carry it off with dash. You'll find saris in the shops made of all sorts of materials, many diaphanous as befits the season.

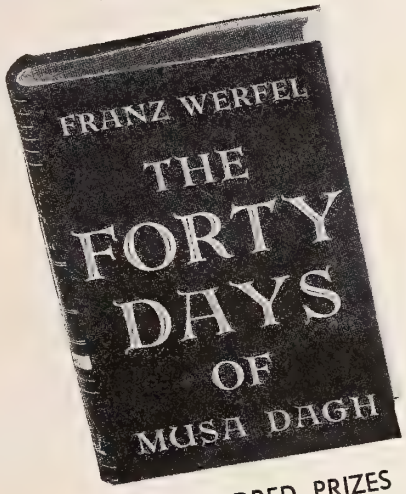
Kalloch has designed a sari costume for Grace Moore to wear in "Love Me Forever." He made the dress with drapery in the skirt to give it a slight East Indian flavor—this in black with a sari scarf in emerald green. And a very grand extra gesture is a rajah coat of gold tissue on organdy which Grace may wear over it. If this keeps up we will all look like maharajahs!

FOR a youthful and very wearable semi-formal frock, you can't beat Frances Drake's. Brown and white polka dotted net with an off-the-shoulder neckline and brief ruffled sleeves. The use of brown dots on white for the skirt bands and the reverse color scheme for the dress, is smart. The skirt fullness comes below the hips—and for actual dancing, the dress should be shorter than the length Frances is wearing.

Seven layers of rose tulle is the frosting Bernard Newman has put on a pale pink satin confection that Katharine Hepburn wears in "Break of Hearts." The tulle forms a cape which boasts an alluring collar of hand-made roses tied on with long satin streamers. It's sheer summer romance. And as a practical thought, (*Continued on page 70*)

$2500.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

Here's all you have to do. Write a short letter answering this question: "What do you consider the greatest moment of this story?" Selection of one of the scenes pictured below will qualify. Whatever your selection, give your reasons why.



ONE HUNDRED PRIZES

FIRST	$1,000.00
SECOND	500.00
THIRD	200.00
SEVEN AT $50.00 EACH	350.00
NINETY AT $5.00 EACH	450.00
TOTAL—100 PRIZES	$2,500.00

100 PRIZES FOR THE 100 BEST LETTERS

MODERN SCREEN offers $2500.00 in prizes for the best 100 letters submitted during the months of June, July, August and September, 1935. This great contest gives everyone an opportunity to claim one of these magnificent prizes and also a chance to express an opinion on the greatest moment in the book of the century, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," which is being made into a tremendous picture of adventure and romance by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

If your letter is selected as one of the 100 prize winners, you are assured of at least $5.00 or possibly $1,000.00. Isn't this a simple way for you to earn some extra money? Think what you could do with one thousand dollars!

CONTEST RULES

Print your full name and address in upper left-hand corner of first page; the total number of words you have written in the upper right-hand corner. Prizes will be awarded for the letters which best describe the selection of the writer. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for. Neatness will count.

Send your letter in any ordinary envelope you wish. Do not use special mountings or unusually decorative letters or envelopes as they in no way will influence the judging.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE.

Do not send letters of more than 150 words. This applies only to the main text of the letter, excluding salutation and signature.

This contest is open to everyone except employees and former employees of the Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, The Viking Press, Inc., and members of their families.

The contest ends at midnight, Eastern Standard Time, September 30, 1935.

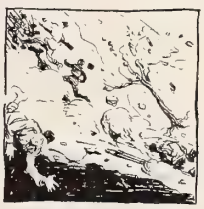
Address your letters to The Modern Screen Forty Days of Musa Dagh Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Gabriel offers to lead the peasants in defense of their lives and faith.



The peasants before leaving their village forever bury the Church bells in the graveyard.



An avalanche comes down the mountainside and forces Turkish invaders to flee.



A child leads Gabriel to a spot where he finds his wife in the arms of another man.



Gabriel's son at night drives a platoon of Turks away and captures their howitzers.



Gabriel's wife refuses freedom, stays with her husband on the mountain.



In Constantinople the Turkish war-lord refuses mercy to the Armenians.



Gabriel and a peasant girl fall in love, think they'll be killed, agree to die together.

Turkish forces lead a group of Armenian peasants into unwilling exile.



The Turks attack and are driven back in a fierce battle in which many lives are lost.



Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
After Office Hours (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★	2★	1★	1★	2★	1½★	2½★	3★	2★	1★			2★	2★
All the King's Horses (Paramount)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★		3★	2★	2★
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★		2★	1★	2★
Behold My Wife (Paramount)	3★	1★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	3★	3★	2½★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★		2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Big-Hearted Herbert (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★		3★	3★	2★
Black Fury (Warners)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Bordertown (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★		4★	4★	3★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)	1★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Bright Eyes (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Brewsters Millions (United Artists)	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	3★	2★
The Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★
The Casino Murder Case (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		3★	3★			2½★	3★
Charlie Chan in Paris (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	3★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★		4★	3★
The County Chairman (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
The Devil Is a Woman (Paramount)	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	3★	2★
Enchanted April (RKO)	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Enter Madame (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★			3★	2★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★			3★	3★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★		4★	4★	3★

Read famous critics' ratings of current pictures—5★, extraordinary; 4★,

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.



Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Evergreen (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Florentine Dagger (Warners)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	1★		2★	2★	2★
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
George White's Scandals (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★		2★	3★
G-Men (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Gigolette (RKO)	2★	1★	1★	2★		1★		2★	2★	1★		1★	1★	1★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Girl from 10th Avenue (Warners)	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★
Go Into Your Dance (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
Gold Diggers of 1935 (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★		3★	3★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★			2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Great Expectations (Universal)	4★			4★				3★			3★		3★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
High School (Foy)	1★	1★	1★	1★		1★	1★	2★	2★	1★	2★		1★	1★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★			3★	3★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★			2★	2★
Imitation of Life (Universal)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	4★	2★	3★		4★	3★
In a Monastery Garden (Julius Hagen)	1★	1★	1★	2★		1★	2★	2½★	1★				2★	1★
The Informer (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
In Old Santa Fe (Mascot)	2★			2½★		2½★		2★	2½★	2★			2½★	2★
The Iron Duke (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
I Sell Anything (First National)	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★		2★	2★
It Happened In New York (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★		2½★	3★
Laddie (RKO)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2★		3★	2★	3★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	5★

(*Continued on page 68*)

very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, no review or review unavailable

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

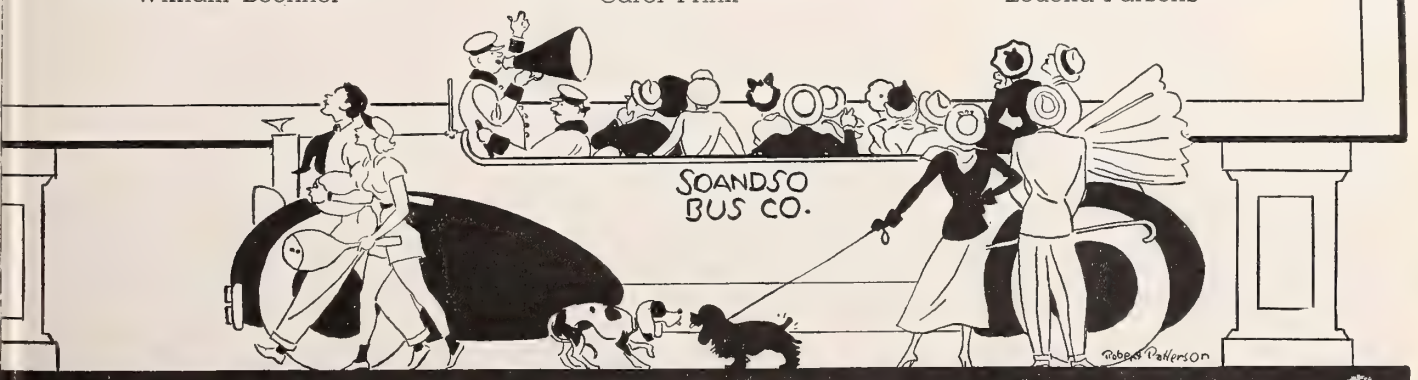
New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

New York Times
Andre Sennwald

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons



Movie Scoreboard

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page* 15)



Comedians' get-together! Jack Benny, lovely Alice Faye, Jack Haley, Gracie Allen and George Burns at the Beverly-Wilshire. Mr. Burns seems to be master of ceremonies.



Fay Wray returns to Hollywood after doing "Clairvoyant" for Gaumont-British in London.

On completing "Under the Pampas Moon," Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian gaily exchanged farewells and best wishes for luck in the next six months 'til they should meet again. Warner hopped a plane for Mexico City and the next a.m. Mlle. Ketti took wing to New York. Three days later they dolefully greeted one another on the set. Frantic wires had brought them both back for retakes on the picture. Just a sample of Hollywood's idea of vacations!

■ ■ ■

Hollywood's star host and hostess are Mr. and Mrs. John Boles. But they don't reserve their charming hospitality just for the Pickfords, Garbos and Swansons. The other evening they entertained five couples with an elaborate dinner-dance at the swanky Cocoanut Grove—the five girls were the "extras" with whom Mr. Boles dances in "Redheads on Parade" and the five men were their best boy-friends!

■ ■ ■

"Don't laugh at 'puppy love'," warns Constance Bennett, since her son Peter, aged six, became stricken with the charms of Miss Shirley Temple. After an afternoon spent playing with the Baby Blonde at Palm Springs, where the children's respective parents had them vacationing, Peter could not eat a mouthful of supper. When he looked disconsolately at his spinach, Connie wasn't much alarmed, but when Peter flatly refused ice cream, she began to view his heart trouble seriously!

■ ■ ■

'Tis said that Garbo's favorite director is Woody Van Dyke and perhaps a reason for this is that Woody "takes nothin' from nobody nohow." It just doesn't matter who you are, the director gives the orders when Mr. Van Dyke wields the megaphone. In the picture he made with the Great One, Mr. Van D. requested her to descend the stairs on the left side. Greta decided on the right, whereupon the camera was immediately moved to exclude her from the picture. Miss Garbo meekly moved left as she meekly remarked, "I guess I come down *his* way."

■ ■ ■

We've always been practically sea-sick while watching one of those pictures showing a giant ocean liner plunging through the wild waves of a stormy sea. But t'other day watching a similar scene being "shot" we were *really* sick — with disillusionment. What's more, we don't intend to suffer alone, so we've made up our mind (pahdon the egotism) to tell all. Happening on a puddle of water in Paramount's back yard, we stopped to look at a toy ship, about four feet long, floating around in it. 'Twas then we spied the cameras and learned the awful truth—they were photographing a storm at sea! Electric fans were kicking the water up into ripples, and two bored looking men were standing on either side of the puddle. In their hands was a rope which was attached to either end of the boat, and this they yanked on, every now and again, causing the craft to look as if it were really at the mercy of Father Neptune!

■ ■ ■

First of all, we hasten to assure you that this just happens once in a polka-dotted moon! But this really happened to Nan Gray, a sixteen-year-old Texan school girl. Nan was summer-vacationing in the Hollywoods, and having nothing better to do the day before she left for home, she accompanied a friend on a trip to the Brothers Warner studio. She'd just put one size three, triple A across the doormat, when she slipped on the other and fell ker-plunk into the arms of a W. B. director. He finally let her go, but not without a contract! You saw her in a swell starter role in "Mary Jane's Pa" and you'll see her from now on—and on. Or we're wrong again.

■ ■ ■

Glenda Farrell, having punched the Warner time-clock the other a.m., spied Joan Blondell ahead of her on the set. "Hi!" she called out, "How's the baby?"

"Swell!" came a deafening chorus—being composed of the lusty vocal chords of Pat O'Brien, Al Jolson, Guy Kibbee and Frank McHugh! By sneaking up on these people in days past, we used to be able to glean a few choice gossip tid-bits, but since they've become doting parents, all we get for our trouble is the latest scientific formula for strained spinach.

■ ■ ■

Miss Gloria Lloyd, sub-deb daughter of the Harold Lloyds, recently celebrated her eleventh birthday by entertaining a group of school friends for luncheon. For weeks this gala affair was the one and only topic of conversation about the Lloyd home—Gloria's first long dress was discussed at great length; long and heated arguments over whether she could wear "just a little smitch of lipstick" took place; hours were spent planning entertainment that wasn't "too childish." At last, still game, Mildred Lloyd brought up the question of the menu with her small daughter.

GOOD NEWS



Meet the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Doyle. She's Judith Allen of the films.



Henry Wilcoxon, still wearing the longish hair bob necessary for his work in "The Crusades," goes nightclubbing with Frances Drake.

"How about chicken and creamed potatoes, darling?" she asked. Gloria favored her with a long, cold stare, then replied loftily, "I should say *not!* We'll have turkey and mashed potatoes."

Mrs. Lloyd admitted that she couldn't see a great deal of difference, but then she's only a mother!

■ ■ ■

After gaining nigh onto twenty pounds while hibernating in the mountains for the "Call of the Wild," Jack Oakie had despaired of ever seeing his knees again. "Not that there aren't knees I'd rather see," Jack explained, "but one rather likes to feel that one has some of one's own." Whether one does or one doesn't, at least Jack lost a coupla dozen pounds when back in civilization again—and what's more heartening, he's lost that superfluous new vocabulary which he was airing with such pride.

■ ■ ■

As if California doesn't have beautiful enough gardens, and all the year 'round, too, to suit any picture! But no, Paramount's just built a mammoth indoor garden, covering two acres to use for a garden-party scene in "Accent on Youth." Huge oak trees, rambling vines, masses of shrubbery and blooming flowers have all been transplanted on the "set," while fountains and arbors have been specially constructed and landscaped. Sylvia Sidney's the star who is going to scintillate in these surroundings.

■ ■ ■

Fred Keating had just about made up his mind that Loretta Young was really cross-eyed after all. For days he'd been noticing on the set of "Shanghai" that every time Loretta talked to him, she seemed to be glancing over his left shoulder. He was beginning to almost weep at night thinking of the poor girl's handicap, when he discovered the cause of Loretta's wandering eye. Seems that the oldest "Young" sister, is more intent on getting a favorable angle on her neck than on her acting, hence she has convenient mirrors placed all over the set so's she can see the effect of the lighting on her lovely features. So far, we'll hafta admit, Loretta has shown a good eye for beauty!

■ ■ ■

Some Foxy business involved that studio deeper'n they'd figured on. Their publicity department conceived the brilliant idea of staging a hot'n'heavy love affair between the blondly beautiful Alice Faye and handsome Nelson Eddy. 'Course, this was to be strictly on paper, and that's where Eddy kept it—but not Alice. The studio finally had to announce that Mr. Eddy had outrageously insulted Miss Faye. Seemed the best way to get out of it all for all concerned.

■ ■ ■

"Everything Happens at Once" is the name and a brief resumé of what goes on in the latest W. C. Fields side-splitter. Mr. Fields spent the first day on the set tearing up the script; then noting a slightly peeved expression on the author's face, he sat down and wrote another complete version. But still the director looked a bit disgruntled, so W. C. took over the directing of the picture, too. No matter how you look at it, this is certainly a Fields, Inc. fillum. Mr. Fields believes in writing from personal experience, so you'll see a corker of a scene with Bill and his nose peering out of the bars in the town jug.

■ ■ ■

In the "Big Broadcast" you're gonna see Jack Oakie and Lyda Roberti and Henry Wadsworth in an awful fix. Lyda's just cuh-razy about both of 'em, and simply can't decide on which one to marry. While rehearsing the other day, Jack said, "If I married you it'd be darn big o' me." "Yeh," responded Lyda, "but I'll marry both of you and make it darned bigamy!"

■ ■ ■

If you could see Bette Davis at the "Cotton Club" these starry nights, you'd know why the news had been circulating that she's the most frivolous flirt in Hollywood. For the dazzling Bette, whether dining, wining, or dancing, is always surrounded by a group of handsome young men. But the truth will out! So here's the low-down. "Ham" Nelson, the orchestra conductor, is none other than Bette's own husband, and all the gallant gentlemen who vie for Bette's favor are none other than his best friends, trying to help the little wife to kill time while waiting for her husband to quit work and take her home! Spikkin of devotion, that's almost the tops. But the *real* tops was a while back when "Ham" was playing in a San Francisco café and living in an auto camp to save money. Bette asked for a vacation at the studio, packed bag and baggage off to the aforementioned auto camp, and proceeded to cook, scrub and mend for her husband 'til that job was over. That's what we call love—in capital letters.

(*Continued on page 83*)

between you and me

Has your letter been published in this corner? If it hasn't, get busy, boys and girls, and drop us a line

Is Mary too Placid?



Why do some players who have a large and loyal following of fans and more ability than the average actor or actress suddenly drop from sight? Who decides that we do not want to see them any more?

Take Mary Brian for instance. She has a large fan following and is capable and popular. Her fans want her back. Why can't we see her more often in good parts in good pictures? She is much better than most of the actresses we have to see over and over again. We love her. Why not give this little girl a hand or must she be forty or a gay divorcee to succeed? Or are they so busy with the foreign stars that they have not time for the modest sweet home people who have no temperament? And I guess Mary Brian is the only one who fills that description, at that, whether foreign or domestic. — Jack Wheeler, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Nice Girls Don't Smoke



My favorite actress used to be Ruby Keeler, but since I discovered that she smokes, she has gone down considerably in my estimation. Girls who don't smoke like to be able to look up to at least one star and be able to say, "There's a swell person who has no use for cigarettes either." So a word to Ruby: nice girls don't smoke and if you don't want to lose your popularity, you had better quit it.—Virginia Kendall, Seminole, Okla.

Charming Mr. Vallee



Rudy Vallee is the most delightful personality to hit the screen in ages. His performance in "Sweet Music" was the most appealing of the year in my opinion. For the first time movie producers have given the long-popular radio star a break and Vallee made the most of it. He went through the piece with a naturalness and charm that struck an entirely new note for the screen. His singing was more wonderful than ever, his acting and comedy great; and from start to finish he completely won and held his audience. That should definitely prove that the Vallee charm is no myth, but a reality.—Nina C., Savannah, Ga.

She Wonders Why

You ask us to write to you, telling you what we think and what our own opinions are toward the movie people; then you'll publish them. Well, I've wrote several letters and not one of them has even been published in a Modern Screen Magazine as I get one every month on purpose.

Honestly I believe you're worse liars than some of these crooks that run loose on Fifth Ave., in New York. It would be far different if you would publish one letter at least from every person that writes. Then maybe people would believe you.

Personally, I doubt very much if you ever print letters that are written by outsiders. I believe you write your own letters about the people you care about, then sign some dizzy name to them and publish them.

That will be all for this time.—Modern Screen Fan, Santa Barbara, Calif.

The Case of Franchot Tone



May I enter my protest against the extremely poor roles Franchot Tone has been drawing lately. I see no reason for continually typing him as a rich cad who likes his liquor. Of course, he does that sort of role very well, but he is a versatile actor and should be given a greater variety of roles. Witness "The Stranger's Return" and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." That boy has the goods and he should not be wasted in roles the average young actor of indifferent ability could do.—J. Hunter Norris, Baltimore, Md.

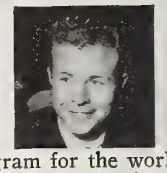
Change of Mind



I have just seen "The Wedding Night" and as I left the theatre, my thoughts were not with Gary Cooper nor Anna Sten, but with Helen Vinson, the actress who is forever being cast as the cold, heartless wife.

I always thought she had been cast perfectly before, as I thought she even "looked" the part, but that just proves what a real actress she is, because in "The Wedding Night," she had a chance to be a little human and she showed us how really charming, lovable and cute she could be when given the chance.—Hess Harrison, Muskogee, Okla.

Her Heart Beat



He is better than Clark Gable! He is grand, colossal! My heart thumps wildly whenever he appears on the screen. I wouldn't miss any of his pictures nor his radio program for the world. What a smile, what a voice and what a boyish personality! Who is it? Why that Dick Powell boy, of course. I just can't see or hear enough of him.—Florence Blair, Boston, Mass.

Knocks and Boosts



I am glad that, in cleaning up the movies, the producers are also breaking up a few of these screen teams. The best thing they did was to separate MacDonald and Chevalier (pictured). His croaking is an insult to her glorious voice. Why, oh, why must we have such an overabundance of lip cast upon us. If he is what they call effervescent then I'll take ZaSu Pitts.

Having just seen "Naughty Marietta," I can't stop raving about the superb performances turned in by the ravishing Jeanette and that he-man singer, Nelson Eddy. The picture is in its second week in New Haven and, believe me, a picture has to be real good to do that in this critical old town.—Frances Holmes, New Haven, Conn.

Wants Sweetness and Light



Sometimes I sit and wonder just what it is that makes some screen stars great. They must have something, but I go to their pictures and fail to see it. Greta Garbo with her silly remoteness; Crawford with her posing. Those stars don't seem real to me. I like to see an actress on the screen who is pretty and charming and real. I'm afraid I couldn't apply any of those adjectives to Garbo, Crawford or Mae West. Enough for the brickbats,.

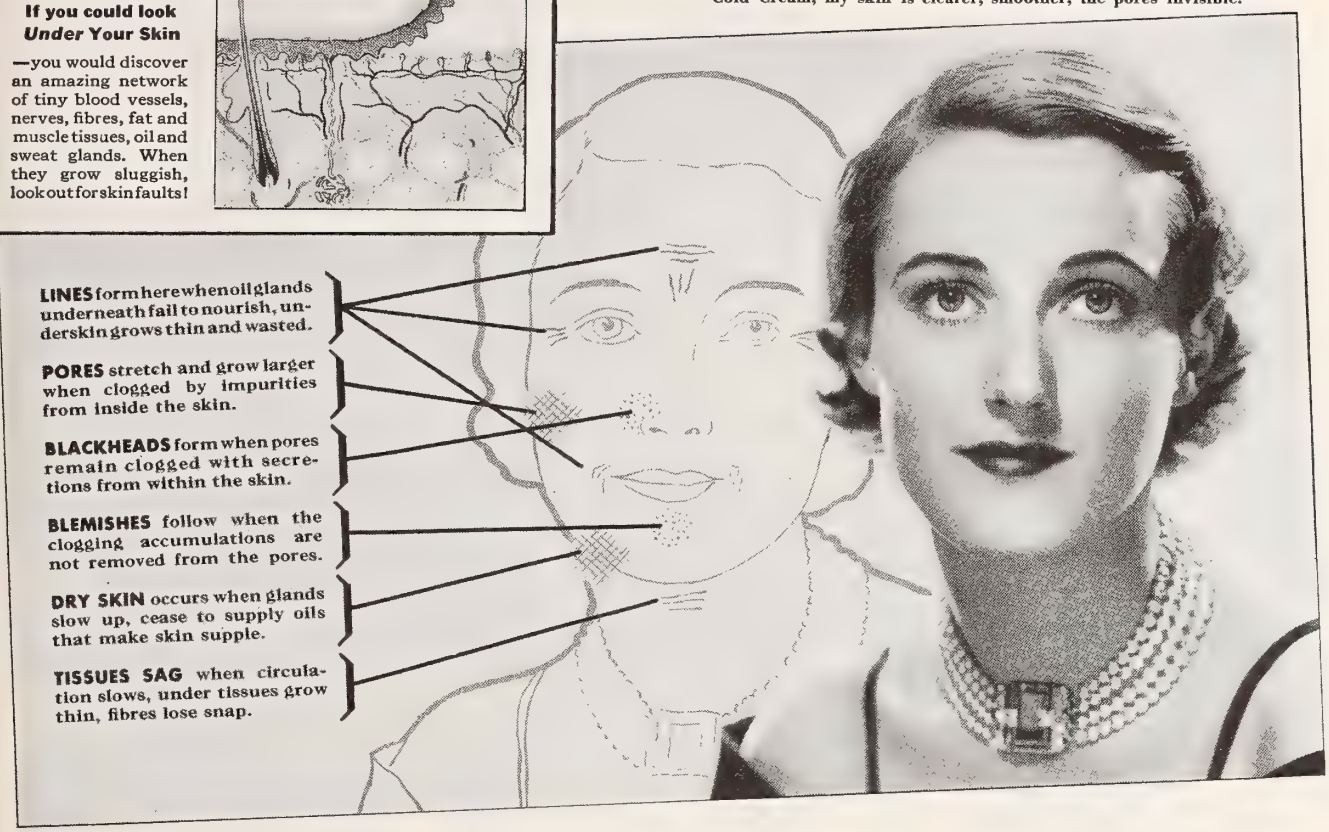
I saw Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." She was delightful. And there's lovely Jean Parker (pictured). Just to see her face on the screen makes one believe in the three virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity.—Rosetta Wyninger, Anderson, Ind.

(*Continued on page 62*)

If you could look *Under* Your Skin

—you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands. When they grow sluggish, look out for skin faults!

Miss Hélène Macy of New York says: "Since I began to use Pond's Cold Cream, my skin is clearer, smoother, the pores invisible."



When *Underskin fails to function, expect* Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes!

DO YOU KNOW what makes skin supple and smooth? The tiny oil glands *underneath* it.

Do you know what keeps it firm, young? Millions of tiny nerve and muscle fibres just *below* the surface.

What gives it that clear glow that never fails to win admiration? The active circulation in little blood vessels all through the *underskin.*

Skin authorities say the whole beauty of your outer skin depends on the proper functioning of all these things just *under your skin!*

Hundreds of women have learned to ward off skin faults with a cream that both cleanses to the depths and rouses the slowing underskin to vigorous action —Pond's Cold Cream.

And here's the simple way they use it:—

EVERY NIGHT, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously, patting it in till the skin is warm and supple. It sinks deep into the pores, softens and flushes away dirt, make-up and impurities from within the skin itself. Wipe cream and dirt away.

Pat in some more cream briskly, and give your cleansed skin a second invigorating treatment with it. The circulation stirs. Oil glands are wakened. Tissues and fibres toned. See how clear and glowing your skin looks. How satiny to the touch.

IN THE MORNING, repeat this. In the daytime, too, before you put on fresh make-up. Rouge and powder go on evenly, stay fresh for hours.



The Countess of Warwick

admired for her youth, beauty and gracious personality, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is marvelous for bringing out the dirt from the pores of the skin."

But, most of all, you'll be delighted with the steady improvement in your skin. By this constant care, you can avoid blackheads and blemishes . . . Reduce enlarged pores . . . Soften lines . . . Firm the skin.

Send for the special 9-treatment tube of Pond's offered below. See in a few days the promise of what it can do for you. Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and entirely free from germs.



Pond's Cold Cream cleanses the skin deep, invigorates the underskin, corrects skin faults.

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I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

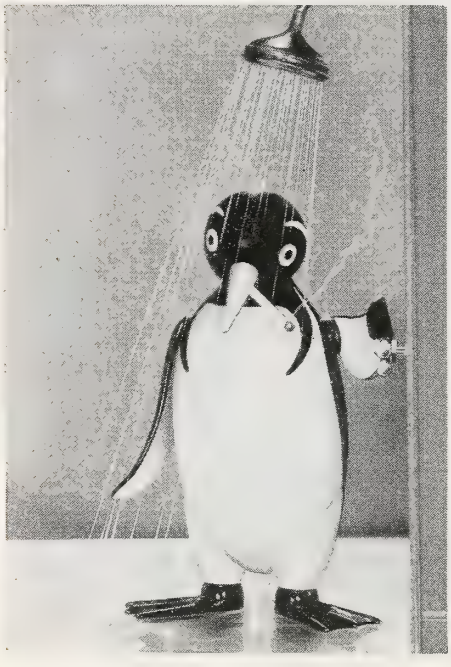
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ON A HOT DAY

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

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HANDSOME PREMIUMS



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Our guest teacher this month is this charming person, Zee Silvonia, conductor of Paramount's "Charm School."

Modern Screen Dramatic School

By Katherine Albert

A LOT of you Dramatic School students—you boys and girls, men and women who are interested in amateur theatricals, who want to make the stage your real career or who are simply interested in the art of drama as a means of enriching your lives—tell me that you're having trouble with the sheer mechanics of bodily movement.

"What can I do with my hands?" you ask me.

"How can I stand up and sit down gracefully on the stage?"

"What is the correct way to walk?"

Last month I told you that I was going to discuss some of the individual dramatic club problems (and there are now hundreds of clubs formed throughout the country, but there is still room for more). Your big problems seem to be posture, walking, sitting, standing and gesturing. So let's start off by learning about them. And certainly I can bring you no better teacher than Zee Silvonia, conductor of Paramount's "Charm School." This month you are going to receive the benefit of her vast knowledge. You are going to learn exactly what she teaches the young Paramount players who are about to be launched upon screen careers. I think we're darned lucky to have her as our guest.

Her own story is pretty fascinating in itself. She was one of the most beautiful girls in the "Follies," but when she came to Hollywood she had a run of bad (*Continued on page 75*)

How to acquire poise and charm

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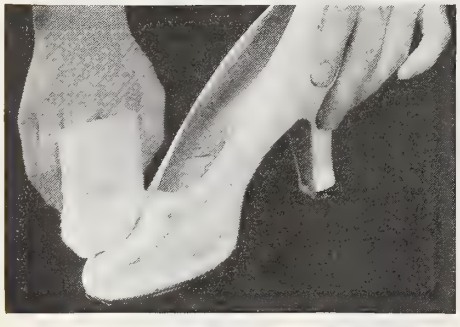
"SO SORRY"

*"I'm such an awkward dancer—
I'm afraid I ruined your shoe!"*



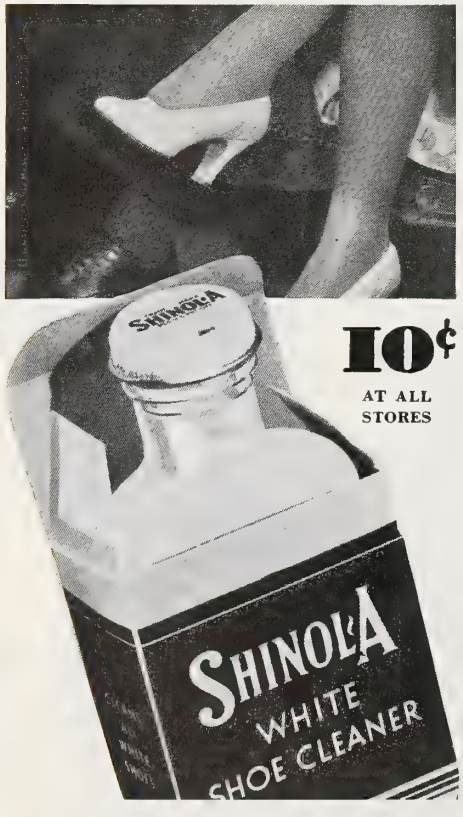
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GLADY'S B., MILDRED COLLISON, IRENE BARATH, Cleveland, Ohio; GRACE W. BEAVERS, Tuscumbia, Ala.; ELEANOR WECHSLER, Bklyn., N. Y.; NATALIE HOARE, Ontario, Canada; ELIZABETH FLEMING, Miami, Fla.; GOLDIE REILICH, New York City; RUTH AVRAM, Ft. Thomas, Ky.; EMMA JUNE DEUBERT, Belleville, Mich.; JANET GUION, FLORENCE KRAMER, ISABELLE BURNS, Pittsburgh, Pa.; ANN SUMMERS, Covington, Ky.; ROBERT MURPHREE, High Springs, Fla.; JERRY and BEATRICE LEVY, Philadelphia, Pa.; GINGER MONTEITH, Des Moines, Iowa; FRANCES, Columbia, S. C.; MARY GALAROWICZ, Detroit, Mich.; BETTY CYR, Gary, Ind.; LUCILLE JANSSEN, Sheboygan, Wis.; MIRIAM TYSON, Atlanta, Ga.; MARGARET ROSE, Ottawa, Canada—Now that that's over, we can get down to the real business of investigating the past and present of Gene Raymond. His "vital statistics" are: Real name—Raymond Guion; Birthdate—August 13, 1908; Birthplace—New York City; Nationality—American (French descent); Height—5 feet 10 inches; Weight—150 pounds; Coloring—Blue eyes, blonde hair (nearly platinum). He has one brother named Robert. Gene made his first stage appearance at the age of five, was educated in New York public and private schools while occasionally taking parts in plays. From 1922 until 1931 he took up his stage career in earnest, appearing in a great many productions. His first picture was for Paramount opposite Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid," and since that time he has made pictures for nearly every major company in Hollywood. He is at present under contract to Columbia Studios, 1438 North Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., where you can reach him and get his photograph for 25 cents. He enjoys horseback riding, tennis and golf. His favorite delicacy is a thick steak and he can prepare bacon and eggs expertly. He spends his leisure days on the desert, plays the piano well and enjoys travel. He lives in Beverly Hills and is often visited by his mother, Mrs. Mary Kipling, a writer. His most recent picture is "Hooray for Love."

DOROTHY SCHOLLAERT, Joffre, Pa.—No, Jeanette MacDonald is not married. There has been a rumor, never substantiated, that she is secretly married to Bob Ritchie. At any rate, they are together a great deal.

VIRGINIA WINSLOW, Waltham, Mass.; BERNICE BLOOMFIELD, Detroit, Mich.; MARIE MENTEN; ELEANORA SALAY, Hicksville, Ohio; M. S. H., Walden, N. Y.—And now for Janet Gaynor. "Vital statistics": Real name—Laura Gainer; Birthdate—October 6, 1907; Birthplace—Philadelphia, Pa.; Height—5 feet; Weight—100 pounds; Coloring—Brown eyes, copper brown hair. She has one sister. When Janet was 6 her family moved to Chicago where she attended the Graeme Stewart grade school. When they moved again to San Francisco, she finished her education at San Francisco Polytechnic High School, and worked in a shoe shop and then as usherette in a movie theatre. The day after Christmas in 1924, she obtained her first job as an extra in Hollywood. Work was scarce so she took up secretarial training, but gave it up believing that she was no business woman. Back to the studios again, she began to get better and better parts. Her first real leading role was in "The Johnstown Flood." The rest is history. She is divorced from Lydell Peck and her best friend is Margaret Lindsay. She plays the piano and ukelele and her favorite sports are swimming and golf. Her favorite food is Chinese dishes and her pet colors are yellow and blue. She dislikes exhibitionism and is very shy, rarely appearing at public functions. Her hobby is collecting Lalique glassware, and arranging "phonograph operas." She is under contract to the Fox Studios, Movietone City, Hollywood, Calif. Her next picture will be "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

VIOLET CONNORS, Harrison, N. J.—Grace Moore's birthday is December 5, and she was born in 1901. Her leading man in "Love Me Forever" is Michael Bartlett who, under the name of Eduardo Bartelli, has won European successes achieved by few Americans. He is hailed by music critics as the best American born tenor. Leo Carrillo has a very important part in the picture, too. Jeanette MacDonald has never sung in opera. She has, however, given concerts throughout Europe.

ANNA AMEN and ALICE M. WEBER, New York City; SUZANNE SCHIESL, St. Joseph, Mo.; FRIEDA BEELER, Clawson, Mich.; L. HARTMANN, Chicago, Ill.; MAE and HELEN ROCK, Oak Park, Ill.; JEAN FIELDS, Bklyn., N. Y.—Fred MacMurray is named after his father, the noted concert violinist. He was born in Kankakee, Ill., on August 30, 1908, and after a few weeks his parents moved to Beaver Dam, Wis., where they settled for a few years. Here Fred attended grade and high school. He also went to high school in Madison where he won 10 letters for his athletic prowess in football, baseball, track and basketball. He later enrolled at Carroll College in Waukesha, Wis., where he remained for a year. Then to Chicago as a saxophonist and soloist in a dance band, followed by a similar position in the stage band at Warner's Hollywood Theatre. In 1929 MacMurray was featured in a singing sketch with Libby Holman in "Three's a Crowd" on Broadway, during which time he was with the California Collegians, a cooperative traveling orchestra. For the next five years Fred remained with this orchestra and appeared regularly in New York's most popular night clubs. The band was booked for featured billing in Max Gordon's hit, "Roberta," where, in addition to his singing, MacMurray was understudy to the leading man. Paramount talent scouts spotted him and in April, 1934, he was signed to a long term contract. You can write him at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, and weighs 185 pounds. He has dark brown hair and brown eyes. His Paramount pictures are: "The Gilded Lily," "Car 99," "Men Without Names" and his next will be "Alice Adams" with Katharine Hepburn for which he has been borrowed by RKO.

PHILIP MACY, Piru, Calif.—Samuel Hines played the part of Jean Parker's father in "Sequoia." Yes, Ann Sothern's real name is Harriette Lake.

BETTY WAND, Elizabeth, Ill.; PEGGY MONSON, Burrel, Calif.; DALE MILLER, Callery, Pa.; WILMA, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; MRS. C. NEWMAN, Detroit, Mich.—Just what Ginger Rogers' real name actually is, is hard to state. According to her biography it is Virginia Rogers, but according to her marriage certificate it is Katherine McMath—so take your choice. Anyway, she was born in Independence, Mo., on July 16, 1911, and later moved to Fort Worth, Texas, where she attended school. When she was 15 she won the Texas Charleston championship. Through this she obtained a vaudeville contract followed by sundry stage engagements. Then she went into a featured role in the musical, "Top Speed," and while appearing in this show, made her screen debut in "Young Men of Manhattan," which was made in the East. She was in several other musicals, the last of which was "Girl Crazy" in which she made a tremendous hit. Then to Hollywood and the lead in "The Tip Off." Ginger is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has gold-red hair and blue eyes. Dancing is her hobby, and her favorite method of keeping trim. She plays a fair game of tennis, likes to play golf and is fond of swimming and riding. She likes music and cooking and her favorite dish is ham and eggs. When she was quite young she married Edward Jackson Culpepper and was later divorced. On November 14, 1934, she and Lew Ayres became man and wife—and a cute couple they make, too. Her career will not be halted by this matrimonial

(Continued on page 67)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 67. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

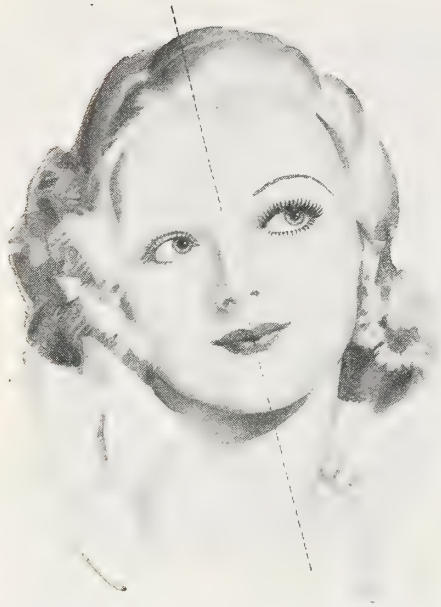
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Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 56*)

Rescue Kent Taylor



I want to start a "beef" because more hasn't been done for that perfectly grand person, Kent Taylor. If he were given some good parts in pictures, rather than these namby-pamby sweetheart roles, I'm betting he would pass Clark Gable in no time. And please don't co-star him with Evelyn Venable. Give him someone who is alive.—Betty Hayes, Los Angeles, Calif.

Silly!



Just what does Regina Cannon mean by calling Katharine Hepburn an exhibitionist? If any one is an exhibitionist it is Greta (silly) Garbo. What do you suppose she is acting the way she does for? Just to get writers like Cannon hot and bothered. Garbo can do all the smiling in public she wants to, but it's going to take more than that to get her fans back. Garbo has been putting on this little show for a long time, but when she saw that Hepburn was crowding her out, she took herself to the Trocadero to get some publicity. I know all about this big Garbo mystery act and it's time you woke up to the facts (don't be so darn silly).—Ardent Hepburn Fan.

All Agog



I want to thank you for your article about Nelson Eddy in the June issue. He is all that you say, and more, as I can testify after seeing and hearing him sing in person here in my home town four weeks ago. I was still running around in circles four days later when I went to see "Naughty Marietta," and after viewing the picture there was no more argument about the matter. In my opinion he is the perfect formula for screen success, and if he does not become the most popular hero in the history of the screen then I am a poor prophet, as he has an equal appeal for both men and women. It is a pity that the silver screen does not do justice to his unusual good looks; however, he will come into his own in color pictures and then his fans can see him as he really is.—Lois Williams, Dallas, Texas.

Just a word of congratulation for Nelson Eddy. "Naughty Marietta" was held over in Atlanta for two weeks. I saw it five different times. Nelson Eddy is a perfect combination of gentleman, lover, and singer. Three cheers for Nelson Eddy.—Jane Colby, Atlanta, Ga.

Here at last is a real man who doesn't look sissy when he sings, yet has a truly wonderful voice. May we hear more of this new sensational star, Nelson Eddy.—Ann Cain, Kansas City, Mo.

Is Helen in a Rut?



It is difficult not to drop a few lines in criticism of the roles that are being assigned to little Helen Mack. A charming person and a capable actress in parts requiring genuine ability. Even if she has not actual star rating at the present time, she would well repay the "risk" of allowing her to portray the part of Fleur in Galsworthy's "The White Monkey." Cannot something be done about it?—D. H. Pingree, Waltham, Mass.

Complainin'

I'm tired of seeing Crawford, Colbert, Harlow, Dietrich, Bennett and the rest of the same chosen few forever overpublicized. Give the others a chance. I used to buy a number of movie magazines each month, but lately have not because I am too fed up reading about the same stars all the time.

I'd like a respite from those silly animated cartoons and "comedy shorts" inflicted upon us along with a good feature picture. Does an exhibitor have to show all that tripe when there are so many wonderful novelty sketches that could be substituted?—Ethel Carlson, Chicago, Ill.

In all Fairness . . .



Fred Astaire deserves all the praise he is receiving for he is the greatest screen discovery in the past few years. But in mentioning him, let us not forget Ginger Rogers who has risen to fame alongside of him. She is the sweetest and most adorable personality on the screen today. I hope RKO never stops making pictures with them for we will never tire of them. I can hardly wait for their next one.—Betty Wexler, Bronx, N. Y.



Mrs. Eddy meets her son Nelson on his return from a concert tour. He'll do another musical with La MacDonald soon.

Address your letters to:
Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

The Truth About the Mysterious Miss Loy

(*Continued from page 26*)

money was made to be spent—and spent it. He read books with Myrna and rode over the ranges with her and laughed at her early ambition to become a dancer.

This ambition was born, Myrna believes when, at the age of six, her mother took her to see Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." The children who danced in that pageant danced straight into Myrna's heart and with their unconscious grace moulded an ambition.

BUT Father Williams didn't really sympathize with his small daughter's avowed career. He was of the school who thinks the theatre no place for a daughter of his. Not that he worried about it. He didn't have time . . .

And so, for those first thirteen years Myrna went to public school and played games in the afternoon. She made fudge with girl friends and read Louisa M. Alcott, "Lorna Doone," "The Wide, Wide World," and Tennyson's poems—and dreamed. She studied hard and successfully only the things she wanted to study. And the things she wanted to study were the subjects she thought would be of use to her when the world should applaud her as a premiere danseuse. History and English were her favorite subjects. For from history she could draw upon the stately images of queens and reconstruct scenes at Versailles and the pomp and vanity of the French and Viennese Courts. And from English she could absorb the living thoughts of dead poets, the immortal dreams of great men—and all of this would live again in her Art. She loved dramatics, too, of course. And gym because she knew that she must keep her body supple and fit.

She had a great many girl friends but no boy friends at all.

"I was," Myrna laughs now about it "a very plain little girl, to put it kindly. Carrotty hair. Freckles then, as now. Light eyelashes and eyebrows and unpleasantly skinny. I was a tomboy, too. Grubby hands and knees, torn dresses and socks, screechy voice. Not a trace of dimpled appeal. No one ever called me a 'little angel.' I was really quite hopelessly plain. It must have been hopeless if my mother gave up and did nothing about me. She evidently felt that you can't make a glittering brocade purse out of a little freckled sow's ear. She just saw to it that my hands and face were immaculately scrubbed at least once a day, my dresses tubbed and my reddish hair tightly braided into two pig-tails for neatness' sake. And let it go at that.

"And I suffered agonies in silence. I always have been inarticulate when it comes to personal pain. I wanted, passionately, to be beautiful. I read of Elaine and Guinevere and childish heroines like the 'Little Colonel' and I covered the pages with great globby tears of self-pity.

"I suffered all the more because, of all things, I had chosen for my best friend the little girl who lived next door. And she was a curly, golden-haired cherub who wore ruffles and ribbons. She had a peaches and cream skin and nary a freckle to her face, and a gurgly little giggle. She was feminine, soft and lovable—everything that I was not. She was a lace paper valentine, I was the comic

■ **Miss Helen Mitchell Stedman, of New York, of exquisitely fragile blonde beauty, says: "Pond's Rose Brunette Powder gives my skin the loveliest glow!"**



Blonde looked Pale... Faded

The Color Analyst advised a Brunette Powder!

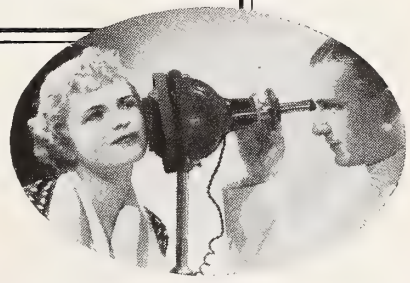
SHE WAS A PRETTY GIRL—that is, she would have been if her skin weren't so dull and washed-out looking. It made even her hair and eyes look faded. She was using a *flesh* powder of a popular make. It made her skin look positively chalky! "You are deadening your skin with that powder," the Color Analyst said. "See what this will do." He put on Pond's Rose Brunette. "Why it's lovely!" she said breathlessly. Her skin glowed enchantingly. Her hair looked like spun gold. Her eyes sparkled like jewels!

TO FIND OUT just what hidden tints gave beautiful blonde skin its enchanting transparency—what gave brunette skin its glamorous warmth, Pond's color-analyzed the skin of over 200 girls.

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variety! The boys made a great fuss over her—they carried her books to and from school for her. *I* trudged alone carrying my own. They shared their lunches with her, bought her ice cream and candies and sent her smudgy little notes covered with circular kisses. I ate my own lunch and never had a single note to my name. The contrast was really rather awful for me—it's a wonder it didn't give me an inferiority complex for the rest of my life. There was Amy, golden-curled and so pretty and there was I, pig-tailed and freckled!

THEN, to make the situation still more acute, I fell in love with a lordly lad of twelve. And *he* fell in love with Amy! I worshipped him. He worshipped Amy. And if adults bemoan the pain of unrequited love, they should remember the awful, inarticulate love of twelve!

"He would ride Amy home from school, this Romeo, on the back of his bicycle and I would tag along behind, taking little running steps in an effort to keep up with them, trying to pretend that I was having a glorious time, that it was fun and squeezing my eyes tight shut all the while to keep the tears back! Amy would get me to telephone him, too, from my house, and invite him over to play with 'us.' And when he came he and Amy would go off and have secrets together and play games which never included me. I didn't try to compete. I think I knew I had no weapons with which to fight. It never occurred to me that I might try keeping my hands clean and curling my hair and softening my war-whoopish voice. I had none of the instinctive siren in me. I haven't now. Which is why the fact that I have played so many slinky exotic sirens on the screen strikes me as really funny . . .

"As a pay-off to that portion of my past . . . not very long ago I had a note from this very boy—*asking for my autograph!* He had been seeing me on the screen and realized, suddenly, that Myrna Loy and the small Myrna Williams were one and the same. He said very flattering and rather fulsome things, the kind of things that would have transported the child Myrna to Seventh Heaven. One might say that the Law of Compensation had worked in my behalf. It had—but too late.

"That was my first experience of being in love with someone who wasn't in love with me. I've had the same experience many times since. Unrequited love! I should be a poetess to sing that dirge. I've almost always fallen in love with the wrong man—or with a man who didn't know the state of my feelings.

"Gary Cooper lived a block in back of us in those days. I don't remember him. He says that he vaguely recalls seeing me about. And my mother knew his mother. Doubtless we went to the same grammar school together and must often have ridden the same ranges. It's just as well I didn't see him—I should probably have had another unrequited love to weep over!"

And so Myrna's childhood, up to the age of thirteen, was the childhood of any everyday little American girl in a happy home. Then, when Myrna was thirteen, came the flu epidemic. Myrna, her mother and brother were all stricken with the dread malady. Indeed, the whole town of Helena was laid low by the epidemic. Hospitals were filled beyond capacity in that first onslaught. Nurses were at a premium. In the Williams household a nurse was obtainable only for an hour or so each day. And for the rest of the time David Williams acted as nurse for his wife and two children. When Myrna became so ill that she was unconscious and had to be packed in ice, she would wake from a coma every now and again to be conscious that her father was sitting by her bedside, his strong hand holding firmly to hers.

He saved her life—and lost his own.

Gradually Myrna, her mother and brother recovered and then, with fatal swiftness, the malady struck David Williams. Myrna was sent to the house of a neighbor—to wait.

One day dragged by, two days. Myrna wandered restlessly about the house. On the third day, at high noon, she suddenly felt giddy, funny. She ran upstairs to an empty bedroom with her invariable instinct for hiding her heart from others. As she entered the room the thin blade of a knife seemed to enter her fast-beating heart. She said aloud *"Daddy is dead."* She sat down to wait for the telephone to ring. Within five minutes it rang. Another few minutes and her hostess came slowly into the room. Myrna did not need to look at that compassionate face. She said, without raising her eyes, "You don't have to tell me, Mrs. Carter—*I know.*"

MYRNA said, "I can't explain, but with Daddy gone I never thought of anybody taking care of me. I knew that any care to be taken was up to me. Perhaps it was because I had always been identified so closely with my father that, when the reins fell from his hands, I picked them up. Perhaps, too, it was because mother had always been such a gay person, without ever having had to shoulder responsibility or know the meaning of making ends meet.

"In spite of which she was really magnificent in the months that followed. She rose to the sad occasion gallantly and competently. She decided that we would go to California, she, David and I. We had spent an occasional winter in La Jolla when we were younger and it had always agreed with her. Her health was precarious . . . Dad's death, her own illness and those of the friends who had fallen to right and to left of us had endangered it. There was a small amount of money left us from our lands in Montana and from insurance. We could manage until I should begin to work.

"We came to California and rented a small house in Culver City, not very far from here."

Myrna went to the Westlake School for Girls for a year. She wanted to study dancing and music. She wanted more history, French and English. She was too young, at that time, to do anything but prepare. Before the year was over, she had found a position, teaching dancing in a small private dancing school. She had thirty pupils, most of them older than herself, and she earned twenty-five dollars a month for her labors.

Myrna said, "Even in high school I never mingled much with the other girls. Alone the majority of the time, I always could be found, wearing a wisp of chiffon, in every May festival or amateur theatrical. But even in those moments you could hardly have called me companionable. For I was not being myself—I was somebody else!"

A little later Myrna decided to study sculpture. Both for its own sake and because she believed the plastic art would contribute to her dancing. She finally entered Venice High School in Southern California because she'd discovered that an artist of national renown, Mr. H. F. Winebrenner, was head of the art classes.

Not even then did boys, crushes or romance enter Myrna's life. She said, "I think my almost boy-less state at that time can be accounted for by the fact that



While Myrna Loy was studying sculpture at the Venice High School, she was selected to portray Spirit because she possessed intelligent understanding, beauty and grace.

I was consumed with a passion for *success.* My dreams were dreams of success. My daytimes were spent pursuing it. And then, there were things to do at home—helping mother, helping David do his homework. Occasionally I felt dreamily in love with some gilded youth but always one who did not know that I existed."

WHILE Myrna was sculpturing at Venice High, Mr. Winebrenner planned a sculptured group wherewith to grace the campus. He conceived the idea of an allegorical group of three figures, one to represent the Physical, another the Mental and a third the Spiritual. This classical group was completed and won the admiration of the art world. But a mystery hovered about it for five years—the mystery of the identity of the model who had posed for the Spiritual. Then, five years after the unveiling, the sculptor revealed the identity of his model—Myrna Loy!

Mr. Winebrenner is quoted as saying, "I had no difficulty in selecting the first two models. A football gladiator posed for the Physical and a pretty girl of high scholastic standing for the Mental. But the model for the Spiritual was not so easy. It required a girl with a beautiful body and if that were all it would have been easy. But animating the body the spirit had to be manifest, clear and idealistic. A prismatic refraction of intelligent understanding, beauty and grace combined into the term called spiritual. I was watching an interpretive dance at the school one day and happened to notice Myrna Williams, one of my own pupils. My eyes were opened. It took a good deal of persuading to induce her to pose for me but she finally consented to do so providing the work be done in the privacy of my own studio-home. Later, she asked me to keep her identity a secret. She said she would feel so silly, a little, unknown schoolgirl, being marbleized as Spirit!"

"My dancing school work," Myrna told me, "was getting me exactly nowhere. The twenty-five a month was getting us into debt. Funds were dwindling and drastic action was imperative. I had to take that action. I never wavered in my conviction that I was the man of the family. I wouldn't ask for help.

"I heard, then, that Fancho & Marco were putting on one of their revues at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre. I applied for the job and got it. I was one of



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thirty girls doing the dance numbers. I stayed there for one year and three months, made thirty dollars a week and was grateful."

And not then, not even then, did boys, good times, staying out late and partying figure in the life of Myrna Williams. Now and again she went dancing with some boy. Now and again she was in love with some youth who was unaware of her. The work was hard and constant and she had occasion many times, she told me, to be grateful to the Montana plains for the sound body they had given her. Now Myrna admitted, laughing, she never makes an athletic move. She is, she says, one of the laziest women living. A swim now and again is the sum total of her gladiatorial gaddings. And then, too, at that period of her life she had few clothes and when you have few clothes and must look smart all of the time, a considerable amount of home dry-cleaning, pressing and mending is necessary.

"Then—" said Myrna, "then something happened to me that was to be the turning point for me. Though, as is usually the case, I didn't know it for a turning point when I saw it. It was chance . . . and it is my belief that Chance is seventy-five per cent of success, the other twenty-five must be ability.

"Henry Waxman, the photographer, happened to have an idle evening on his hands. He dropped into the Egyptian. I chanced, that night, to be the central figure in the dance numbers. He happened to notice me, and thought I would make a good photographic subject. He came back stage and offered to photograph me. I was flattered and accepted the very kind offer, which was to be without cost to me. No one had ever wanted to photograph me before.

"The pictures were made. They turned out beautifully. A day or so later, Valentino happened to be in Waxman's studio. He saw my pictures and he asked about me. He went to see me at the Egyptian. The next day Henry Waxman called me. I was to go to the studio where Mr. Valentino would make a test of me—Natacha Rambova was preparing to screen "What Price Beauty?" and—and they wanted to test me!

"I couldn't sleep that night. I thought, *"Ha, there, Amy!"* The next day, carrying my heart in my hand, I walked into the presence of the most beloved man on the face of the earth. The most beloved and the kindest. Natacha was there, too, and they explained to me that they wanted me to test for the part of Intellect. Natacha was using all types of women in this picture which starred Nita Naldi.

RUDY himself made me up—and to this day and hour," Myrna said, a tremble in her low-pitched voice, "to this very hour I think there has never been an hour so terrific, so thrilling as that hour when Rudy's hands worked on me, when Rudy's eyes watched me, when Natacha brought me her own clothes to wear, when they both stood by and helped me make the test—both so friendly, so kind. Wherever Natacha is now, and if she reads my life story, I hope she will know that I am remembering her kindness . . . and Rudy's . . .

"Well, and so the test was made. A few days later I went to see it. I walked into that projection room alive and I walked out of it—*dead.*

"As I watched my screen self, stiff, absurd, ugly, I thought. 'They've done all these things for me and I'm *a complete flop!'*

"Imagine . . . imagine what it meant to me, not only to know that I had failed, lost my chance—but that I had failed *Valentino!* If there could be any young fate more heart-breaking, more nerve-shattering than that I should not like to know about it."

But there is something sturdy and substantial about this girl who has played so many "exotics." The freckles on that bizarre and beautiful countenance are the little brown badges of her independence. They give the lie to the lotus-lily soul. She is not languorous, of the night-blooming species. The pioneer spirit of Grandmother Annabelle beats valiantly in her blood. When she is down she is down only long enough to draw a full recuperative breath and then—she goes ahead and does things.

She went home from that projection room and stayed in bed for two weeks. That was the recuperative breath. When she rose, recharged, she decided that she must go to New York to dance and find new fields. But before she could go, there must be the wherewithal to go on. And wherewithals were earned, not given. Perhaps she could get some extra work at, say, M-G-M. An extra didn't need to photograph beautifully.

Carfare was scarce in those lean days but fortunately Myrna was near enough to walk from her home to M-G-M. She found out where the casting office was, she entered it and, on those narrow wooden benches of hope so often deferred, Myrna sat patiently, long day after long day.

And there, again, the drama of this girl's story should smite the reader between the eyes. Her first entrance into M-G-M—as an applicant for extra work, a holder-downer of wooden benches. And now, a handful of years later, a star in that same studio, with the gates flung wide at her entrance!

Every now and again, in those days, a small wooden grille would open sharply and a man's cold eyes would slue about, eyeing the bench-sitters as though they were so many bolts of goods. Now and again his voice would bark, "Here, you Elsie de Smithers . . ." or, "You, there, in the black sateen, wanter work today?"

But no one called, "Here, you . . ." to the thin girl called Myrna Loy.

And then, one long day later, when funds were ebbing low and hope was having to fight for its life, the grille opened and the fateful voice boomed out, "Hey, you over there in the blue suit, wanter work?"

And Myrna said, "Oh, yes—yes, please—"

And she entered the portals of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

What did she find awaiting her behind those magic doors? If you make seven guesses they will all be wrong.

(*This is the first of two articles on Myrna Loy's life story.*)

Attention!

Madame Sylvia of Hollywood begins a series of articles in the September Modern Screen

See page 34 of this issue for details

The Information Desk

(*Continued from page 60*)

venture. Quite to the contrary. Her next picture will be "Top Hat" again with Fred Astaire. You can write her at the RKO-Radio Studio, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif. (Aside to Mrs. N.—Never heard that story, but it may be true.)

BETTY HAYES, Germantown, Pa.—Helen Hayes was born Helen Hayes Brown, in Washington, D. C., October 10. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Cary Grant's birthday is January 18, and he is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 172 pounds and has black wavy hair and brown eyes. Leslie Howard, born in London, England, on April 24, 1893, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 145 pounds.

ANNIE DICHIARA, Sacramento, Calif.; RAY MORRISON and MARION TRIGILI, Philadelphia, Pa.; CAROLINE WALTZ, Palmyra, Pa.; GLORIA KOHL, Cincinnati, Ohio; D'ARCY FALLER, Carlisle, Pa.; MARY MONTOYA, Long Beach, Calif.; WALTER P. LEN; CAROLYN JURIS, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; H. A. REED, Cass Lake, Minn.—From the listing above, one would almost think that Pennsylvania had an option on George Raft. However, that's beside the point, and Mr. Raft has had such an interesting life, we'd better get to it. Born in New York, September 27, of French, German and Italian parentage, George attended public school in that city. When he was 15 he became a boxer, and as a bantam weight fought for two years in the leading clubs of New York without particular success. He next tried baseball and was signed as an outfielder on the Springfield (Mass.) Eastern League team but was dropped after two seasons because his batting average was pretty grim. On his return to New York he secured employment "hoofing" at tea dances. Then came stock companies followed by musical shows in which he danced with Elsie Pilcer. Europe called and George became the highest paid American dancer ever to thrill Continental audiences, and he became known as one of the world's fastest dancers. On his return to New York, Raft danced in innumerable night clubs and motion picture theatres, until he was induced to go to Hollywood to play in "Quick Millions." The role of the gangster in "Scarface," though, was what brought him his Paramount contract. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has an olive complexion and black hair and brown eyes. His hobbies are baseball, dancing and boxing. He is separated from his wife and has been going around with Virginia Pine for over a year now. Although he does not give his age, I would estimate it to be around 30. His next picture after "The Glass Key" will be "Every Night at Eight" with Alice Faye and Frances Langford. You can reach him (and get his photograph for 25 cents) at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

A. L. SALYIERS—Shirley Temple's next picture will be "Our Little Girl" followed by "Curly Top." Kent Taylor's most recent opus is "College Scandal" and Ray Milland is in "The Glass Key" and his next will probably be "The Last Outpost." Kent Taylor was born in Nashua, Iowa, and Dick Powell in Mt. View, Ark.

PEGGY FISH, Newtonville, Mass.; ELLEN F. CROWE, New York City; ALMA REISINGER, Newark, N. J.; BETTY GRAHAM, San Francisco, Calif.; M. J. Detroit, Mich.; VERA BROWNING, St. Louis, Mo.; LUCILLE CAMPBELL, Wash., Pa.—Robert Taylor, a newcomer, was born in Filley, Nebraska, the son of Dr. S. A. Brough, a physician. Later the family moved to Beatrice, Neb., where the boy was educated in public schools. He attended college at Doane, Neb., for two years and finished his course at Pomona, Cal., where, in addition to his outstanding dramatic work, he was a star tennis player. During the summer he played in productions given at the Hollywood Playhouse. After signing his studio contract Taylor completed the remaining months of his college course and graduated with a Liberal Arts degree. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio he went into training for screen work and now that he has begun to get good parts, is being groomed for stardom. His favorite sports are tennis and horseback riding. He plays the cello and the piano, owns a collie dog and his hobby is collecting different types and colors in sweaters. He owns about fifty of them. His pet aversion is black cats, and he is a firm believer in hunches. Six feet tall, he weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is not married, but is much in demand. After "Murder in the Fleet" he will be seen in "Broadway Melody." Write him at the M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif., and for 25 cents he'll send you a photograph. (Note to all readers: 25 cents is the price usually asked by the stars for their photographs. This is to defray mailing costs.)

HOWARD D. RICHARDSON, Haddon Heights, N. J.—The part of Louise Beaver's daughter in "Imitation of Life" was played by Freddie Washington, a negress. She did a marvelous bit of acting in that piece, and certainly deserves a good part in the near future although none are scheduled for her as yet.

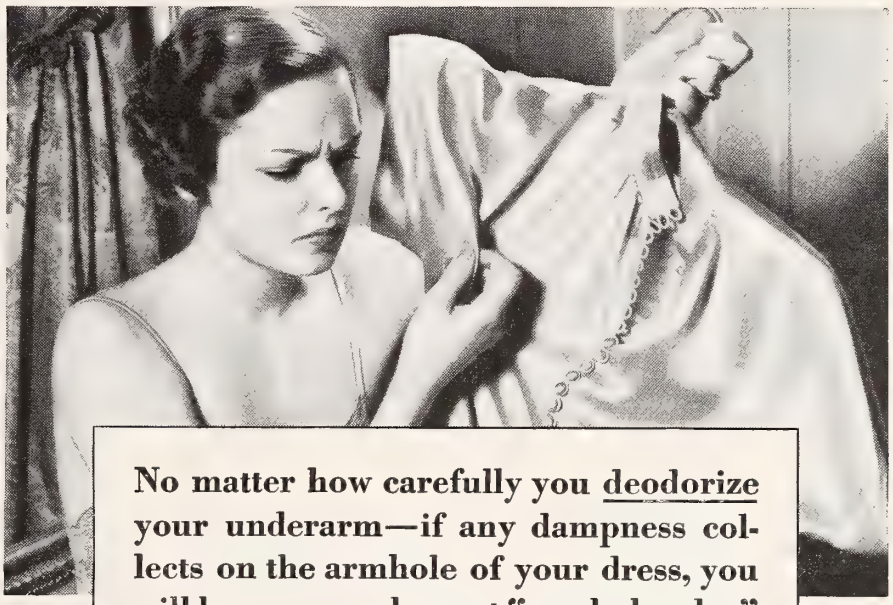
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Tonight... make this "ARMHOLE ODOR" TEST



No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will have an unpleasant "armhole odor"

FAILURE TO SCORE a social success cannot always be attributed to a lack of personality. Often it is due to a condition that makes even sincere admirers turn away.

No matter how sure you are of yourself, make this simple test. Tonight when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole. That stale, musty "armhole odor" may be an unpleasant surprise.

Perhaps you thought you were sweet and dainty because you were using a cream or stick deodorant. But these easy-to-use preparations do only *half* the work needed. They deodorize, but they are not made to keep that little closed-in hollow of your underarm *dry*.

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THERE is no quick and easy method to prevent "armhole odor." When you *deodorize only*, moisture still collects on the armhole of your dress. And every time you put on that dress, the warmth of your body will bring out a stale, unpleasant perspiration odor. Women who want to be sure not to offend have learned always to take the extra minutes needed to keep the underarm sweet and completely *dry*—with Liquid Odorono.

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Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(*Continued from page* 53)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★				3★	3★	2½★			3½★				
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	1★	2½★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Limehouse Blues (Paramount)	2★	1★	1★	2★		1★		2★		2★	2★		2★	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★		3★	3★
Little Men (Mascot)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	3½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★				2★
The Little Minister (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (G-B)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★			3★	3★
The Man Who Reclaimed His Head (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	4★	2★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3½★	2½★	2½★	3★	1½★	2★		3★	2★
Maybe It's Love (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★		2★	2★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★		2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	2★	2★	1★			1★	1★	½★		1½★			2★	1½★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Mississippi (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★			2½★	2★
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	4★			3★	3★
Murder on a Honeymoon (RKO)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
My Heart is Calling (Gaumont-Brisith)	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
My Song for You (Gaumont-British)	3★	2½★	3★	3★		3★	3★	2½★		2½★			2½★	3★
The Mysterious Mr. Wong (Monogram)	1★	1★		2★		1★		2★		2★			2★	
The Mystery of Edwin Drood (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Mystery Woman (Fox)	2★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	4★			2★	2★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★		2★		2★	1½★	2★
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			2★	2★
Night Life of the Gods (Universal)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★
A Notorious Gentleman (Universal)	3★	3★	2★		2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★			2★	3★
The Nut Farm (Monogram)	2★	2★		2★			2★	2½★		2★		2★	2½★	2★
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			1★	2★
The Perfect Clue (Majestic)	2★		2★	2★		2★		2★	2★	2★			2★	2★
The President Vanishes (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★			4★	5★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★		2½★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	2★	3★
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Reckless (M-G-M)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★		2½★	3★
Red Hot Tires (First National)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★		2★	2★	2★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Romance in Manhattan (RKO)	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★		5★	5★
Rumba (Paramount)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
The Scoundrel (Hecht-MacArthur-Paramount)	5★	4½★	4★	5★	3½★	5★	5★	3★	4★	5★		5★	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	1★	1½★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	2½★			2★	2★
The Silver Streak (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★		2½★	3★	3★			2★	3★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	3★
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★		3★	3★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★		4★	4★	3★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Traveling Saleslady (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		3★	3★	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (Gaumont-British)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	2½★	2½★				2★
Under the Pampas Moon (Fox)	3★	1★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★			1½★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		3★	4★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
We Live Again (20th Century)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★		3★	3★	2★	2★
West of the Pecos (RKO)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2★		2½★	2★	2★		2★	3★	3★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★		2½★		2½★	3★	2½★			2★	2★
While the Patient Slept (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★		2½★	2½★	1★		2★	2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
The White Parade (Fox)	4★		3★		3★	3★	4★	3½★		4★			4★	3★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★	2★		3★		3★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2★



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Strained Vegetables

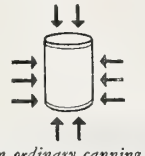
OPEN a can of the *new* Gerber Strained Vegetables! You'll find them brighter colored, fresher in flavor than you ever dreamed canned vegetables could be.

They're cooked a new way, developed by Gerber after two years of research. Shaker-Cooking *stirs* the foods 140 times a minute, as they steam-cook in the sealed cans. It takes as little as 15 minutes for thorough heat distribution this way. By methods in general use, it would take 4 times as long and the food on the outer edges would be much overcooked and far less appetizing.

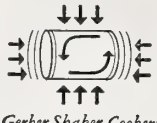
Now, with Shaker-Cooking, every particle is evenly cooked, finer-flavored, brighter-colored . . . *better than ever for Baby.*

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All Gerber Strained Products are prepared with extraordinary care for Baby's own requirements. Vitamins and minerals are protected as they can't be in ordinary home preparation. Vegetables are fresher, richer in vitamins. In every process air is excluded to lessen vitamin loss. Moisture is regulated—to save the minerals poured off in water. Your baby gets more vitamins and minerals than if you cooked and strained his vegetables at home. You save tiring work—have more time for Baby. Baby gets the finest vegetables the year round. Unseasoned for serving as they are. Or serve slightly seasoned as taste or your doctor directs.



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Gerber Shaker-Cookers stir the food while cooking—cutting cooking time 60%—cooking every particle evenly.

9 Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

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Green Beans . . Carrots . . Peas
Prunes . . . Beets . . . Cereals
Tomatoes . . . 4½-oz. cans

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Keeping Cool

(*Continued from page 50*)

it is a perfect way to dress up a last summer's evening gown with but slight expense.

I ALWAYS love to talk to some of the younger stars about their clothes. Not long ago I had quite a chat with pretty, young Rochelle Hudson. And if you think Rochelle has namby-pamby fashion theories, you are wrong. She's one young girl with decided views as to her likes and dislikes. She hates ingenue clothes, but on the other hand, she doesn't go in for slinky, sophisticated trappings either.

Here is an idea of what she likes to wear best. She loves shirtwaist dresses, pajamas (of the tailored, slacks type) and she adores anything piqué. She doesn't like bathing suits—and this is amazing when you notice what a charming figure she has. Light blues, natural color and pastels are favorite colors. She prefers not to wear white because she thinks it is impractical and does nothing for her coloring. Rochelle has hazel eyes and dark hair, with the sort of skin poets go dotty about.

Rochelle doesn't like evening gowns that have too flaring skirts. She thinks they tend to shorten her and give a girly-girl look. Her pet evening gown, which she dragged out like a fond mother showing her nicest child, is a soft gray crêpe made very slender and with a cascade of pink ruffles down the back of it. Over this goes a pink silk piqué jacket with a peplum flare to it.

"I really don't like clothes, you know," Rochelle told me as she dragged out one attractive costume after another. "I hate puffs and ruffles and if I get a dress that I really like, I wear it till it drops off! Like this one I have on—truly, it is three years old and Mother simply dies every time I put it on."

THE dress was a simple navy blue affair with white vestee. Rochelle said she changed it every season with a new vestee and cuffs. Actually, though, I think she does like clothes very much. Certainly her large and attractive wardrobe would indicate it—unless, of course, her mother makes her dress the part of a smart young star. When you think being a young star like Rochelle is the only life, just let this statement from Rochelle give you pause for thought. She had to test ninety-seven different costumes for her role in "Imitation of Life!" Every one was tried on and inspected by the director, who can't tell what a gown will look like in a scene merely from seeing the designer's sketch. Finally, only three costumes were used, and one of these, which had been selected in a Los Angeles store and had been returned, had to be bought back from a customer who had taken it upon its first rejection from the studio. Does that sound like a snap existence to you? No wonder Rochelle says she doesn't like clothes!

To get back to this business of being cool. If you have leisure time for hot days, you can relax in clothes like those shown on page 50.



The Ralph Forbes (she's Heather Angel, y'know) and the Robert Youngs at the Beverly-Wilshire. Isn't Bob the devoted husband?

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN relaxes in the sun at home. Her rough linen dress has a divided skirt and a deep backline for sunning. It is pale yellow, while her brimmed hat is bright red to match the woven lacings of her barefoot sandals.

Temperatures soaring outside, hot studio lights beating down inside, couldn't possibly faze Pat Paterson in her airy negligee of satin candy-striped chiffon. It is the perfect thing to put on when you arrive home both hot and tired. It has enough formality to appear as a charming dinner costume at home—it is so light and sheer that it couldn't make you feel anything but cool. The shirred shoulders topping the full sleeves are a nice detail, as is the pleated collar. Pat's hair tied back with a little bow is an attractive way to keep your hair off your forehead on a hot day.

All you have to do is to mention Mona Barrie's name to any of the Fox designers and they are off! They may disagree privately as to the length skirts should be, or the line of a new sleeve—but when it comes to Mona they are unanimous in their vote for her chic! I was talking only yesterday to Miss Templeton, one of the Fox designers who had been abroad for three months. She said that Mona Barrie is a joy to design for because she not only wears clothes well, but she has an innate flair for smartness. She added that she dresses as smartly in private life as she does on the screen. Miss Templeton, by the way, is the young lady who achieved designing fame when she was Ann Harding's private secretary. She had designed clothes before going with Ann but had not told Ann anything about it. And it wasn't until Ann came upon her one day, scribbling sketches on the telephone pad as she phoned, that Ann discovered she was very clever. From that time on, Ann let her design more and more of her personal wardrobe until finally, she became so good that she started off on a career of her own and achieved success in a short time.

BUT back to Mona. René Hubert designed this charming linen jacket costume she is wearing on page 50. It shows a peasant influence with its contrasting appliques on the pockets of both the jacket and the dress. Coarse blue and white linen are used in clever contrast for both the dress and jacket. And her hat is felt and the same linen in similar contrast effect. Note the barbaric bracelet on Mona's arm.

Carole, spending all her spare moments beside her pool, wears a typically smart Lombard costume. Her navy blue and white polka dotted shorts are topped by a long white linen coat which has revers of the print. Her hat is white leghorn with a navy band.

And for a last refreshing fillip to our pictures, we offer you Kathleen Burke, flowers in her arms, and quite the coolest and loveliest looking thing in pale pink dotted Swiss. Kathleen uses this as a sort of super garden party frock, but it would be just the thing for your country club parties all summer. Notice that her hair is curled high on her head, further adding to the summery and very desirable cooling effect.

If you have any fashion questions you wish to ask me, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. Write to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



THE WORLD looks pretty rosy to this little lady.

She gets Fletcher's Castoria for a laxative. And she loves it! It is one laxative every child takes willingly!



And that's *very* important! For if a youngster hates the taste of a laxative and struggles against taking it, her nerves are upset by the struggle. And her stomach may be upset also!

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Fletcher's Castoria is designed *just for* a child's system. It contains no strong, purging drugs such as some adult laxatives contain.

It is safe for delicately-balanced young systems. It will never, never cause griping pain. It is gentle but thorough. And it is not habit-forming.



Whenever your youngster needs a laxative—from babyhood until 11 years old—turn to Fletcher's Castoria. Look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher.* And save money—buy the family-size bottle.

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No Success as a Playboy

(*Continued from page 33*)

"Ah," murmured Bill, as he was just getting up one afternoon at half past three, "this is the life. It's wonderful! I'll never go back to Hollywood."

The people—they were grand. They knew he was a movie star but it didn't impress them much. They accepted him, not because he was famous, but because he was a good sport and so obviously fitted into their way of living. And a luxurious living it was—a quick dip in the ocean, a stiff game of tennis, a couple of drinks, a wonderful, well-planned dinner and then, as evening settled, the inevitable hunt for romance. And the finding of same.

There were no crowds of autograph hounds following him wherever he went. In just a few weeks, it seemed, he had stopped being a movie actor and had become a playboy. Well, he had earned the right to live as he chose. This was real living—carefree, leisurely, mad living. Hollywood could go and jump in the lake.

IT was grand for several months. And then, at a party one night, he met a boy about twenty-four or five whom Bill liked very much. They began to talk. Bill asked the boy what he did. For answer he got a look of amazement. "I mean," Bill explained, "what's your job." "Job?" "Well, your career, then," Bill amended.

The boy laughed. "Oh, I haven't any."

"But what do you plan to do?" Bill persisted.

"Why should I plan to do anything?" the lad asked, and called for another drink.

Bill thought about that and it was particularly amazing in the light of the fact that he had been told that this boy, who was a real German baron, was practically penniless. Yet there he was, at twenty-four, without a job or without any plans for getting one.

Bill could not help but think of himself at twenty-four, and much younger, playing in miserable theatres, changing shows every week in a stock company, working like a dog to earn the right to enjoy life. And here was this boy, veritably living off the bounty of others, without the faintest idea that he owed himself — and the world—some obligation.

Bill strolled out on the beach and thought, for the first time since he had been on the Riviera, about Hollywood and all its hard working people, its people who had pulled themselves up by their boot-straps, who very truly were fulfilling their obligations.

He went back to the party. No, he had sworn he was going to retire. Damn it, he had retired! He wouldn't think morbidly. Hollywood could go and jump in the lake.

But during the next few weeks he had to face the fact that he was being bored by the Riviera. He told himself over and over again that he had no desire at all to go back to work. All he needed was a change of scene and he tried to put out of his mind the fact that when he came to the Riviera he thought it was the gar-



Handsome trio! Frank Shields (tennis champ, now with M-G-M), Jean Parker and Robert Taylor, after a game of ping pong.

den spot of the world and that he should never leave it.

He and a group of his friends decided that they would tour the chateau country. In a smart French car they began the journey through that magic country where tradition practically hangs from the branches of the trees.

Bill learned a great deal on that trip. He learned what wines wouldn't travel, he learned at just what temperature champagne should be, he learned exactly what an eight course French meal should contain. But he didn't see the chateaux!

HE ate and drank his way through that miraculous country. It was really silly, his companions told him, to bother with the chateaux when there were so many entrancing restaurants and so many delightful bars.

And perhaps it was better that Bill didn't look at the chateaux. They might have reminded him of movie sets. And they might have reminded him that people had worked to build them, that skilled craftsmen had designed and executed the magnificent tables, chairs and tapestries they contained. And it might have occurred to him that in these palaces had lived people who, at one time, had done the world's work.

Yes, it was better to eat and drink and be merry. But Bill couldn't be merry for long. He could not crowd these thoughts out of his mind and one morning—or afternoon, rather—when one of his friends banged on his door and said it was time to get up and have a cocktail, Bill said he couldn't come along, that he had a lot of packing to do and that he had to see about getting his ticket on the boat that was to take him home.

At first, of course, they didn't believe him. And he did not try to make them understand that a man who has worked as hard as Bill had must keep on working if he is to stay alive. He could not tell them that this sort of living was all very well for a few months' good time but that it could not fill a man's life, that if it were made his entire career, madness was ahead. It was better to leave these things unsaid. Bill knew them now and that was enough.

When they saw he was in earnest about returning they gave him a marvelous farewell party. It lasted for days and Bill was passing the Azores—or some odd place like that—when he actually realized that he was on his way "home" and glad of it.

And that was how Bill Powell became a playboy—and then stopped being one to return to work. He is glad he made the experiment. He is perfectly content now. Studio grief? Of course, he has plenty of it. Early morning calls? Every day when he's working. Long, hard hours under the lights? You bet! And Bill complains and grumbles as everybody on any job always does. But he had to come back. The life of a wealthy, retired motion picture actor living on the Riviera could never be complete. Bill has always been a working man. "And I'll always have to be," he said, "so don't be surprised in the next ten or fifteen years when you see an old bearded character man doddering before the camera, if he looks like me. It will *be* me. Any job gets on your nerves. But any job is better—and take it from one who knows—than no job at all."

I Want To Talk About My Baby

(*Continued from page 32*)

back at him. Imagine a baby laughing at five months, three days, and five hours old! It's almost unprecedented. And he says, 'Ma-ma' and 'Da-da,' too! Of course that's all he *can* say yet, but he says that all day long. Starting at about five in the morning. . . .

"Oh, of course he wakes us at five in the morning. And we love it! It used to be that we most often were going to sleep at five—whereas we now wake up at five. Oh, *no!* We never argue about who's going in to see if he's all right. We both get up and go in. Why, I wouldn't miss a minute of my baby—not those I don't have to miss. It's bad enough being away from him at the studio all day long. When I'm working, I always play with him from five to six in the morning. Then I have to get dressed and have breakfast, to be at the studio by seven-thirty. Then, when I get home at five-thirty in the evening, I have a half hour more with him before he goes to bed.

WHEN I brought him home from the hospital, we put him in the downstairs nursery which we had fixed up for him. But we didn't like being so far away from him, so George and I slept downstairs on the couch for a while. But that was a bit inconvenient, because our things still had to be kept upstairs. Now we're having the house remodeled so that the nursery can be right near us.

"Wait till I tell you about the room we are fixing for him now! It's a regular college boy's room, only on a small scale. I've ordered a miniature desk for him, with a miniature world globe on it. On the wall there will be college pennants, only scaled down, of course. And you know those silly signs that college boys always collect and hang on their walls. Well, we're having some of those made now, in miniature. One is a 'Don't Disturb!' sign. Another says, 'Men at Work.' You know . . . crazy things like that. Everything is going to be exactly like a college boy's room, only in baby size . . . even down to the pictures of girls that are always pasted around. Only I've cut out the grown-up girls' faces, and pasted little-girl faces in, instead!"

Husband George Barnes joined us at that moment, and, putting in his two cents, worth, said, "Yes, and when he grows up, he probably won't even want to go to college!"

"It won't matter. He's going to do and be just what he wants. We're not going to run his life for him. We agreed on that, didn't we, George?"

"Yes, only it would be a shame for him to become a plumber or something like that, since we gave him a middle name."

"Yes," Joan explained. "He's not just to be Norman Barnes. It's Norman *Scott* Barnes. I think three names always sound so much more important—like George *Jean* Nathan, you know."

In case you haven't heard . . . little Norman was named after Norman Foster (Claudette Colbert's ex-husband). Norman has always been one of Joan's and George's very best friends. And he is their baby's godfather.

"George didn't want the baby to be named after himself, because George is a Junior, and to have three George Scott



—I don't give swimming all the credit for my good health. I took a high dive into the diet problem, too. That's why Shredded Wheat is my favorite at breakfast—it helps build up lots of quick energy."

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Why?

There is just one reason. She's careless about herself! She has never learned that soap and water cannot protect her from that ugly odor of underarm perspiration which makes people avoid her.

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Barnes would really be too much for any family tree. Besides I think it's a good idea to give a baby a fresh start in life by giving him a new name.

"Even if Norman had been a girl, we were only going to give her my name as a middle name. The first name would have been Georgia. Georgia Joan Barnes."

Before the baby was born, Mr. Barnes presented his wife with a beautiful bassinet for the baby. On it was a card which read, "To my baby, from your baby, for our baby!" Darn clever, these cameramen.

"And I've been getting presents ever since," Joan went on. "Having a baby really has other inducements, in addition to the baby itself. Look what George gave me the day the baby arrived!" Proudly she showed me the bracelet she was wearing on her arm.

IT was a charm bracelet (a fad which has become quite popular in Hollywood). But, instead of having odd and incidental charms hanging on it, the charms on this bracelet tell the complete story of the Blondell-Barnes romance. First, there are two tiny, diamond-studded hearts, welded together, that hang from the bracelet. Next, there is a miniature engagement ring. Then a diamond wedding circlet. Then a diminutive house. And last, but not least, a stork on the wing. The whole happy story in a bracelet! (Of course, there's nothing sentimental about these two.)

Then—the latest present—is a set of two beautiful bracelets which George had given her only that day. "Because I've been such a good girl," said Joan, beaming.

"No," said George, "because you let me photograph your new picture." (It's "Broadway Gondolier," by the way.)

"Oh well, it doesn't matter what for, only I think you're foolish to give me presents in between times, when we have so many more things to celebrate, now that the baby is here. There's Mother's Day—I can hardly wait for that—and Father's Day, and all the baby's birthdays, besides. It doesn't seem like enough!

"Did George tell you about the toy train apparatus that he's building for the baby? At least he *claims* it's for the baby . . . but I have my doubts. It's laid out in the cellar, miles and miles of tracks, it seems, and real trestles and bridges, and tunnels, and what not. And one of the most beautiful engines that you have ever seen. The same people who built the toy train exhibition at the World's Fair last year, are building ours. Of course it's a bit difficult on my nerves . . . the whistles shrieking and the house shaking as the train goes around the curves and all that. But the worst thing is that George spends half his time in the cellar now. I have to yell down the drain pipe to get him to come up to dinner.

"Oh, and the play yard! Wait till you see it! We're putting in a miniature tennis court, a small handball court—everything like a real gymnasium. Of course, he won't be able to play those games for a little while, though, at the rate he's going, it won't be long now.

WE haven't taken any movies of Normie yet . . . though we take snapshots of him every Sunday. They're all pasted into his baby book. And speaking of books, you have no idea how many there are, written on child psychology. I'm studying it as thoroughly as I can, and read every book I can lay my hands on . . .

"You know, there's a school at the University of Southern California where they take children as young as two and three years. They don't teach them anything, of course, except how to play . . . which is important, in itself. And they teach them good sportsmanship, and unselfishness.

"One of the things they do, for example, is to give a child a toy he likes very much, and then, just as he is about to start playing with it, the teacher says, 'Now dear, why don't you give that to Mary? I'm sure she would like to have it.' Great idea, I think. When Normie gets a little older we may enter him there—though I'm trying to practise some of their methods at home, right now."

At last I did get a word in edgewise. "All these books and modern theories on bringing up children, say something about *not* talking baby-talk to children, don't they?"

Joan tried awfully hard to hide a smile.

I dared to go on. "They say you shouldn't talk baby-talk to babies, or that is the first language they'll learn—thereby delaying their instruction in proper English. *You* don't talk baby-talk to *your* baby, do you?"

Now Joan was really grinning. "Oh, you can't help it, once in a while!" she admitted!



Charlotte Dunsdee, Vic McLaglen and Lucille Pinson at the Ambassador Lido opening. Vic is still taking bows for his fine performance in "The Informer."

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 58*)

luck and had to take a job in a restaurant. There, Dorothy Dell, who had been her best friend and her roommate in New York, discovered her and shortly thereafter persuaded Paramount that what Zee didn't know about charm just wasn't in the book and that the studio would reap a reward if they put her in charge of training the younger players to have poise. For a year, now, that's been her job. And these are her poise secrets, which she passes on to you gladly.

"WALKING naturally and gracefully is an art," she says, "and often has to be acquired. It is very important in gaining poise. Here's the routine that I've found works best of all.

"Place shoulder, head, hips and heels close against the wall. If you start out in this position, you cannot help but walk gracefully and correctly, as the arms will have a natural, easy swing.

"Then place a basket containing anywhere from one to three books on your head. If your posture is fair to start with, you'll need only one book. If you stoop badly, use three. Now walk across the floor ten times, keeping the basket steady on top of your head.

"Correct posture while sitting is important to the amateur as well as to the professional dramatic student. If you let the hips touch the back of the chair at all times, you cannot help but sit properly.

"You should never cross your legs while sitting. The feet should be flat on the floor, with one foot slightly extended. It may be the right or the left foot, depending upon which is the more natural position. In this way it is perfectly easy to rise from your chair and it is one of the little tricks of stage technique which all professionals use. Try it.

"And now for your hands. I have found that dancing is the best method of enabling you to become unconscious of your hands. The best dance for this purpose is the Hawaiian dance. Begin by sitting on the floor and imitating the hand movement of the Hawaiian dancer. It is the old childhood game of 'Peas Porridge Hot,' but instead of holding the hands stiff when patting the knees and making the outward movement, keep your hands flexible at the wrist.

"For the body and the feet, the waltz and the two-step, done properly in the old-fashioned way, are excellent. You may practise this dancing alone, using your arms gracefully as you dance, and dropping into a little curtsey at the end.

"But in order to have perfect poise and charm you must have complete control of your body and that can be had by doing simple exercises. I'm going to give you the ones most necessary. Start out gradually at first and add more and more as you go along.

"Bend from the waist and allow the palms of the hands to touch the floor. Do not try to do this the first time. Work up to it easily and gradually.

"Place the hands a little below the hips and twist the body around from left to right in a complete circle. Then from right to left.

"Place the hands on the hips. Bring first one knee and then the other up as high as possible for ten counts. Then repeat, bringing the knees up from the side.

"Place hands on hips and bend backwards



Keep your BABY SAFER

THIS NEW WAY—AS HOSPITALS DO

"WITHIN the last few years, hospital nurseries have discovered a way to keep babies lovelier, happier—and, above all, *safer*. Of course, you want *your* precious darling to be just as safe at home as during the first days of his existence in the hospital. So, mother, do as hospitals do: use Mennen Antiseptic Oil all over baby's body, every day; and, later, when baby becomes older, use Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder.

"Then, you will be following the modern scientific method of protecting and caring for the baby's skin.

"More than half of all the hospitals important in maternity work now give their babies a complete body-rub, from head to foot, at least once a day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. These hospitals have proved that it gives baby a lovelier, smoother, healthier skin—and that it keeps baby *safer*—'bathed in protection'—guarded against many infections. Thousands and thousands of doctors recommend it, advising that the daily oil-rubs be continued during at least baby's diaper age. So, mother, follow this recommendation for your darling's greater safety.

"Then, when you gradually discontinue the daily antiseptic oil-rubs, dust baby's body with the baby powder—Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. It's a superfine baby powder—prevents chafing—makes the skin satiny smooth—temptingly lovely—and, in addition, it's *antiseptic*. It continues to protect the skin against germs—as does the oil.

"Now—try these safeguards—at my expense—free. For your baby's greater safety and happiness, send me the coupon below."

W. G. Mennen



Constant research under the personal direction of W. G. Mennen steadily adds to your baby's safety.

free

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. M-8
345 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

Send me free trial sizes of Mennen Antiseptic Oil and Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. Also Baby Chart—about the modern care of baby's skin.

_____

_____

(Print Plainly.)





Bill Cagney and wife, Boots Mallory, Phil Regan with Josephine Dwyer, and Jim Cagney Brown-Derby-ing.

ten times. Then forward ten times.

"Stretch the hands downward as far as possible, touching the right hand to the left toe and vice versa.

"Lie flat on the floor and kick the legs up one at a time. Now lie flat on the stomach and kick backward over your head ten times.

LIE flat on your back and brace the hips with the hands and elbows, keeping the legs straight. Bend knees and start into a bicycle exercise moving faster and faster.

"Lie on the left side and kick upwards with the right leg. Alternate.

"Place hands on back of chair, turning sideways. Kick outward with the leg as far as possible. Alternate.

"Now run around the room three or four times in the manner of a professional sprinter with the arms and legs moving violently. This gives a natural swing to the body.

"These exercises should be taken for an hour each day, preferably before eleven A. M. And when you have complete control of your body, you will not need to envy anyone poise and grace.

"But, above all, remember always to be yourself. Don't try to imitate anyone else, no matter how attractive that person is. Capitalize on your good qualities and try to correct the bad, but don't lose your own personality. After all, it is that quality which in the long run constitutes charm."

Well, there you are! I think that is grand and most practical advice from Zee Silvonia. Certainly, she answers all the questions you raised this month. But if there are any more just step right up and ask them. Address your letters to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., and don't forget that self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. Otherwise I can't answer you.

And now how about forming a dramatic club of your own? All you need to do is follow instructions given on the coupon below. The folks who have really begun their clubs tell me they're having more fun than they ever thought possible. Write and tell me how your club is getting along. And don't hesitate to ask me anything that will help you to gain a thorough knowledge of dramatic art!

Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope, to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 17*)

an extravagant number of them. Here's a list of the minimum traveling essentials: Toothbrush, dentifrice, brush and comb, deodorant (both liquid and cream), depilatory, hand lotion, small manicure kit (the ten cent store comes in very handy there), soap, cleansing cream, a good lubricating or nourishing cream, plenty of tissues and cotton squares, a skin freshener, talcum powder, face powder, a loose powder compact with rouge and lipstick, extra lipstick and rouge (both cream and dry), for compacts have a way of slipping out of hand, an eyewash, and your glamorous eye make-up aids tucked safely away as aids to conquests when you arrive. Cretonne bags that are lined with rubber are nice for the washrag and soap, and the breakable bottled cosmetics. Tubes, jars with covers tightly screwed on, and leakproof bottles are essential. I once made an attractive kit out of a candy box that was made to look like a book (you know the kind), and there were certainly a lot of make-up plots concocted out of it that summer. Use your ingenuity!

IF you're going to the seaside, there are other important accessories you'll need besides the ones I've mentioned. You'll want a big, roomy, waterproof beach bag for your towels, your sun oil, and so forth. You can make one yourself, but they're very inexpensive to buy. The thing to remember about your beach pursuits is that an ounce of sunburn and freckle prevention is worth a pound of cure, and two pounds of bemoaning to the mirror, "Oh, I'm a wreck. Look at me!" You will need a plentiful supply of protective oil, and for those more dressy occasions on the beach when you don't want to shine with oil, a good foundation cream, and plenty of powder in a darker shade than you generally use. Soapless oil shampoos are slick about keeping your hair from getting as dry as the back of the brush. Carole Lombard told me that they're favorites out in Hollywood. Frequent hot oil treatments are also advisable.

You'll want to give your toes the same attention you do your fingers since they'll be so conspicuous in beach shoes or evening sandals. Get out your manicure kit, and use manicure scissors for trimming the nails, emery board for smoothing the edges, and cake polish or toilet pumice stone to remove any nail ridges. Then apply liquid polish to harmonize with your fingers. However, it is well to avoid bright shades if your feet can't stand too close beauty inspection.

There are two things that I think most vacationers are inclined to neglect—the eyes and the feet. If your feet suffer, your face will suffer. Here's the most refreshing treatment I know of for feet that are worn out from sightseeing, but must go "on with the dance" in the evening. Stop by the corner drugstore and get some Epsom salts, and soak your feet in warm water in which you have dissolved a generous amount of the salts. Then wring out a small hand towel in cold water, wrap it around the feet, and then pass a piece of ice briskly over the feet until they tingle. Dry your feet, dust them with foot powder, and lie flat on the bed for five minutes, placing the pillow under your pedal extremities. This is a routine similar to that followed by the clever Ginger Rogers. You may not be able to dance like Ginger after this treatment, but you will feel like dancing the whole night through.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
in M-G-M's
"Anna Karenina"

Brownette with blue eyes and fair skin ...her color harmony is Max Factor's Rachelle Powder, Blondeen Rouge, Vermilion Lipstick.



JEAN PARKER
in M-G-M's
"Murder in the Fleet"

Brunette with hazel eyes, creamy skin... her color harmony is Max Factor's Brunette Powder, Carmine Rouge, and Carmine Lipstick.

Three M-G-M Stars Tell *the* MAKE-UP SECRET *for Brunettes*

You can double your beauty if you adopt the make-up of Hollywood stars



LOOK in your mirror . . . note that it is color that gives life to your beauty. Think, then, how vitally important color is to your make-up. So, to really create enchanting beauty, colors in face powder, rouge and lipstick must be perfect.

In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, proved this . . . and originated color harmony make-up for the screen stars and for you. Having famous stars as living models, he created original shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick . . . harmonized color-tones to emphasize the individuality of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

In your very own mirror, you can see what wonders this new kind of make-up will do. The face powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours . . . the rouge imparts a natural blush of color to your cheeks . . . the lipstick brings out the alluring color appeal of the lips. All are in perfect color harmony to accent to the utmost the appealing charm of your personality.

SO make this beauty secret of Hollywood's stars yours, too . . . share the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar; featured by all leading stores.

ELIZABETH ALLAN
in M-G-M's
"Vampires of Prague"

Light Brunette with blue-gray eyes and olive skin...her color harmony is Max Factor's Olive Powder, Carmine Rouge, Carmine Lipstick.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: *Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony*



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.
24-8-92

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

BRIGHT EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

SUMMER EYE-OPENERS

PROBABLY your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! *You can't trust nature unadorned!* Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small and "squinched up." But that's easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KURLASH! (It costs only $1.) A few seconds' pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.



Sun Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHADETTE ($1) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes!



and Shadow

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of *looking* natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASHTINT (it's waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. $1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Dept. G-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., or at The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto, 3.

HERE'S a grand treatment for your eyes, especially after coming in from the beach or after a drive against the sun. Pat a good nourishing eye cream on the eyelids or around the eyes. Then take two small pads of absorbent cotton, soak them in hot water, and lay them lightly over your eyes until they cool. Remove the pads, pat on a bit more cream, and again apply the pads which have been once more saturated in hot water. Lie back in a comfortable chair or on a couch during the cooling process, and relax so that you feel as limp as ZaSu Pitt's hands look. Finish off with a generous splashing of the eyes with cold water. Your eyes will sparkle as happily as your feet will dance that night.

Because we started out this article with a mention of "glamorous" vacations, we're going to make you a glamorous offer. Free for the asking is a special booklet all about the eyes, "Lovely Eyes." It tells you simply everything you've ever wanted to know about eye make-up. Learn the tricks of eye allure, and then maybe "over somebody else's shoulder, he'll fall in love with you" at the dance. Just fill out the coupon and send it in. And remember we're always eager to help you with your beauty problems. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Mary Biddle
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the "Lovely Eyes" booklet.

Name.....

Address.....
Street

.....
City State

Three Score Years and Ten

(*Continued from page 39*)

wonders why they didn't show that scene in the picture "Cavalcade."

Such are the memories of C. Aubrey Smith, and perhaps it is having lived in such an age that gives him, today, that fine old-world gallantry, that soldierly bearing, that substantial grip on life. For he lived in a time when the world knew dignity and decorum, when men were brave men or cowards, when women were good or bad.

And so the small C. Aubrey went to school at Charter House in London and, later, to Cambridge. And he was familiar with his father's surgery, to which came, as to an altar of healing, the lame, the halt and the blind, the rich and the poor. To the kindly doctor in his old-fashioned surgery they came, bringing their bruised bodies and their bruised hearts, sure of help and healing. And the tall young C. Aubrey watched and listened and decided that he could never become a doctor—pain was too painful.

Today, he will pause to care for a bird if he finds one wounded. He gives of his time, his purse, his heart to all who come to him for aid. He never leaves his house in the morning that he does not stop to feed with his own hand his birds and cats and dogs.

AND this seems as good a place as any to tell you about a very poignant experience I had in connection with C. Aubrey Smith. The day after I'd lunched with him in his dressing-room on the M-G-M lot I was in the studio again and was told that his valet was very anxious to see me. He did see me. His face was eager. We went into an empty office on the lot and he sat on the edge of his chair, a German, his heart in his eyes, and said: "Please, Madam, I wanted to tell you how wonderful he is. People don't know. I was there, in the next room, while you were interviewing him yesterday. I knew that he wasn't really talking about himself. He never does. He can't.

"He is a very great gentleman, a real gentleman. I have worked for other people, picture people, too, who pretend to be ladies and gentlemen, but Mr. and Mrs. Smith really are. I wish you could know, I wish the world could know, how kind they are. When I had influenza last winter I would wake up out of a fever three or four times a night and find Mr. Smith bending over me, rubbing my chest and back. And he was working at the time, too. He is so kind—and kindness to a servant in your house is the truest kindness of all. Believe me, Madam, I know. I am not married myself, but I often pray to my God that if ever I am, my marriage may be like Mr. and Mrs. Smith's. I have been with them for four years and I have never heard one word in that house that wasn't kind and affectionate. And she always must know when we leave the studio, so that she may have his Scotch and soda for him by the open fire. She is a real wife and he is a real husband. I hope you will forgive me, Madam, and I hope he will, but I had to tell you, so that you could tell the world what a great gentleman he is."

And I do want to tell the world. I also want to add that my eyes were pretty dim when this earnest young German left me, after paying his nervous, secret, painfully sincere tribute to an English gentleman.

AND so, as a young lad in his father's surgery, C. Aubrey knew that he could never endure the sight of constant pain. But he also knew that he would like to minister in some way to the human race, so badly in need of being ministered to. And somehow, curiously, the thought of the theatre came to him, there in that non-theatrical family atmosphere. He doesn't, today, know how or why the idea came to him. Certainly he does not think of it as a "mission in life." He is far too typically and reticently British for anything so florid.

While at Cambridge he became a cricket champion and, later, toured South Africa and Australia with his championship team. And with the tenacity of the man, which shows in every deeply graven line on that fine face, he still plays cricket, here in Hollywood, at the age of seventy-two. He not only plays himself but he has organized teams and clubs, conditioned and reconditioned cricket fields so that Boris Karloff (a friend of his) and Clive Brook and other Englishmen may still know spots "that are forever England."

Also while in Cambridge he went in extensively for amateur theatricals and became a member of the Brighton Greenroom Club. It was to this club that a London manager came one day in the

year 1892 and, as C. Aubrey quaintly phrases it, "invited me to go on the stage."

He said: "One of my most vivid recollections is of the night in my father's surgery when I told him I had accepted that invitation. There was the silence of death in the room where, so often, my father had pronounced sentence of death. And now I was pronouncing it, the death of tradition, of all the things the crusading, doctoring Smiths had stood for. I still recall vividly my father's set face, my mother's shocked eyes, and hear, as though it were yesterday, her voice cry out tremulously, 'But, my boy, what will your sisters do?' The mere thought of two young Victorian maidens having to acknowledge a brother on the stage threatened dire disgrace. But life moves in a mysterious way," laughed C. Aubrey, "because my sisters preceded me on the stage, both of them! At any rate, my parents were, perforce, reconciled to this eccentric exodus of all their children, and I lived to see the day when my father sat in a theatre stall, applauding me and enjoying it hugely."

Most of the great plays of the past generation have carried the name of C. Aubrey Smith on their programs. He used, he says with a quizzical smile, to play the part of "the strong, silent man" a great deal. There were such immortal works as "Bootles' Baby," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Lady Windemere's Fan," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Light That Failed," "Alice Sit By the Fire," with Ellen Terry; "Legend of Leonora," with Maude Adams; "Morals of Marcus," "Hamlet," "The Runaway," with Billie Burke; "The Lie"—plays which cover half a century and call the roll of the most glamorous names in the theatre world.

He first came to "The States" in 1895 with Sir John Hare in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith." Then again in 1904 with Forbes-Roberton, playing the Ghost in "Hamlet" and Torpenhow in "The Light That Failed." He loved Boston in those early days, but was homesick in New York. He made his first picture in England in 1915, starring in "Builder of Bridges." Then, after several other English talkies, he came to Hollywood in 1930, under contract to M-G-M, where he repeated his stage role in Marion Davies' picturization of the play, "The Bachelor Father." And he has been here ever since, free-lancing and moving his make-up box from one studio to another.



Jan Kiepura, of "Be Mine Tonight," will thrill you again with his delightful singing in "My Song for You." Aileen Marson is with him in this Gaumont-British production.

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!



Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

By *Lady Esther*

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (15) **FREE**
LADY ESTHER
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

NEW KIND OF
dry rouge
STAYS ON ALL DAY



. . . or all night!
Savage Rouge, as your sense of touch will tell you, is a great deal finer in texture and softer than ordinary rouge. Its particles being so infinitely fine, adhere closely to the skin. In fact, Savage Rouge, for this reason, clings so insistently, it seems to become a part of the skin itself . . . refusing to yield, even to the savage caresses its tempting smoothness and pulse-quickening color so easily invite. Try it. You'll see the difference instantly! Four lovely shades.

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH

20c • at all 10 cent stores

SAVAGE
DRY ROUGE

REMOVES HAIR
X-BAZIN
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SIMPLY APPLY—WASH OFF
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DISFIGURING SKIN OUTBREAKS
Helped Remarkably By New SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT!



NOT a mere cosmetic! Hydrosal is a scientific skin treatment, successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years. Here now is *real* relief from the itching, burning irritation of rashes, eczema, ringworm, pimples and similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you can feel it soothe and cool the tender, inflamed skin. Its astringent action refines the coarsened skin tissues. Promotes healing in burns and hurts, too. At all druggists in Liquid and Ointment forms; 30c and 60c. The Hydrosal Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks



Susie Tracy snaps her Daddy on the M-G-M lot. Spencer is doing "The Murder Man" with Virginia Bruce.

A TREASURE-TROVE of memory, this long, long road . . . the memory of Ellen Terry who never could learn lines . . . "none of the Terrys could learn lines," said Mr. Smith, with a tender reminiscent chuckle. "I recall so well when we were rehearsing Sir James Barrie's play, 'Alice Sit By the Fire.' We rehearsed, in those days, from six to eight weeks before we began to be ready. It was winter, I remember, an English winter, raw and cold, and Sir James would sit in front of the house, wrapped to the ears in a great coat and shivering, less from cold than from Ellen's inability to learn her lines. She had a habit of not taking her cues and then, of course, she would improvise a bit and go on. Ah, she was delightful, a delightful woman and a very great artist. At last, toward the end of those rehearsals, she went out to Sir James one day and asked him if he objected to her changing one of his cue lines. Then, for the first and only time during all those weeks did he utter one word. He said: 'I don't care what you say, Madam, but for God's sake say something!'

"And there was the kindness of Bernard Shaw who, of his own volition, cut one of his own plays to fit a program I was producing. We were giving a play called 'Instinct.' He came to see us, was impressed by 'Instinct,' realized that we had to cut somewhere to fit our time and suggested that he cut his own play for us, which he did. An unusual thing for an author to do, so willingly, so graciously. Great artists of all kinds," said C. Aubrey, "are usually temperamental, but they are invariably kind."

He remembers Maude Adams when they played together in "The Legend of Leonora," by Sir James Barrie, in 1912. "An obstinate little creature, she was," smiled C. Aubrey; "something of the schoolmarm about her. She always handed her cast little slips of paper with suggestions for the changing of a line, exactly like a schoolmarm handing out correction slips." And I gathered that Mr. Smith feels that the mystery of Maude Adams and her retirement is no real mystery at all, simply that with the passing of Charles Frohman passed, too, Maude Adams, the Trilby to that kind Svengali.

THEY say in Hollywood that the peak of a star's career is five years. How do you account for—for *you?*" I asked this grand gentleman.

C. Aubrey smiled that deep and tolerant smile of his. He said: "Luck has a lot to do with it. Sheer luck. I have always regarded my part of Torpenhow in 'The Light That Failed' as the most important single event in my career. And that was absolutely luck. I happened to be in a railway station in London one evening, on my way home after a game of golf. Sir Henry Forbes-Robertson and his wife were on the other side of the station, also returning home after golf. He was in the midst of casting for 'The Light That Failed.' He hadn't thought of me. His eye happened to light on me, across the tracks, and he called to me to come and see him. I did. And got the part. I was lucky.

"Luck and the love of what you are doing, these are the two things which make for a long career. And to be kind to those about you—grateful for favors received, earnest about your own part in things, so that people will want you about, will think about you warmly.

"I came to Hollywood and I have stayed here because it seemed to be good business to do so. I am not able to give the full-bodied characters I would like to give, but I enjoy what I do and I can always hope, of course.

WE are building our new home here, my wife and I, and we are taking great pride and pleasure in all of the details. We have many friends and we read and play bridge, and there is cricket . . . We had our home for many years in West Drayton, outside of London, in the vicinity of the fine old home of Oliver Cromwell. Our daughter grew up there. Our lives were rooted there and our memories live there. Then they tore down Cromwell's fine old lichened house and built hideous, semi-detached villas where a monument should have been. The gas station came in—the machine age, which is so convenient and so charmless—and our daughter married and a cycle had passed. The old life was gone and a new life is to be made over here. We are building our new home in Cold Water Canyon here in Beverly Hills, on the gentle crest of a hill because the sun sets so magnificently there—"

"The sun sets magnificently—"

As I shook hands with this grand old-young man of seventy-two, with the raking nose and the piercing gray eyes and the richly beautiful voice, as I wished him "bon voyage" on his trip to England, to be present at the birth of his grandchild, I felt my throat contract a little . . . "The sun sets magnificently . . . "



Edward G. Robinson, Prince Bernadotte, Frank Morgan and Jean Hersholt said, "Down the hatch."

Women Can Be Loyal

(*Continued from page 40*)

"You must have some ambition—"

"What good would ambition do me?" The girl waved crudely manicured hands toward the tiny garage, the only living quarters on the two and a half acres.

"You can work!" Ann said.

"I work here."

"Listen!" Ann grew impatient. "Let's sit down. Do you know who I am?"

The girl shook her head in negation.

"Well, I'm Ann Dvorak. I work in motion pictures. How would you like to work in pictures?"

The girl smiled. A slow smile. One which said, much more plainly than any words, "Don't be ridiculous!"

"I'm serious. I mean it. You are very much more beautiful than I am. You should have your chance. You just can't stay here the rest of your life. You can't! I can't let you. Now, if you'll agree to my proposition I'll help you—"

And that proposition was not easy. It was made more than a year ago. Today—

"You must do exactly as I tell you," Ann ordered. "To take a beautiful girl into Hollywood is a grave responsibility. I shall probably be sorry I did it. Hollywood is no worse than any big city, but it would be a grave responsibility for me to take a beautiful young thing like you into any big city. If I do it, you must be responsible to me. You must tell me every little thing that happens to you. You must remember what you owe me—not because of me but because of you. You will have to work and work hard. You will have to learn everything there is to know—how to wear clothes, take care of your hands, your hair, your face—and, above all, yourself. And you will have to let me show you. I don't know exactly why I'm doing this, but I just can't see anyone as lovely as you spend the rest of her life here."

AND that is how Helene McAdoo became the "stand-in," or double, for Ann Dvorak.

I suppose one would expect the next sentence to say: "And now she's an actress. She's a starlet. She's proven herself to be a dramatic genius—"

But she isn't. And that's what makes this story worth telling. At least, to me. She's still Ann Dvorak's double! Many, many people on the Warner Brothers lot will point her out to you as the most beautiful girl among them. They'll say, "Isn't it a shame they keep her being a double? She's prettier than any star in the business."

She began by dressing with Ann in Ann's lovely star dressing-room. Ann spent weeks teaching her how to put on make-up. Then she went to lines. "Now, Helene, although it will probably be a long time before you speak a line in a picture, you might as well begin to learn them now. I want you to take a script home and learn every word of my part. Then, while we are here in the dressing-room, together, you can say it for me."

Then there were the lessons upon conduct. For long months Ann drove the girl to the studio and took her home each evening. Helene's father, a retired army man, did not want his daughter in motion pictures. He had not wanted her to have dates with boys or take a position in the city. He knew the dangers which confront beauty. It had taken Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton many weeks to persuade this



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old-school father that motion pictures might spell opportunity. But when they had guaranteed her protection, he had consented. It was not until she had made five pictures that Ann agreed to her buying even a second-hand Ford and driving without her to the studio.

"There is no more need for a girl to do what is wrong in Hollywood than in any other place," Ann told the father and the girl. And added, to the girl: "It isn't that you would do wrong. But you cannot do two things at once. You cannot fall in love and have a career, too. Not in the beginning. You must make a definite place for yourself in pictures before you can think of husband or home. You are young. You are lovely. It is natural you should want romance. If you haven't the courage to turn it from you now—" Ann shook her head. "Look at the really successful actresses and check up on when they married. Before their first successes or after?"

Helene said she understood. It was easy for her to say that while her eyes looked into Ann's and saw visions of big cars, smart chauffeurs, tiled swimming pools and gleaming evening gowns. It was a simple thing to promise—then.

He was just an extra; socially like herself. He chanced to stand next to her on the set. Ann walked on. Helene turned to him. "Isn't she wonderful? Isn't she lovely? I never knew such a wonderful woman."

An innocent enough habit of this child—talking to anyone who happened to be near when she saw the one who had taken her from a garage on a chicken farm to the modern fairyland, called Hollywood. She always did it.

But he did not look at Ann, as Helene had expected. He looked at her; their eyes met. It was spring. Youth and spring. A combination Mother Nature intended for love.

HELENE did not go out with him. That is, not in the evening. But they did talk. They did have ice cream sodas. They did answer that springtime challenge.

Finally, with hundreds of people around them, he told her, "I love you. You love me—I know it. We must marry. We are only young once. We were made for each other. I am doing well. I shall have a bit in the next picture. You don't need to stop working for Ann; not altogether and not right away."

Then Helene told Ann the whole story. "I love him, Ann. We just couldn't help it. It just happened. What can we do about it?"

I wish we had a record of the talk between these two women—Ann, herself, so few years more than twenty! "I cannot decide this for you, Helene," she said. "It is your life. This crossroad comes to all modern women. Especially does it come to each girl trying to have a success in pictures. You can't do both. Not yet. No one wants you to promise never to marry, women should marry. But will this boy be the man you want, five years from now? If you go on to success, would you pick him? If you fail—" Ann sighed. "No one can promise you success, today. No one knows. You may fail and regret all your life you did not marry when love first whispered—"

Perhaps it is just as well we have no record of that night, when Helene had finished talking with Ann. Back and forth across that scarred linoleum on the garage-house floor. Ambition battling love. New to her, but as old as the stage itself, to those who have played upon it. Should Joan Crawford have married Michael Cudahy? She was little more than a Helene McAdoo when she was forced to the decision. Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland. Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper. Ah, we could go on forever. And those who had repudiated love and then failed in ambition? We have no records. They are not important enough to have records because failures are never important.

And the next day, Helene told him: "I do not want you to speak to me again, nor look at me, nor even think about me. I am going to take the chance which luck and Ann Dvorak gave me. I am not going to have even a date for five years. I cannot talk about it. I—I" And she ran to Ann, who understood so well that she did not speak, and she did not try to bring comfort when she knew there could be none immediately.

I TALKED with Helene today, in the little house which was once a garage. She did not know that she is to be put into stock and given lessons. I knew it, but I did not tell her. "In a year maybe," she told me. "I don't suppose anyone knows how much there is to learn about being an actress. Why, it took Ann years and years. Dancing lessons—everything. You just can't think of anything else. I don't know whether I'll ever get there!"

I don't know, either. Even Ann Dvorak doesn't know. She makes no promises. But Joan Crawford didn't know either when she gave Ann Dvorak a position as her stand-in—or Katharine Hepburn when she started Maxine Doyle in the same position.

Helene is Hollywood material in the raw. Her beauty is still as uncompleted as Joan Crawford's was when I first saw her. I can't tell you how stunned I was by the hour I spent with this youngster. Writing about Hollywood for so many years and still I had never realized the truth about our Cinderellas until this experience. Helene *is* a Cinderella. But she cannot become a princess overnight as even I, an old hand, had been accustomed to believe.

Perhaps I can explain best by saying, I went from Ann Dvorak's home to Helene's. Ann was in tennis shorts, eating breakfast. But even in shorts there was a glint, a polish, a smoothness about her that made you wonder if your own collar was quite straight and your shoes looked shined. And there was a poise, a control of muscles, expression, even *attitude* which made you sit a little straighter while you drank your cup of coffee. Of course, I didn't realize all this then. The poise, the smoothness, the lacquer was so natural that your reaction to it was equally normal. But it was only when I sat before Helene and watched the nervous little gestures of her hands, the self-conscious pitching of her voice, the obvious effort at ease that I understood about Hollywood Cinderellas. Every star I knew (who had not come from the stage) had been like that once. One after another they flitted across my memory. Ann, herself, when I first interviewed her. And she had finished "Scarface," too, and was the graduate of a boarding school; Jean Harlow, when I first saw her and she was divorcing a millionaire; Joan Crawford, with Broadway success to her credit; Norma Shearer, before stardom caught up with her. And suddenly I knew that polish is not natural but acquired. That stardom is not accidental but accomplished. That fame is not a come-hither proposition but the result of learning to wear well a golden slipper. And I knew that Helene McAdoo had told me a true story of Hollywood. If she can follow Ann's advice to the letter, and does not weaken in five years, she will have become a true Hollywood Cinderella. Today she is only one, a very lovely one, in the making.

Good News

(*Continued from page 55*)

Dick Powell would appreciate having that price tag removed with which Hollywood has labelled him, after acclaiming his as the biggest snap in the marriage market. Nor is Dick trying to strut the Prince of Wales stuff. He "jest ain't interested." And that's that.

That house he built lately set plenty of tongues wagging, but Dick claims that was just for the amusement of his friends. Well, it's plenty amusing. There's a disappearing wall in his library where Dick always serves drinks. He then distracts his guests' attention while the wall is rolled back, books and all. It's a swell way of economizing on liquor for the second round of drinks is invariably passed up.

■ ■ ■

Herbert Marshall revels in the role of strong, silent man on the screen. And non-pictorially, Mr. Marshall is still strong—but noisy; as evidenced by the rumpus he created in the Biltmore Theatre lobby, not so long ago. With Miss Gloria Swanson on his arm, he was beating a hasty retreat from the theatre, attempting a Garbo on the camera sleuths. He had outwitted 'em, all and just reached the door in safety, when one eagle-eyed photographer spied the couple, aimed his trusty weapon and shot. With a yelp of rage, Bert shook off Gloria and made a lunge at his adversary. "Gimme that plate, or I'll see that you lose your job!" he screamed, shaking the clever, young man 'til his clever teeth rattled. Now, the thing that has us puzzled is why a movie star should suddenly develop cameraphobia. 'Course, if there's good reason to be camera shy, that's his own affair—but why pick the Biltmore lobby to hide in?



You can't kid Bob Armstrong these days or get his goat either. The nanny was given to him and Bob is giving her the best of care. He's built a real Swiss goat house for his pet with elevated milking stand and all.

■ ■ ■

Paula Stone, of the "Stepping Stones" family, is headed now for a screen career. Recently she was rehearsing for a "short" out at RKO Studios, in a scene where she gets so huffy about her fiance's antics, that she pulls his ring from her finger and hurls it at him. Coming back from lunch on the day the real "take" was to be shot, Paula slammed her car door on her hand, with a result that all five fingers swelled up so that she could not even get the ring off! Make-up had to be applied over the ring, and another made, at least three sizes larger, for her to yank off in fury.

■ ■ ■

Helen Mack, the littlest girl with the biggest eyes in Hollywood, is at last honeymooning. Married last winter in an awful hurry to Director Charles Irwin, they planned to start their wedding trip that very weekend; and if you know anything a-tall about movies, you could appreciate the humor in such a situation. But the Irwins didn't see anything funny about it as month after month rolled by and still they could not get away more than a day at a time from their respective studios, and then never on the same day! But they're now in New York on a two-weeks leave of absence.

IT HAPPENED ONE HOT WASHDAY



NEXT WASHDAY





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"YESTERDAY IS TODAY"

BY DOROTHY DOW



Some people are lucky enough to live their whole lives through without ever finding out that yesterday becomes today. Some people wake suddenly from a golden haze, to see a figure confronting them—a face from the past! Something forgotten and done with, suddenly come to life; something alarming, dangerous! A figure from Yesterday saying: "Ah, you can't forget me. You can't pretend that I didn't exist. Because I am here. I am something real." *Could the past break up the one great love that had come to her?*
Read this thrilling story of a girl "with a past" in

SWEETHEART STORIES
AUGUST ISSUE

Can a Man Be True to One Woman?

(*Continued from page 38*)

known that it was there and had never given it a thought. One night my valet was holding my coat for me and in some fashion the pocket inverted and the gold-piece rolled out onto the floor. We searched for it, casually at first and then with increasing zeal. The search became more and more futile. Until, finally, we were in a sweat of exasperation and the gold-piece had become the primary factor in our lives. We didn't find it and gradually I came to suspect my valet of having found it and concealed the finding from me. I began to suspect chance acquaintances who dropped in. Until at last that commonplace, unimportant little piece of gold assumed staggering proportions in my mind, tarnishing my relationships with my servants and friends, inciting me to suspicions I had never thought of entertaining before.

IT was not, mind you, the value of the gold-piece. For it had had no value to me when I knew that it was safe in my pocket. It haunted my dreams at night and preoccupied my mind by day only because I did not know where it was, only because I did not know who had it. It was rolling gold and it had become abnormally valuable to me because of this.

"So," said Paul, "so had that woman I had loved been rolling gold to me. I did not know where she was more than half of the time. I knew that she was flirting with this friend of mine or that. I didn't know which one and so," Paul smiled that worldly-wise, woman-wise smile of his, "so the woman who would hold a man must be rolling gold. Or he must think that she is. She must keep him forever a little uncertain, perpetually on his hands and knees, trying to find her. For, obviously, the man who is on his hands and knees searching for one woman has no time, no eyes and no heart to search for another.

"But that quality of elusiveness," said Paul, "is not enough. If that is all a woman has to offer it becomes tiresome in time. To be forever on your hands and knees becomes more than tiresome, it becomes ugly. No, the woman who would hold a man for all of his life must also be able to give to that man the sense of home.

"Perhaps few women realize it, but homing is one of the strongest instincts in the soul, the heart, the body of a man. Whether he be an adventurer, an actor, a digger of ditches, a Casanova or a Lincoln he will want, sooner or later, to go home. And to the woman who gives him home he will go, always, inevitably, at last. He may flirt. He may visit the exotic salons of exotic women. But sooner or later he will remember the days of his boyhood when, after a day's hard play he wanted to go home to his mother. And *did* go home. He will turn back, the grown man, instinctively, to the woman who gives him what once his mother gave, warmth and lighted lamps and food and peace and sympathy. It may be a case of 'I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion;' but it is fidelity.

"In my marriage," said Paul, lowering his voice, "in this second and supremely happy marriage of mine, I have found the two qualities. And so when I tell you that even now I flirt, well, you may know that I am hopeless, a bad boy. Now I will tell another little story on myself to illustrate the fact that there is rolling gold in this marriage of mine. If I were wise I would not tell such a tale on myself. But what man is wise when he talks of woman and what man would want to be?

AT any rate, when I went to Europe last year I had to go alone because Daisy, my wife, had been very ill and was unfit to travel. While I was abroad I cabled her every other day and when I was ready to return I conceived one of those ideas which playwrights, such as Molnar and Schnitzler, use very successfully in their slightly naughty plays. I decided to stage a surprise return. To this end I had a friend of mine in Europe continue to send Daisy cables signed with my name. I reached New York and travelled to the Coast by devious means, planes and trains alternatively. I even chartered a special plane out of Texas in order to reach Palm Springs, where Daisy was staying, that much sooner. She had no idea that I had even left Europe.

"And so I arrived in Palm Springs late at night and drove at once to the apartment where she was staying only to be told that she had motored up to Beverly Hills that morning. The manager, recognizing me, allowed me to enter the apartment. Even then I was very nervous. Why had she suddenly gone to Beverly Hills? For what reason? I entered the apartment and found her bedroom door locked. Immediately I was seized with premonitory and melodramatic terror. Why was the door locked? Why? As frantically as once I searched for that bit of rolling gold I now searched for a way to enter that locked room. Finally, at risk of life and limb I managed to climb around the coping of the building and enter the room by the window. I looked about me, the look, no doubt, of one who expects to see a ghost. Finally, on her desk, I saw a scrap of note paper with some words written on it in her handwriting. With the horrid shamelessness of the suspicious male I read some such words as these, 'Thank you, dear, for all the bliss I have known in your embrace."

Paul laughed, a bit shakily. He said, "It was ridiculous. I had never had the shadow of a reason to suspect my wife of anything but the utmost fidelity, fondness, love. She had given me warmth and sympathy and affection and home. Perhaps because she had given me so much accounts for my unreasoning terror at any threat of losing her. Whatever the explanation, I was threatened with an actual vertigo! I felt sick and cold. My limbs were lead. I dashed out again, hired a car and drove like a madman all the way to Beverly Hills, making that insane run in less than two hours.

"I got to my house, rushed to my wife's room and all but frightened her to death! She couldn't, naturally, imagine who could be crashing in on her like that at the unholy hour of just-before-dawn. She began to scream and then when she realized that it was I, she sobbed and threw herself into my arms telling me of her relief, her joy at having me back again. And all the while I, still cold and sick, thought grimly, 'Ah, you behave like this when all the while I have this piece of paper in my pocket!' And then, unable to bear my choking agony in silence any longer I dramatically produced the piece of paper and confronted her with it.

"At first she was dazed. Then she began to laugh. Then she became, and

rightfully so, indignant with me for daring to question her. She told me that the words were those of a popular song which Bing Crosby sang on the radio and which she had started to write down! Without further ado she arose, put a record on the victrola and while I stood stupidly by, played back to me the very words written on that scrap of paper. Then, carefully, as one explains a simple fact to a child, she told me in words of one syllable why she had locked the door of her room—because she had left some of her best gowns, hats and ornaments there and wanted to make doubly sure they would be safe while no one was in the apartment."

Paul smiled, a little shamefacedly. He said, "That is a sorry tale for a grown man to tell on himself, isn't it? And a man married for several years, too. But silly as I felt, there in the dawn, in my wife's boudoir, my sense of relief was greater. And this does make the point of our discussion—a man can be faithful to one woman for all his life, providing she gives him the illusion of rolling gold and providing she gives him . . ." Here his voice trailed off, suddenly.

DAISY LUKAS came into the living-room of the apartment at this moment. She promptly ordered coffee for us and some delicious little Hungarian cakes. She adjusted a shade so that the sun would be softer. She touched the vases of flowers here and there. She said, kissing Paul an affectionate good-bye, that she was off to house-hunt again. She remarked to me that they were tired of apartment life, they wanted a house of their own again, a spacious kitchen, a garden. She reminded Paul that he had an appointment with the doctor at five and then she was gone. She is young and tailored and trim, with clear gray eyes and a wide red mouth, and her slight Hungarian accent matching Paul's, is really charming.

When she was gone he said, "She has finished my story for me. I was about to say that a man can be true for all of his life providing he meets the woman who can give him the illusion of rolling gold and the sense of home. I have told you of the rolling gold. Daisy, without words, has told you of how she gives me the sense of home. And she does . . . in every phase of the relationship between man and woman, our marriage is perfect, and yet," and Paul made a self-despairing gesture, "and yet I am flirting, a little, here and there . . .

"It is like this: On the stage or screen an actor is only as good as the part he plays and the picture he plays it in. Consider 'Little Women' and my very small part in that—yet because the picture was so fine it did me more good than many a larger part I have played. I am now under contract to M-G-M and I pray not for stardom, not even for very large parts, but for small parts in very fine pictures. Parts that I can do justice to.

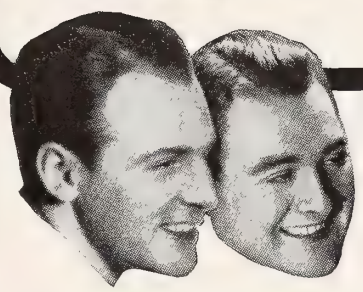
"So it is with fidelity, with marriage. A man is only as good as the part his wife requires him to play and the environment of home she creates for him to play that part in. There too, the role must be adapted to the man.

"That woman in Budapest—she was only the rolling gold. My first wife was an actress. She did not give me any sense of home.

"If a man meets the woman who gives both and meets her early enough in life he can be true—forever. I am convinced of that.

"I," laughed Paul, that naughty something in his gray eyes, "I did not meet Daisy early enough!"

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My Husband Is My Best Friend

(*Continued from page 43*)

shipboard, at the festival in Panama, in Cuba.

"These pictures are frightful of Frank," she said indignantly, letting her luncheon grow cold. "Look at this! And do look at this! Why in this one he doesn't even look shaved! He mustn't pose for the news photographers again. They never make him look himself at all."

There also were clippings, clippings which heralded this trip as a second honeymoon.

"A second honeymoon," Irene laughed. "As if there ever could be such a thing with the same man!"

I asked exactly what she meant. And she told me, as simply and directly and honestly as it is her habit to say the things she thinks.

"A honeymoon is wonderful, of course," she went on, smoothing her sweater contemplatively. "It's the time two people go off alone and do their utmost to remain alone. Not only because they are so new and exciting to each other. But because it is their chance to draw closer and prepare for the intimacy of the every day married life which lies ahead of them.

"However, feverishly romantic though it may be, it's also apt to be something of a strain. Because the two people haven't yet learned to relax with each other. Because they haven't had time to become truly good friends. Because they don't know all the little things about each other which only the intimacy and affectionate understanding of years brings."

She began pulling a great flat package out from behind the sofa, untying the cord, crackling the big stiff sheets of paper which wrapped it.

"It's much more fun to have been married for a matter of years, I think," she went on. "Then you have a dozen little agreements about some things and a dozen differences of opinion about other things. Then you know more of what the other fellow is thinking and feeling, irrespective of what he may be doing or saying for courtesy's sake or some other good reason. Then you're both interested in meeting new people and speculating about them later when you're alone. Then everything that happens to you, even a trifling event, is enriched by some similar thing you've already shared."

She had the package undone. In it were architect's drawings of a house to be built in Holmby Hills, provided the studios remain in Hollywood. Holmby Hills lies beyond Beverly and Bel Air. It is where Freddie March has built his charming new house. And where, just across from the Griffin acres, Claudette Colbert is breaking ground for her new home.

THERE was one view of the house from the front. Another showed the side and the patio. There were views of the lawns and gardens. And detailed views of the different rooms as they would look when the house was completed and they were curtained and furnished, with fires burning on their hearths and flowers from the cutting garden standing about in bowls.

"Home of Doctor and Mrs. Francis D. Griffin," was lettered on each drawing. Not "Home of Irene Dunne," mark you. And not even "Home of Irene Dunne and Doctor Francis D. Griffin." But what it really is to be, what their architect knew it would be after talking to these clients of his only a few times. For away from the studios, in spite of all her increasingly bright fame, Irene Dunne isn't at all the movie star, the celebrity. She is Mrs. Francis D. Griffin. First, last and always. Which undoubtedly has a great deal to do with the greatest friendship in the business world which I'll come to in good time.

I kept remembering, a day or two previously, when Irene had entertained representatives of the Irene Dunne Fan Club at a tea party. There had been a pretty girl there who came with the Yonkers contingent, a pretty girl of about fifteen, with eyes as deeply blue as the dress she wore. A dozen times that afternoon, with an adoring nod in Irene's direction, this girl had gone out of her way to explain "She's my aunt, you know!" And later when I asked her, "How does it feel to have a movie star in the family," Dorothea Griffin admitted with lovely naïveté, "Well, sometimes I wish Aunt Irene wasn't a movie star. I get jealous when I have to share her with a lot of people. Like this afternoon, for instance."

And I had thought that movie stars, if not prophets, sometimes are appreciated in their own countries, even in their own families. And that's *something!*

"You'll notice," Irene indicated the patio on the drawing, "that we've planned this as an extra living-room. We like to have breakfast outdoors on Sundays. And to read outdoors on warm evenings. It's enclosed on two sides by the wings of the house and on the third side by the loggia. The front looks out over the lawn straight to the ocean. See, the hill drops off here, just beyond our property. There never can be anything to block our view, to shut off the sea."

Frank Griffin won't be in California to live in that house all the time. Many months of the year he is obliged to be in New York where his practise is located. But it pleases him, sentimental as the next Irishman, to think of Irene in their home. And to look forward to the years ahead when they'll both find lives less busy and be there together all the time.

IRENE and I talked of her marriage. Of how she had taken what so easily might have become a marriage of inconvenience and shaped it into something fine.

"I admit," she said, "the separations are pretty lonely at times. They'd be unbearable, really, if it weren't for Frank's frequent telephone calls, put through after midnight when we can afford to talk much longer. But now that we're together for the time being, and I'm able to view our months of separation with some perspective, I'm not sure but that they haven't served us well.

"Perhaps if we'd been together all the time during the last four years we wouldn't be such good friends. Perhaps together all the time we'd have come to take each other more for granted; and find less zest in each other's company. How can anyone tell? Frankly, I'd almost be afraid to have things any other way than they have been. For fear it wouldn't have worked out as much fun.

"A month from now, of course, when I'm back in California and Frank is here and I'm missing him more than ever because I've just left him, you'll find me singing another tune. I'll be complaining that it's absurd for married people to permit three thousand miles to separate them. For the hysterical moment I'm even likely to be considering giving up my work. Although I know in my heart that I couldn't, that it's become too much a part of me."

As she talked I remembered some of the things which have forged the bond stronger between her and Frank Griffin. There was the time, some years ago, for instance, when she spent an entire Sunday rehearsing for her screen tests of "Cimarron" which she was to take the next day, although RKO were giving her these tests simply to please her, having no idea that she, a musical comedy star in their minds, could properly play Sabra Cravat.

On that day Frank Griffin remained with her closed in her room. He knew how much this meant to her. He watched the different effects she tried out and, now and then, helped with a suggestion. His cronies kept the telephone ringing constantly. They wanted him to join them on the links. Suppose Irene did have to work, that was no reason why he had to stay home. They didn't understand.

I also remembered Irene's frantic trip across the continent after the telephone call which advised her he had been rushed to the hospital for an appendicitis operation. At this time the newspapers insisted that, under cover of being in New York because he was ill, she had come on to ask for a divorce. Considering Frank Griffin's temporary weakened and depressed state those stories might have caused an upset. But because it was Irene who read him those stories, sitting close beside his bed, laughing, joking, meeting his eyes with her own eyes level, they could do no harm.

So it goes. It isn't, after all, so much the number of hours two people spend together as what they do with those hours. For with the years, her marriage to Frank Griffin has grown into that which can only exist in marriage and is at the same time the ultimate of marriage, namely the greatest friendship in the world.

Confessions of an Extra Girl

(*Continued from page 31*)

the heart of Hollywood was from Los Angeles. In Hollywood I went to the Plaza Hotel, because a friend of ours back East had stayed there. I left my bags and started out to look for an apartment.

When I signed the hotel register I wrote my name and then afterward wrote "actress," which will show you how silly I was. I get hot and cold when I think about that now and I wonder what that clerk thought of me.

THE next morning I moved into a cute little furnished apartment, for which I paid forty dollars a month. Before I unpacked I wrote on a piece of paper, "If I am not a star," and then I crossed that out and wrote, "If I am not a leading lady one year from today, I will go back home." The trouble was that I did not write the date down, so it is always a year from today. I am not a leading woman and that was five years ago. I am still in Hollywood—an extra girl!

I asked the lady at the desk of the apartment house how to get to Metro. At the studio I walked up to the gate and asked to see the casting director. He said that wasn't the right entrance and told me where to go. As I was standing there I saw a big black car drive up and I looked inside it and saw Garbo. It was strange, but I wasn't thrilled. I said to myself, "One year from today I'll be riding through this gate in a big car." Well, I did—and the car was bigger than Garbo's. It was a bus filled with extras going on location—and I was one of them!

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At the casting office they said I didn't have a chance. Then I went to all the studios and got the same story. I think it was about the fourth day and I was very discouraged when I met a woman at one of the studios who told me to go to the little company where I met the director I've already told about.

Now, maybe because I've told you that I'm still an extra after five years, you'll think that you're going to read all about how I struggled for a beginning, etc., etc., but my story is a little different from the average extra-girl story. I got into the movies with a bang—but the bang didn't keep up.

At this time long skirts were just coming in and only very ultra-smart women were wearing them. The rest of us had our hemlines just about at the knee. I remember that I had read an article in which Alice White said that no matter what other girls did she would always wear short skirts. And I thought I agreed with her.

One day I was coming home on a bus from Metro (I still persisted in going to the studios and begging for work) when a man came and sat down beside me and, when he spoke to me I thought that Dad was still right about Hollywood, because what the man said was, "You have very beautiful legs."

THAT, you must admit, is rather a unique way for a man to begin a conversation and I must say that I gasped and edged away from him because I was afraid of a repetition of the director episode.

Then he continued, "I'm an artist—a commercial artist—and I'm doing an ad for a local company—a stocking ad. Here's my card. Come to my studio tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. I pay a dollar an hour."

"But tomorrow's Sunday," I said.

"Yes, I know," he answered. He was a very handsome man with dark hair and deep brown eyes and I was afraid of him. I had heard of white slavery and all those things and besides I was in Hollywood to be an actress, not an artist's model. "I'm afraid I can't make it."

He shrugged his shoulders. "As you like, but if you change your mind come along." And then he moved to another seat in the bus.

He seemed so indifferent that I suspected a sinister trap. Besides, working on Sundays seemed most unusual. And just asking a girl in a bus to pose—well, that was all very irregular. So I had no intention of going to his studio. But fate meant otherwise.

That night when I got home and started out to do my little marketing I looked in my purse and discovered that instead of the ten dollars I thought was there there was only fifteen cents. I frantically searched in my coat pockets and everywhere that I might have put the money, but it was gone. Either my bag had been robbed or I had lost it. And here it was Saturday night, not a chance of getting into the bank until Monday, not a soul I knew to borrow from (even the woman who ran the apartment was away for the week-end) and I with fifteen cents. Besides, since I did marketing for several days on Saturday night, there was nothing in the house but some coffee—no bread, no sugar, no cream.

I looked at the artist's card and realized, from the address, that by street car it would cost me six cents to get there and another six cents to get back in case he wasn't there. So I went to bed that night having drunk just a little coffee (black) and woke up the next morning with my stomach growling.

At ten o'clock I presented myself at his studio and there had, I think, one of the most curious experiences of my life. How strange fate is! Had I not lost the ten dollars I wouldn't have gone to his studio. And going to his studio was the act that started my career in pictures!

(*To be continued*)

A Great Actress Puts on a Great Act

(*Continued from page 41*)

some way, we accomplish that awesome distance from the bar to a couch. Bergner sits straight in a corner. She is meeting the press.

Schenck walks across with some things on a plate—tiny canapés of caviar, salmon, anchovies. Bergner looks at the plate. She doesn't ask what it is. Score one for Schenck.

The press are arriving. They are arriving in droves. Chairs are drawn up in a semi-circle around Bergner, sitting so quietly in the corner of the lounge. The chairs are placed so that one thinks we are shortly to play a parlor game and Bergner will be "it."

The press begin to ask questions.

"Who is your favorite actor?"

"I would rather not say."

They persist. "But surely there is no harm in mentioning your favorite. If we asked you to say which one you didn't like that would be different."

"No, no, I say no favorites."

But the press will not let her off. They are stubborn now. They insist she answer. Schenck insists.

"All right. I say my favorite. Charlie Chaplin."

It is like a name from the past. Suddenly it is as if the little man in his derby hat, his enormous shoes, his flexible cane is standing in the room. Charlie Chaplin. Why, we had almost forgotten that he existed. Is she kidding? No, you can look at her face and tell that she isn't.

"Diss ordeal," she says. "I have not slept for two nights. I worry about diss ordeal. For six years I have no interviews."

Ah, the ordeal, then, is meeting the press.

"And is it as bad as you thought it would be, Miss Bergner?" a reporter asks.

She looks at him straight. "Worse."

We feel uncomfortable.

Someone asks her about her new play, the one Sir James Barrie has written for her.

"I cannot say what it is like. I must not say. No."

"Is it a modern play?" someone asks.

"No, no, not modern."

"Is it whimisical?"

"No, no, not whimsical."

"Is it very dramatic?"

"No, no, not very dramatic."

Schenck, standing behind the lounge, leans over and asks, "Is it mineral?"

Now that is rather funny. But the crack gets a much bigger laugh than it deserves just because we all want to laugh and relieve the tension. We laugh. Oh, we laugh a great deal.

THEY try now to make her speak of her personal life. We edge our chairs forward.

"Do you like having your husband direct you in pictures, better than if someone else did?"

Bergner shrugs her shoulders. "I cannot say. No one but my husband has directed me."

That washes up Bergner's personal life.

"Are you going to Hollywood?"

"No, oh no, my contract is for Europe."

"Would you like to go to Hollywood?"

She smiles, "I feel dat I am not for Hollywood."

"Why?"

"I do not know. I cannot explain. To see it, yes, I should like to see it quietly. But work dere—no."

She has seen nothing of New York—only her hotel room, and the theatre—she cannot say whether she likes it or not. Many lies have been said about her. That she brought a cook from Vienna, (she did not bring a cook from Vienna.) That she spent her time between performances walking her dog. (Her dog is safe at home in Vienna.) True, that she is frightened of interviews. Will she wait six years to give another? It depends, she answers, upon the outcome of this one.

Her first performance of any play is always bad, she says, because she is so nervous. And she is nervous on succeeding nights if there is someone in the audience she knows. She is, you see, shy.

And yet as I sat there watching her, a little thing in an unbecoming frock, sitting in one corner of the couch, evading the questions shot at her by the hundreds of people sitting on uncomfortable chairs, it occurred to me as strange that anyone so truly shy would choose the acting business as a profession. For any girl knows that she must face people, that she is bound to be stared at, that she will be asked questions if she decides to go on the stage or appear before the camera. Are these shy ones then, really shy? Or are they—oh, perish the thought you wicked woman—just putting on an act?

Act or not, Bergner's is effective. The reporters next day after the "interview" described her as small, vivid, vital. They said she was nervous at first but quickly overcame it.

I sat there wondering if she really were nervous. Heaven knows, I'd be, having all those people sitting around staring at me. But I'm not an actress. I'm one of the ones who sit around and stare.

If you must know the truth, I'm getting a little weary of shy actresses. There are so many professions in the world which don't make one nervous. But—and do the girls consider this?—these professions do not pay the magnificent salaries paid to screen stars.



Elisabeth Bergner and Hugh Sinclair in "Escape Me Never."

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See Page 46

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Gable Flipped a Coin

(*Continued from page 45*)

would take him. He wished that he might turn this offer down, but he could find no other work and he reasoned, sensibly, that beggars must not be choosers.

The contract was ready for him. Sorry that events had forced him to sign it, he set out from his boarding house to go to the office and put his name on the dotted line.

Some carpenters were working in the hall. He hurried past them and in so doing his coat caught on a nail and he heard the disheartening rip.

CLARK examined the tear. He could certainly not appear in any manager's office in a coat like that, and the discouraging part was that he had but one other suit. However, there was nothing for him to do but to change his clothes.

He went back to his room, got out his other suit and just as he was leaving the house once more, being very careful of the carpenters' nails, the telephone rang. The message was for him. His agent told him that he had just been offered a nice part in a good legitimate company!

So if he had not been delayed by having to change clothes, if the nail had not been there, he would have been out of the house when the call came and his name would have been affixed to the vaudeville contract and there would have been nothing for him to do but to give up the good role and go on the road. Fate? Chance? What?

Number four: Had a flipped coin not turned up heads Gable might never have come to the attention of the Los Angeles producers.

He had been in Portland, Oregon, after a stroke of bad luck, working as an adtaker on the *Oregonian*, a newspaper there. Stranded by a defunct stock company, he had taken the job to ward off starvation. Meantime he kept in touch with friends in New York who were instructed to notify him when new casting for stock companies began. A letter came, urging him to return to New York. He had no money and was wondering how it would feel to ride the freights when a friend of his, an actor, turned up in Portland. This man was bound for Hollywood in a ramshackle car. He invited Clark to come along. Reluctantly, Gable went.

He searched desperately for work in the theatrical world and was at last offered a bit part in "What Price Glory." He thought himself worthy of a better break. After all, he had played leads in stock. After all, he was an actor, not a bit player. If he took this role, it would be as if he had started from the bottom again. And, heaven knows, he had fought his way desperately already. But he needed money. He had to eat. Should his career or his stomach come first?

He decided that this time he would trust utterly to luck. He flipped a coin. "Tails I take the bit, heads I don't." The coin spun in the air and rested on the back of his hand. He looked at it. It registered heads!

WITH a very empty feeling in the pit of his stomach he refused the part. And for two weeks regretted the coin's decision. Yes, he regretted it for two weeks only, for at the end of that time a second unit of the show was formed and Clark was offered a good part. And the strange thing was that the second unit soon became, in reality, the first. Furthermore, it played in Los Angeles while the other company was on the road.

And thus Clark came to the attention of the producer, Louis MacLoon, who gave him the ranking male lead of Sgt. Quirt when Hale Hamilton left the company.

Number five: If he had not had faith in the first flipped coin and put his trust in another, he might never have been seen by the movie moguls.

On the New York stage, Gable had gained some fame in a play called "Machanal," a Broadway hit. MacLoon wired Clark asking him to take the lead in "The Last Mile" at a salary bigger than any he had had. At this time, Clark wasn't in need of money and, of course, the Broadway theatre is much more important than the Los Angeles stage. Again, what to do? Make extra dollars on the Coast and perhaps miss out on a Broadway show, or hang around the Big Town waiting for a part? The coin had steered him straight once before. Perhaps it would do so again. He flipped a quarter. It advised him to go West. And it was because of this role that he got his first screen test.

The rest is woven inextricably into the pattern of movie history.

If, if, if . . . How many "ifs" are there in your life? Are all of us—you and I and Clark Gable—predestined, and are these seemingly casual occurrences that vitally change our lives simply fate working in her mysterious fashion? Or is it just chance and luck?

I leave it up to you. What do *you* think?

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 11*)

black coffee. This is not because Myrna is dieting or counting her calories, but because she thinks desserts as a steady thing lack interest, preferring the piquant taste of a perfect salad to set off her meal. If you were invited to dinner at the Loy apartment (Myrna does not own her own home, living at the moment in a swanky Beverly Hills apartment hotel), chances are that Myrna would have Carolina initiate you into the mysteries of her spicy "Taquitos." The only concession to the conventional dinner would be a cooling ice at the end of the meal. The Loy menu, as made out for me by Carolina, would read something like this:

Consommé
"Taquitos" A favorite salad
Fresh Raspberry Ice
Coffee

This would be followed by a bit of conversation and then an evening of rapt attention to Myrna's new phonograph which plays twenty-four records, continuously, without its proud owner laying a finger upon it. You'd hear Ravel's "Bolero" and symphonies directed by world-famous conductors, if you were Myrna's guest. Myrna owns a thousand records!

It all sounds simple and unstudied,

doesn't it—especially the dinner. But the consommé would be clear as an unclouded crystal ball, the "Taquitos" would be superb in their rich tomato sauce, the green salad would be a masterpiece, the ice a frozen nectar and the coffee black, steaming, pungent, with perhaps a dash of cognac!

Simplicity, in itself, is often a highly cultivated art, you know, an essential truth which Myrna has discovered in the midst of her astounding success. Above all she realizes that the best part of success is not that it brings her sables and square-cut emeralds, but that it allows her the rare privilege of doing just what she prefers to do. And that is to read, listen to fine music, idle away her leisure hours as she wishes, and partake of delightful meals of her own choosing.

But let's get back to Myrna's salads, about which I promised to tell you. For Sour Cream Salad, Carolina buys French endive. Following the washing and chilling ritual described above, she removes the endive, crisp and cold from the refrigerator, mixes it with a simple French dressing made in a bowl which has been rubbed lightly with garlic, and arranges the leaves like a giant sunflower on a flat dish. In the center of the dish, nestling in decorative chicory, is placed a smaller dish of sour cream to which a dash of salt has been added. In serving, a spoonful of sour cream is placed on the dressing. You can see how it looks from the photograph. This salad was made up for picture purposes by Carolina, just as she makes it for Miss Loy.

THE other salad pictured is one that Carolina serves often, as Myrna enjoys having it as a solitary dish for a refreshing summer lunch. Choosing a large avocado, Carolina washes it carefully and halves it lengthwise. The halves are then placed, without removing the shell, on lettuce leaves. The large seed is removed, of course, and in its place is inserted half of a hard-cooked egg, cut in half lengthwise. The entire salad is then drenched with French dressing.

As another summer luncheon dish Myrna frequently asks for Salad Caviar. For this Carolina takes a head of lettuce and shreds it. She chops radishes, celery, green onions, green peppers and ripe olives very finely and adds them, together with some minced parsley, to the shredded lettuce. And now comes the final touch that makes this a very distinguished salad indeed—a little dish of mayonnaise covered with caviar in the very center of the salad bowl!

Just as Carolina is inflexible about metals in salad-making (except for the sometimes necessary chopping knife), so is she insistent about using her own mayonnaise. This she makes up in large quantities, storing it afterwards in the refrigerator. When Thousand Island Dressing or Russian Dressing is wanted, Carolina just adds the necessary ingredients to her "Special Mayonnaise." If you want to have her recipes for all three of these dressings as served to Myrna Loy and her guests, all you have to do is send for this month's recipe folder.

Another of the cards in the Modern Hostess Leaflet will give you directions for making that "Salad De Luxe" that I mentioned before. This salad borders on sweetness, but, despite that fact, it is one of Myrna's favorites. I was delighted, therefore, to be able to get the recipe for you. It combines unusual ingredients, but is most simple to make. Fnd out for yourself how good it is by sending in the coupon for your *free* copy of the recipes.

Salads, of course, are not the only dishes that make their appearance on Myrna's

Speedy! Easy! Grand!

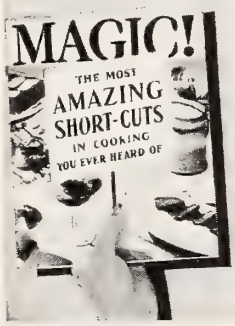


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luncheon table. "Waffles Carolina" bob up with great frequency too, I learned. It seems that once you have sampled a "Waffle Carolina," like an elephant, you never forget!

"I have never eaten anything like them!" Myrna told me. "I never cared much about waffles until my secretary asked me to let her make some by her own special recipe. I said 'yes' casually—but my enthusiasm after tasting them was positive. It must be the corn meal that makes them unlike anything I ever ate. I am going to ask her to give you exact directions for making them," Myrna promised. "They are simply grand for any moment of the day, from breakfast to a midnight snack."

Well, I did get the recipe, and if you send for it I can guarantee that you'll find these waffles just as good as Myrna declared them to be.

THE final dish on the list of Loy favorites is a bit complicated but it's well worth trying. It's a recipe for those Mexican "Taquitos." With their spicy seasoning and delicious sauce, they are guaranteed to stimulate the appetite for an otherwise ordinary meal. If you want to make a tired husband happy or make dull guests sparkle, serve this exotic dish, made according to directions given me by Miss Loy's Carolina. The recipe calls for "Tortillas"—an Indian equivalent for American bread—which can be bought in the Mexican quarter of many cities, but which also can be made at home very simply. A West Coast milling company—the Globe Mills—has worked out an excellent Tortilla recipe which I have included with Carolina's directions for making the special chicken filling and extra special sauce that change "Tortillas" into "Taquitos" to the betterment of both!

Salads with sex appeal, originality and a sense of humor, did we say? Well, wait until you taste "Taquitos"! They have downright glamor! And why shouldn't they have—they're a Myrna Loy favorite.

Just think, recipes for not one but four of her favorite foods are included in this month's Modern Hostess Recipe Leaflet—"Taquitos," "Waffles Carolina," "Salad De Luxe" and Carolina's "Special Mayonnaise" with two variations, "Russian" and "Thousand Island" dressing. So send for your *free* copy now—at once and forthwith. If you don't you'll be sorry. And so shall I be, that you missed out on this extra-special chance to eat the same foods that Myrna Loy likes, made by just the same recipes that are used in that charming star's Hollywood home.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

Please send me Myrna Loy's recipes for August, 1935.

Name.....
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All About the Great Mae West Marriage Question

(*Continued from page 28*)

think he wanted to pose for phony pictures. I think he meant to take a picture of Mae and put one of his pictures next to it, and to state honestly that it was a composite, showing them as they appeared twenty-four years ago. But it did sound funny.

So much so that the Editor told me to investigate the story and find out whether or not Mae was married, and if so, was *this* Frank Wallace her husband.

Come along and play detective with me. We'll find out some strange and startling facts.

First we go down to the Court of General Sessions, where on September 19, 1927, Mae was sentenced to ten days in jail on the immoral performance charge. They show us the copy of the pedigree, to which she swore. "Married?" it asks. "Yes," Mae answers. "Age?" and she replies, "Twenty-six."

NOW if Mae were telling the truth, under oath, she would have been ten years old in 1911, when the supposed marriage took place—and ten-year-old girls aren't getting married in Milwaukee, where the minimum age for brides with parents' consent is fifteen, and without it, eighteen.

But what about her statement that she is married? We'll go and ask Clarence W. Morganstern, producer of the banned play, who was sentenced at the same time.

"I've known Mae since she was eight years old," says the veteran producer. "I first met her when she was playing in stock at the Gotham Theatre in Brooklyn. Roles like Lovey Mary in 'Mrs. Wiggs' and Little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' At that time she was about eight or ten years old. When was it? Well, I started working with her in 1913, only two years afterward.

"Mae never was in Milwaukee in 1911. The first trip she made there was only a few years ago, when she toured with the 'Diamond Lil' show.

"Don't forget, there was a different Mae West in burlesque. I knew her. She was a brunette—weighed about 135 to 140 and was about twenty years old in 1913. The girl in the pictures which so far have been printed in the newspapers is not the Mae West of the films. She didn't look anything like that."

"But," I interrupted, "Wallace says Mae was a brunette when he married her."

"Then it was a different Mae," Morganstern replied. "Mae of the movies was never a brunette, though her hair wasn't always as light as it is today. Why, you can prove it—she has a very fair complexion and violet eyes. Why don't you ask Ned Wayburn? He taught her to dance."

I took Mr. Morganstern's tip and called upon Wayburn, who used to stage the great Ziegfeld extravaganzas and has an international reputation for honesty and ability.

MR. WAYBURN was rehearsing the chorus for a new show when I called at his studio. I explained the problem to him. He let the girls sit down for a breathing spell.

"Mae was in the 'Folies Bergere,' which I directed. She was a principal. Let me think a minute. Yes, the date was about the spring of 1911, and Mae wasn't over thirteen at the time. She may have been younger; she was a hearty, well-developed girl, and we always said she was older than she really was, because her extreme youth might have caused comment."

"Was she a blonde or a brunette then?"

"Neither." He pointed at a girl. "Oh, Miss! You in the corner. Stand up, please." The girl rose. "That's just about the color Mae's hair was; judge for yourself."

The girl's hair could have been called either very light brown or rather dark blonde. But she certainly wasn't a brunette.

Then Mr. Wayburn continued, "You know, there have been several Frank Wallaces. Franklin Wallace was a singer and a good actor—but *not* a dancer. He never appeared with Mae. Another was a singing waiter at a Bowery cabaret. A third, now dead I believe, was in 'Diamond Lil,' which Jack Linder produced.

"I know that Mae was in vaudeville between stage show engagements, with Harry Richman as her pianist. And while I cannot take my oath that she was not on the road in 1911, I doubt it very much, as she appeared in a vode sketch called 'Hello, Paris' here in the East, and I doubt if it ever got west of the Mississippi."

That seems to substantiate Mae's story, but let's pay a visit to Jack Linder.

"I've known Mae only since 1928," says he, "but I'm inclined to believe that Wallace is telling the truth. He talks very convincingly, and Mae is old enough to have been seventeen or eighteen in 1911."

"Is it true that she got Frank Wallace a job in 'Diamond Lil'?"

"Yes—but it wasn't this Frank Wallace. It was another man by the same name. He's dead now, but while he was in the show, he stuck awfully close to her. Here's a picture of them." And he showed me a photo of Mae getting into her car—an unmistakable Mae, this time, with a man standing in the background. This man, Mr. Linder said, was the "Diamond Lil" Wallace. "Maybe *they* were married," he added, "but I'm inclined to think it was really the one who now claims to be her husband."

George Lederer, also a producer, broadcasts his "reminiscences" over radio station WINS, giving a dramatization of the West-Wallace marriage. In a radio sketch and talk he definitely stated that Wallace taught Mae to sing and dance; that they were married in Milwaukee; that Mae had a good job offered her and ditched Frank to take it. We call Lederer on the phone and make an appointment. It turns out that his entire "knowledge" of the case is garnered from reading the newspapers of a few days ago, save that he thinks he saw Mae once, twenty years ago. His whole testimony may be discarded.

But he has given us an idea. We look over the old newspaper files on Mae. The earliest we can find is from *Variety* of January 20, 1912, and refers to "her recent vaudeville appearances"—not with Wallace, but with the Girard Brothers. The *World*, about the same time, says that she is "new to vaudeville," but spells her name "May." Is it the same girl?

IN February, 1913, the *Atlanta (Ga.) Journal* prints a cartoon of Mae West, a *blonde*, playing the Grand Theatre there. The *Columbus (Ohio) Journal*, of November 4, 1913, calls our Mae "America's *youngest* temperamental come-

Does he call you up the next morning?

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dienne," which lends weight to Mr. Morganstern's statement that she used to give impersonations of Lillian Russell, Eva Tanguay and other celebrities of the day. Other crumbly, yellow old clippings substantiate things Mr. Wayburn has told us, and others reveal further information, such as that she made her first Louisville appearance in 1914.

And a Wallace crops up in her life in the papers of 1927. This was James Garret Wallace, the District Attorney who prosecuted the play "Sex" and got a conviction against Mae. The next day the N. Y. *Tribune* says that Mae was "twenty-six and *unmarried.*" In 1930, Sidney Skolsky does a personality story on her in the *Daily News* and says that her insurance policy gives her birthday as August 17, 1900. This corroborates Morganstern, Wayburn, the indictment and Mae's own word. It makes Wallace's story look thin.

And in a story published under her own signature in the *Daily Mirror,* Mae says she was known as "The Baby Vamp" in 1920. They might call a girl of twenty a "Baby Vamp"—but not a woman of nearly thirty. She also says she went to Wayburn when she was thirteen after playing vaudeville in the East—and Wayburn not only agrees on this, but dates it as being the spring of 1911.

Then we skip those clippings which deal only with her more recent stage and screen activities and leap right into the present case.

Lew Wallace, brother of the Frank who was with Mae in "Diamond Lil" says, in the *Daily Mirror* of April 23, 1935, that his brother Frank, who died on June 7, 1933, never was in vaudeville until 1918, and was only about sixteen or seventeen in 1911, anyway. Al Rigali, stage manager of the show, however, voiced his opinion that Mae was married—but to the Frank who died, "because he could always make a touch."

Harry Fields, an old-time burlesque man of Boston, stated in the same paper that "everybody" knew Frank and Mae were married. But it was impossible to learn which Frank and (more important) WHICH MAE!

ANOTHER story points out that Mae's mother would be only fifty-three if alive today. This means, if we accept Wallace's story, that Mae was born when her mother was only twelve years old, which is rather difficult to believe. However, if Mae is to be believed, Mrs. West was only eighteen at that time—surely old enough to become a mother. But the statement of Mrs. West's age is not confirmed by any other data.

Far from it! In an obituary published in the *Times* on January 28, 1930, two days after Mae's mother died, we find "Funeral services for Mrs. West, who was fifty-six years old, will be held at the Fairchild Chapel." Fifty-six in 1930. That means, "born in 1874." If Mae was born when Mrs. West was twenty, Mae was seventeen or eighteen in 1911.

This is further borne out by a Brooklyn shopkeeper, who knew the family since before Mae's birth. She said, "My daughter was a year or a year and a half old when Mae was going to school—and my daughter is thirty-six now, so Mae must be about forty or forty-two." Which would confirm the *Times'* figure, and the possibility of a 1911 marriage.

Miss Jean Gary, a writer for magazines, is also a former neighbor of Mae's. Jean's brother, John, was a good friend of Mae's brother, Johnnie. "I remember Mae on the stage of the Jamaica Theatre. It was the last year I lived in Woodhaven." says Miss Gary, "so that makes it 1917. Mae was not over seventeen or eighteen even then, I'm sure." And this corroborates other indications that Mae was far too young to marry anybody in 1911.

In February, 1933, the *Daily News* printed an interview in which Mae admitted being twenty-nine. The reporter commented that records show her to be 33, (which checks with what we have) and continues, "some Broadwayites say she is older." It adds that she played Little Marie in "Ten Nights," "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and similar roles from 1909 to 1912, in Hal Clarendon's Brooklyn stock company, thus further refuting Wallace's claim.

Another paper, the *Sun,* quotes an interview with Frank's mother, Mrs. Anthony S. Szatkus, whose husband is a carpenter. Lee W. Beilin (of whom more anon), Wallace's attorney in his suit to determine his marital status, confirms this as being Wallace's father's name. But on the marriage record, the husband's father is listed as "Joe Wallace"—a name very unlike Anthony Szatkus—though it does state he was born in Russia. And Frank does claim Lithuanian descent.

Mr. Beilin is firmly convinced that Wallace is really Mae's husband. What decided him is the photostat of the marriage certificate—some old pictures (including the one which Morganstern states is not Mae's)—and some "other documentary evidence." He wouldn't say what this was, because he does not want to expose his evidence until the case comes to trial—if it ever does.

But was the Frank Wallace of "Diamond Lil," the son of Joe Wallace and Anna Babria? I cannot tell you. His brother and sister, both of whom live in the Bronx, refuse to answer requests for information. Do you suppose he may have been, and that they do not want it known? Can you think of any reason for their silence if this is not the case?

Wallace has been giving his version of the Mae West marriage story in the *New York Daily Mirror.* In it he mentions names and dates. It's all very convincing.

But———

ONE of the people he mentioned as having appeared in a show with him and Mae in the days of their married bliss is Sophie ("Last of the Red Hot Mommas") Tucker. I called her to ask if she remembered the marriage.

The next evening her secretary phoned me. Miss Tucker couldn't comment. Why couldn't she comment? *She had no recollection of the matter!*

So another Wallace claim bit the dust.

Wallace also refers to Harry Richman, the radio and night club star. I called Harry at the Club Versailles and asked him what he knew. "I was with Mae in vaudeville for about a year and a half, around 1923. At that time I knew nothing about Wallace, or even any marriage of Miss West's. I never even heard of him until he made his statement in the papers."

And Harry Richman was Mae's pianist—actually in her act. If she had ever let a word slip about this supposed marriage, he would have heard it.

Art Egan, broadcaster over WMCA and associated stations, toured the same circuit with Mae and Harry, twelve years ago. He knew them both, as well as people who make extended trips together do get to know each other. "Mae was a regular fellow," says Egan. "Everybody liked her, for she was good company, even if she didn't smoke or drink. I've talked to her a lot—and there was never any indication that she was married to anyone. And remember, that was before Mae made her big success. She had no reason for hiding a husband then. If she

had been married, I'm sure she would have mentioned it, for home life is a favorite topic among stage people. Her age? Well, I always thought she was about my age—not over a year or two older. And I'm thirty-six this year."

So, according to Egan, Mae couldn't have been over thirteen in 1911, just as others who know her well have said.

Wallace has also said that Mae divorced him in 1915 or 1916. This would be convincing proof of a marriage if Mr. Wallace could tell where the action took place. But now it is said to be a fraudulent divorce, for though Wallace claims the papers were served on him by Mae's own sister, Beverly, Mr. Beilin's search for the records in the three Long Island counties where it might have been filed has been unavailing.

In fact, Mr. Wallace has been very hazy on data which might be checked, and proved or disproved. He remembered a beautiful day—a week or two before the marriage—but could not recall whether or not it rained on the wedding day. "I was too happy to notice," he said. But the weather bureau could have told whether or not his recollection of the weather was correct. He could not remember what the judge who married them looked like—the judge is still alive and could have checked that statement. And so forth.

For that matter, the judge did, very kindly, agree to give MODERN SCREEN some information bearing on the case.

THE application for a license," said Judge Joseph E. Cordes, "was filled out by the county clerk's office, but it had to be signed by one of the parties. I am enclosing a copy of the certificate, showing how it was filled in and filed."

According to the best information I have been able to get, neither Frank nor Mae signed the application.

"Arthur Shutkin," Judge Cordes continued, "was the clerk at that time and sent quite a few out-of-town couples to me—I haven't any independent recollection of the event."

And when I asked Mr. Shutkin, he could recall nothing about it, either.

Nor, for that matter, did Martin T. Plehn, who was County Clerk when somebody or other got married in Milwaukee in 1911. But Mr. Plehn not only confirmed the salient facts given by Judge Cordes, but contributed a vital piece of new evidence. He sent along a tracing of the signature which the Frank Wallace who really did marry a Mae West, signed to the legal documents. Here, at last, was something to prove or disprove the present Wallace's claim that he was the same man.

I phoned Attorney Beilin and asked for a copy of this Wallace's signature, as he writes it today. Mr. Beilin said that he didn't see any reason why he should let us have it. We certainly could *not* have it unless he could see our copy of the old signature first. Unfortunately, our copy was being photographed for a cut. But we wondered whether Mr. Beilin doubted that the two signatures might be similar, and whether we could get a copy of this Wallace's signature if it was very unlike that which Mr. Plehn had supplied. Oh, how we wondered!

Mrs. Szatkus says her son married "a Mamie West." Frank says he married her in 1911 when she was 16 or 17 (note how the age has shifted since his first story). One paper states that Mae and Frank were playing the Gaiety Theatre in Milwaukee at the time of the alleged marriage; another quotes the Charles Fox Theatre manager as saying, "I have looked up all my old records. Miss West did not play here in 1911. Neither did Wallace."

Mae, on getting that information, remarked, "Well, I guess that settles it."

And I guess it does—except that the *Milwaukee Journal* carried a review of the Gaiety Theatre's show in April, 1911. It mentions "Mae West and FRED Wallace, singers and dancers."

My money says it was two other people, or at least one other.

Wanna bet?

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 8*)

★★★ Hooray for Love (RKO)

Here's just another musical comedy, using the tried and true formula of backstage plottings and front-stage entertainment. We could have enjoyed ourselves just as well by not going back-stage, as the goings-on there were pretty dull. Gene Raymond is the young producer, with just one idea on his mind—Ann Sothern. Ann looks like a million and acts when she gets a chance. However, the orchids should be distributed for the musical and dance numbers. Bill Robinson flashes dem eyes and dose feet in the hottest jazz routine he's done to date—which is saying something; while Maria Gambarelli floats through a contrastingly ethereal ballet number with remarkable grace. Pert Kelton steals the comedy honors with her swell performance of an awful performance as the self-appointed star, being convinced that her *"ingenity"* will save the show. There are a couple of catchy tunes besides "Hooray For Love" that are destined for popularity. If dancing and music make up for the lack of a good story, in your opinion, you'll not go wrong on this number.

Preview Postscripts

Tapper Bill Robinson's career has been as cullud as his complexion. Claims he was "jest bo'n lazier'n ten debbils" and that his famous feet just dance by themselves. Never went to school—couldn't see the point of head-learning when his brains were in his feet. Had a go at several "positions" in his youth—shoe-shining, crap-shooting, etc., before he got his feet on the first rung of the success ladder back in a Harlem night-club—and he's tapped his way up steadily and gracefully ever since. . . . Maria Gambarelli's worked like ten other debbils to get where she is. . . . Starting out as a child to become a concert pianist, she worked her small fingers to the bone. Deciding it was through dancing she could best express herself, she worked her small feet into the same condition. . . . However, they were still good 'nuff to bring her over to the Roxy at 15 where she became the premiere danseuse. . . . See "Good News" and Bad for Mr. Raymond. . . . Pert Kelton's the Female Menace of Movies—she'll steal any picture given just half a chance. She roused the Bennett (Connie) ire once. Not a hard thing to do, but a hard thing to take.

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★★★ Murder in the Fleet
(M-G-M)

Now we have mystery and murder, chills and thrills moved into the Navy, with all the action taking place on one of Uncle Sam's battleships. It seems that a fire control gear for guns has strayed or been stolen and everybody and everybody's friend is under suspicion. Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy are the only two nobody wonders about, and when you see their antics, you'll realize why. The only thing that pair would be capable of stealing is the picture—which is certainly no mechanism for a sixteen-inch gun! However, there are plenty of people to worry about and the suspense is upheld right through to the final sequences. Robert Taylor, Metro's new leading man, once again gives a fine account of himself and Arthur Byron makes a convincing commander. Una Merkel is the gal who loves a sailor—or any number of them—and is as pert and peppy as usual in a now familiar role, and Jean Parker is, of course, the ingenue.

Preview Postscripts

The big battleship you'll see in this picture is, when stripped of its decks and funnels, Set 15 on the M-G-M lot. Disillusioning? That's us—always spoiling somebody's fun! However, the location shots were made on a real boat anchored just off San Pedro. A lot of people said there was a real romance aboard, too—Robert Taylor and Jean Parker. But, truly, they are in love with a coupla other people. Disillusioning again? Yep, that's us— a "tearer-downer." Metro found Bob in a college play. They feel they have a future Gable on their hands. We feel that they're right. Bob's without temperament and with ability, so he's starting out well annahoo. . . . If little Miss Parker cut out the gooeyness, she'd have a better chance. You can't be as sweet as a chocolate cream all the time without sating the public. Jean's chaperone orta point that out to her. . . . Una Merkel, praise be, isn't the cheeky, little number she plays on the screen. She's a lady "what likes to act lady-like.". . . And Mr. Healy, well, any of you who remember vaudeville when it was a two-a-day proposition instead of something with which to surround the feature picture, remember Mr. Healy.

★★★ The Nitwits (RKO)

If you have a taste for comedy served up raw, you'll relish this one. If your preferences run to having it rare and well done, however, this latest Wheeler-Woolsey slapstick will be hard to take. Besides using their usual giggle-getter gags, W. and W. have enlarged their histronic field by including thrill'n'chill-getters in their repertoire, as a good juicy murder occurs in this story and our heroes are tangled up puh-lenty in it. There's nothing slow about the action, either, what with all the Keystone cops on the trail of the Wheeler-Woolsey gang and resulting in a couple of first-class, free-for-all, knock-down, drag-em-out battles. The very good supporting cast includes Hale Hamilton, Evelyn Brent, Fred Keating and Betty Grable. Mr. Keating's a crook after our own heart and Charlie Wilson must've done some real detectiving on the side in days gone by, for he's that good as a reel detective.

Preview Postscripts

Bleeve it or not, Mr. Ripley—but Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Woolsey are as funny off the screen as on. On every set they've ever worked a few cracked ribs to the other actors are practically guaranteed. In fact they can even make each other laugh. And after being a stage comic team for several years before crashing the movies six years ago, these two should certainly be on to one another's antics. The only thing Wheeler doesn't think funny about Woolsey is the daily dozen cigars he consumes, and the only thing Woolsey gets griped at is watching Wheeler do away with several dozen apples per day. Production costs were cut down considerably on this flicker, since the director kept the boys so busy running away from the cops that there wasn't much time to indulge their weaknesses. . . . Fred Keating's another genuine cut-up. Famous for his magician's tricks out here in Hollywood, he can make anything disappear but that state tax on fillum. . . . Betty Grable's the collitch boys' weakness—and no wonder. Started singing those bluesy, woosey songs with orchestras, landed at the Cocoanut Grove with a famous orchestra, and in one week was signed at the studios. That's Betty—snappy. . . . RKO held Old Home Week the day Evelyn Brent arrived on the set. Everyone was humming "Auld Lang Syne" or were busily "remembering when," for Evelyn used to be one swell actress, then got lost in the shuffle some six years ago, and's just now back in pictures.

★★★ Public Hero No. 1
(M-G-M)

Seems as if this country is still at the mercy of gangsters. Though Chicago finally cleaned up on 'em, they're still running rampant in the movies. Dillinger's gang is provided for our entertainment in this one and as if that weren't bad enough, the plot leans toward the improbable in too many spots. There's some good acting, though, in spite of the story difficulties. Chester Morris does a nice job. If we say too much about his role, we'll spoil the whole story. Joseph Calleia is Public Enemy No. 1. Mr. Calleia, a newcomer to the screen, goes calmly about his business of wholesale slaughter, robbing banks and stealing the show. Lewis Stone as the prison warden and Lionel Barrymore as the doctor who extracts bullets from the gangsters' tough hides, give their chronically good performances. Jean Arthur has one of those tough-but-okay roles and she certainly manages to get in some good acting between gun-plays.

Preview Postscripts

Chester Morris is Hollywood's Dirty Deal man—but at the receiving end of the line. Although displaying marked ability, Chet has had little opportunity to capitalize on it, due largely to poor management of his affairs. Seems to act best in prison surroundings (not compulsory ones, however) as his last good role was in "The Big House." Just for luck he wears the same uniform and number in this flicker. Mrs. Morris with the two Morris Hopefuls in tow, visited Daddy on the prison set one day. On the way home his young son confided that though he didn't think his Dad was exactly good looking, at least he wore the prison uniform with more of an air than Dillinger. . . . Lewis Stone's name on the screen always brings a round of applause from preview audiences. But Mr. Stone is used to it, having been a matinee idol yars and yars ago. Married to a young lady attractive enough to be in pictures herself, he spends every spare moment sailing the seas with her in the family yacht. . . . Lionel Barrymore's too well known to waste any explanations on—but didja know that his fine etchings have taken prizes in exhibits all over the country? . . . Joseph Calleia isn't well known in movies a-tall—but just give him a few more pictures! This is his first, having just haled into Hollywood from the stage.

★★★ Under the Pampas Moon (Fox)

Here is a peppy little picture that is going to insure a pleasant evening in the theatre, no matter how warm the weather. You see, the story's atmosphere is guaranteed to be slightly hotter than the thermometer and with plenty of colorful characters, Warner Baxter, with an accent, Veloz and Yolanda, a dance team bound to thrill you, a gorgeous rhumba tune—well, stop us if we become too enthusiastic! True, the plot is as slim as you wish your figure to be and the comedy, as broad as you're afraid it is (the figure again), but somehow you don't quibble about these items when there is so much there with which to entertain you. The picture features its quota of newcomers, all of whom manage to score nicely, as do our old favorites, John Miljan and Jack LaRue, and Ketti Gallian also is among those present. The cameraman rates a bow for some beautiful photography and the director for injecting so much action and laughter into a yarn that merely deals with a gent who is on the chase for a horse that has been stolen. Then, of course, there *are* the tunes!

Preview Postscripts

When Warner Baxter gets tuned up on those airs from "old May-hee-co" he makes every man and woman in the audience long for a serapi or a mantilla and a grilled balcony in Old Spain. Warner's not so young, but he's still romantic. Been married a good many more years than you'd care to believe—and to the same woman. Would rather play his guitar and sing love songs to her than to Garbo. Spent a good deal of time and money recently on his Malibu Beach home, getting it into shape to sell. Went down there t'other day to close the deal at a profit, and fell in love all over again with the place—of such is sentiment. . . . Ketti Gallian's a recent import, having only one other picture to her credit (or whichever way you want to look at it). On location, up in the Northern woods for some particular shots, her maid brought along Ketti's black crêpe-de-chine sheets and proceeded to use them on her camp bed, explaining that it was a European custom to bring one's own bedding while travelling. "Whassa matter?" queried the director, "do they have vermin sheets in Europe, that they have to drag their private supply along?" "But no!" exclaimed Ketti, "we never use ermine sheets in Europe.". . .

★★ Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)

Well, it's the woman who pays and, believe us, she should in this little drammer of divorce and what leads up to it. Of all the double-dyed meanies, it's Helen Vinson, who once again crashes through with a swell performance of same. How a gal like Miss V.—well, it's for purposes of plot, my dears! Paul Lukas takes the punishment and gives a sincere performance of a man who has been done far from right by. This character could very easily have been overdrawn, but in the capable hands of Lukas manages to escape the maudlin category. Young David Jack Holt comes in for his share of honors and indeed steals a scene or two when his elders are not looking. Madge Evans and May Robson round out the fine cast and, yes, let us not forget a newcomer-to-the-screen, Catherine Doucet, who is pretty elegant in the role of a slightly goofy novelist. The story itself is diverting and novel in that the man (for a change) suffers, and the dialogue is good.

Preview Postscripts

Paul Lukas and little David Holt are real buddies since appearing in this picture. After hours on the set, they'd continue playing together—boating, fishing, pillow-fighting and all manner of things were included in their fun. . . . Helen Vinson is the young leddy who could've had every minute of Hollywood time filled if she had wanted to play "wicked women" roles. But after doing them so beautifully that her fan mail was mostly from indignant wives, she drew the line on cinematically seducing any more husbands. . . . Remember that little girl who dangled her heels off a cake of Fairy Soap in the dear, dead days? Well, that was our smooth Madge Evans of today. Madge is a dependable actress and claims she likes everything about Hollywood, including Tom Gallery, of whom ZaSu Pitts once washed her famous hands. . . . May Robson is everybody's idea of a truly Grand Lady. Ask anyone in town—including directors, stars, cameramen, technicians, extras, and Garbo—they'll all propose three rousing cheers for this Grand Great Grandmama of the screen.

★★ Chinatown Squad (Universal)

With this picture's background in San Francisco's murky, mysterious Chinatown, a few knives in a few backs are inevitable. There are a couple of weird murders and enough anxiety about possible killings to satisfy almost anyone's craving for thrills and chills. Lyle Talbot is the young man who gets all the lowdown on the dirty work for us. Having been a former detective on the "Chinatown Squad," he sets out to show up Hugh O'Connell's deficiencies as his successor—which isn't difficult, but certainly is hilarious. Besides contributing his good looks to the screen, Mr. Talbot shows that he can turn in some good acting, while Hugh O'Connell plays H. O'C. with his usual abandon. Valerie Hobson is the gal in the case, who's kept breathless all through the picture, by climbing fire-escapes, finding secret panels and admiring the squad's former detective. Andy Devine is good in a role which gives him credit for having a thought once in awhile, and he does well by it. The Chinese characters and background are convincingly done, and in all, it's pretty sure to qualify as fair entertainment.

Preview Postscripts

You won't see many smiles in this one—there wasn't time for such nonsense. This picture was a "quickie" with better results than usual under the circumstances. One Tom Gubbins was really the most important character in the whole business. He's the Chinese gentleman who hires all the Chinese extras for these tales of the distant Orient taken on Set 12 at the studio. Mr. Gubbins has an office in Chinatown, where he rounds up from one to sixteen dozen Chinamen, with or without pigtails, for background in studio emergencies. Mr. Gubbin's work is not ended here—not by a long shot. For, every direction given while working must be translated for the "extras" into their native chop-suey. . . . Lyle Talbot's usual pep is slightly conspicuous by its absence, you'll notice. Seems our hero was just a little worn down, having trekked to the studio every day via foot and street car, since his auto license was suspended for six months for driving when feeling **extra** peppy. . . . Perc Westmore, famed Hollywood make-up man, can take three bows in quick succession for that job he did on Valerie Hobson. When she appeared on the set in oriental make-up and brocaded p. j's, a nice young Chinese actor with a

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After a long absence from the screen, Ruth Chatteron signed with Columbia. She'll do "A Feather in Her Hat."

beautiful pig-tail rushed up to her and asked her for a date that very evening. At least Valerie thinks that was the proposition, being a little vague on her Chinese.

★★ The Glass Key (Paramount)

When you realize that this picture is based on a story by the astute Mr. Hammett of "Thin Man" fame, you may think you're facing an evening of brain strain. But never mind the aspirin, as this murder-mystery dwindles down to monotony. George Raft is cast as the ultra-modish and super-courageous hero, who is so devoted to the town's biggest politician, Edward Arnold, that he not only risks his life to save him from disgrace, but makes the supreme sacrifice of offering to teach Mr. Arnold how to dress snappily. Raft's role, however, gives him a better opportunity to display his versatility than he's had in many a moon, while Edward Arnold is as satisfactory as ever.

The love story is more tangled up than the murder motives, since Mr. Arnold is in love with the sister (Claire Dodd) of the murdered man, and she thinks Mr. A. is the meanie who "done him away," while Mr. Raft, not to be outdone, falls in love with Mr. Arnold's daughter (Rosalind Keith) who's violently enamoured of the murdered man. On second thought—mebbe you'd better bring along that aspirin.

Preview Postscripts

George Raft has oft been heralded as the second Valentino, but the only real resemblance seems to be that patent leather pompadour. However, it's nothing against George, for he's a pretty good guy even if he doesn't remind us of the Great Lover. He's the answer to the haberdasher's prayer—buys anything and everything in that line if expensive enough. Would sooner be caught dead than in a pair of unmonogrammed suspenders. Lives in Hollywood's snappiest penthouse, equipped with the last gasp in chromium bars—but never drinks himself. In spite of which, his alibi on arriving at the studio late the other morning was that a herd of pigeons had flown through his window and landed on the bedpost. It had taken a good hour to shoo them out. . . . Edward Arnold has two hobbies—hunting and motoring, and owns the prize collection of guns in Hollywood. . . . Rosalind Keith's story should never be breathed in the presence of movie-struck girls, for 'twould result in Hollywood Blvd. being overrun with coyotes on a leash with a blonde. Which is the attention-getting device this Missouri girl employed after getting the cold shoulder from casting offices for a month of Sundays. She's happy now, except for occasional weeps over her peroxided locks and "Gottlieb" (the coyote) whom she periodically loses.

★★ Headline Woman (Mascot)

Here's another picture bent on glorifying the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate. Roger Pryor is the star reporter with an amazing nose for news and a dashing new mustache, all of which features prove irresistible to Heather Angel—and being's how she's the boss' daughter this should have led to a snappy, happy ending. But the course of true love doesn't run any smoother here than in other places we've heard about, so Heather's papa isn't aware of Roger's sterling qualities. However, when he steps in where the other reporters fear to tread and sleuths out a couple of murder mysteries, to say nothing of saving his Angel's name from being dragged in the mud, everything is okay. Pretty painful as to plot, the picture is saved by Mr. Pryor's good performance.

Preview Postscripts

Bill Nigh directed this flicker with his usual flourish. He has a flexible cane without which he's lost, directorially spikkin, which weapon he brandishes around in a menacing manner and gets action from his actors. However, he was stumped on this one. The scene was in the City Room of a newspaper office, and seeing one young man sitting at his desk, with nary a fleck of dust, a piece of paper or a cigarette butt in sight on its gleaming surface, he waved said cane and yelled, "Hey, you, doncha know what a reporter's desk should look like? How long you been acting, anyhow?" The young man regarded him calmly, then replied, "Just started acting—been working for the past twelve years on the **New York Times.**". . . Roger Pryor's noted for his cool, calm and collected air—besides that mustachio. But he weakened in one crisis. Roger had painstakingly rehearsed his scene of picking up an egg and remarking jovially, "Well, hope this egg's okay." But the ninth time, the egg slipped from his numb fingers, and crashed on the table. 'Twas a "prop" egg—and slightly the worse for wear. Roger fled with the rest of the cast from the set. . . . Heather Angel (yeh, that's what she answers to) is an English import. Married these past few months to Ralph Forbes, a Chatterton "ex," she's now enjoying a British vacation—alone.

★★ Alias Mary Dow (Universal)

You'll have to have the faith of an extra bent on stardom to believe this one. It's about the mother who goes through the years lamenting the loss of her strayed or stolen baby. When, in her dying hour, she calls for the child, her husband goes to a coffee shop and induces a slangy, young waitress to pretend she's the returned Mary. Hard to take, you'll admit. That is, to everyone but the authors and Katherine Alexander who is paid to take it. The dialogue in the story is as impossible as the plot, the characters actually making speeches in lieu of conversation. Sally Eilers, who should lose ten pounds, is best in the dance hall sequences. Henry O'Neill and Katherine Alexander play her parents with nice restraint and Chick Chandler and Lola Lane give fair accounts of themselves. Then there is Clarence Muse, sincere and sympathetic, in a small role.

Preview Postscripts

The only time the Harry Joe Brown family ever saw one another while this picture was being made, was at the studio commissary for lunch. Sally was busy 'til all hours, Harry was frantically grinding out another film at a neighboring studio and "Sonny" was the next thing to a complete orphan. Ray Milland looks like an Arrow Collar Lad (ad. gratis) but honestly would rather resemble an ex-pugilist. For this 6' 2" Adonis craves rough, tough roles—claims he'd rather wear a strait-jacket than a dinner-jacket. . . . Katherine Alexander is a familiar name to Broadway. This very handsome lady has been on the stage since she was a mere cheeild. Married Producer William Brady, Jr., some time later, and to date hasn't regretted it. Clarence Muse has "sung for his supper" ever since he can remember—some forty years now. As talented a song-writer as a songster, he's credited with several hits of the past season.

★★★★★ Oil for the Lamps of China (Warners)

We found this an admirable and unusual picture for many reasons. First, because, having read the novel of the same name, we did not see it as picture material, excellent though the book was. Score one for Warner Brothers for choosing it. Then, we did not expect that the rather even pace of the book would provide enough action and emotion for a screen drama. Score one for Director Mervyn LeRoy, who so superbly crystallizes the very deep feeling of the story into a series of tense and tender scenes. Third, we were delighted to see Pat O'Brien, so long confined to cigar-chewing and wise-cracking roles, given a really worthy dramatic part—and doing splendidly in it. And fourth, there is Josephine Hutchinson—a young dramatic actress who is so real and appealing and convincing that you will wonder where she has been all your lives.

Briefly, the story concerns the business pioneering of a great oil company in the Orient, the back-breaking and heart-breaking struggles of the company's employees in their efforts to sell more "oil for the lamps of China" and the loyalty and heroism of one of those employees—O'Brien—and his game little wife—Miss Hutchinson. See the picture by all means. It's completely worth while.



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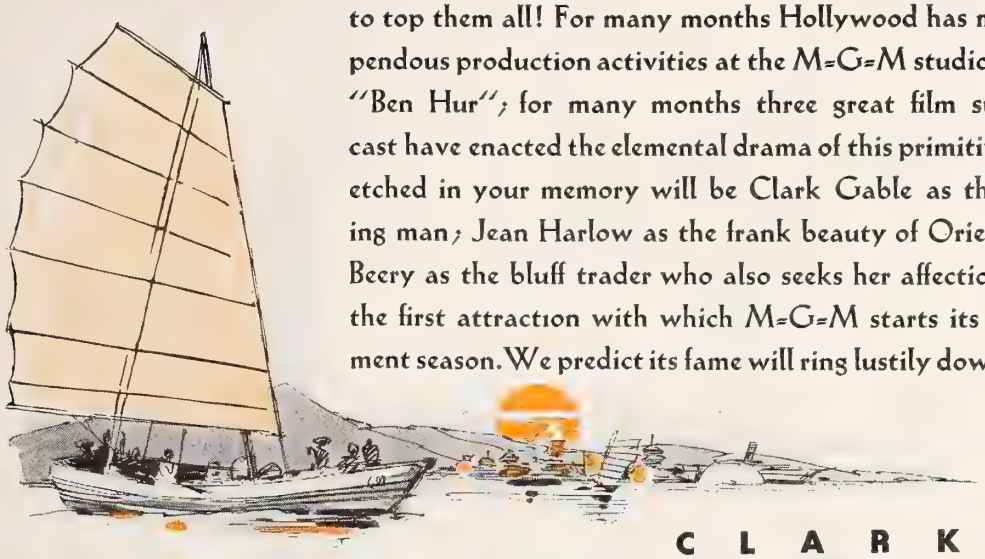
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A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M-G-M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M-G-M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



CLARK
GABLE
JEAN
HARLOW
WALLACE
BEERY



CHINA SEAS

with

Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Beauty Advice

by Mary Biddle

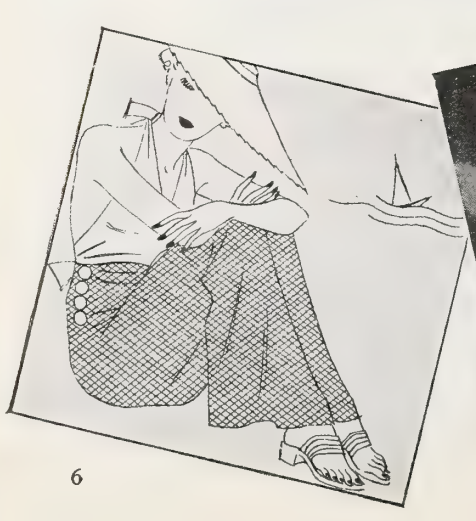
A SYMPHONY of legs helped to make the musical "In Caliente" a success. But then what musical comedy hasn't featured a symphony of beautiful legs, of supple, graceful ankles in intricate dance patterns? Speaking boldly, at least it would be speaking boldly if it were back in the days of the full skirted bathing suit, Hollywood legs must have "It." When we see what literally seems to be mile after mile of slim, shapely limbs, we come to realize how important it is for even the extra girls in the chorus to measure up to ankle standards of pulchritude. If one of the studios happened to be casting for a night club scene, or a bathing beach number, would your legs entitle you to a job as an "extra" in the crowd? Or would the casting director be inclined to say of you after a glance footward, "Sorry, you won't do"?

It's an old Hollywood custom for screen notables to make their footprints in the cement forecourt of the Chinese Grauman Theatre in Hollywood. And there the footprints stand in something more enduring than the sands of time. How would your footprint look, without benefit of shoes, if it were sculptured in cement? Would it show a fat pudgy foot and fallen arch? I know from many of your tragic, despairing letters just what kind of an unfortunate footing you've been on at the beach this summer. Some of you have been developing inferiority complexes over thick ankles, and others over skinny legs, and still others over ugly nails and callouses. What between evening sandals, sport sandals, beach sandals, and no sandals at all, our feet are very much in the limelight nowadays, so let's see what we can do about acquiring lovely feet, and shapely ankles and legs.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Feet first into a beauty routine!

Some famous pedal extremities—can you guess who's who? Well, read down from the right as follows: Frances Drake's with toes untinted, Ruby Keeler's busy tapping ones, Carole Lombard's with the red nails out of sight, a back view of June Knight's—and notice those smooth, pumpless heels, Dolores Del Rio's pretties—and those of Constance Cummings'.







until death do us part

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard! ...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world —those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in Du Maurier's glorious tale, "Peter Ibbetson." Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.



As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.

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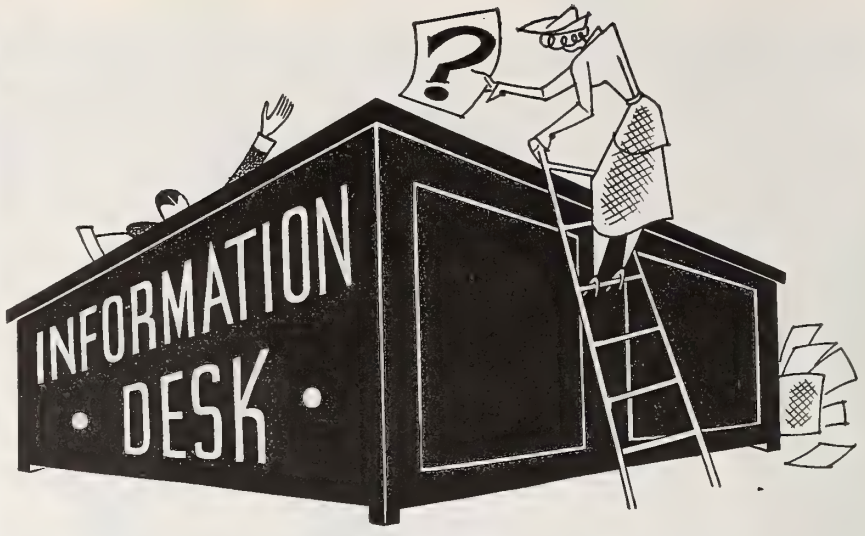
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ELVIRA FERRI, Detroit, Mich.—The gentlemen with the lovely table manners in "Naughty Marietta" were Abe and Zeke played by Harold Huber and Edward Brophy respectively. Write them both at M-G-M. A great many of the stars have clauses in their contracts which permit them to make one or more pictures outside their own studio. Others are merely loaned by their own studio in exchange for a player from the other studio. Both of these instances apply to actors and actresses who go to England to make pictures.

HELEN T., L. I., N. Y.; BETTY CULLEN, Alliance, Ohio; MARY POWERS, New York, N. Y.; MILLIE ITOEN, Hamilton, Canada; PATRICIA BIGGINS, University, Mo.; DOT TONE, Tonkawa, Okla.; LUCILLE LESER, Bay City, Mich.; RUTH DIX, Buffalo, N. Y.; GRACE GANG, Newark, N. J.; ANNA JEAN HOLLAND, Duluth, Minn.; FLORENCE STOCKHAM, Syracuse, N. Y.; BEATRICE HEILMAN, DOROTHY CARNEY, Philadelphia, Pa.—Franchot Tone's life has been as varied as the numerous and sundry roles he has portrayed on the screen. Born in Niagara Falls on February 27, he is the son of Frank J. Tone, an industrial executive. He has one brother four years older than himself, Frank Jerome Tone, Jr. Franchot attended small private schools and then entered the Hill school in Pottsdam, Pa., to prepare for Harvard. His brother, then attending Cornell, arranged for him to enter that University. He finished the course in three years, attended a summer session at the University of Ronnes in France, was president of the Cornell Dramatic Club while there, and served as an assistant to the head of the Romance Language Department, specializing in French. After graduation he joined a stock company in Buffalo and later appeared in a number of New York productions. When he was appearing in the Group Theatre production of "Success Story" he was signed by M-G-M to a long term contract. His first talking picture role was with Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper in "Today We Live." His favorite sports are golf and swimming. He sees all the movies he can and enjoys dancing in the evening for recreation. He plays an excellent game of bridge, and is a fiend for mystery stories. Officially speaking, he is not married, but rumor has it that he and Joan Crawford tied the knot some time ago. Even if rumor's wrong, he's still pretty fond of the gal. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has light brown hair and hazel eyes. His next picture, "Mutiny on the Bounty," will give him a he-man role. Write him at M-G-M.

KEN McCORMICK, Garden City, N. Y.—You have every right to be impressed with the work of the office boy in "$10 Raise." Fox was so pleased with his (Bill Benedict's) work, that they have assigned him a role in Will Rogers' next picture. The lad is only 17, and his work in the aforementioned picture was procured by the strategic measure of telephoning to a casting director all the way from Oklahoma. Colossal crust—but profitable!

VIOLA SMITH, Greenwood, Del.; ANNREA NEILL, New York, N. Y.; R. C. MARKINS, Oshkosh, Wis.; SONNIE NORTON, Tampa, Fla.; MARGUERITE ARDOIN, New Orleans, La.; MARGARET EMERY, Warren, Ohio; NANCY LOWRY, Storm Lake, Iowa; DOROTHY CARLSON, MARY RUTH, L. I. City, N. Y.—The truth of the matter is that Randolph Scott was headed straight for an engineering career, but was sidetracked into the movies when on a vacation in Hollywood. Break for us! Born in Orange County, Va., on January 23, 1903, he was educated at Georgia Tech and the University of Virginia. His intention was to follow in the footsteps of his father as an administrative engineer. After the completion of his courses he spent a year in Europe and returned home to work in his father's firm for two years. Then came vacation time, and Hollywood his destination. Quite naturally he caught the "acting bug" and though he joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse group merely as a lark, he became so intrigued with the work that he stayed on for eight months. Seen by a Paramount executive in one of the plays, he was given a screen test, a contract and an assignment in "Sky Bride." Then followed a series of "horse operas"—Westerns to you—and it wasn't until he played in "Roberta" that the big-wigs discovered he could do something more than ride a horse. Since then he has appeared in "Village Tale" and "She" in straight acting roles. His next big break will come when he is seen opposite Margaret Sullavan in "So Red the Rose." He played football at Georgia Tech and that and travelling are still his two chief hobbies. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 185 pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. He is not married. You can reach him at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

ANNETTE MANO, Racine, Wis.—Yes, John Beal is married to a non-professional—and a very attractive wife he has, too. It is hardly necessary for Mae West to use padding—those curves are her very own. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. Joan Crawford weighs 110. The lad who sang "Object of My Affection" in "Times Square Lady" was none other than the composer of that popular tune, Pinky Tomlin in person. He'll be in "Smart Girl" and "King Solomon of Broadway."

ELISE GAINES, New York, N. Y.; MISS A.R.E., Detroit, Mich.; HELEN WEINBERG, Springfield, Ill.; MISS S. ANDERSON, Chicago, Ill.; FLORENCE ROSER, Glen Rock, Pa.; MRS. LAURA GENE KRUM, Washington, D. C.; JOSEPHINE SCHLOTTER, Colorado Springs, Colo.; NELDA CARTWRIGHT, East Liverpool, Ohio—Charles Boyer, theatrical idol of France, is fast gaining the same reputation in these parts. Born in Figeac, France, on August 28, he graduated from the Sorbonne where he earned a degree in philosophy. Although his family wished him to take up a trade, he registered at the Conservertoire de Drama on the day of his graduation, and remained there for two years gaining an education in the theatrical classics. He was then engaged by the Theatre Antoine and his success was instantaneous. Paris, London and Berlin were eventually at his feet—and now America. He was horribly disappointed in his first picture, "Caravan," which he considered "silly." But the two following, "Private Worlds" and "Break of Hearts," have made him feel a little better about Hollywood movies. His most recent picture is "Shanghai" in which he appears with Loretta Young. At present he is in Europe, having sailed with his wife, Pat Paterson, two months ago. There he will stay for four more, in the belief that more than six months at a time in Hollywood would "smother him." He studied the violin for 9 years, but says he "knows nothing about it." He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has brown hair, brown eyes and an olive complexion. Write him care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. (Aside to Nelda Cartwright—The piece supposedly composed by Katharine Hepburn in "Break of Hearts" was written especially for her and has never been published.)

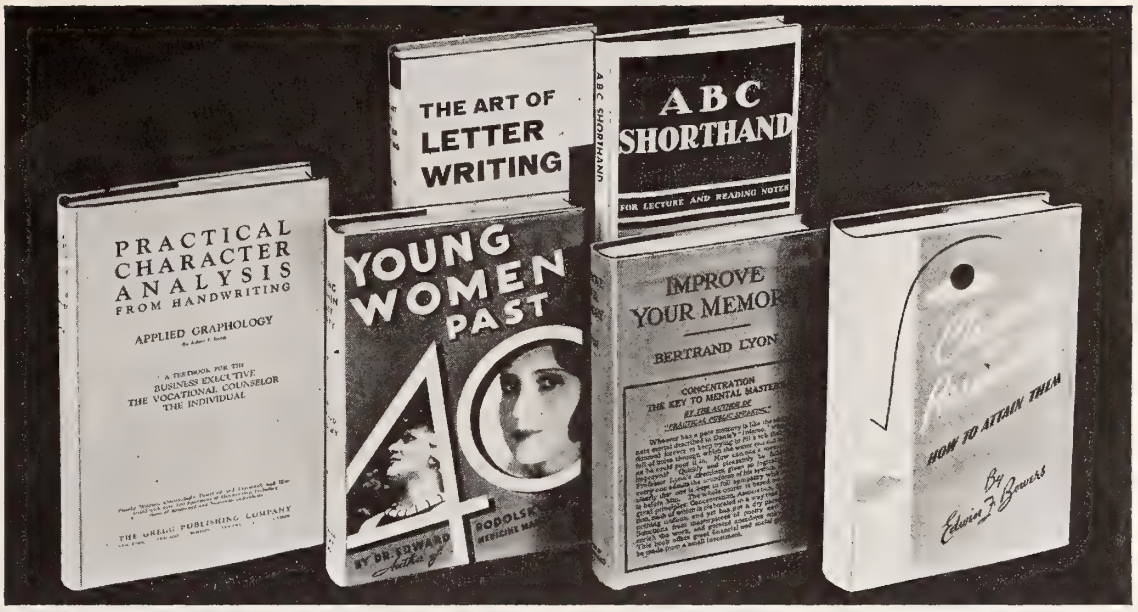
MILDRED LEACH, Bakersfield, Cal.—Robert Young's most recent picture is "Calm Yourself," in which he appears with Madge Evans. Jackie Searle played the part of Curtis as a boy, and William Henry that of Curtis grown up, in "A Wicked Woman." Bob Steele was born in Portland, Ore., on January 23, 1906.

MILDRED CURRIE, New York, N. Y.; BUNNY FEZIG, Hamden, Conn.; RUTH HAEFFNER, Baltimore, Md.; RUTH THIERSEN, St. Joseph, Mo.; ESTELLE NATELSON, Brooklyn, N. Y.; JACQUELINE M., Albany, N. Y.; FLORENCE NATHANSON, Montreal, Canada; H. HUBERMAN, Phila., Pa.; JOAN DEAL, Cynwyd, Pa.—Jeannette MacDonald one of the three talented daughters of Daniel and Anna MacDonald, was born in Phila., Pa., on June 18, 1907, of Scotch-American descent. There she attended grammar school, but completed the rest of her education in New York City, where her family moved. As a child she studied dancing and singing, and appeared in Ned Wayburn's Revue at the Capitol Theatre. When she graduated from this, she played a small part in "Irene," and then became understudy for the leading feminine players in "Tangerine." Jobs being scarce after that, she posed for commer-

(Continued on page 11)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 11. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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The Modern Hostess

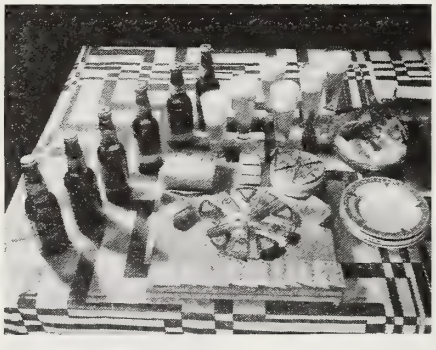


Warner Baxter lunches lightly on beer, crackers and cheese in the studio commissary on a hot day.

ARE you a *modern* hostess? If you are, then you have wisely adopted, as I have, the new Hollywood way of entertaining in an easy, informal manner. There was a time, perhaps, when the film colony went in only for impeccable butlers, passing cocktails and trim maids dispensing canapés. But nowadays —and this is especially true in summer—a "party" among the film folk consists of a gathering of congenial souls at a barbecue in the garden, a corn roast at the beach, a Sunday supper at the ranch or some such affair where hosts and guests make their appearance in simple sports attire and the food served is as completely innocent of frills.

The Warner Baxters, I had heard, were famous for just such informal get-togethers at their beach home in Malibu. So, with the necessity for giving a party myself to spur me on, I decided to find out what kind of food Warner and his charming wife, Winifred Bryson, think appropriate to such an occasion. I finally cornered Mr. Baxter at a table in the studio commissary where he was just finishing a quick mid-day snack between scenes for "Blue Chips" his latest picture for Fox.

"I see you are lunching on beer and cheese," I remarked brightly as I seated myself opposite the attractive Mr. Baxter and surveyed the luncheon table very much as a general looks over the terrain before a battle. Not that I expected to battle with Warner, but you never know just how difficult this business of extracting food preferences from a movie star is going to be—especially when said star is a man! Imagine if I should say that Warner Baxter, the Cisco Kid, the gay Gaucho, likes dainty soufflés and fluffy desserts! Wouldn't you hate that? Wouldn't he! But don't be alarmed, I'm not going to tell you any such thing. No, Warner Baxter's tastes run rather toward substantial, typically masculine dishes and his wife gives orders that he shall always be served the kind of foods he likes.



Cold beer, all kinds of cheese, and potato salad are ideal for beach parties or light snacks.

By Marjorie Deen

When entertaining, especially, Mrs. Baxter always plans to have one or two of Warner's favorite dishes for she knows from experience that those foods will make a hit with the male guests. And do the women forget their calories and take a second helping? They do! And you won't be surprised when you hear more about these delectable treats.

But let's get back to Warner: we left him, you remember, busily spreading tasty cheese on crisp crackers, with a bottle of beer at hand—as it should be for such a meal.

"Our parties are not only informal but so are the refreshments we serve," replied (*Continued on page* 66)

Warner Baxter entertains informally and inexpensively

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 8*)

cial photographers and worked as a fur coat model. A small part in a Greenwich Village production gave her a new start, leading up to prima donna roles in "Sunny Days," "Yes, Yes, Yvette" and "Angela." While appearing in the latter she was offered a movie contract but was forced to refuse because of her stage contract. But a year later Ernst Lubitsch signed her for Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in "The Love Parade." After the expiration of her Paramount contract, Jeanette went on a long concert tour through Europe, and on her return signed with M-G-M and is still under contract there. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, and weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is red-gold, and her eyes are green. Her real name is Jeanette MacDonald, she has never been married, but seems to be permanently engaged to Bob Ritchie, her manager. She likes to meet new people, see new places, is fond of swimming, dancing, riding and the theatre. She plays the piano, reads mystery novels, and collects tiny figures playing musical instruments. Her next picture has not been definitely announced at this writing, but she will make another soon.

EDITH VERDE, Amsterdam, N. Y.—Richard Quine played the role of Jackie Shaw in "Dinky." He also appeared in "Dog of Flanders." He is free lancing, but you may be able to reach him at M-G-M.

DOROTHY LALLATHIN, New Matamoras, Ohio; JUNE WENGEL, Madison, Wis.; JANE HUTCHINSON, Lincoln Park, N. J.; ZERITA SMITH, Ponta, Tex.; C. E. LYNN, Wheeling, W. Va.; IRENE HANYAK, Barnesboro, Pa.; BERNICE MAYZIE, Piru, Cal.; KIMI OGAWA, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss S. T. C., Fairport, Ohio; BETTY PRITCHARD, Ottawa, Canada; BETTIE CULLEN, Alliance, Ohio; JENNIE ZAYKO, Gardiner, Me.; ALICE CANTWELL, Chico, Cal.; VIRGINIA BEERS, Schenectady, N. Y.; MARY REPELLA, Mahanoy City, Pa.; HELEN ELIZABETH HAY, MARY ELLEN MALACARA, New York, N. Y.—Here, at last, is the "what's what" on Richard Cromwell. Starting from the very beginning, he was born Roy Radabaugh on January 8, 1910, in Los Angeles, Cal. He is of Dutch-American descent and has three sisters—Ann, Dorothy and Lillian—and one brother, Hudson. When Richard was eight his father died, and after having attended Long Beach public and high schools (where he devoted himself to amateur dramatics and art) he won a scholarship to the Chouinard Art School in Los Angeles. Meanwhile, he earned his living jerking soda. He eventually opened a studio which was patronized by many of the stars, and through them he heard indirectly that someone was needed to play the title role in "Tol'able David." He applied for the job on his own merits alone and, what's more, landed it, to his everlasting success. He was immediately signed to a long term contract by Columbia and it has been renewed each year since 1930. Dick is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has blue-green eyes and blonde hair. He has built himself a house in the Hollywood hills, and lives there alone. Says he has no desire to marry for several years. He plays tennis and swims; his favorite garment is a pair of old corduroy pants; eats oranges between meals; can scramble eggs (but that's all); dislikes having his picture taken; never misses a legitimate show; spends his free time writing and painting; and is forever hopeful that he will some day have time to travel. His next picture, on a loan to Paramount, will be "Annapolis Farewell" with Tom Brown and Sir Guy Standing. You can reach him at the Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

JEAN MORT, Swissvale, Pa.—Gordon Jones played the part of Tex in "Let 'Em Have It," which was his first picture. Before that he had been a college football and track star in Los Angeles. You'll probably see him again before long.

REGINA LAYDEN, Roslindale, Mass.; ALICE HARKINS, Conshohocken, Pa.; JAMES GAFFNEY, Jersey City, N. J.; BETTY McKINNEY, Gary, Ind.; M. J. LUCKRITZ, Dubuque, Iowa; BERNICE MAZE, Tooele, Utah; M. HECKELMAN, Maspeth, N. Y.; LOUISE BJORK, Seattle, Wash.; K. P., Chicopee Falls, Mass.; BETTIE B., Elizabeth, N. J.; A. L. VAN SICKLE, Lakewood, Ohio; I. BURNS, Pittsburgh, Pa.; SARAH YANELLO—Russell Hardie was born on a certain May 20 in Buffalo, N. Y., the son of William Hardie, a horseshoer. While attending Canisius College in Buffalo, and St. Mary's later on, young Hardie suddenly had a desire to take up acting. So, scarcely out of his 'teens, he joined a Buffalo stock company and for the next three years played stock in Atlanta, Memphis, Newark, Birmingham and Kansas City. Then came the day when he crashed Broadway in "Criminal Code," which was followed by four or five more important plays. When appearing in "St. Wench" with Helen Mencken, M-G-M offered him a contract. He clicked in "Men in White," and many more pictures which followed it. His very first picture, though, was "Broadway to Hollywood." He enjoys swimming and reading books on psychology. For relaxation he plays the piano and goes to the theatre. He's one of the biggest leading men on the screen, weighing 175 solid pounds and standing 6 feet 1 inch in his bare feet. He has curly brown hair and brown eyes. There is no Mrs. Russell Hardie. His next picture will be for Fox—"In Old Kentucky," which is Will Rogers' next. Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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MODERN SCREEN,
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When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

By Regina Cannon

See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on page 52

Reviews . . .

(Below) From Garbo's latest flicker, "Anna Karenina." (Bottom) "The Arizonian," an action Western with Richard Dix and Margot Grahame.





★★★ Becky Sharp (Pioneer-RKO)

Not since Douglas Fairbanks made "The Black Pirate" years ago have we seen a feature-length color picture until this one. If for no other reason than that, you won't want to miss "Becky Sharp." The color is *almost* natural. We say almost advisedly, for it is vivid and very definite as yet, even in its nearly perfected state. However, Robert Edmund Jones, responsible for the picture's beauty, is due a deal of credit. The story is rather a character study than a plot, revealing the highlights in the varied career of a designing damsel of the "what I want, I take" school. Miriam Hopkins plays the woman convincingly, so convincingly in fact, that it almost seemed she must be temperamentally well cast. A bravo for Miss H! First acting honors, however, go to Nigel Bruce in the role of the rather dull-witted cinematic brother of the sweet Frances Dee, a trusting lass who was forever turning the other cheek. While Alan Mowbray gives a polished performance, we should like to have seen a more romantic-looking gentleman supplying the love interest, and why Mr. Mamoulian, director, has the cast screaming in a manner that put the spectator in training for a headache, is something that is entirely *his* secret. However, there is much to recommend "Becky Sharp"—and most of it color!

Preview Postscripts

Looked like a jinx was hanging around this set for awhile. Through one disaster and another, the picture was held up for a coupla months. Miriam Hopkins was ill and just returned for work when Director Lowell Sherman suddenly died. Rouben Mamoulian was called in, but didn't use one foot of film shot by the former director. Mamoulian is Armenian by birth. He directed theatrical and operatic plays in that country and in England. Brought to America by Mr. Eastman, he was in great demand for Broadway plays and inevitably treked Hollywoodward. Directs only the brightest stars, however, and at one time was reputed to be Garbo's man of the hour . . . Miriam Hopkins is a favorite on Broadway and the screen. Has a son, Michael, four years old, and an ex-husband, Austin Parker. Continually on the wing between here and New York since she can't make up her mind which place she likes better. Frances Dee's story is too good to be true, but actually is. While out from Chicago visiting friends, she toured a studio and was prevailed on to sign up before leaving. Married to Joel McCrea, who swore he'd never marry a movie gal. They live on a huge ranch outside Hollywood, and have so far raised one son and several hundred head of cattle . . . Nigel Bruce is considered one of the best of the Britishers when it comes to acting. When it comes to acting up he's the international tops. The fact that Californians still speak to him is proof that he's pretty swell, for Nigel first saw the light in Ensenada, Calif., moved to England almost immediately, and, Native Son notwithstanding, can hardly wait to finish a picture before returning to his adopted shores . . . Alan Mowbray took to the air before the stage and was just as successful. Had the first air-mail pilot license in Canada and his own route for three years. In those days acting was only a hobby . . . Robert Edmund Jones is the real power behind the picture. He has designed all the stage sets, costumes and color schemes. Since his graduation from Harvard, Mr. Jones has been considered the finest stage designer in the country. His only other venture in the movie field was a colored short, "La Cucaracha."

★★★ No More Ladies (M-G-M)

Here's another Crawford glorification of the way of a modern miss in a modern world. And although the dear old censors have regulated Joan's activities, they don't seem to object to Bob Montgomery leading the gayest and giddiest of lives. So it's still good entertainment. This play was a success on Broadway and is handled expertly on the screen with a capable cast which includes Edna May Oliver, Charles Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Vivienne Osborne. Miss Oliver is simply grand as the shock-proof grandma who has two interests in life—her granddaughter and her highballs. She manages both with great astuteness. Charles Ruggles can have himself a better time while under the influence of Demon Rum than anyone we've yet seen and as the family pest he provides some grand comedy. Franchot Tone has very little to do or say, but he does it with a charming suavity and a more than charming smile. La Crawford swishes about in an array of glad rags that you won't want to miss and a new haircut that you won't want to copy. Her acting is notable for its restraint. However, Bob Montgomery walks off with the picture. He has his best chance at sophisticated comedy in a long time and makes the most of it.

Preview Postscripts

Joan Crawford is the fan's idea of a "modern" woman. Though that famous flair for clothes she is credited with is really due to Designer Adrian, Miss C. deserves a few laurels for being able to take it. Famed as a glamor gal, Joan is noted around Hollywood for her good sense, pluck and generosity. Divorced from Don Juan Fairbanks,

TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

(Below) You've heard about "Becky Sharp"—Mowbray, Dee and Hopkins. (Bottom) Fred MacMurray, David Holt and Madge Evans in "Men Without Names," another G-man film.

(Below) The much-censored "Nell Gwyn"—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle. (Bottom) Mary Ellis' and Tullio Carminati's singing in "Paris in Spring" will delight you.









Jr., Miss Crawford seems to find Franchot Tone sentimentally satisfactory. That immense ring weighing down her ring finger is not paste, but a star sapphire belonging originally to Franchot. . . . Mr. Tone, not so long ago, was seen ambling across the Cornell campus, bedecked in mortar board and flowing robes. Having accomplished that, he gave the Little Theatres the benefit of his talents and was soon traveling Hollywoodward. . . . Robert Montgomery revels in portraying young men who're as modern as tomorrow. Sometimes he does it pretty well, too. Admits that he was a very precocious child and we guess he's right, for his friends say that Bob is even "amusinger" off than on the screen. . . . Edna May Oliver, though she delights in her Early American home crammed with antiques, is never seen in anything but the last gasp in modern apparel—lurid pajamas, briefest of bathing suits and modish gowns. Miss Oliver has been a familiar figure on the stage for years and is as popular on Broadway as in the fillums. . . . E. H. Griffith, credited with directing the picture, actually only completed half of it before coming down with pneumonia. Probably just got homesick, though, for his ship-shape house is his favorite hobby. Looks like an ordinary house from the outside, but many a guest has become acutely seasick on stepping inside. Every room is built like a ship's cabin, while a huge mast runs right through the center of the house. . . . Charles Ruggles has been in pictures so long that he's lost count of the years. Still likes 'em, too. But his favorite occupation is raising dogs at the See Are Kennels here in Hollywood.

★★★ The Arizonian

(RKO)

Well, whether you laugh with it or at it, this picture is gonna provide you with some good, clean fun! Mr. Dix is the hero—and wotta hero! Fastens the villain with a gimlet gaze and fairly hypnotizes him into submission! Of course, there are moments—many of 'em—when his trusty rifle does the trick, and on one occasion, when the smoke screen erected by gun fire is raised, Rich is found surrounded by his enemies—all of them dead.. The boys have a treat in store in this one, even though it is a bit hard to take, viewed through adult eyes. Margot Grahame plays the cabaret singer with a British accent you could cut with a knife. The story's locale, remember, is strictly nineteenth century Western. Some fun, eh? But who is to quibble over a bit of miscasting when the outlaws are always upon us? Preston Foster, as usual, gives a nice account of himself, as do Louis Calhern and James Busch. Yep, if you like action, here it is—with a little self-sacrifice and a lot of love interest thrown in for good measure.

(*Continued on page 60*)

Preview

from the latest hits of





"All my life, I've had a hunger in my heart . . . a hunger to love and be loved."

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN . . . SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that means tops in entertainment *for the whole family!*

Shirley TEMPLE IN 'CURLY TOP'

with

JOHN BOLES

ROCHELLE HUDSON

JANE DARWELL

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

•

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."



You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!
"When I Grow Up"
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"
"The Simple Things In Life"
"It's All So New To Me"
"Curly Top"

Flashes

your favorite stars!

by Jerry Halliday



JANET GAYNOR
AND
HENRY FONDA
IN
The FARMER TAKES a WIFE

Charles Bickford — Roger Imhof
Slim Summerville — Jane Withers
Andy Devine — Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Victor Fleming
Screen Play by Edwin Burke
From Marc Gordon's Stage Play · Authors Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly · Based on the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds

A STAR OVERNIGHT . . . Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the soil who works on the canal to earn money for a farm.

JANET GAYNOR SCORES the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!



YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time . . . when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways . . . this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march . . . when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper . . . while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!





The stars turned out en masse for Marion Davies' benefit at the Riviera Country Club. Here is Ruby Keeler with her mother.

Intimate glimpses of

The Countess Dorothy Di Frasso, famous for her entertaining proclivities, has departed for Europe. The Countess, you know, if you are up on things socially and cinematically (and even if you're not) has what it takes to put on a party—namely, shekels and wit. And puh-lenty of the latter! She it was, so legend hath it, who sent Gary Cooper that bright telegram some years back which so intrigued him that he looked up the lady in her Eye-talian villa one sunny afternoon and remained as the house guest of her and the Count for six weeks. That, you'll admit, comes under the head of being one of the most remarkable blind dates on record! However, now they don't even speak! Anna-hoo, while the Countess is doing the Riviera, Marlene Dietrich, having rented her Hollywood hacienda, is holding high the entertainment torch. Yep, the Dietrich is doing things in a big way socially since Von Sternberg is no longer her director. More power to her and it's about time, sez we!

■ ■ ■

The hard-hearted landlord who owns the apartment building in which Mae West resides has decided to be rough on dawgs—and rough on the tenants who own 'em. Yep, either you get rid of your hound or he gets rid of you. Ida Lupino, June Clayworth and several other beauties have obeyed the No Canine rule, but Mae will neither park her pups nor leave home. She's superstitious, is our Miss W., and has been so lucky since living in her present abode that she doesn't want to move. Besides, she's had the whole bloomin' apartment redecorated at her own expense in full length mirrors and white satin. Some show case in which to set off Diamond Mae!

■ ■ ■

It could only happen in Hollywood! Though the town is noted for its strange romances, the latest sample of love-in-bloom is the pay-off. The principals involved—and we mean involved—are the languorous Estelle Taylor and flippant Lee Tracy! Yep, we haven't seen Estelle billing and cooing so earnestly since the Jack Dempsey days, and while Lee's just looked lovesick these many moons around Isabel Jewell, he now looks practically seasick.

■ ■ ■

As dawn broke over Columbia the other 4 a.m., a young man staggered out of the studio en route to his car. He had a glazed



Is the Del Rio left-handed, or are the sparklers on ye right arm too heavy to lift? With husband at Warner Banquet.



Snapped at "Becky Sharp" preview—Connie Cummings with husband, Ben Levy.



Marlene's been stepping out lately. At "Becky Sharp" with Count Carpegna.



Estelle Taylor and Lee Tracy, Hollywood's newest romantic twosome.

the stars—what they're doing out Hollywood way

By Regina Cannon

but glad look in both eyes, having just that minute completed a script on which he'd been feverishly scribbling since the day before. About noon the y. m. showed up at his office for more work. Mr. Harry Cohan spotted him entering. "Whassa matter?" he bellowed. "Whassa idear? Whassa meaning of coming to work at this hour?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Cohan," began our hero, "I worked here till four this morning so—"

The blood rose in Mr. Cohan's face. "See here, young man," he spluttered, "doncha try changing the subject on me!"

■ ■ ■

If Garbo's a good girl and eats her liver, the studio is gonna extend her vacation a week and perhaps George Brent will send her another postal, all of which will please the Swedish lady no end. You see, she is still said to be carrying the torch for Georgie who, like all males, occasionally fails in small attentions. For instance, one of the chief topics of conversation *still* around these parts is how Mr. Brent went airplaning the afternoon Greta invited him to play tennis. Well, maybe it's lack of interest and then again, maybe it's just technique!

■ ■ ■

Everyone says that some day Claudette Colbert is going to marry her physician-beau and everyone says that some day Norman Foster will wed Sally Blane and that, at last, Cesar Romero has found true love in the companionship of Betty Furness, and that Wendy Barrie now admits her "engagements" are strongly on the publicity side. But everyone said that Norma Shearer's new baby was going to be a boy—and everyone was wrong, so how can one be sure about what everyone says? Don't bother to answer.

■ ■ ■

Carole Lombard not only threw a party the other eve, but threw her guests around, too. The plot of the party evidently sprung from the Lombardian funny-bone rather'n her brain, for she rented the whole fun-house at the Venice Pier for the shindig! Of course, all the guests had to submit to the entertainment or be considered softies, and you should've seen the screen's glamorous gals and handsome he-men turned upside down, blown to bits and swirled in dizzying swoops on the various contraptions! But did they take it! You couldn't have kept Marlene Dietrich, Dick Barthelmess, Connie Bennett, Clark Gable or any of 'em away from their hair-raising fun. Several sprains, bruises and headaches were noted as the festivities progressed, but nothing daunted, they carried on. BUT the next day! Practically every actor and actress in Hollywood was reported ill at ease if not actually sick abed.

■ ■ ■

Even though Patricia Ellis has now taken an apartment of her own with her childhood nurse serving as chaperone and mentor, she is still a big baby and "taking it" from her friends. Seems that one night recently, Paula Stone invited Pat to "stay over." After settling the affairs of the industry, the two gals hopped into bed and were soon in the arms of Morpheus. Much later, Paula was awakened by a loud, resounding thud and discovered her erstwhile bedfellow in a heap on the floor. "Well," remarked Pat's unsympathetic hostess, "you can come in again, but the horse'll have to go!" And Miss Ellis has been dieting so strictly of late, too!

■ ■ ■

Seems like Will Rogers is Fox's "problem child." Mr. R. simply won't stick around on the set between shots. He's either off somewhere having a sandwich or writing his newspaper column or swapping stories with an electrician. Sometimes the director is ready to go "cuh-razy," but Will-to-you is a star and, even though he doesn't have to be handled with kid gloves, one can't exactly ask him to "stay put."

■ ■ ■

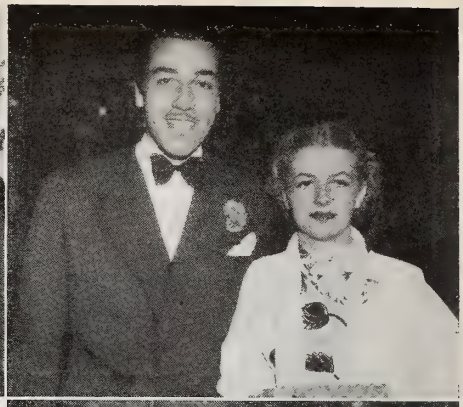
Fay Wray tells about the expert technical advisor on one of the pictures she made in England. He was allegedly well versed in all American customs, so when one scene called for a hot water bottle his objections were strenuous. American audiences, he said indignantly, wouldn't know what a hot water bottle was! Fay was intrigued and later inquired just how long he'd lived in America and where. The expert hesitated. "We-e-ell, y'see, all my time in America was spent in travelling. Ah, that is, travelling between New York and—and, er, M-G-M." Guess that explains everything.



Colleen Moore gives a fairy book story of her famous doll house to Fred Bartholomew at its exhibition in Los Angeles.



Pat O'Brien's barbecue party for Bert Lytell, of the play, "First Legion." Right, Cesar Romero and Betty Furness.





Verree Teasdale, Adolphe Menjou, Josephine Hutchinson and husband Jimmy Townsend at Warner Sales Banquet.



Joan Bennett and daughter Diana at Marion Davies' benefit. Looks much like momma, doesn't she?



At Elissa Landi's tennis party—Johnny Farrow, Paul Cavanagh, Elissa, Maureen O'Sullivan and Count Landi.



Irene Dunne and her escort, who must remain unnamed since Irene won't tell us who he is. At "First Legion" opening.

Seems Edmund Lowe has such fatal fascination for the fairer sex that they're afraid to be with him even in a picture! At fashionable late spots several famous feminine stars have gracefully but firmly bowed out of the privilege of posing with him for the camera sleuths.

■ ■ ■

'Member the blustering politician who made such a fuss about granting an interview, then cautioned the reporter to spell his three names correctly? Well, 'twould seem some film stars work like that. Joan Bennett for one. She's always acted like a distracted mother hen if photographers approached her while she had either of her daughters in tow. Joan even taught the offsprings the fancy art of ducking whenever a camera popped up. But recently a picture appeared in the newspapers showing the younger child and Joan. Later, Joan met the photographer who scooped the picture. She looked puh-lenty wrathy. "Lissen," said she, furiously, "if you want to keep your job, you'd better learn to spell Melisande's name correctly!"

■ ■ ■

Mrs. Richard Barthelmess has her troubles too, photographically speaking. Whenever the cameramen show up at parties and request her husband to pose with other guests, Mrs. Dick keeps them at bay 'til she's snatched cushions from various chairs and planted her husband on them. Three sizable cushions is her usual quota for making Dick look tall enough.

■ ■ ■

Mrs. Temple is as clever a business woman as she is a child-bringer-upper, evidently, as noted recently. One of the fan writers had thought up an excellent angle for a Shirley Temple story and approached Mrs. T. with the idea, showing her the advantages to Shirley from such favorable publicity. Mrs. T. understood all that, however, and the only thing she was concerned about, 'tis said, was whether the writer understood that from now on every writer who uses her little girl for a subject, must fork over 10% of the resulting pay-check! Curly Top must be savin' for that collitch education!

■ ■ ■

Perhaps you'll be treated to the Oakie charms for the next Tarzan picture! Seems that Jack has it on his mind that he either *is* Tarzan or should be. The other noontime, Jack wandered into the Paramount lunch room attired in a wildly designed woolen bathrobe. In a mood which matched his robe, he suddenly let out a war-whoop, and made a flying swing at the overhead chandeliers yelling, "Yippee! I'm Tarzan!" There was a mad rush for the door from several feminine lunchers—for Mr. Oakie had on *only* the bathrobe.

■ ■ ■

Richard Dix is going into the "Ole Pappy" business in a big way. It seems that Rich and his pretty wife had a hunch that Doc Stork would deal 'em out a little girl, and instead the Old Bird got generous and presented them with twin sons. You've doubtless heard that by now, but did you know that the day after the boys' arrival Mr. Dix was (*Continued on page 54*)



Norma returns

Temporary absence from the screen to have little Katherine has only made Norma Shearer more beautiful and glamorous. Now she is back at M-G-M making "Romeo and Juliet" and her fans await eagerly her return as the tragic Shakesperean heroine.



Tip-Top . .

Gingers Rogers having rested her tapping toes with a brief dash into the comedy-drama of "Star of Midnight" is back deftly following Fred Astaire's intricate pace and Irving Berlin's snappy music in "Top Hat." And it's top stuff!



New Find

Myrna Loy's hasty exit from the cast of "Escapade" was more than a lucky break for this charming Viennese, above. Luise Rainer is a bright new personality of rare beauty—don't miss her début.



Miss Glory

Although Marion Davies has had her make-up kit parked with the Brothers Warner for some time, "Page Miss Glory" marks her début under their regime. And did you ever see a more perennial charmer than Marion? All her sparkle and talent will be abetted in this gay opus by the singing Mr. Powell.



Dark Angel

Remember Vilma Banky in the silent version of "The Dark Angel"? Now it's exciting Merle Oberon who plays it with Herbert Marshall and Fred March.



G-Man.. Hello Again

It's quite some leap from being a grim member of "G-Men" to cavorting about as "Bottom" in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" —but James Cagney takes it all in his stride and will uphold Erin next in "The Irish In Us."

And glad we are to see you back on the screen which has missed you these many years, Buddy Rogers. All your old fans and a host of new ones wait eagerly for "Old Man Rhythm." How about you and Mary Pickford . . . Huh?



Happy-go-Lucky.. Clean-Cut

If you think Bing Crosby is worrying about such trivial matters as a little extra girth, you're silly! With a nice Paramount contract tucked in his pocket and "Two for Tonight" scheduled, he occupies himself jovially with fishing tackle!

Old ladies and young are prone to murmur, "That *nice* Joel McCrea!" And that's what he gets for looking so darn wholesome. Anyway, Joel manages to live it all down with swell performances. His next is "Manhattan Madness."



We Disagree

Mrs. Temple says

JOEL McCREA was used to playing leading man opposite famous lady stars. In fact, Joel has been leading man to so many of Hollywood's most famous he thought none could surprise him.

Then he was cast in "Our Little Girl" with Shirley Temple!

Now, all leading men learn that certain "something" necessary to please the great stars with whom they emote. They learn those little tricks. In a long shot, the feminine star must stand nearest the camera if the man does not rate equal billing. In close-ups she must have that little edge in the lighting. On the set there is that hint of deference, that is perhaps slight, but nevertheless carries through the definite class distinction.

Hollywood is something like the army, you know. The extras on the set are the privates; the bit players the second lieutenants; the average members of the cast are first lieutenants and the leading man to a star is a major. *But the star is the general.*

And if you don't quite understand, I wish you could drop onto a set where Franchot Tone is playing in a picture with Joan Crawford. Off the set, Franchot may be the lead. Joan may listen to his every word as though it were a pearl of real wisdom, since it

By Ruth Biery

If Shirley knows she is famous, no one else guesses and that is one mark of her true genius. Below, a cross-section of the merriest tapping toes in Hollywood. This is a pedal preview of "Curly Top!" You can call it the "Curly Tap" and learn it just by following the pictured positions.







With Shirley's Mother

Shirley is no genius. We tell you why she is!

drops from lips trained by college professors. They may even be married, as so many suspect, and he may be her true lord and master at home. But on the set Franchot Tone is playing *opposite* Joan Crawford and no one ever forgets it, least of all Franchot Tone or Joan Crawford. It is just Hollywood's oldest custom—as is the distinction in the army.

I've gone to some lengths to make this situation impressive because it is impressive. And it explains the amazement of Joel McCrea after his first few days playing opposite Shirley Temple. Joel told a friend, "Well, there's certainly one place where Shirley Temple is not a big shot. On the set. She's a star, but nobody would ever know it. Least of all, Shirley Temple."

The friend said, "Joel was dumbfounded. He couldn't get over it. He kept talking about it. To play opposite a feminine star who was not a big shot—well, it couldn't be, yet it was!"

AND IT is! The little girl who gets more fan mail today than any man or woman in Hollywood; the diminutive blonde who holds a world laced between her chubby fingers—is the one Hollywood star who feels no social distinctions.

She must know. She can't help it. Shirley is too bright, too quick to grasp the portent of what is happening around her not to understand her own importance. And yet she is the one little woman who never, never makes anyone else feel it.

A great deal of credit has been given Mrs. Temple. It should be. Much has been attributed to Producer Winfield R. Sheehan, who's order is a law: *Do not spoil Shirley Temple.* Likewise, it should be. But I believe too little credit has been awarded *Shirley Temple!*

After all, it's Shirley Temple who makes you feel her personality—makes you aware or unaware she is the most popular young lady in the world of today. Although every precaution was always taken by mother, grandmother, producers and directors to keep Jackie Cooper natural—and although Jackie, himself, has always done his best, I can assure you that no one working on a Cooper picture ever forgets Jackie is a star.

"Shirley is not a genius," Mrs. Temple has said again and again.

And I am going to have the temerity to disagree with the mother of Shirley Temple. For I truly believe the tot has the rarest genius of all—the inborn knack of knowing how to please other people.

Not so long ago, Shirley Temple (on the set of "Curly Top") wanted coca cola. Her mother told her she might have some, but she could drink only down to a certain letter on the bottle. When she had gurgled through the straw (Shirley loves straws) to that letter, she looked at her mother and then placed the bottle carefully on the set, ready for the time she would be thirsty again.

Now, this was explained to me carefully as a crowning example of Mrs. Temple's discipline. "She lets Shirley have just so much 'rope' and if she steps over the line a fraction of an inch Mrs. Temple pulls in the 'rope,' figuratively speaking, and Shirley understands that her mother disapproves of whatever it is she has done."

ALL TRUE! But if you had seen Shirley's look—well, it was the look rarest to humans, the look of one who wants always to please rather than to be pleased! Shirley is too lively, too courageous, too full of real animal spirits to be *just disciplined.* If it were discipline, alone, she would frequently kick over the traces. She would go just a tenth of an inch over that line, like the majority of six-year-olds. There would be that natural spirit of daring. Shirley can dare just as well as any youngster, but where she differs is that she cannot dare if her intuition warns her that to dare is *not to please* another person.

You have read, of course, of how she makes paper baskets, colors pictures from magazines, weaves paper mats, etc., on the set between scenes. You know she adores it. But do you know *why* she adores it?

The moment she finishes one of her little works of art she runs and presents it to her leading man, her mother, her stand-in, a prop boy, her director, an extra! Her work is always neat, done with almost prim, childish precision. And anyone can tell you there is nothing *prim* about Shirley Temple. But a gift that is to please someone else must be neat. Perfect as she can make it. It cannot be hastily daubed. If Shirley were doing these little bits of handcraft because she liked it, wouldn't she be a bit careless? If she were just "working," as she calls it, wouldn't she rush, now and then?

I presume Shirley adores (*Continued on page 83*)



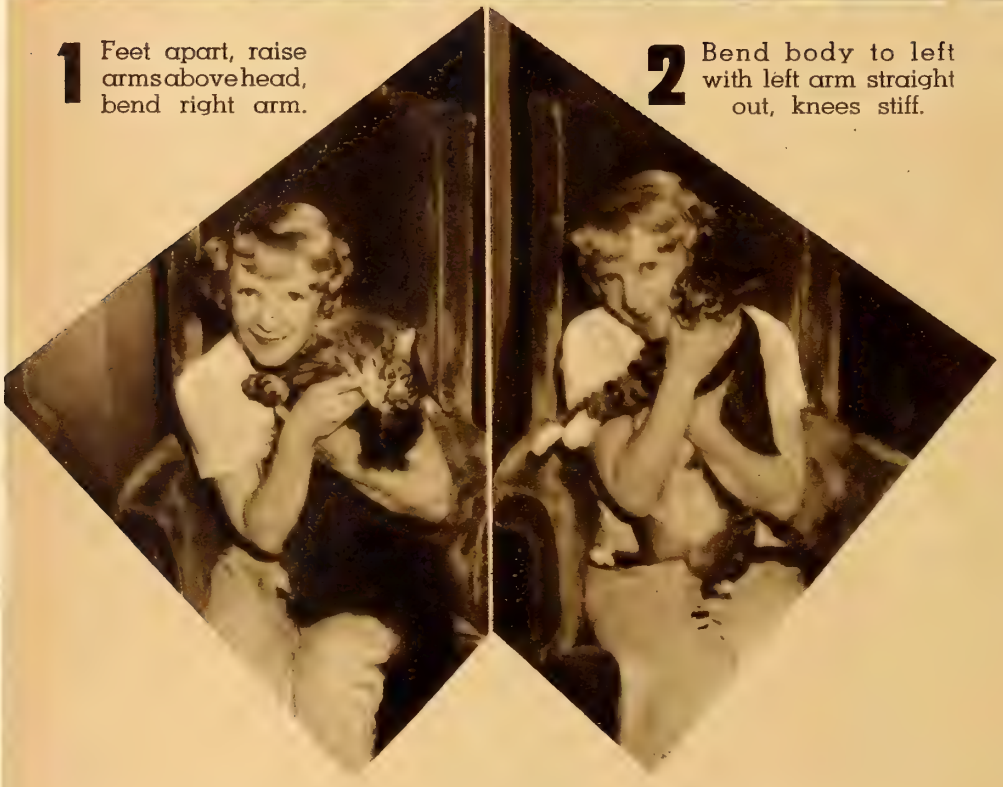
WORK WITH ME



1 Feet apart, raise arms above head, bend right arm.

2 Bend body to left with left arm straight out, knees stiff.

3 Bend slowly, knees stiff, pull those hip muscles real hard.



In her first article Sylvia gives you a hip reducing exercise, a diet and makes a swell offer

By Madame Sylvia

You'll be wearing your dresses two sizes smaller, if you do Sylvia's illustrated hip exercise daily for one month. Above, Sylvia and her feline companions, Finka and Kala.

WELL, darlings, here I am! All you fat gals, all you skinny gals, all you people who want health, happiness, success and vitality—this is Sylvia speaking!

I'm sure there are hundreds of you who have never heard of me, but, babies, we're going to get acquainted fast. Just wait until I start telling you how to slice off your hips, add weight to your thighs, get rid of that spare tire around your middle. In short, remodel your figure and face any way you choose. You're going to be healthy! You're going to be slim! You're going to be beautiful! Every one of you. How's that for you?

However, hundreds of letters that have poured in tell me that there are many of you who do know me already —people who have read my articles in other magazines, those who have heard me on the r[illegible] who have read stories about the work I did with the stars of Hollywood. To you I say, now that I'm with Modern Screen, just watch my smoke! I'm going to give you something new and different, tell you things I've never told before and give you a brand new stunt to try.

So-o-o, to the readers of Modern Screen, greetings!

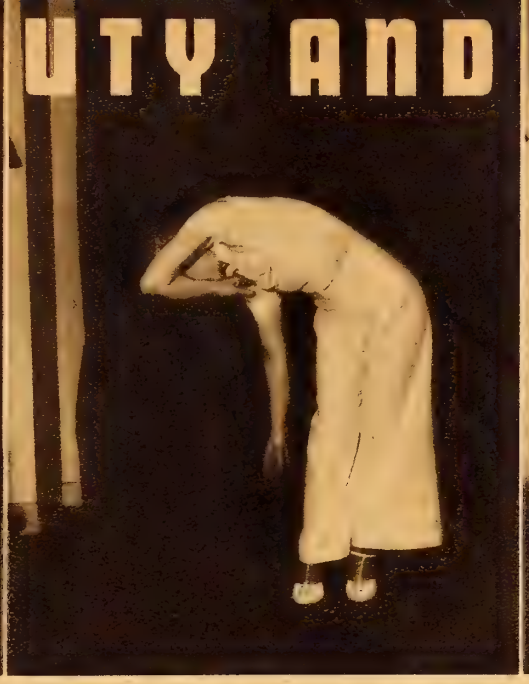
That sounds like a Christmas card or the beginning of a lecture, doesn't it? Okay, we'll let it stand because I'm here to give you not only a Christmas present, but an all-year-'round present. And along with the gift you'll get a lecture such as you've never had before.

It's all yours. Can you take it? I've remodeled the figures and faces of hundreds of motion picture stars. What I did for them can be done for you. But I warn you that you're going to work just as they worked. There

FOR BEAUTY AND HEALTH



4 Keep pulling and bending slowly. Feel those muscles stretch?



5 Bend until left hand reaches the floor. Now do the right side.



6 Do this hip exercise 15 minutes a day for one month.

will be no ifs, ands or buts—they're out! You will snap out of your lazy, sluggish ways, use your common sense and follow my instructions exactly.

I WON'T hand you a lot of soft soap. I won't flatter you and call you "milady," as a lot of beauty writers do. That isn't my way. For years I gave it to the stars, straight from the shoulder. I was honest, frank, sincere. I got results. They took it from me because they had to, because beauty was their stock in trade. Well, let me tell *you* something. Your biggest seller, no matter what job you do, is your face and your figure. When you have a lovely, slim figure, when your skin is smooth and clear, when your eyes radiate vitality and pep, the world is yours!

You don't need classic features. If classic features were the only requirement, plenty of our biggest movie stars would be pounding the pavements. But what you do need and what any woman from eight to eighty can have is slenderness, energy and health.

Are you ready, girls? Will you string along with Sylvia? Will you let me bawl you out and take you down and build you up? You will? That's swell. Because this I know: if you've got the courage and the will power and the stick-to-it-ive-ness, you can be anything you want to be, have any boy friend you like, get the jobs that suit you! Beauty and success are within the grasp of every woman.

And now I want to tell you about the present I'm going to give you. As you know, I treated Jean Harlow. The girl who came to me several years ago and the girl you see on the screen today are almost two different people. What I did for Jean any girl can do for herself. I'm going to show you the way, so that's why last month the editor of this magazine asked every girl who thinks she looks anything like Harlow to send me her picture.

You don't need platinum hair, either. Jean didn't always have it. We can change your hair, make it red or blue or green, if you like. No, your hair can be black or brown or dark blond so long as your face or your figure bears some resemblance to Harlow, the movie star, or Harlow, the little girl who first came to Hollywood.

But Jean isn't the only one who has changed completely in the last few years. Look at Joan Crawford. Study her face and figure carefully. Would you like to be as she is today? Very well, then, all you girls who think you look like Crawford send in your pictures. When all the pictures are in I'm going to select the girl who is *basically* the most like Joan Crawford. To the one that wins I'll send a long personal letter, telling her how to keep the beauty God gave her and how to remodel what needs remodeling.

AND I'M going to do more. I'm going to print that girl's picture in this magazine. Having your very own picture in MODERN SCREEN is a thrill, isn't it? And who knows to what it might lead? Girls have been selected by their photographs alone for Hollywood stardom many times. Norma Shearer posed for commercial photographers, as did many others. Having your photograph in MODERN SCREEN might be the open door to success, because lots of times when stars get temperamental the executives sign up girls who resemble them as a sort of whip. Anyhow, we'll see. So all you girls who bear a resemblance to Crawford send me your pictures. The more I receive the better I'll like it. I'll announce the winner in a couple of months.

And now to show you that my heart's in the right place I'm going to lead off this series with a brand new exercise for reducing the hips, an exercise I've never printed before. Also I'm going to give you a grand diet. No, I don't like the word "diet." When you say that everyone immediately thinks of starvation—poor women with hollow cheeks, drawn faces and haggard expressions. I'd rather call what I give you "sensible eating." For in my routine you get enough chemicals to satisfy the system, to give you clear, pure, rich blood and strong nerves that will pull your muscles in place.

Summer is about over. You're anxious to look fine in your evening clothes for the winter dances, but you've put on weight. On the beach you've taken improper exercises that make muscles instead of tearing them down. You've done hand-stands and thrown beach balls and have done a lot of swimming. And that has made you hungry, so you have gobbled a lot of hot dogs and have drunk a lot of soda pop. Oh, boy, what that sort of food will do! Do I need to tell you or can you look in the mirror and see for yourself? You're especially big around the hips, aren't you? (*Continued on page 77*)



One of the tourists' big goals, M-G-M's great studio in Culver City, where you may rub elbows with Garbo, if you get past the gates!



Above, the casting office at Fox Movietone City, a port of call for all ambitious youngsters. Below, the Roosevelt Hotel where you may spot your favorite dining in the Blossom Room some night.



IF You

Places to go, prices,

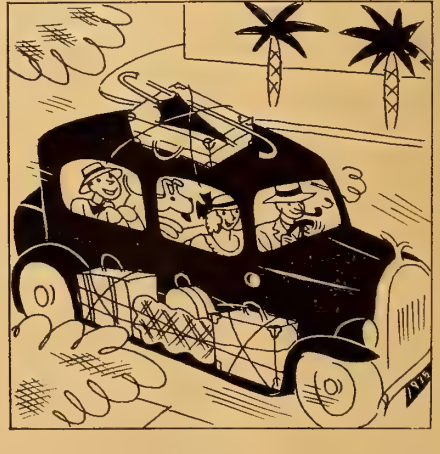
By Caroline Somers Hoyt

Riveron, Cartoonist

REALIZING everyone would like to visit Hollywood, MODERN SCREEN wants you to know exactly what you should see in Hollywood and what it will cost you to stay there one week, one month or one year. This is a tourist's guide of exact information.

Three railroads, two transcontinental airlines and a large number of bus lines serve Los Angeles. This writer's family has just travelled from coast to coast by auto. The gasoline and oil for a six-cylinder, medium-weight car cost $57.77. Tourist camp accommodations ranged from $1.25 to $2.50 for three people, inclusive. There was no town or city on the Lincoln Highway where one could not secure an excellent meal for fifty cents. In many smaller towns, hotel accommodations were less expensive and better than tourist camps. The trip from New York to Hollywood takes from nine to fourteen days, depending upon weather conditions. Total cost of trip for three adults and one large dog: $152.24.

If you travel by rail, do not expect to see Hollywood celebrities en route



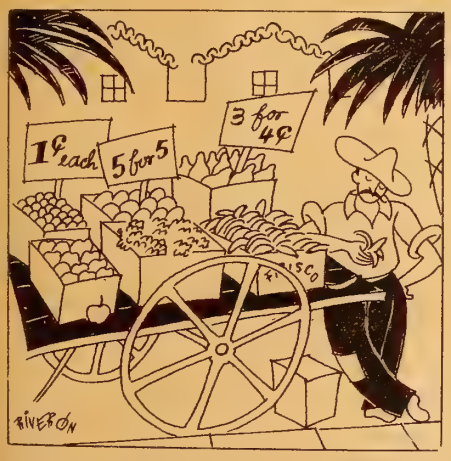
Above is a typical scene—it might be you, arriving by car for your first glimpse at the stars!

Ever Visit Hollywood

and how to see stars at work and play

unless you pay $10 for the privilege of riding on "The Chief." Although there are many luxury trains to the coast, this is the only "extra fare" one and is designed principally for Hollywood studio travel. The stars do not patronize it because it costs more but because they are more protected. When Olive Borden was one of the most popular and highest-paid actresses, I travelled across the country on a non-extra fare train with her. Although Olive liked the crowds at the station, the friendly passengers who knocked continually on the drawing-room door, the host of reporters who swarmed on at the cities, we were both so exhausted when the trip was over we scarcely could be courteous to the friends who met us.

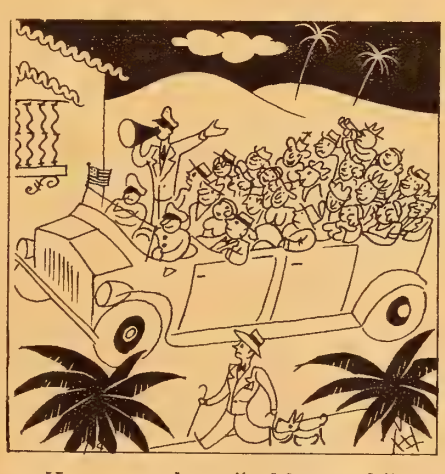
Most Hollywood celebrities enjoy attention. It is the final proof of



Hollywood is the housekeeper's delight with vegetables, fruit and eggs to be bought unbelievably cheap from vendors.

fame, their goal from the beginning. But they have just so much strength and can only protect it by privacy when they travel so you will not meet them on busses or every-day trains.

Now, aeroplanes are different. If you board a swift, transcontinental plane you are likely to run into some "big shot" from Hollywood. Connie Bennett flies across several times yearly, usually accompanied by Rex Cole, her business manager, for company. Somehow, there's a feeling of comfort, when you are 10,000 feet in the air to have someone *you know* up there with you. Mary Pickford, Gary Cooper, Katharine Hepburn, Wally Beery, Margaret Sullavan, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, George Brent usually fly. The accident which killed Senator Cutting, injured director Richard Wallace and



You can take a "rubberneck" trip around Hollywood but beware of phoney ones which exist.

others of the Paramount company, happened on the day before Myrna Loy was to wing eastward. Friends urged her to change to the train but Myrna only laughed and boarded the plane. You'll find that most Hollywoodites are fatalists. They depend instinctively upon the lucky or unlucky break. Myrna waited nearly ten years for a "Thin Man" to make her a star. It would come or it wouldn't! She would be killed or she wouldn't!

BUT IF you expect to meet Myrna Loy on a plane, you'll have to be an extra-clever detective to make certain ahead of time because the aeroplane companies won't tell. Their passenger list is a deep secret until the take-off. Then the publicity breaks and a star, traveling via air, gets twice as much publicity space in the newspapers as one spending four days on a train being courteous to fellow-passengers, autograph seekers and reporters.

Whether you reach Los Angeles by train, bus or plane, you land at



The above street signs of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street mark the center of Hollywood activities.

least eight miles from Hollywood. The plane sends you to your destination by bus but you must provide your own transportation otherwise. Taxis are expensive. You should allow at least $5 *round trip* (including tips). You may have your luggage sent by truck for approximately $1 (one way) and take the red-car (ten cents) which runs directly down Hollywood Boulevard.

Hotel accommodations vary, naturally, according to luxury and location. The Roosevelt hotel, in the center of Hollywood, has some rooms that are living quarters by day and bedrooms by night. All with private baths. Cost: approximately $6 daily (double). Other hotels dot or edge the boulevard (The Christie; the Plaza, etc.) where accommodations may be secured from $3 to $5. If you come in your own car, parking by the night is fifty cents but special rates may be secured in fire-proof garages for as low as $6 monthly or for $4-$5 in private, wooden garages.

Small, little-advertised but comfortable hotels may be found on side streets, running from the boulevard, for $2 nightly or $50 monthly. Although the "swank" is missing, the rooms are clean, comfortable and have private baths. To find them, take the Los Angeles telephone book, look under hotels in the classified advertising section and ask any drug store attendant to help you place the localities. You will find the average clerk in Hollywood extremely courteous as long as he may put in his plug for the "unusual weather." Here is a tip: Never discourage a Californian (*Continued on page 89*)



His marriage to Dolores made a different man of Jack Barrymore —but this was not to last.

The Most

SHE was the most beautiful bride I have ever seen. Her face was as delicate as the lillies-of-the-valley clasped to her shoulder by a diamond pin. Her personality was as dainty as the spider-web lace draped over her bisque slip. Her eyes were great moonbeams shining with faith from their heaven.

When she had been pronounced the wife of John Barrymore, I slipped away to see her father, Maurice Costello, who had not been invited to the wedding.

He was ill in bed. He clutched the worn coverlet in one hand and the battered bedside with the other. There were tears in his eyes, on his cheeks, in the whiskers of an unshaven chin while he talked.

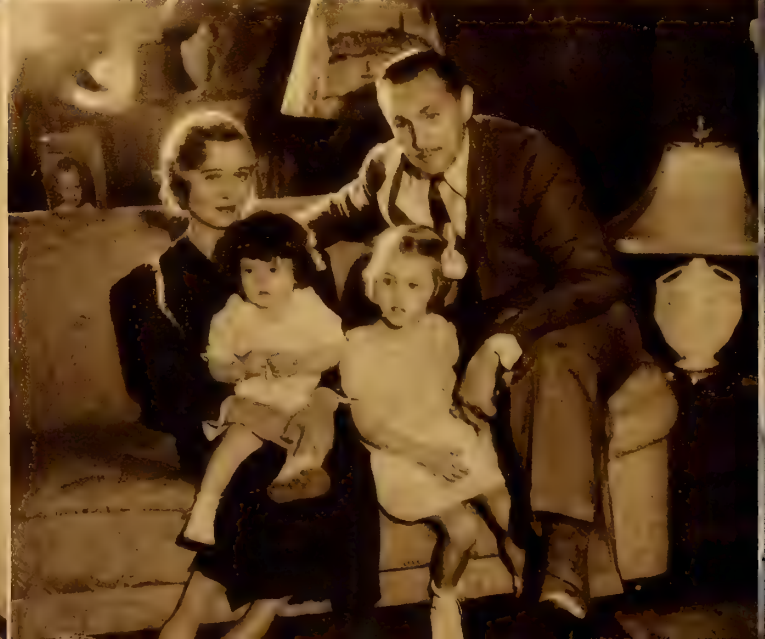
"I did all I could to stop that marriage. God knows, I lost my home, job, the affection of my children in trying to stop it. Why, John Barrymore is of my generation—not Dolores'."

He did not paint a pretty picture. I did not write one word of it—then. Who could tell that radiant young girl, who had just taken the most sacred vow of life, her father's grim story?

Today, it seems as though Maurice Costello may have

(Left, below) Beautiful Dolores whose dad predicted tragedy for his "baby" if she wed John, twice her age.





Tragic Love Story

The Barrymore-Costello marriage has hit the rocks . . . a girl's dreams are shattered . . .

By Ruth Biery

been a prophet. This is the story he told me.

"I was not in Hollywood when my family first came. They had been here nine months when I arrived. Dolores was already playing in 'The Sea Beast' with John Barrymore. I objected to his association with Dolores as I would have expected a father to object to my association with a very young girl under the same circumstances.

"Funny, my divorce was granted on Dolores' birthday, September 17. Everyone says I'm going to sue John Barrymore for alienation of my children's affections. My lawyer helped me write them a letter which should answer that. It ended, 'I have given my forgiveness and blessing for a long and happy wedlock. Lovingly, Dad.'

"I am something like John Barrymore myself and that is the reason I do not want him for the husband of my baby. Barrymore's contract is typical of the man. No one has anything to say except Barrymore. He has the final word on everything: cameramen, extra girls, electricians. He always will. God help Dolores!

"Barrymore was standing one day on a balcony arguing with one of the Warner brothers. Dolores chanced to walk out. Barrymore said, 'Who's that girl?'

" 'Dolores Costello.'

" 'All right, I'll have her as my leading lady in "The Sea Beast."'

"That ended that and this began. One morning I, came down to breakfast, not long after my arrival. I can remember that conversation word for word. Like to hear it? All right. Dolores, Helene and her mother were there.

"I began, 'I am going to step out of my character for a moment.'

" 'What character?'

" 'The character of minding my own business. John Barrymore is no man for Dolores. In the first place, he's old enough to be her father. In the second place, he's a married man. (Michael Strange had not yet divorced him.) In the third place, he's a gigantic mass of contradictions. He comes just too close to being a really great man.'

"My wife answered, 'Why, John Barrymore's made Dolores a star.' (*Continued on page 78*)

(Left, below) Back in the happy days with their children Dolores Ethel Mae and John, Jr. What about them now?

(Below) Mrs. Barrie, Jack and his new protégée, Elaine Barrie, whom he is grooming for stage stardom.







Advance Model

She's not of the glamor school; she's 'way ahead of it, something zippy, gay and new. An exciting personality is Rosalind, Hollywood says she'll go far. And she's well on her way in "China Seas" with Clark Gable and Jean Harlow.

Meet Rosalind Russell, a sprightly new version of young-star-to-be!

By Faith Service

STREAMLINE stardom—airflow lines—advance model—that is Rosalind Russell!

"She's going places," that's what they say of her—the critics, fans and studios—here in Hollywood and elsewhere.

In "Evelyn Prentice," "The Night Is Young," "The President Vanishes," "The Casino Murder Case," "Forsaking All Others," "China Seas," "Reckless"—she's had fattish parts and fervid recognition in all of them.

Her next role will be opposite Bill Powell in a Loyish part. "Ha," they say—the types who always insist that Little Willie is the spittin' image of Great-Aunt Belinda—"ha, she's like Myrna!" But she isn't. Nothing mysterious or enigmatic about "Roz." Her brain does a perpetual somersault, her tongue a sprightly marathon. She's not like anybody yet jelled in gelatin. She has no predecessors. She's bound to have "descendants." She doesn't copy. She will be copied. We may be in for a Russell rash. She is an original, others will be carbons. She's set a new style in stars—advance model—this girl.

'Ware there, all the old established stars, the new model is out!

BACKGROUND? Uh-uh, no contest winner, no foreign importation, no dark lady willing to give all for her art. None of the old legends. But this:

A rambling, jolly family home in Waterbury, Connecticut. A spacious Park Avenue apartment for the winter seasons. Seven children in the warm and gracious family circle. A mother and father so profoundly in love that they blushed when they looked at each other, after twenty-five years of married life. *Real* marriage. A home where love lived—that was Rosalind's background.

Memories of that delightful, dear home when the seven were children together—riding, all seven of them, each on his or her own horse. "We looked," said Rosalind, "like the Connecticut Cavalry in action."

Mother and Dad going off on their annual six months' trip together—'round the world, to Europe, to South America, always honeymooning. The sudden decision to go; it was always sudden. Then the children dragging down luggage, helping to pack, the lusty Irish woman who could be "trusted" and who stood guard while Mother and Dad were away. Mother's birthdays and the family ritual—the seven children summoned to Dad's office, asked, each in turn, what he or she had planned for Mother's gifts. Small Rosalind's turn: "I thought a black suede bag." Dad's quick nod, "That's good—how much will it cost?" Rosalind blandly, "Twenty-five dollars."

Of course, she told me, it wouldn't cost that much and she knew it; ten at most. She said, "We were demons." Then the seven going shopping and returning to Dad's office while he inspected each (*Continued on page 68*)

The Theatre's Loss

Walter Huston turns movieward after a successful year in "Dodsworth"

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

HAVE you ever stopped to think how the least decision we make can change our entire life? How a chance word or a chance act can turn an unhappy pattern into a happy pattern. Or vice versa. The threads upon which our destinies hang are so very slender.

Take, by way of striking example, the case of Walter Huston. But for a chance activity in a school dramatic club he would be an engineer today, not an actor.

I saw him when he was in New York recently, en route for England, where he will play the title role in "Rhodes, Empire Builder," for Gaumont-British. The hotel suite in which we talked, over Scotch and soda, might have been a stage setting for a sophisticated man about town or a more typical matinée idol. Beyond the windows, hung with stiff gold taffeta, the towers of Manhattan formed a severe, geometrical pattern against the spring dusk. The walls were black, gold striped. The ceiling gold. The carpet black. And there were red and gold parchment lamps of a formal Empire design to light the scene.

Walter Huston didn't look as if he belonged in any such room. His gray eyes have the narrowed look which comes from long stretches in the sun. In his slightly weather-beaten neck there are deep wrinkles. When he laughs deep lines radiate from his eyes. There are patches of iron gray in his hair. And if you notice his clothes at all it is because of their excellent tailoring. He looks so much more like the engineer he started out to be than like an actor.

Walter Huston didn't look as if he belonged in any such room. But he enjoyed being in such a room. Because he *is* an actor. And as an actor has learned to enjoy life and all the luxury and beauty and charm it has to offer. And as an actor hasn't been obliged to spend his life adjusting himself to practical, routine demands, and to pay for his success—as too many business men do—by his very joy of living. Also acquiring in the bargain a holy horror of anything not one hundred per cent conservative.

All of which he knows himself. For he's intelligent and analytical enough to realize that he has come to a much fuller, richer life than he ever would have known had he continued in the engineering world. Or in almost any other world.

"I'm darn grateful for that school dramatic club," he says, "because it whetted my appetite for the theatre to such a degree that I couldn't stay away from it."

He talks very quietly. He isn't even slightly the exhibitionist who loves the sound of his own voice.

"Acting," he went on, leaning back in the small black satin sofa which stood in the embrasure of a window, "you touch the highspots of living. For instance, I go to Washington and I'm invited to meet the President. I play a submarine commander in a certain film and for weeks I'm working with high naval officials and learning a tremendous amount about the sea, about submarines. I come to New York now, on my way to England, and Mr. John Hays Hammond invites me to spend an evening with him and we talk of Rhodes and of Africa until I leave steeped in all that adventure and romance. In England I'm to make a presentation of some kind to the King.

"One interest leads to another. Constantly. Life is stimulating and colorful. (*Continued on page 82*)

Walter Huston could have long-term contracts galore, but he prefers to do a movie or a play, as he desires.



From the stage play "Dodsworth" with wife, Nan Sunderland. And now he's in "Rhodes, Empire Builder," for G-B.





By Martha Kerr

Gary Cooper isn't the shy, timid soul he used to be. The change which has come over him was first apparent in his animated characterization in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." As a result of his excellent work, Paramount cast him opposite Ann Harding in "Peter Ibbetson." He will be Marlene Dietrich's leading man in "The Pearl Necklace."

In a single year Gary Cooper has become a changed man. Here's why

Hollywood has a new Gary Cooper! He is not, of course, a completely new human being but an adult who is the outgrowth of the bashful, gawky, restless recruit who stumbled accidentally among us ten years ago. Ten years is a long time but it has taken a long time for the boy-Gary to become the man-Cooper.

Men are usually slow in slipping from tempestuous adolescence to the more intriguing maturity. Some never make the transition. Many of us feared Gary was fated to the perennial youth which has helped to wreck the personal happiness and professional career of many an actor. And I believe there was this very real danger until that invisible Something which controls our destinies wielded three influences marking a terrific change in Gary, reshaping his life into a new pattern.

Marriage! "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer!" A series of fan-magazine stories!

Since all three came in a single year, it is impossible to segregate their influences. We must look at them together, as they were handed to him.

Gary dislikes to have anyone write about him in his relation to women. In the old days, he hesitated to talk about them because he did not know what to say. He did not understand them and was afraid of sounding dumb. Today, he refuses because he believes his private life is nobody else's business. A proof in itself that he has graduated from fearful boyishness to firm adultism.

But Gary understands, today, also that all men either grow up or remain like "little boys" largely because of their experiences with women. To the boy, women are mysterious, ethereal creatures never quite understood. They are on that "other side" of an invisible wall which they continually try to climb. Until they do, they are boys. If they never manage to scale the top, they are still boys.

Naturally, woman is clever. She does not want man to make that jump—to come to really know, completely understand her. For when he does, woman loses her most adroit weapon in bending man to her will and her whims. She loses that czarina domination!

Gary began wondering about women in Montana. They were even more wondrous, more mysterious to him than they are to most boys because Gary was raised on the plains where his only companions were tough, hard-drinking, story-spinning cowboys, scurrying chipmunks, wise-eyed owls, threatening coyotes, and his Victorian, idealistic mother and father. No sisters, one brother. He understood these—he dreamed of women as he dashed like a whirl of wind itself on his saddleless ponies. And he dreamed them to be more delicate, more wonderful than any boy who has played hide-and-seek or jumped rope with the neighborhood girls. It was only natural he should become easily influenced by what he had dreamed to be God's most marvellous creation.

A woman influenced Gary to enter Grinnell College in Iowa. A white-haired, tender-hearted woman yearning in her schoolroom over the destinies of other women's children. A girl influenced Gary to seek a security-for-living in the big cities where quick advancement for quick marriage seemed more assured than the former rustling cattle, guiding tourists through national parks or sitting in small offices in small Montana cities. He considered New York. "I couldn't bear the thought of walking in those chasms between false walls or watching the imitation pinnacles of skyscrapers after the real chasms and pinnacles of nature in our mountains in Montana," he once told me. He heard that Los Angeles sprawled over mountain top and desert, so he went there.

He had intended to write the girl in Grinnell College daily letters. But a man who stumbles, half-starving, during the day from door to door selling—or rather not selling—photograph coupons can spend little energy writing letters at night. And when he stumbled, through sheer accident, into his first extra role as an archer in a Tom Mix picture, wearing a pair of green tights and with feather in cap, he caught sight of Billie Dove, Tom's leading lady. Now the sight of Billy Dove, with her truly exquisite beauty, has made the greatest male cynics decide they know little, after all, about women. Gary decided to remain in this strange, new pasture into which he had ridden.

I do not know that he ever saw Billie again. But it wasn't very long before all the women in Hollywood were eyeing this tall, well-knit figure who ambled around Hollywood with a combination of wistful *(Continued on page 80)*



Gary admits that he owes a lot to women. Above, Sandra Shaw, his charming wife.



The Confessions

She wanted to be a great path thorny. Continue

Part 2

THIS IS the second of a series of articles written by a Hollywood extra girl, who, since she is still working in pictures, must not reveal her name. As her story progresses you will realize how important it is to her career that her confession remain anonymous.

Last month she described her arrival in Hollywood, determined to become a star in a year's time. Discouraged when a cheap director of a small "quickie" company insulted her, she decided that she would steer clear of the offer made to her on a bus by an artist, who wanted her to pose for a stocking ad. But when she discovered on a Saturday that she had lost ten dollars and only had a few pennies to last her until Monday morning, when she couldn't get in the bank, she went to the artist's studio early Sunday morning, thinking she would make a few dollars. Now go on with her exciting adventures.

WHEN I arrived at the artist's studio the door was opened for me by the man I had met on the bus. It seemed as if he hardly recognized me. Hurriedly he said, "Oh, yes, it's you. Come in." And then he turned, leaving me standing there looking foolish, and went on talking to the other man I now saw in the room.

"But I tell you," the artist said, "it can be done. Acting is a spurious art. It is imitative, not creative. The stars simply do what the directors tell them—and that's all."

Standing in the cluttered studio, unnoticed by the two men in the room, I looked about me. There were the usual artists' materials, the easel, pallette, tubes of paint, sketch books, model throne, etc. In one corner sat the artist and another man—an older man, grey at the temples, well dressed. They were having not only breakfast, but a violent argument. Although the smell of hot buttered toast and bacon tantalized me—for I had not eaten since noon of the day before—I stood quietly in the middle of the room and awaited the next move.

I HEARD the older man saying, "You're all wrong, Bradley. A good actor combines technique with emotion. It is as fine and as subtle an art as a painter's."

"Nonsense," said the artist, "the actor's emotions are pseudo. His technique is a bag of cheap, clap-trap tricks." I waited patiently. Suddenly he turned and looked at me. "Now, take this girl here," he said to the older man, "young, inexperienced—never had a real emotion in her. Give her a good director and she can act as well as your greatest stars."

"Take this young girl, she's never had a real emotion," said the older man to Bradley.

I was terribly hungry. And I was mad, too, at being left standing there while these two

star but she found the her exciting adventures

had an argument and ate breakfast. "You're a liar," I shouted. "I *have* had real emotions. Right now my most real emotion is hunger." And I began to cry.

They both laughed. Without introducing me to the other man, the artist made a place for me at the little card table, buttered some toast and poured a cup of coffee. They both looked at me as if I were something under glass in a museum. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Bradley," the older man said, "we'll make an experiment. Do you consider me a good director?"

The artist nodded.

"Then we'll give this little inexperienced girl, with or without emotion, a test. You claim she'll be a great actress. I say she may or may not show a little native ability and that's all."

"It isn't fair," the artist protested. "She needs background, setting, any number of things."

"Backing down?" the director laughed. "What you're saying is just what I'm saying, that one must have technique to be a good actor. But you were arguing differently a moment ago."

The artist laughed now, too. "All right, my original statement goes. We'll give the kid a test."

NOW CAN you movie-struck girls imagine my mooted emotions at this point? Can you imagine how I felt hearing these two men deciding, so it seemed to me, my fate; holding the thing I wanted most in the world, a screen test, in front of my nose, then jerking it away and then dangling it again; doing it all perfectly casual, over a breakfast table argument; acting as if I were a piece of furniture; paying no attention to me as a person at all and yet giving me a glimpse of hell and paradise all in a few short minutes.

I sat quietly by. I had made a mistake during my first week in Hollywood by being too impetuous when the "quickie" director offered me a role. This experience was almost too good to be true and I was determined not to spoil it. One word from me might make them change their minds. I could not keep my hand from trembling as I put the sugar in my coffee, but I could certainly keep my mouth shut.

I was there, so I thought, to pose for a stocking ad, but I did not mention it. I had been hungry a moment before, but I was hungry no longer, for the director said, "Come on, then, we'll take a run out to the studio and shoot the test right away."

My heart leapt. This was too good to be true.

The artist said, "But I've got some work to do."

My heart sank. Would I lose this, my only, chance?

"Backing down?" the director asked again, with a broad grin on his face.

My heart stood still. I couldn't imagine how this would end.

(*Continued on page 64*)

"You're a liar," shouted the girl. "Right now my most real emotion is hunger."

of an Extra Girl

Carl Mueller, Illustrator



Making people laugh is Edna May Oliver's fate

How can you help liking her?

By Franc Dillon

THE company making "No More Ladies" at M-G-M had gone to lunch. The set was dark on the huge sound stage and, I thought, deserted, until I heard unmistakable sounds of an argument coming from an obscure corner.

My reportorial temperature rose when I recognized the voice of Edna May Oliver. "A fight!" I breathed to myself, as I tiptoed closer to hear what was going on.

"Why do you eat that stuff?" Miss Oliver demanded of Oliver Marsh, the cameraman on the picture. "Why don't you bring some sandwiches from home?"

Oliver was sitting on a stool just off the set, eating his lunch from a tray and, apparently, was just as surprised as I was at this sudden onslaught.

"I don't have time," he replied weakly.

"No time! No time!" she repeated with a scornful sniff. "You have a wife, haven't you? You've been home sick with stomach trouble for three days and look at you—eating those soggy-looking sandwiches and drinking ice-cold milk! Why don't you eat whole wheat bread? No wonder you're sick!"

And, with a gesture of exasperation, she walked away.

To the casual observer she seems fairly to bristle at times, and to those who don't know her it would seem she is a meddlesome person. But to Mr. Marsh, or anyone who knows her, that incident is just another proof of her concern for the welfare of anyone with whom she has the slightest contact.

"That poor boy is sick," she explained to me. "He should have something hot for his lunch."

Another side of Edna May Oliver had been revealed to me.

Making people laugh is easy for her. In fact, they'll generally laugh whether she wants them to or not. This fact was illustrated a few moments later when the entire company of actors, including Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Robert Montgomery and others returned from lunch and work was resumed.

"I smell smoke," Miss Oliver said suddenly, stopping in the middle of a scene, wrinkling her nose (you know her wrinkling system) and sniffing dramatically in every direction.

Now, a fire any place within the confines of a studio is a very serious thing, but everyone on the set began to laugh.

"I do," she insisted. "I smell smoke. Something is burning!"

Continued and louder laughter was her reward.

"Well," she said resignedly, "I suppose the place could burn down and no one would believe it if *I* spread the alarm. No one takes *me* seriously."

The fact that there was smoke, which was caused by some crossed wiring, made the situation even funnier to Edna May's co-workers. They gleefully accepted the fact that she had noticed it before they did as a humorous tribute to the efficacy of her characteristic, high-powered sniff.

Edna May Oliver, comedienne, came into being when the discovery was made that (*Continued on page 74*)

Miss Oliver wanted to be a dramatic actress but—



She's Joan's high-ball drinking granny in "No More Ladies."



Edna May's humor never fails to delight audiences.



Revealing a brand new slant on the "Cisco Kid"

Baxter's Best Girl



Did you know that Warner's mother, pictured with him below, has handled all of his fan mail since 1915? And she wouldn't give up that job for the world.



by Harry T. Brundidge

A SCENE as touching as anything he ever played upon a screen was enacted just the other afternoon in the palatial home of Warner Baxter, atop the rugged Bel-Air Hills. Baxter had a showdown with his mother, the beloved Mrs. Jennie Barrett Baxter, a widow since Warner was three months old. The showdown had to do with Warner's fan mail. Now it must be understood that ever since that day in 1915 when Warner received his first fan letter, Mrs. Baxter has been head of his fan mail department, and has watched it grow from a letter a month to thousands each week. She has read and handled every letter! And now Warner had heard that his mother, just turned sixty-six years, had been to an eye specialist—was having trouble with her eyes. Thus, the showdown.

Mrs. Baxter, in answer to her son's summons, tripped up the soft-carpeted stairs to his study on the second floor.

"What's on your mind, son?" she inquired.

"It's about the fan mail," he began.

"Well, what about the fan mail?"

"Mother," said Warner, softly, "I've heard about your eyes and while I hate like everything to tell you this, I've decided to take all the mail off your hands. It's time you retired." Warner grinned, and put his arm around her.

For a moment she said nothing. Then she began to choke up, and her eyes filled with tears. "Warner," she said, "don't do it! I can't darn your socks, wash your shirts—do the things mothers do for their boys—but if you take that mail away from me, Warner, it would kill me."

So Mrs. Baxter remains at the head of the fan mail department.

At the risk of being crowned by my friend Baxter, I'm going to disclose that Warner, in recounting that tale to me, did a little choking up himself! "As a matter of fact," he said, "mother has more vitality than her son. She drives her own car, has a full, busy day, every day, is never ill, and at sixty-six finds that life is getting very interesting indeed. And speaking of her vitality, I'll tell you something that isn't generally known about her. Not so long ago she jumped from the third floor of a burning building into a net spread by firemen, and suffered neither shock nor bruises!

"As you know, mother, ever since my marriage in 1917, has refused to live with us. Her contention has always been that no house was big enough for a man, his wife and a mother-in-law. From time to time, in the intervening years, Winnie (the lovely Winifred Bryson, who was a famous stage and screen star) and I have tried to get her to live with us, but she refused, point blank and cold-bloodedly, insisting that she loved the privacy of an apartment, with a kitchenette, where she could cook for herself when she desired home cooking. So, when Winnie and I built this house, convinced that it would be easy now to get her to come and live with us, we planned a big surprise for her. We built into the house a little apartment for mother. Remembering her plea for privacy, we arranged an entrance (*Continued on page 93*)

The Truth About The

If it had not been for



Myrna Loy, once doomed to playing half-caste roles, now enjoys being a normal American.

WHEN HER father died, Myrna, her mother and her brother David left Helena, Montana, and settled in Culver City, California. Myrna's mother was not in very good health, and it wasn't long before the freckled-faced, red-haired Myrna was assuming the responsibility of taking care of the family. Always interested in dancing, Myrna decided to take it up seriously and eventually start a class of her own. Inside of a year, this is exactly what she did do. However, the revenue from this work was very small and Myrna got herself a job in a revue at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre.

While Myrna was doing a number, Henry Waxman, a photographer at Warner Brothers, noticed the red-haired miss and offered to photograph her. The pictures turned out beautifully and one day while Rudolph Valentino was in his studio, he asked Waxman to introduce him to her. Impressed with her rare beauty, Rudy decided to test her for a part in "What Price Beauty" starring Nita Naldi. Of course, Myrna was thrilled over this bit of good fortune. When she appeared to take the screen test, Rudy made her up with his own hands and Natacha Rambova, his wife, brought her her own clothes to wear. Myrna will never forget the kindness and friendliness of these two people. And she was so anxious that the test be a success. But, alas, she was bit-



Stepping stones in Myrna's career (reading across the page): in "The Mask of Fu Manchu"; a bit in "Love Me

Mysterious Miss Loy

the men in her life, Myrna would not be a star

By Gladys Hall

terly disappointed. Her spirits downcast, she did not want to go back to dancing. Myrna thought she might obtain extra work at M-G-M. Day after day she sat on the narrow wooden bench in the Casting Office, determined to get a break.

MYRNA SAID, "When that voice called to me that day in the casting office—that day after so many, many days—'Hey, you there in the blue suit—wanter work today?' it was precisely as though Sandolphin, the Angel of Glory, had, with dulcet accents, beckoned me through the heaveny portals to reign there forever . . .

"I have had a great many charming things said to me since then, flattering things, poetic things, but never words so winged and wonderful as those!

"I walked through that humdrum wooden door and it was a Golden Gate to me. I walked onto that lot, for the first time in my life, on shoes a little run down at the heel and my feet seemed not to touch the earth they trod.

"Visions of sugarplums danced through my head. Perhaps, I thought, my hidden genius had burned right through that little wooden grille and I had been 'discovered!'

"I was sent to the wardrobe department. I there found out that I was to make a costume test. They didn't want me, Myrna Loy. They wanted a body. Any body weighing less than one hundred and twenty pounds on which to drape the leper costume Kathleen Key was to wear in 'Ben Hur' starring Ramon Novarro! A figure for a leper costume—that was my grand entrance into motion pictures!

"They didn't want me to use make-up. They weren't concerned with my face. They were testing the costume in color and the costume was all they cared about. But my vanity rose up in its majesty at the thought of being photographed, even from the neck down, with all my freckles in their ungarnished glory. I demurred. They finally told me to go ahead and fix my face, it really didn't matter. I did. And when I reached the set, lavishly daubed and mascaraed, Lillian Rosine, the make-up expert, took one long look at me and cried out, 'Migod, where did you get the false face!' and propelled me off the set forthwith. She made me up, professionally, as she has done so many times since, and there's many a time that we have laughed together over my first appearance.

"I sat around waiting to take the costume test. And as I sat there I was conscious that Christy Cabanne, directing one of the units of 'Ben Hur,' was watching me. I couldn't figure out whether he had perceived the camouflaged freckles and was fascinated or whether he was intent upon my undiscovered genius. Still he looked kindly. He was extremely kind to me.

"Later he came over to me and asked whether I was a member of the studio stock company. I told him, 'No, this is the first time I've been able to get my foot on this lot. I'm—I'm just about to try on a leper costume!

"He then explained to me that he was looking for a Madonna type to play the Virgin Mary in the picture. He would like to make a test of me for the part. And so, directly the color stuff of the leper costume was made, it was whipped off me and I was draped in white robes and a blonde wig and tested for the Madonna. I was thin enough and anxious enough and haunted enough, I suppose, to look holy.

"The next day I was on (*Continued on page 85*)



Tonight"; "Topaze" with Barrymore; "Animal Kingdom" with Howard; "The Thin Man" and "Broadway Bill."

Costume Pictures





Countess Di Frasso's amusing party

Dietrich made Liz Allan up as herself—and a swell job, too. Below, her own lovely swan costume.

Above, Jack Oakie and the hostess, Dorothy Di Frasso. Below, Sally Blane and beau Norman Foster.





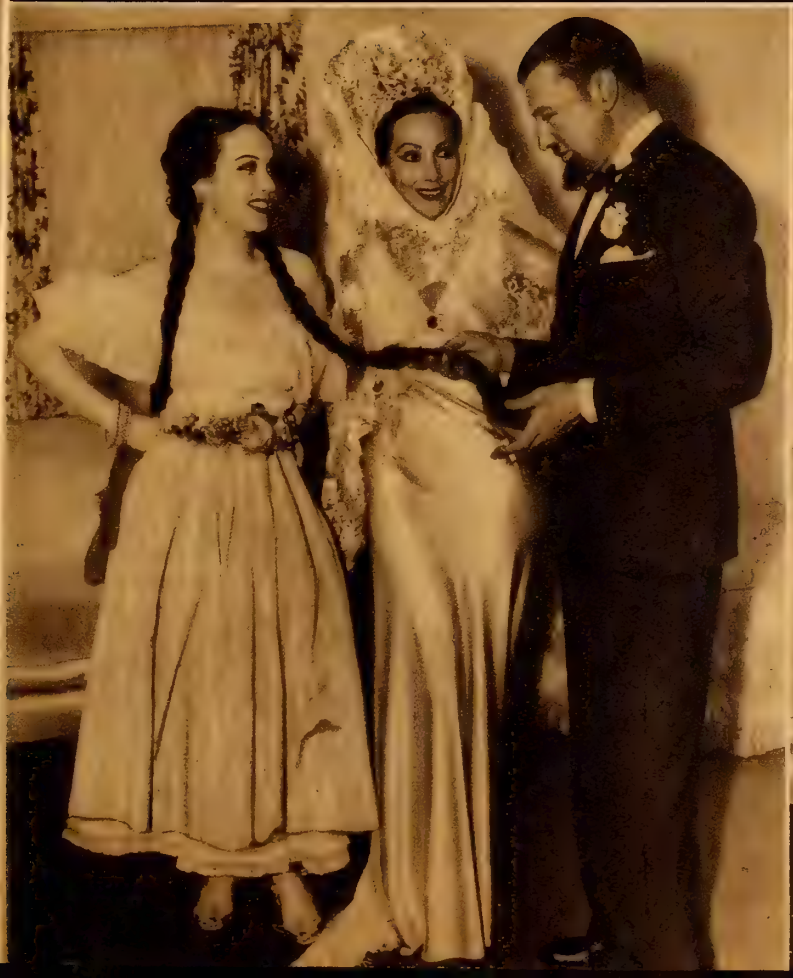




puts Hollywood into famous character roles!

Josephine Baker (Ruth Chatterton) with a Chinaman friend, Cliff Webb! Fay Wray, Dolores Del Rio and Clive Brook, below.

More Orientals! Charlie Chaplin with Paulette Goddard—and below, Loretta Young with sea-going Lewis Milestone.









Toppers off to Ginger's 'Top Hat' Clothes



Across the top of the page we go in a smart whirl of Ginger's new costumes—you not only see the finished costume but also Bernard Newman's original sketches. First left, the Piccolino dress of white starched chiffon besprinkled with silver paillettes. Next, a light blue satin trimmed with matching ostrich feathers (the whole studio had to pick them up after each dance!). Then Indigo blue and white striped woolen for daytime. The cape comes off, leaving a jacket. And Ginger's stunning pajamas with tunic coat of metal shot taffeta. Lower left, dusty pink lace with silver thread tracery. And last, Ginger and Newman approve her riding habit—the last word in equestrian correctness.



Gay, sophisticated



fashions dance through Rogers-Astaire opus

. . New clothes

School clothes are a major subject this time

By Adelia Bird

JUST about this time of the year there is an off-stage tolling of bells—and, if you are of the campus age, they ring like a knell in your ears! The only compensation for vacations ending is, for the feminine contingent, the immediate possibility of going on a clothes binge. No woman can stay depressed for long with new clothes in the offing—even if they are school clothes.

But don't stop reading if you aren't headed for either a high school or college scene because these fall fashion tips, though aimed at you school-minded readers, are just as applicable to the rest of you.

A well-known Hollywood writer remarked to me, one day at lunch, that she thought, of all the younger Hollywood actresses, Anita Louise was the most clothes-conscious. She went on to say that Anita didn't have just a superficial flair for style but that she really studied herself in relation to her clothes with results that were decidedly smart. Remembering this conversation, I asked



Anita Louise "bones up" on the way to class. Amber-colored sweater over a brown skirt and tricky green scarf.



Beige jersey for a classic subject—the shirtwaist dress. Note the cute striped bow tie under the tailored collar.



Off to a big date! Anita Louise in a white kidskin fur coat. Brown or gray is a more practical choice.









Academically Speaking

of Year so Anita Louise picks some that rate high!

Anita to pick out the sort of clothes she would take off to college, if she were going this fall. She had great fun doing it but explained that she had picked them with a California school in mind and that with slight changes in fabric, her selections are much the same as she would imagine other college girls would wear.

Every college has its own pet fads and it isn't until you get there that you get on to them. For this reason, it is well to choose a few classic campus costumes and leave the extras until you have been on campus awhile and know what the others are wearing. However, if there is a store in your town that features a college shop, it is well to go there and chat with some of the representative college girls who have been invited to help you choose the right clothes for your specific school.

Anyway, to get back to Anita Louise, the two pages of her college selections offer some good basic fashion ideas for you.

She rates a tailored suit as important. Hers is in brown covert cloth. Anita explained that she picked

Co-eds by Gladys Parker



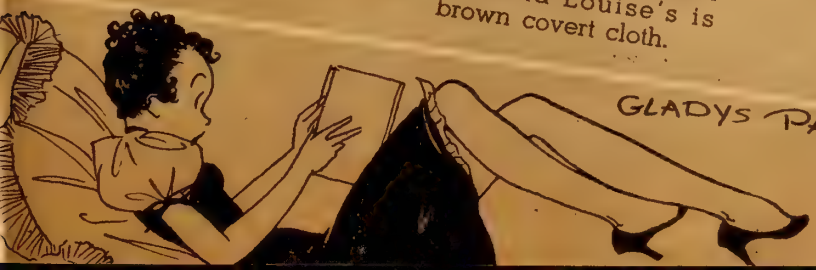
A jaunty swagger coat in gay steamer rug plaid for campus and week-ends.



At least one tailored suit should be on your school list. Anita Louise's is brown covert cloth.



This is a double date evening frock—can be semi-formal with the cape, or quite formal without it!



GLADYS PARKER





Above are five good fall ideas whether or not you are campus bound. Top left, Virginia Bruce's brown and beige tweed ensemble with three-quarter length flared jacket. And right, her smart camel's hair coat in double-breasted style with wide beaver collar and tie belt. Below left to right, Florine McKinney's green velvet coat and muff with corded detail. Next, Betty Furness in checked wool cape over a matching jacket and plain wool skirt. Fay Wray in slate blue woolen and taffeta.

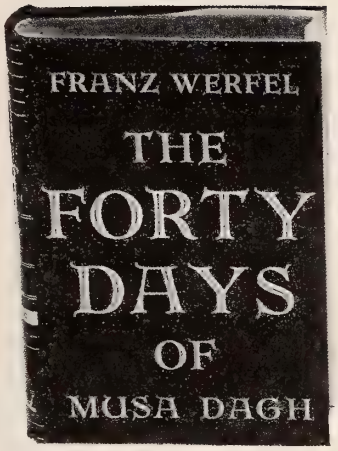
covert cloth, rather than tweed, because it is better suited to California's climate. However, you, who live out of a warm clime, will undoubtedly choose from one of the stunning new sports woolens of rustic weave. They are very new and smart, looking a great deal like the coarser linens and cottons that you adored so this summer. They are perfect for young daytime suit fashions.

Anita's suit is a more formal version of the tuxedo, one-button suit. The jacket is bound in braid and has wide, sharply pointed lapels. She thinks this type of suit is ideal for the school girl who will be making week-end jaunts because it is perfect for traveling and can be worn under a top coat or fur coat later on. Her accessories are brown—her stitched fabric hat has a slightly peaked crown. And she tucks a silk scarf into her neckline, Ascot fashion. That giddy boutonniere is made of California's best brand of straw flowers.

Simplicity in all school clothes is Anita Louise's dictum. Wisely, she thinks nothing is sillier than girls teetering around on very high (*Continued on page 70*)

$2500.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

Get in on this contest. You may win top prize



ONE HUNDRED PRIZES

FIRST	$1,000.00	SEVEN AT $50.00 EACH	350.00
SECOND	500.00	NINETY AT $5.00 EACH	450.00
THIRD	200.00	TOTAL—100 PRIZES	$2,500.00

Here's all you have to do. Write a short letter answering this question: "What do you consider the greatest moment of this story?" Selection of one of the scenes illustrated on this page will qualify. Whatever your selection, give your reasons why.

CONTEST RULES

Print your full name and address in upper left-hand corner of first page; the total number of words you have written in the upper right-hand corner. Prizes will be awarded for the letters which best describe the selection of the writer. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for. Neatness will count.

Send your letter in any ordinary envelope you wish. Do not use special mountings or unusually decorative letters or envelopes as they in no way will influence the judging.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE.

Do not send letters of more than 150 words. This applies only to the main text of the letter, excluding salutation and signature.

This contest is open to everyone except employees and former employees of the Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, The Viking Press, Inc., and members of their families.

The contest ends at midnight, Eastern Standard Time, September 30, 1935. Address your letters to The Modern Screen Forty Days of Musa Dagh Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

100 PRIZES FOR THE 100 BEST LETTERS

MODERN SCREEN offers $2500.00 in prizes for the best 100 letters submitted during the months of June, July, August and September, 1935. This great contest gives everyone an opportunity to claim one of these magnificent prizes and also a chance to express an opinion on the greatest moment in the book of the century, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," which is being made into a tremendous picture of adventure and romance by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

This is a simple contest to enter—all you have to do is write a letter of no more than 150 words. You may select any situation pictured on this page or, if you prefer, you may write about some other "great moment" from the story.

If your letter is selected as one of the 100 prize winners, you are assured of at least $5.00 or possibly $1,000.00. Isn't this a simple way for you to earn some extra money? Think what you could do with one thousand dollars!

Gabriel offers to lead the peasants in defense of their lives and faith.



The peasants before leaving their village forever bury the Church bells.



An avalanche comes down the mountainside and forces Turks to flee.



A child leads Gabriel to a spot where he finds his wife with another.



Gabriel's son drives a platoon of Turks away and captures their howitzers.



Gabriel's wife refuses freedom, stays with her husband on the mountain.



The Turks attack and are driven back in a fierce battle—many lives are lost.



Turkish forces lead a group of Armenian peasants into unwilling exile.



Gabriel and a peasant girl fall in love, think they'll be killed, agree to die together.



In Constantinople the Turkish war-lord refuses mercy to the Armenians.



Modern Screen's

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen.	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
After Office Hours (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★	2★	1★	1★	2★	1½★	2½★	3★	2★	1★			2★	2★
All the King's Horses (Paramount)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★		3★	2★	2★
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	4★		3★	3★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★		2★	1★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★		2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Big-Hearted Herbert (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★		3★	3★	2★
Black Fury (Warners)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Bordertown (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★		4★	4★	3★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)	1★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Brewsters Millions (United Artists)	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	3★	2★
The Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★
The Casino Murder Case (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		3★	3★		2½★	2½★	3★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
The Clairvoyant (G-B)	2★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★		4★	3★
The County Chairman (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
The Devil Is a Woman (Paramount)	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	3★	2★
Enchanted April (RKO)	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Enter Madame (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★			3★	2★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★			3★	3★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★		4★	4★	3★

Critics' picture ratings—5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good;

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.



Movie Scoreboard

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Evergreen (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2★	[2½★]	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★		3★	2½★	2★
The Florentine Dagger (Warners)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	1★		2★	2★	2★
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
George White's Scandals (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★		2★	3★
G-Men (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Gigolette (RKO)	2★	1★	1★	2★		1★		2★	2★	1★		1★	1★	1★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Girl from 10th Avenue (Warners)	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	[3★	2★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★
Go Into Your Dance (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
Gold Diggers of 1935 (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★		3★	3★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★			2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	[3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★			3★	3★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★			2★	2★
In a Monastery Garden (Julius Hagen)	1★	1★	1★	2★		1★	2★	2½★	1★				2★	1★
In Caliente (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★				3★
The Informer (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
In Old Santa Fe (Mascot)	2★			2½★		2½★		2★	2½★	2★			2½★	2★
The Iron Duke (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
I Sell Anything (First National)	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★		2★	2★
It Happened In New York (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★		2½★	3★
Laddie (RKO)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2★		3★	2★	3★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	5★

(*Continued on page 72*)

3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, review unavailable

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

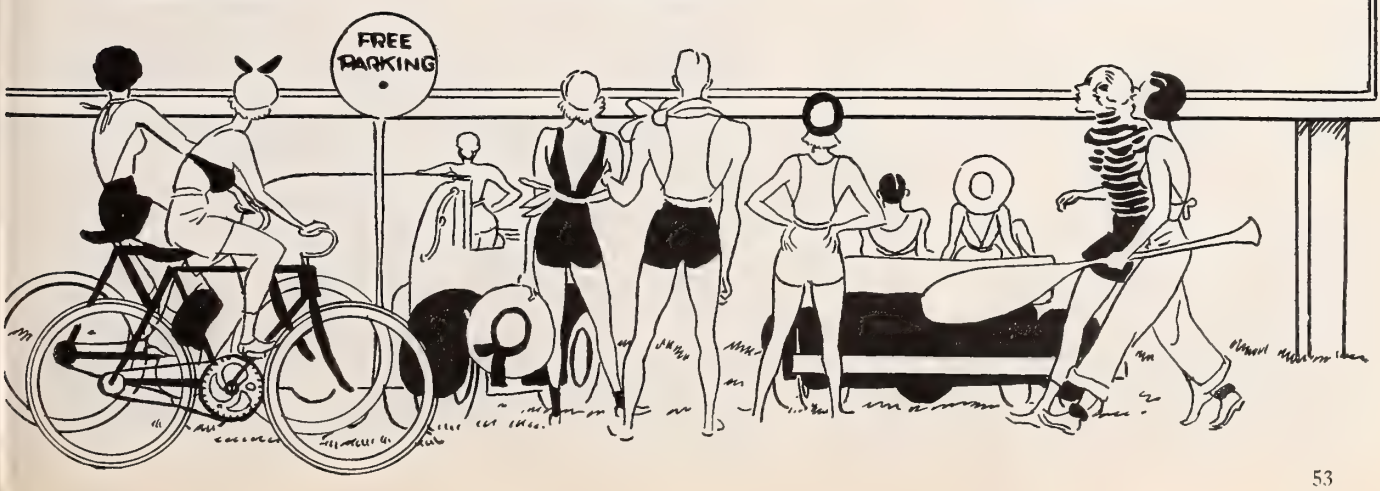
New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

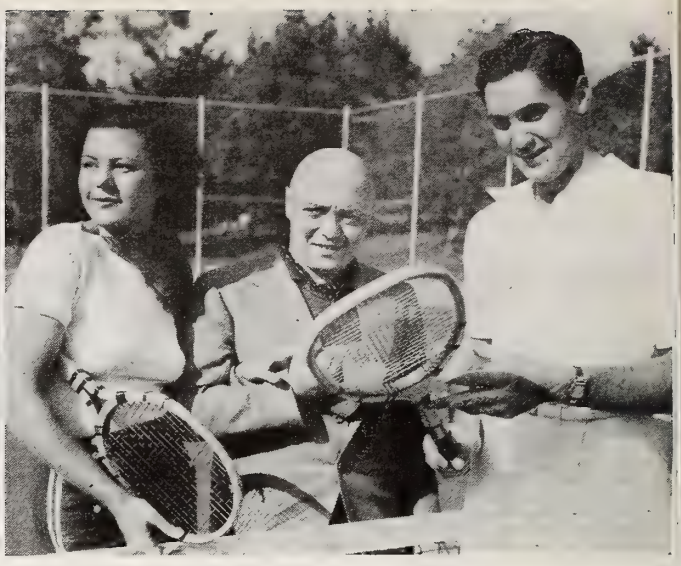
New York Times
Andre Sennwald

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons





Edward Arnold buys charming Binnie Barnes a drink while looking over the San Diego Exposition.



Three of the ardent tennis fans who tried out Elissa Landi's new court, Hazel Hayes, Peter Lorre, Phil Reed.

More Good News

(*Continued from page 18*)

tearing up and down Hollywood Boulevard exchanging one pink layette for two blue ones? And that he delayed his departure for London until he had the nursery redecorated and twin cribs installed? That all comes under the head of Fond Parent stuff, you'll admit.

■ ■ ■

Next month Jackie Coogan comes into the enormous sum of money held in trust for him until his twenty-first birthday and they do say that the engagement to Toby Wing is on again! Jackie would like to make some movies and Toby would like to rate some real roles instead of posing in publicity "stills," before keeping that date at the altar. However, the breaks haven't seemed to be theirs in that direction thus far. Paula Stone and Henry Willson are a coupla more young 'uns with feet headed toward the bridal path.

■ ■ ■

Having nothing to do one afternoon on the "Dark Angel" set, the actors began swapping yarns about their various narrow escapes from death. Several men were World War veterans and had some harrowing tales to tell; others had barely escaped death in airplane, automobile and train wrecks. There was a pause in conversation, when suddenly little George Breakston piped up, "*I've* seen four men shot down at once."

The grown-ups smiled indulgently. "But I *have* seen four men shot down at once," persisted George. "My mother sent me to the grocery store the day the gunmen killed a child in the Bronx. The police had chased them out to our end of town and opened fire at our corner. Four men dropped—they left 'em, too—lying in the gutter for a long time. I hid behind a potato barrel and was pretty scared!"

Needless to say, George won the prize for the day's narrow-escape stories!

Guess what Henry Hull's favorite literature is? The Sears-Roebuck catalogue! In spite of being a gifted actor, linguist and an authority on almost any intellectual subject, Mr. Hull would rather give up every other form of entertainment, than sacrifice the joys of his mail-order catalogue each month.

Y'see, Mr. Hull has a farm in Old Lyme, Connecticut, which is his pride and joy. So like all good farmers, who want to stay that way, he consults the catalogue as he would an oracle.

■ ■ ■

For six long years, Stuart Erwin has carried a pair of battered pennies about for good luck pieces. But awhile back Stu was the most miserable man in Hollywood—he'd lost a penny! Convinced that his bad luck was about to begin, Stu sadly went to the studio to report for work—found his first job for the day was signing a brand new contract with a fat salary increase. He went home at night to find that his small son had captured the kindergarten commencement prize and that two of his own dogs had won first prize at the San Diego Exposition showing! Whereupon Mr. Erwin hastily tossed his other copper into the fish pond.

■ ■ ■

Merle Oberon *can* do something else besides look dangerous! Right now she's busily scribbling away on a screen play based on the life of Ann Boleyn. She has Korda or Goldwyn in mind for buyers, but claims she's not even going to try to sell them on the idea—just charm 'em! Well, when strong men like Howard Hawks and David Niven have no sales-resistance, you can plan on seeing Ann Boleyn's life in the fillums soon.

■ ■ ■

Imagine Fred Astaire's s'prise to be the recipient of a "shower" recently! No, he isn't getting married, or planning any of those events for which shower parties are generally given. He and his wife were just down at the depot, embarking for a trip to Bermuda when it-all happened. Just before the train departed, a messenger appeared and poured dozens of candy bars into Fred's lap! Seems Fred has a passion for nickel bars, so Joan Crawford bought five dollars worth as a bon voyage gift.

■ ■ ■

Looks like the Ann Sothern-Gene Raymond feud is cooling down since they're both to appear in "Believe Me, Beloved," named after that swell song hit. But Gene really looks more burnt up than ever these days. He appeared at the studio the other day with his face the color of ripe tomatoes and his eyes and lips a swollen purple. But nope, it developed that Ann had nothing to do with this burning question. Gene had fallen asleep down at the beach and slept peacefully through the hottest afternoon seen down there!

■ ■ ■

A certain famous blonde star was shopping at one of the local Hollywood markets. An alert photographer who happened to be hovering in the neighborhood spotted her walking out with a bag of groceries clutched in one hand and her small son's hand in the other. The lady in question spotted him, too, just as he snapped the picture. Furious, she approached him, and yelled, "You're taking unfair advantage of me—you *know* I never allow a picture taken of me and my adopted son! You have an awful nerve!"

"Nerve, huh!" snapped the camera sleuth. "What *I* call nerve is for a dame like you to bring up a child that's the spitting image of yourself, and then call it adopted!"

(*Continued on page 56*)











All aboard! Catalina, Malibu and San Diego, Scotty's been traveling!

First stop is the San Diego Exposition. Anita Louise and Helen Mack meet a dummy of Eddie Cantor from the Motion Picture Hall of Fame group. Right above, Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy inspect a miniature model home at the California Housing Exposition. Directly below, Jack Oakie gives Wendy Barrie a "cig" at the Jay Paley party. Left above, Lupe Velez and Johnnie Weissmuller stroll about Catalina Island but—it seems this was one of their non-speaking days. Just one of those small family tiffs, yuh know. And left, Ralph Forbes with his pretty wife, Heather Angel, absorb some of California's rays at their summer beach place in Malibu—tricky sun helmet of Rafe's!



The Warner Brothers Annual Sales Convention Banquet brought Paul Muni, Bette Davis and Theodore Newton into this earnest looking huddle.



Refreshment and an Hawaiian serenade for four San Diego Exposition visitors, George Murphy, Tala Birell, Katherine De Mille, Vic Jory.

More Good News

(*Continued from page* 54)

Jane Withers is the newest "child wonder" out at Fox. She displays somewhat the same certain sumpin' that La Temple has—but seems to be just a bit more impressed with her success. She and little Jackie Searl are together in "Ginger" and Jane suggested to Jackie that she would be glad to present him with an autographed picture of herself. Jackie didn't object, so Jane presented him with an almost life-size portrait of herself the next morning. In firm, round letters was inscribed: "To my first leading-man with every speck of my love, Jane Withers, Fox Contract Player." That's dotting the "i's" and crossing the "t's" for you!

■ ■ ■

Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames can give the biggest parties in Hollywood with the least effort. If they send out invitations for a lawn, tennis or swimming party and it rains or becomes chilly, the party is painlessly transplanted to the huge amusement room where indoor tennis, pool, ping-pong, marble games and many other kinds of diversion may be enjoyed. But the prize strain-saver device is an amusing contraption that spares Stephen the bother of shaking his own cocktails! They're two immense liquor containers, in which a key is inserted when the guests are thirsty. This winds up the machinery and away it goes 'til the outside is thickly frosted and your cocktails are done to a T.

■ ■ ■ !

Was Binnie Barnes' face red! Listen to this story and learn, you gals who go in for skin-tight rubber swim-suits. Binnie suddenly felt a yearning for the wild waves one Sunday afternoon, so she hopped into her brand new rubber suit, then into her roadster, and so to the beach. The beach was jammed with people, but Binnie picked her way through them and found a place to drop her coat on the sand. Then she leaned down to unfasten her slippers—when suddenly an agonizing and terrific RIP rent the air, followed by smothered giggles from all the bystanders and by-lyers. Hurriedly straightening up, Binnie's horrified gaze noted that not only was she wearing a backless TOP—but the shorts were backless, TOO!

■ ■ ■

And are *we* relieved! That Lillian Bond and Sidney Smith have finally gotten married! This has been the most on-again, off-again, gone-again affair that Hollywood has seen in many a moon. Smith's a well-known New York broker, but hasn't done much business this year, what with following Lil to England, to New York, to Hollywood, to Paris and back again. Most of us keep our squabbles for homework, but Lil and Sid made theirs an international affair. The newlyweds are planning to make their home in New York.

■ ■ ■

Stu Erwin has been fired with a Great Cause of late. He wanted to do something really constructive for his children as proof of his devotion, so he decided to build them a lovely playhouse in the backyard. He hammered and he chiseled and he sawed for many weeks 'til finally it was completed. BUT the little Erwins still have no playhouse! Seems it looked so very nice when finished, that Stu immediately moved in a magnificent bar and is using it for a grown-up playhouse.

■ ■ ■

The Brown Derby's the best place to feel the pulse of Hollywood romance. Found lunching in dim corners several days in succession were Virginia Bruce (Mrs. "Ex" Gilbert) with Count Carpegna; Toby Wing with Cesar Romero and Sue Carol with Nick Stuart and their little daughter. Looks like their daughter's parents are falling in love all over again!

■ ■ ■

Wotta life! moaned Hugh O'Connell the first six months he was in Hollywood. The sudden change from Broadway was just too much for the poor man, accustomed as he was to sleeping all day and working all night. Hugh was too much for the directors, too, for the minute he was not watched, the comedian would fall to slumbering behind a convenient camera. Finally, in desperation, the studio hired a special trainer to look after the Broadway Bad Boy, so that any time signs of drowsiness were detected, the burly trainer could rush him showerwards! These Spartan measures are having their effect, for the victim is now discreetly retiring before midnight for the first time in some twenty years.

■ ■ ■

All brides are beautiful, but Esther Ralston sort of topped the list the recent Sunday afternoon she became the wife of the handsome crooner, Bill Morgan. The ceremony was held in a tiny sylvan dell on Lucille Morrison's Bel Air estate, the whole setting being reminiscent of "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mrs. Morgan—Esther to you—was gowned in shell pink lace and the groom wore a Palm Beach suit, or was it blue gabardine?—oh dear, who ever looks at the poor groom anyway? Mary Brian appeared in her now familiar off-screen role of bridesmaid and Esther's brother served as best man. Here's wishing the young Morgans much happiness!

■ ■ ■

More marriage notes: Lili Damita to Errol Flynn; Lyda Roberti to Bud Ernst.

"Are Blackheads due to Faulty Cleansing?"

YOUNG WOMEN ARE ENDLESSLY TROUBLED BY BLACKHEADS. THEY FREQUENTLY WRITE: "ARE BLACKHEADS JUST DIRT? IF SO, WHY ARE THEY SO STUBBORN? WHAT CAN I DO TO GET RID OF THEM?"



Here is an answer that sets these questions at rest. It explains the real nature of this common difficulty, and the approved method of combating it.

BLACKHEADS are not "just dirt"—that is, dirt from the outside.

Did you ever press a blackhead out? Behind that black speck on the surface came a little plug of cheesy matter. That cheesy matter came from the oil glands *inside* your skin. It choked and clogged the pore opening just like a tiny cork. Till finally outside dirt lodged in it—You had a blackhead!

Proper cleansing will remove that blackhead. Cleansing and stimulating will prevent new blackheads.

With clean finger tips, spread Pond's Cold Cream liberally over your face—pat it in briskly till it has made your skin warm and supple. Pond's sinks deep into the pores and softens the thickened accumulations in them. Wipe the cream and loosened dirt off. Then, with a clean cloth, gently press the blackhead out.

That is all! Do not force it. Do not use your bare fingers. A stubborn blackhead is better left alone. Or, it may yield after hot cloths have been applied to the face, to relax the pores further. You can close the pores after this by bathing the face with cold water.

Now this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clear the pores. It invigorates the underskin! Stirs the circulation. Wakes up the faulty oil glands. As the underskin functions actively again, further clogging of the pores is avoided.

These Common Skin Faults all begin in your Under Skin

Practically all the common skin faults have their start in the underskin. You can ward them off with the steady use of Pond's Cold Cream.

EVERY NIGHT, give your skin this pore-deep cleansing and underskin stimulation. It flushes out every speck of dirt, make-up, as well as waste matter from within the skin.

IN THE MORNING and the daytime before making up, freshen and invigorate your skin again with a deep-skin Pond's treatment. It leaves your skin satiny, ready for make-up.

Just send for the special 9-treatment tube offered below. See your skin grow clearer, fresher—smoother.

Pond's is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

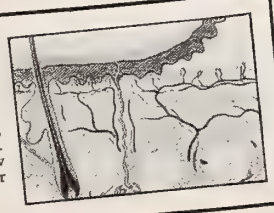




Marjorie Gould Drexel

now Mrs. John Murton Gundry, Jr., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel and granddaughter of the late George Jay Gould, says: "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses every pore and smooths away tired lines. I am never without it—even for a day."

If you could see into your underskin, you would discover a network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands. When these grow sluggish, look out for skin faults!



1. **LINES** form when underskin grows thin.
2. **PORES** stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.
3. **BLACKHEADS** form when the pores stay clogged with matter from within skin.
4. **BLEMISHES** follow when the clogging matter is not removed from the pores.
5. **DRY SKIN** occurs when oil glands cease to supply oils that make skin soft, supple.
6. **TISSUES SAG** when circulation slows, under tissues grow thin, fibres lose their snap.

Mail this Coupon — **for Generous Package**

POND'S, Dept. J50, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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Street_____

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Between You And Me

If you are enraged or delighted with a star, a movie, or a bit of gossip, write us about it

From Across the Sea



If Joan Crawford is so ambitious, why doesn't she learn how to act? I'm sick of seeing her in one smart picture after another doing nothing but wearing a series of incredible clothes which would be utterly impossible for ordinary people to wear in ordinary life, and sporting a different hair style in each scene. She is the essence of artificiality, both in her screen roles and in her highly publicised "private life."

It makes me furious to read of people running down Shearer because she usually has well-known actors playing opposite her. Look at Crawford! In "Chained" she had Gable and Kruger; in "Dancing Lady," Gable and Tone; in "Sadie McKee," Tone again, and the grand acting of Edward Arnold to save the picture from being a ghastly flop; and now in "Forsaking All Others," she has Gable and Montgomery. Crawford leaves all the acting to her leading men, and just struts about in fantastic garments, pouting that ridiculous mouth of hers.

It seems this glorified clothes-prop is a tremendous favorite in America, but believe me in England we prefer people who can act, and films that have some resemblance to real life.—Star-gazer, Cornwall, England.

Orchids to Norma



A great load of orchids to incomparable Norma Shearer for having attained a home, husband and babies entirely minus ballyhoo and without endangering her career. Truly the very perfection of Twentieth Century womanhood.—Iris Billing, Manchester, England.

Dream Lover



I have recently seen "Scarface." I missed it when it played several years ago but by special request the theatre that I patronize happened to show it again and I made up my mind to see it. Yes, Paul Muni was magnificent but I had eyes only for George Raft. The moment I saw him my heart just puffed up so full of emotion and everything that it hasn't got back to normal yet and that was nearly two weeks ago.

I am a very emotional person and have many moods. I go into my rose and gold castle and dream of the ideal lover that someday I hope will come along—in my dream world, understand—and until I saw George Raft in "Scarface" there had never been a dream lover, but now I am content.

I never miss a picture he plays in; if I do the family and boy friend have to put up with my nasty temper for a good while. —A Devoted George Raft Admirer, Exeter, Rhode Island.

No Hokum



I have just finished reading "I Have Said Good-Bye to Youth" in your July issue. I have never before been interested enough in a press story to comment on it. Stars are made out to be something more than human, glorified in every possible way and interviewers seem to vie with one another to put forth a dish of nothing but plain hokum and expect an intelligent public not to get indigestion. So it was with a sense of appreciation and gratitude to come across a story sans hokum.

This article dealing with Richard Barthelmess was of interest to me because I had for a while back been fed up on parts Mr. Barthelmess played. I had always "liked" Barthelmess on the screen, then, due to the roles he played, I had no desire to enter a picture house where he was featured. Then I saw "Four Hours to Kill," mainly because of the other players in it. However, I came out with one thought in mind: I have seen gangsters played often but never had anyone played the part as Barthelmess played it. When you feel admiration where once was disinterest, it certainly proves that an actor gave a wonderful performance. Dick was acting a part suitable for him and not the too young roles that had turned me away from him.

So in "Good-Bye to Youth" I found plain truths. Truths, because I knew the facts from my own deductions. Mr. Barthelmess must be in real life a man with plenty of common sense and the ability to face facts as they are and to act accordingly.—Mabel Hughes, Williamsport, Pa.

If you would like to have your letter published in these columns, you must write us something interesting about a movie personality or a phase of motion pictures that will interest everyone. Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

More About Crooners



There seems to be a lot of furore between the Crosby-Ross fans and Marie Rippel. I do not believe she thought very much before writing what she did about Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross. As a matter of fact, I thought she was very unjust, but I think the people who write replies to her were still more unjust.

No doubt Janice Bronson has no crows handy, so she has to listen to the next best thing, which, it seems, is Dick Powell. How sad! My condolences to you, Estelle, and I wonder what you'd look like on a string!

And Romaine Fox, you say Dick isn't "fit for sea gulls to listen to," but he is fit for you since you've listened to him. I wonder how regularly he bores you!

You must have been brought up on something worse than "limburger cheese" when you say that about Dick, Evelyn Sachs.

Why couldn't everyone have been as sensible as Estelle Myers who merely said: "While I agree with her in what she said about Dick, her comments on Lanny and Bing were unjust." And also orchids to Sue Albizati, Betsey Seipel and Lillian Ohr, for writing such intelligent replies.—Robert Bradford, New Bedford, Mass.

Jolly Irishman



For over two years our family has enjoyed the interesting manner in which your magazine portrays the screen world. Previous to our acquaintance with Modern Screen we were of the opinion that one could not expect much of interest in a ten cent movie magazine. But you have certainly changed our thought on this subject. The pictures of the movie stars always do justice to them. The articles and comments about them help to give us greater appreciation of their talents and lives. There is one member of the screen world, however, whom we enjoy seeing so much on the screen and who seems to pep up every picture in which he plays that I am wondering how it is he has been overlooked by your good magazine during these past two years.

I refer to Frank McHugh, that jolly Irishman who is so full of fun and whose quaint laugh never fails to give us a kick. So many of our friends feel as we do about him that I am sure an article about him would be greatly appreciated by your readers.—James Taft, San Diego, Calif.

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USE ROUGE AND POWDER? YES, OF COURSE! BUT THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

JOAN BENNETT

Reviews

Summer movie-fare is exceptionally entertaining







(Above) Montgomery, Crawford and Tone in "No More Ladies." Joan's hair-dos and gowns are sumpin'! (Above, right) Gorgeous Dolores Del Rio in the musical, "In Caliente" with Pat O'Brien and Leo Carrillo. (Right) Kent Taylor and Arline Judge in "College Scandal," a fast-moving campus tale. Popular Wendy Barrie is in this one, too.

(*Continued from page* 13)

Preview Postscripts

Preston Foster's the biggest man in pictures. Just six foot two, with a chest expansion of forty-six. Which record beats every he-man on the screen by a good many inches . . . Richard Dix hails from St. Paul, Minnesota, but has been a confirmed Californian for a good many years now. The last scene on this picture beat a few records for speed, since Richard's wife, formerly his secretary, was being rushed to the hospital. She waited an hour for him, though, and then delivered the famous twins. "Broadest shouldered boys I ever saw," brags the proud papa . . . Louis Calhern, James Busch and Richard Dix all used to play stock in the old Belasco Theatre in days gone by and had their first reunion on this picture in years . . . Margot Grahame is an English star who appeared in forty-seven pictures abroad. This is her first Western and was she thrilled by it-all! Most of the picture was made at the RKO ranch in San Fernando Valley. Dix's horse, "Benny," is just a leetle bit wild! He almost stamped Mr. D's stand-in, George Lollier, to death. Mr. Lollier was also assistant director on the picture, and what with that responsibility and the fact that he'd been secretly married the day previous, Mr. Lollier wasn't in any mood to be stamped on . . . Charles Vidor, the director, noticed that most of his cast were not paying much attention to what was going on around the set one day. The company was on location at Vasquez Rocks when their attention began wandering. Mr. Vidor turned sleuth and discovered a nudist colony having an outing on the adjacent rocks. . . Karen Morley is Mrs. Vidor and they have a young son who shows signs of following his famous father's footsteps. At least he directs everything at home.

★★★ Paris in Spring

(Paramount)

Here is a lighter-than-air musical, punctuated with charming tunes, beautiful girls and a cast of principals thoroughly grounded in the ways of histrionics. The deft touches of Director Lewis Milestone, too, are conspicuous; in fact, there's nothing wrong with this picture that an application of the shears won't remedy. Occasionally, funny sequences are dragged out far beyond the laughing point. Would Tullio Carminati's attempted suicide amuse you? Yep, it did us, too, until it went on for so long that we felt like shouting, "If you don't jump, pal, we'll push!" Mary Ellis is given the opportunity of her cinematic career in this one and she clicks like the proverbial camera, both photographically and vocally. Mr. Carminati plays a familiar role familiarly, and a newcomer, James Blakely, is excellent in the juvenile role. We had hitherto been of the opinion that the young man's chief claim to fame was as a member of Barbara Hutton's (Princess Whoozis to you) social entourage, but it seems, no! The lad can act. So can Ida Lupino.

Preview Postscripts

Tullio Carminati is the screen's supersophisticate. That accent, even without its accompanying bored expression, makes him heir to the title. Speaks nine tongues fluently, but never bothered with the Amurrican slanguage 'til forced to learn it or give up his talkie career. . . . Mary Ellis made her début at the Metropolitan Opera but she prefers acting to just singing. She's appeared in many stage plays in London, a few here, and one other picture, besides this one, "All the King's Horses." She was kinda tired making this, and no wonder, for she couldn't sit down all the time she wore some of those fancy costumes. . . . Ida Lupino's as interesting a movie starlet as you'll find out here—ask Mr. Carminati who presented her with a watch-compact at the end of the picture; or inquire of Lewis Milestone, the picture's director, who coached her after hours at the nite spots.

(*Continued on page* 95)

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NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



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Modern Screen's Dramatic School

Directed by Katherine Albert



Una Merkel, one of the screen's most reliable comediennes, is this month's guest lecturer.

DURING the past month I've had a lot of letters from folks who want to make the world laugh. Several have told me that in planning this course of instruction I lean too heavily on the dramatic side of acting. So—as I've explained to you, this is your department and your wish is my law—this month I bring you Una Merkel, one of the greatest comediennes on the screen. She is not only a splendid actress but a gracious and charming person and I'm sure that you'll find what she has to say not only instructive but entertaining as well.

Incidentally, before I go on, let me remind you that there is still plenty of room for MODERN SCREEN Dramatic Clubs. Those who have already formed them tell me they're having the time of their lives. So the rest of you should get in on the fun. Write to me, care of MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I'll send you full instructions for starting a club in your community. Also I'm more than willing to answer any and all of your personal dramatic problems.

And now for Una and her perfectly slick lecture.

"It's an almost daily wonder to me that I won success by being considered funny. Although I always loved fun in others, I'm not funny at home and my folks never thought of me as a comic. So, perhaps it boils down to this: Don't be yourself, be your opposite. If you want to be funny, be serious. If you take yourself seriously, you will flop just as I did at the start.

"If you happen to be cursed with an inferiority complex, as I am, conquer it by doing the things you don't wish to do.

"And now I will answer the question, how did I become a comedienne? Audiences may think I was born that way. On the contrary, I had to make myself over, once I got the idea of screen fun.

"AS A child, I was a straight-laced little piece. Always scrubbed a bright pink, I wore the largest of hair ribbons, and rarely went outside to play. Even today I am methodical and almost prissy.

"I was bitten by the acting bug at an early age. I can remember plaguing my family to listen to lectures I delivered while I was holding the family dictionary—to make it seem authentic. I'd dress up in mother's clothes and put on shows. One night a cousin of mine laughed in the wrong place. There was no show that night. I walked off the platform to stay. That was, I believe, my first and last display of 'temperament.'

"The love of acting followed me throughout my school years, and when I was graduated, I decided to go to a dramatic school. I think such training most valuable.

"I had no idea of making acting a career. I had hopes of some day being able to teach dramatics, and I still have the book in which I wrote down copious notes covering everything I learned from my lessons. You see, I figured they might be valuable to pass along to my pupils in the future.

"When I worked in silent pictures, they compared me to Lillian Gish, and I did my best to live up to that comparison. My first roles on the stage were Gishy things. I soon learned, however, that seriousness and this voice of mine just wouldn't mix. I just didn't go over as a dramatic actress.

"As I've come along, I've conceived the philosophy that all of us with inferiority complexes strike a better medium of expression by doing the type of thing that is directly opposite to our natures. Mine is one of many such cases.

OF COURSE, there are general rules to consider if one is to be a success in any line. But in acting one has to find out many things for himself. Every comedian has his own way of working. Often the best results are achieved by doing a thing the wrong way.

"Charlie Butterworth, Stuart Erwin, Ted Healy and all the comedians I know have a way all their own of going about a thing. They use their physical selves, or rather their personalities, to project what they have inside. Each one could be given the same scene with the same lines, yet because of their personalities each performance would be entirely different.

"To be successful, salesmen must believe in their product, even if they have to kid themselves into it. The same thing applies to comedy. It is better to create a reason for believing in a thing, than to have none.

"I do not advise working out a comedy situation, for I think spontaneity is best, as far as comedy is concerned. The biggest laughs come when you don't think of humor. It's fatal to try to be funny. I (*Continued on page* 91)

This month Una Merkel tells you how to be funny

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The Confessions of an Extra Girl

(*Continued from page 39*)

NO, by God," the artist said. And while he was getting his hat and coat I heard the director calling a familiar number (that of one of the biggest studios in Hollywood, a number I had called dozens of times with no success); heard him give his name to the operator—a name I knew well, that of a famous director (I'll call it Nolan); heard him say he didn't care whether it was Sunday or not that he wanted some workmen taken off a set he knew was working that day and to make a test of a girl he had just discovered; heard him order requisitions put through for cameras, lights, everything; heard him call his secretary at home and ask her to come to the studio with the make-up man, who it seemed was a friend of hers. Yes, there I stood hearing such exciting orders given. I was to have a test. I, who had struggled to get a test for weeks, was to have one to settle a silly argument between a couple of men.

Can you possibly imagine how I felt? That was some five years ago and yet as I write about it now I get gooseflesh. And they said I had no emotion!

We were whisked to the studio in the director's car. Trying to keep myself from being too excited I listened to the conversation between these two and discovered that the director was the artist's uncle. So this was a family fight. Well, hurray for family fights!

The gate was opened for us, the magic gate I had been unable to crash. The lot was quiet, it being Sunday. Only one company was working, but I was taken directly to the director's office where the make-up man and the director's secretary were awaiting us. The director started to introduce me to his secretary and then realized that he didn't even know my name. I had to tell him what it was. I wondered what that girl thought of me.

I was in a daze. Make-up was slapped on my face. We hurried out to the test set. The secretary gave me part of a script and told me to memorize some lines. How I ever did it, I'll never know. I discovered that the lines were a speech in which I was supposed to be talking to an imaginary lover who had left me for another woman.

I DON'T know how I got through with that scene, but somehow I did and when it was over the artist turned to his uncle and said, "Well, I win." My hopes were high, for the artist had claimed that anyone could act. Then the director said, "Not so fast, Bradley, wait until we see it on the screen."

They started to walk away, leaving me standing there. I rushed after them. "Don't you want my address?" I asked. "Er—in case you might need me for a part or something?"

The director looked down at me. I saw that I had been merely an experiment. "Oh, yes," he said, "it might be a good idea. Give it to my secretary."

I had to keep back the tears as I scribbled my name and address on a piece of paper and handed it to the girl. She smiled sweetly at me but I could not smile back. I ran off the lot before I realized that I had gone to the artist's studio only to make a little money to tide me over until Monday and that instead I had had a screen test. But it was Sunday, I was miles away from home and had just nine cents in my pocketbook. I stood at the gate bewildered, not knowing what to do next. And then I saw the secretary in a little roadster. She motioned me to hop in.

I was too upset to speak. She smiled at me. "Listen, dear," she said. "Don't let Hollywood get you down. It isn't always like this. In fact, this is all very unusual. It just happens that Mr. Nolan is one of the most eccentric directors on this or any other lot. His nephew is just about as crazy. Mr. Nolan wanted to give Bradley a big job at the studio, but Brad wouldn't take it. They argue all the time. Mr. Nolan gets away with more nonsense like this episode this morning than any man in town, but because he's such a wonderful director and makes so much money for the company they give in to his whims."

I told her then how I happened to meet him. She laughed. "That's typical," she said. "Say, we'd better get some lunch, and here's half a dollar for you for dinner tonight." I thanked her. She laughed again. "Gosh! That Nolan. Imagine him dragging me to the studio today for this."

"I'm sorry," I said. "It was my fault." And I began to cry.

"Forget it," she said. "Forget everything, dear. I'm sorry to disappoint you. This has all been fun for you, but you'd better forget the test, too. You'll never hear from it again."

I don't know how I spent the rest of that amazing Sunday. I'm sure I did a lot of crying.

MONDAY morning a box of flowers was delivered to my door. The card read, "You're a sweet kid. Let me take you to dinner tonight." It was signed Bradley. I was furious. I wouldn't even telephone him, so I sent him a wire saying I had an engagement.

I tramped around to the studios all day that Monday but I was terribly discouraged and when I got home that night I found Bradley sitting in the little lobby waiting for me.

"I told you I had an engagement," I said. "I never want to see you again, anyhow. You and your funny uncle shouldn't be allowed to do things like that to girls—get their hopes up and then dash them away. I don't like either of you."

He took my hands and looked into my eyes. I had noticed that he was handsome when I first met him on the bus but I didn't realize how good looking he was until now.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's too bad when I like you so much and stop by to tell you that if you're foolish enough to want to work in pictures, report tomorrow morning at nine on the set. It may be a pretty good part."

My heart pounded but I said, "I don't want to work for your uncle. I don't want any favors."

"This isn't for my uncle. Someone else saw your test and liked it. No one is doing you a favor."

I didn't know until much later that my test had not then been printed and that Bradley had simply wangled a job for me because he thought he had done me an injustice and because he liked me a little.

And so I was happy because at last I was actually to work and—the picture was a Garbo film "Romance."

(*To be continued*)



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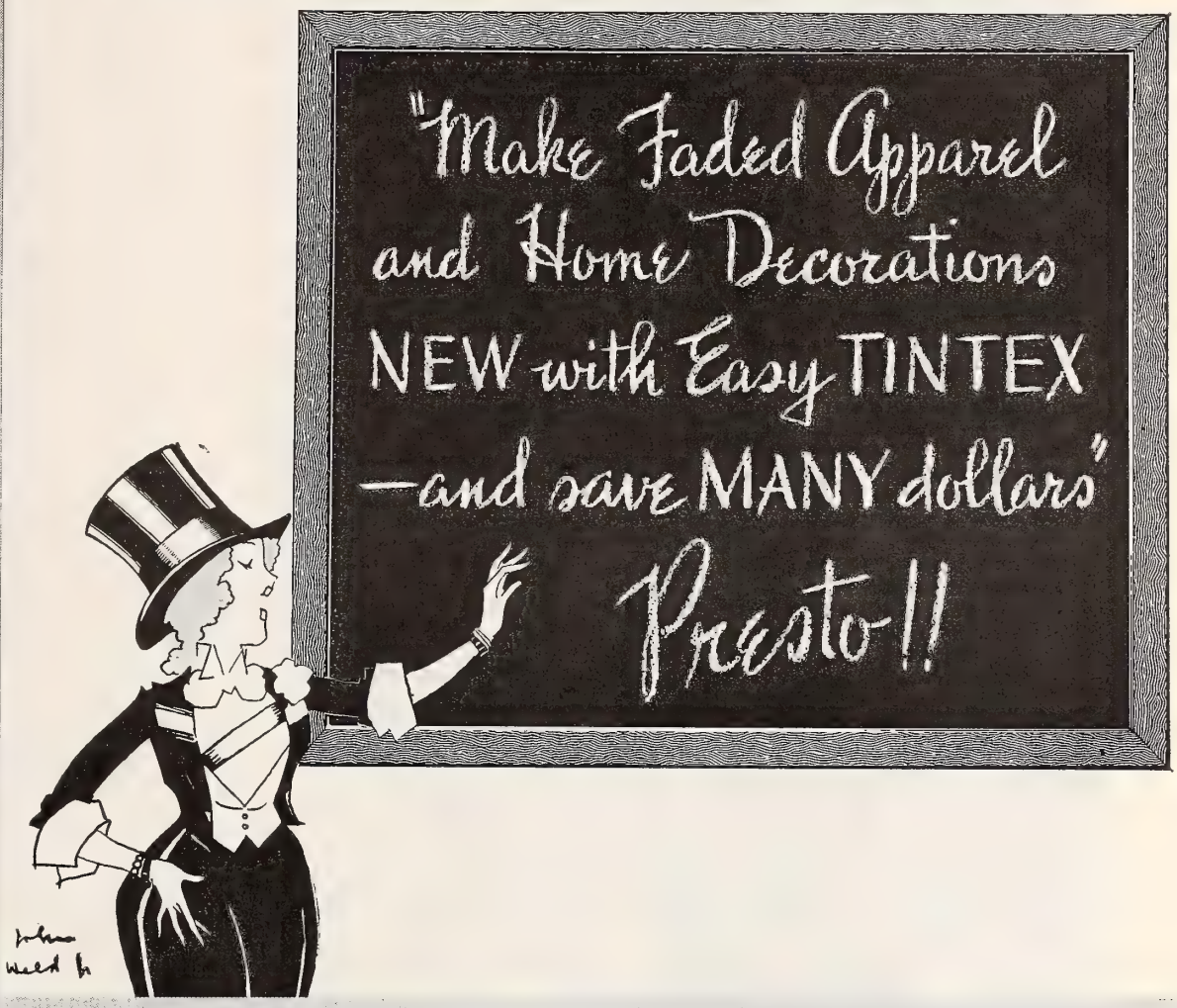


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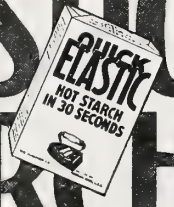
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The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 10*)

Warner Baxter to the questions I asked along those lines. "My party specialty is Chili Con Carne. I use the word 'my' intentionally for I consider myself quite a master at the art of making a delicious Chili. And no praise for a successful picture performance rings more pleasantly in my ears than words of praise for my Chili or the one or two other dishes I really can make up myself.

"ANOTHER of these is Welsh Rarebit," he continued, as I urged him to tell me more. "My Rarebit is the smooth, hot, non-stringy, non-grainy kind that is made with beer as one of the necessary ingredients. The main dish for one of our parties probably would be the Chili or Rarebit I spoke of. These foods are so good in themselves that it is not necessary to serve numerous other dishes. Just serve plenty of the one, supply condiments and cheese, provide coffee and beer and watch the expressions of complete satisfaction suffuse the faces of your guests."

Well, there you are, you ambitious hostesses! While you've been wondering all the time what to serve at your next party—fretting over the number of fancy viands you'd have to supply, the expensive beverages you feared you'd have to purchase, smart people like the Warner Baxters, these days, go in for simplicity in entertaining. Just think how much of the time and expense of party-giving you would save by following the Baxter's example and the Baxter's recipes which I'll tell you how to get later on.

Of course, you'll agree with me, that Sunday night suppers and informal gatherings such as these seem just naturally to plan themselves around beer as the featured beverage. Somehow when men are present it seems a little wishy-washy to serve only iced tea or coffee, while it is beyond the means of most of us to supply a variety of liquors, high in both cost and alcoholic content. Fortunately almost everyone likes beer, especially the men folk who have learned to place a high value on this richly-flavored, foaming beverage.

IN planning refreshments to go with it, the clever hostess will bear in mind the popularity of the "free lunch" of another generation and will serve that type of man-sized portion of he-man food. The Warner Baxter recipes, of which more anon, will provide four suggestions for main dishes of this sort. Only one "made" dish is necessary for this kind of party, the other refreshments being of the ready-to-serve order such as delicious cold cuts, the perennial pretzel (although I have noticed a slight falling off in the popularity of this twisted version of the cracker family in recent gatherings), dill pickles, sauerkraut and cheese, of course—many kinds of cheese, with crisp, salted crackers.

The varieties of cheese suitable for such feasts are too many to name but those of outstanding merit are Chateau, Velveeta, Snappy, Swiss, Camembert, the appropriately named "Buffet," good old store cheese and extremely pungent Liederkranz known as "the man's cheese." Cream cheese is not recommended since sharp rather than bland flavors go best with beer. For this same reason creamed foods, whipped cream and sweet dishes are not advised; salty, tangy foods being best. However, if you feel that you must serve a dessert, plan on having an apple pie, cheese cake or pastry of the German Coffee Cake variety.

Germans, by the way, are convinced not only of the goodness of beer but of its health-giving qualities. They speak laughingly of "taking the beer cure." Both thirst and a sense of fatigue, they claim, are cured by a long stein of beer. Certainly they are not alone in that belief!

The use of the stein originated for a very good reason, I discovered. The thickness of the stein (from the German word for stone) was intended to aid in keeping a long refreshing drink of beer cold—much on the same principle as the present day thermos bottle. Those who take their beer-drinking seriously go so far as to chill the stein thoroughly before it is put into use—a good thing to remember to do. But don't make the mistake of having the beer itself too cold, for intense cold impairs the flavor since it benumbs the taste nerves, making the beer have an insipid taste in consequence.

Historically, beer can be traced back as far as 7000 years B. C. A brewery, buried for thousands of years, was unearthed in Mesopotamia. But the beer that we know today was probably made first by the monks of Bavaria.

Beer, it is said, first arrived on the American continent as a passenger on the Mayflower. Yes, many families trace their origin to the arrival of that famous ship at our shores; the Beers, it would seem, among them. It is a far cry indeed from the few barrels brought over in that ship to the present day, vast modern brewery, turning out of its enormous glass-lined tanks 137,000 barrels a day.

Where whole volumes are given to the origin, history, uses and manufacture of beer, complete chapters also are given to containers from which it should be quaffed. Personally I am of the opinion that, if one is thirsty, it matters little or not at all whether one uses a stein, a glass mug, a long thin goblet or a plain water tumbler. The proper service is a means, not an end—if it makes the hostess happier to do the "correct" thing by all means let her make the comparatively small outlay necessary for the "right" glasses or mugs. But the very nicest thing about parties of the kind we have been discussing is the complete informality that should characterize them—the wooden cheese board, the gay colored table cloth, the paper napkins, and the casual assortment of glasses (if you haven't enough of one kind to go around).

And now let's proceed to the very important subject of the featured main dish—which might well be one of the Warner Baxter favorites, especially the Chili Con Carne so highly spoken of by that debonair star. Warner parted with the recipe for this concoction of his rather reluctantly. After all, when you are famous for a certain culinary triumph you hate to broadcast the ingredients that have gone into earning you your fame. But after some persuasion on my part the complete cooking directions were mine. They can be yours, too, if you want to have them, for Warner's Chili Con Carne recipe is printed on one of the cards in this month's Modern Hostess recipe leaflet. You'll find directions how to get your copy a little later on (if you do not already know). Another card in the leaflet contains the Baxter Welsh Rarebit recipe which turns out to be as easy as any and more "fool proof" than most.

Still another card will bring you, this month, a knockout Potato Salad—the kind

that Winifred Bryson Baxter has made up in huge quantities when numerous guests are expected. There are Potato Salads *and* Potato Salads as you yourself doubtless have discovered. This particular one is made with homemade dressing and has several odd and interesting things added to make it seem like a real company dish. The male members of the party will give you a vote of thanks for this he-man concoction.

And they'll call you "pal" for sure, if, instead of "putting on the dog" you serve simple, delicious "Party Dogs" for which directions will be found in the leaflet. After all no party of this kind is complete without hot dogs, just as no hot dogs are complete without the addition of mustard (which supplies their bark and their bite). This recipe provides easy directions for making up these novel sandwiches.

WHY not satisfy your curiosity about *all* these swell sounding foods by sending for this month's leaflet which contains all four of these delicious Warner Baxter recipes. You will please your family and thrill your guests by making up the splendid dishes described therein.

And, whether you serve the Baxter Chili Con Carne, the Warner Welsh Rarebit, the Company Potato Salad or the Party Dogs you are bound to add to your reputation as a cook and hostess. So be wise! Write for your free copy of this month's leaflet immediately, send out your invitations, get in some pickles, cheese and crackers, order your case of beer, follow one of the four Warner Baxter recipes which we will send you promptly and wait confidently for praise! I'm ready to guarantee that if you follow this advice your very next party will be a wow!

The coupon that brings you the recipes follows this simple recipe for "Cheese Fingers" which you also can serve at your party as a tasty accompaniment for the Potato Salad. So cut out both the recipe *and* the coupon and use them, soon!

CHEESE FINGERS

3 (¼ inch) slices of bread
1 egg
1 tablespoon melted butter
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspon salt
grated cheese

Remove crusts from bread slices. Cut each slice into 3 or 4 thin strips or "fingers." Beat egg, add melted butter, Worcestershire sauce and salt. Dip bread fingers into this mixture and roll them in grated cheese until thoroughly coated. Place on greased cookie sheet. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) until cheese is melted and fingers are a golden brown (about 10 minutes). Drain on white paper kitchen towels. Serve hot.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

Please send me Warner Baxter's recipes for September, 1935, at no cost to me.

Name.....

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)



Here's a spaghetti he likes better than mine

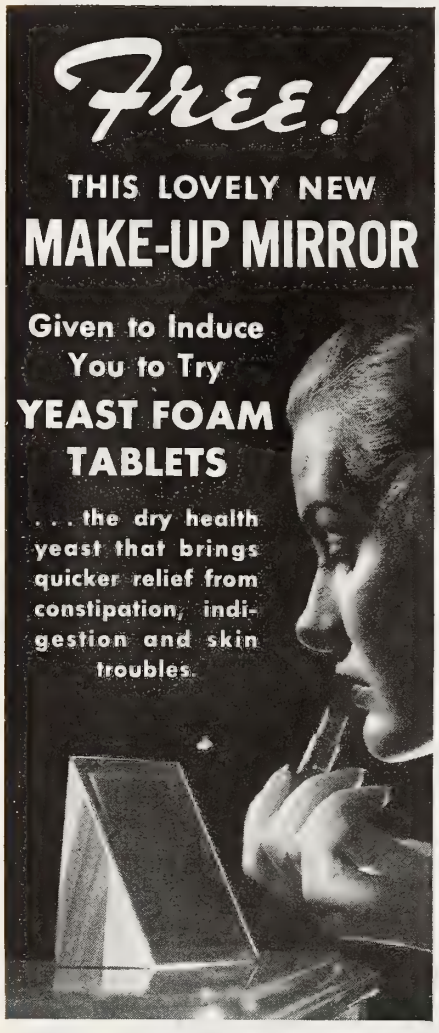
AND SO DO I — THE SAUCE IS GRAND!

"I THOUGHT I cooked pretty good spaghetti — at least my husband often told me so. But I cheerfully admit that Franco-American chefs can do it better. When we tasted theirs with its perfectly marvelous sauce, I decided then and there I'd never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again. Franco-American saves me time and trouble — costs less, too! And it's the *best* spaghetti I ever ate. You'll say so, too!"

Skilled chefs prepare it, using eleven different ingredients in the sauce. Big, luscious tomatoes. Prime Cheddar cheese. Spices and seasonings that give delicate piquancy . . . subtle appetite allure. No wonder women everywhere declare that even their own delicious home-cooked spaghetti or macaroni can't compare with the zestful, appealing taste of Franco-American.

All the work has been done; you simply heat, serve and enjoy. A can holding three to four portions never costs more than ten cents — actually less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and preparing it yourself. Ask your grocer for Franco-American Spaghetti today.





YOU'LL be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get absolutely free with a purchase of Yeast Foam Tablets. It's tilted at an angle so that you get a perfect close-up of your face without having to hunch way over your dressing table.

Set it anywhere and have both hands free to put on cream or make-up comfortably. Women say it's one of the grandest beauty helps they've ever seen. Send the coupon, *with an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton,* for your mirror now before the supply is exhausted.

This offer is made to induce you to try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern yeast that gives greater health benefits because it's dry.

Scientists have recently discovered that *dry* yeast, as a source of vitamin B, is approximately twice as valuable as fresh, moist yeast! In carefully controlled tests, subjects fed dry yeast gained almost twice as fast as those given the moist, fresh type.

Get quicker relief from indigestion, constipation and related skin troubles with Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll really enjoy their appetizing nut-like taste. And they'll never cause gas or discomfort because they are pasteurized. At all druggists.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy new tilted make-up mirror. MM-9-35

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Advance Model

(*Continued from page 34*)

of the gifts, personally supervised the wrapping, each package matching the other.

Rosalind said, "Romances? I've had them, of course. Here and there. I haven't met up with marriage yet. Love my family too much, perhaps. Besides, I couldn't, you know, ever contemplate the 'if-it-doesn't-work-there's-always-Reno' sort of thing. Not after Mother and Dad.

"Dad died, several years ago, in his office. Of course, for Mother—well, she has us. And she is not the sort to whine—"

Out of these seven children—there had been ten—of James E. and Clara Knight Russell, the small Roz attended a primary school in Waterbury and, later, Marymount private school at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. Then college and after college, dramatic school—six months of it.

HER father, an eminent and successful lawyer, gave all his children the advantages of school, college and travel. And he made it clear, from the beginning, that drones in the hive would not be tolerated. He taught them, early in their lives, the sturdy beauty and dignity of labor. It was not, he told them, necessarily a question of working for money, it was a question of working for self-respect. "I don't care," he'd say, "whether you only make two dollars a week and spend that two dollars for silk stockings so long as you are producers."

The result of this is that one of Rosalind's sisters is Fashion Editor of *Town & Country*. Another sister, recently graduated from Sarah Lawrence, in New York, now teaches economics there. Two brothers are lawyers, a third brother graduates from Yale Law School in 1937 and a younger sister is graduating this year from high and enters college in the fall. And Rosalind chose the stage. But the screen chose Rosalind!

She said, "I studied dancing when I was a youngster. I was about fourteen when I had my first offer of a job. A chance to go West with a troupe of dancers. Mother was aghast. She said, 'Why, Rosalind, of course not! I wouldn't dream of having you in one of those backstage dressing-rooms with gas jets, gin bottles and swearing women!' Some years later, when mother paid me her first backstage visit in a Boston theatre I said to her, 'I can't manage a gas jet for you, dear, but with a little effort I think I could work up a gin bottle and a couple of swearing women!' Of course, she denied absolutely ever having said such a thing. She flattered me. Could I have made it up? Would I be likely to forget it?

WHEN I entered dramatic school—the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, formerly the Sargent Dramatic School—I told Mother I thought I'd be a teacher. She said that would be very nice work for me, she was sure. She had visions of her daughter intellectually instructing classrooms in the proper delivery of the Gettysburg Address or Hamlet's Soliloquy, no doubt. But I eased into it that way. The six months over, I had a leading part in the school play, won a prize or something and had two offers, then and there, of parts on Broadway. One from Crosby Gaige. I turned him down. I said, 'My good man, are you mad? I couldn't do it. I haven't worked enough, haven't had the experience. I wouldn't dream of it.'

"Mother said, 'Were you offered one hundred a *week?*' And I said, 'Of course, why not?'

"My first job was with a tent show. I mean, a real *tent show*. Up at Lake Placid. I heard about it in an agency. Two actors were sitting there talking about it, I edged up and listened in. I got the manager's name, Edward Casey, and the fact that he lived in Forest Hills, Long Island. I eased out, called him on the phone and made an appointment to meet him. I told him a lot of little 'Great White Way' lies, of course. Sort of murmured things about my stock experience in Hartford, Erie, here and there. He liked me. That's why he gave me the job. I was with that tent show for two summers and loved it. Swell time. Grand people.

"Then stock, lots of stock. I tried to get one-night stands and couldn't. Best I could do was split weeks and three-a-week. But it was grand and the people were elegant. I stepped off Broadway, later on, and went on the road on more than one occasion. Just because I wanted to. In the small towns they really want good theatre and know it. Broadway audiences—



Some star hemstitching goes on between scenes on "China Seas!" Roz Russell and Jean Harlow run up some neat bits of fancy work.

well, they have the same out-of-towners, tourists, but they also have jaded first-nighters and critics.

"I'm a regular Chamber of Commerce actress. I always attended all of the Chamber of Commerce luncheons and dinners in all of the small towns. I met all of the women I could meet. It was good business. I was getting a percentage of the profits and the audiences were the profits. I've looked in the mirror once or twice and said to myself, 'Beauty won't get you there, my girl, other things may, but not beauty!" Having decided that I had to think what *would* bring 'em in. I decided that clothes would do it—clothes always bring women into the theatre. And so, I wore clothes they'd talk about and want to see.

"Then there were Broadway plays—'Talent,' starring Mady Christians. Theatre Guild things. The 'Garrick Gaieties,' in which I sang in my very odd voice and manner both of which are strictly tabu at home. Then came 'The Second Man,' starring Bert Lytell and that one bought my ticket for Hollywood. I had an offer. My agent conferred with me, so I named my price. She said they'd never pay it. That was all right, I said. But they did—and I came. I don't give a rap for stardom. I want to make money. I want to make money for the company. If I don't, they should drop me and probably would. I doubt that I'll be here ten years from now—Lord, what a thought! Progress has always been what interested me most—going on—"

She laughed, so slender, black-clad, brown hair and eyes accented by vivid lips. Slender, yet eating her head off as we sat at tea in the Beverly Brown Derby.

ADVANCE model—

Forthright, frank, amused—knowing nothing of "glamor" and caring less. Scrapping the sticky old gods and bowing down to no new ones, she takes her "Art" as a "job," blows expert smoke into the face of the old tabus and laughs off as preposterous the notion that a gal must ogle a producer in order to get where she wants to go.

No special reverence for Broadway, she prefers the sticks—and favors farmers over first-nighters for audience. She is, undoubtedly, the first Thespian who has not genuflected to the "Great White Way."

She's told the most powerful Broadway producers that what they should ask an aspiring actress is, not what Broadway hit she has been in, but how much stock experience she has had, how many real parts, how much real work she has done. It's far more valuable and means infinitely more, says Rosalind, to have really worked in stock than it does to have brought in the mail or parked a cup of tea on a table in a Pulitzer Prize Play on Broadway, doing something a dog could be trained to do. To know your job, says Roz, that's the winning ticket. Or should be.

She drives around Hollywood, Rolls-roycey Hollywood, in an antiquated Ford, vintage of '29 and minus a cover, because she's fond of the old dear and likes the wind in her hair. She was once advised to profess, for publicity, a yearning for orchids, a dislike for such folksy beverages as milk and tea, a passion for champagne and exotic thises and thatses. "I couldn't," said Roz, "live with *that* person for five minutes!"

She is a sound business woman, drives a hard contract, expects to make money for the company she is with in order to earn it. She uses her own high-powered brain to think with and pays no attention to what others are doing, or have done.

She scoffs at the idea that an actress must be an exhibitionist when she is



Miss Faith Corrigan, brown-eyed but fair-skinned, uses Pond's Rose Cream Powder. (below) Mrs. M. Bon de Sousa, medium blonde hair but creamy skin, uses Brunette.

What shade powder shall I use?

Consult your Skin, not your Hair, Optical Machine Answers

BROWN HAIR AND EYES—and a skin as white as a baby's. Medium blonde hair—dark brown eyes—and a skin with a creamy undertone.

Brunette and blonde. But a *brunette* powder would dim the first girl's skin. And a *blonde* powder would make the second girl's look chalky.

THE FIRST THING to do in choosing a powder is to *study your own skin.* Is it fair? Or dark? Is it sallow? Does it need brightening up? Or toning down?

Whatever it is, there is a Pond's powder shade that will bring to it just what your skin lacks.

With an optical machine, Pond's analyzed the coloring of over 200 girls—every type. They found the secret of the sparkle in dazzlingly blonde skin is the hint of *bright blue* in it. The creamy allure in brunette skin is due to a touch of *brilliant green* hidden in it.

They found what each girl's skin needed to give it life! They blended these colors *invisibly* in their new powder shades.



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new powder shades.

Send for these shades *free* and try them before your own mirror:—

Natural—makes blonde skin transparent.
Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skin.
Brunette—clears creamy skins.
Rose Brunette—warms dull skin.
Dark Brunette (Sun-Tan)—gives a lovely sunny glow.

Notice how smoothly this powder goes on—never cakes or shows up—How natural it looks on. And it stays that way *for hours!* Fresh—*flattering!*

5 different shades FREE!

MAIL COUPON TODAY (This offer expires November 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. J94, Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

NAME_____ STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

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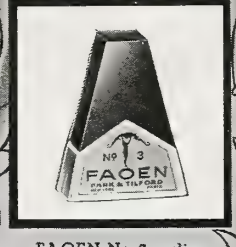
PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAYON)
romantic-
alluring



FAOEN No. 44—warm, vibrant . . . romantic



FAOEN No. 19—Fresh, elusive . . . alluring



FAOEN No. 3—clinging, oriental . . . exotic



FAOEN No. 12—cool, delicate . . . intriguing

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
10c
In ten cent tuckaway sizes as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.
Beauty Aids

off the stage or screen. She loathes cheapness, debunks the idea that you must know "the right people" or attend bibulous parties and smile pretty for the front office in order to get along.

She thinks the Park Avenue debs who crash the stage or screen for the thrill of it, putting up their own money in order to get into a show and, thereby shoving some needy working girl out of the picture, are vermin. And says so.

She has been to one big Hollywood party in the eight months she has been here and found it "somehow tragic." "Do you know," she said, "no one *really* laughed!"

Rosalind really laughs, really talks, really lives. Her job is vital but it isn't all of her life. If she didn't have a stage or screen job, she'd find work elsewhere. "I'd probably go in for merchandising," she said. She believes firmly in the dignity of labor, *any* kind of labor so that it is honestly performed.

She laughs at the idea that Hollywood may "change" her. It is rumored to make changelings of them all. She says, "How could it?" She's got her job and it's swell. After the job is done, she slams down the lid of her desk and goes home to other things—to read, to write letters home, to talk with her brother who has been spending the past six months with her.

She doesn't believe that success is handed to anyone on a silver spoon. Least of all in Hollywood, hotbed of hot competition. If it is, the silver spoon soon slips and is your mouth empty!

She thinks the picture people are swell, likes them all. None of this snooty attitude of "looking down" on movies and movie makers. None of the silly attitude, either, of looking up to them. A job to be done, that's all—fellow workers, good sports. She has two or three old school friends out here, knows a couple of doctors and their wives, often drives to Caliente by herself. She likes Ronald Colman on the screen and wants to meet him.

Well-bred, well brought up, sane, ambitious and American—that's Roz. She talks like a lady. She thinks like a man. She expects to give good measure and to get good measure in return. She trims her sails to the advantageous winds. She's sleek and slick and smart and alive. She's regular—and remarkable.

She's headed for stardom, streamline stardom—the new way.

New Clothes, Academically Speaking

(*Continued from page 50*)

heels and dressed to the teeth at all hours of the day. You should look casual and comfortable. To such an end is her second selection, a beige jersey shirtwaist dress, trim as to detail and workmanlike as to its purpose.

You can go a bit on the gay side in a topcoat, if you wish. She loves the big steamer rug plaids and selects one in tones of yellow and brown for a swagger topper for daytime clothes. With this she wears a brown felt sports hat and medium-heeled, widely strapped shoes. Some of the new fall topcoat textures for sportswear have a very fleecy look as contrasted with the smoother surfaces of recent seasons. They are flattering, no end, and are worth keeping an eye out for.

The sweater and skirt combination is practically a uniform for collegians and other school-goers. You can match bright sweaters to bright wool skirts or you can go in for contrast as Anita Louise does. To flatter her lovely blonde coloring, she contrasts a beautiful amber-colored sweater with a brown woolen skirt. Her sweater is a twin combination but in our picture Anita wears it without its extra jacket. The self-fringed green wool scarf is amusingly held by a class ring! And Anita adds that if it is the ring of your best heart beat, so much the more thrilling! Here's a new fad for you to try.

IF your budget permits the extra stretching that it takes to include a fur coat, Anita Louise thinks it's a good investment. She has a white kidskin one that has the simply cut, rather tailored lines that she thinks are right for school. Hers, she explains, is white because she finds more use for a white one in California, but for other climes, gray or brown would be more in order. It's grand to wear over dresses for tea dates, perfect for football games and will double as an evening wrap, too.

A black net evening gown is a good all year round item for formal use. It isn't dated in fabric by the season and can do for both formal and semi-formal duty when topped by a self cape as in the choice of Anita Louise. Of course, later on, you may want to have one grand prom dress in one of the stunning velvets or sheer metals. And, of course, there are always the popular satins for cocktail and dinner dresses. You will be intrigued, too, by the new wooly looking silks for that indispensable afternoon dress to wear to sorority teas and fraternity after-the-game dances.

I was talking with Bernard Newman the other day—he, you know, does those smooth clothes for Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn. He is an amusing and sophisticated gent who knows more about women's clothes than they do themselves! He thinks that a new era of fashion is breaking in Hollywood because the designers are going to cease worrying so much about the dramatic quality of the costumes and think more about what you, in the audience, are going to want to wear.

This idea is in line with Adrian's and Joan Crawford's recent announcement that her new costumes will be simple, much the sort of thing she wears off screen and not the over elaborate costumes which have characterized her recent pictures. Joan thinks an actress's facial expressions should be more eye-compelling than her clothes. And as you know, watching recent films, you can't concentrate on the acting when your eye is constantly distracted by a flamboyant costume.

And now for some fashion tips you'll want to guide your fall shopping. Travis Banton, just back from a trip abroad, and to Paris in particular, says that he is going to use less fur on his new screen creations. He is going to put more energy and imagination into intricate details of design and less into large splashes of luxurious furs.

Banton brought back some fabrics from abroad which he will use in making costumes for Colbert, Lombard and others. These are fabrics which he thinks were indirectly inspired by California's scenery. There are intricately woven woolens with the graceful tracery of palm trees visible in them—some have feathers and others

tropical motifs discernible in the weaves. This definite fabric interest probably accounts for Banton's intention of letting the design, rather than the trimming, carry the costume.

You'll be intrigued to know that Mr. Banton sees shorter skirts coming in. He reports British women wearing very short daytime skirts and that Parisiennes are definitely interested in the trend. Do you suppose he will influence Hollywood in this?

KAY FRANCIS has been favoring Paris with some expert shopping. Kay always has liked imported clothes although she wears the Hollywood product most of the year. Her pet contention is, you know, that she doesn't give a hang about clothes at all—but listen to what she picked out at Schiaparelli's while abroad! A black crinkly silk ensemble trimmed with silver fox. Into the neckline is tucked a chiffon scarf embroidered in rhinestones. Another costume is black crepe with a jacket of white crepe through which runs a woven design of black clover. And a third is a two-piece affair in silk with stripings of two tones of dark red and black. You notice that Kay sticks to the black theme which she finds so becoming.

You will find black big on the fall color card, too. Red in varying tones, quite a lot of purple, olive green and red-browns are sure to be great favorites. This will give you some idea of the color direction to follow in buying your first new things.

Besides Anita Louise's college suggestions, I have picked several other costumes that are suited to campus activities or for early fall use anywhere. There's Virginia Bruce's stunning tweed ensemble composed of a short flared coat in dark brown over a tan, severely tailored dress of the same tweed pattern. The coat is one of those grand things you can wear with any number of other costumes— the large patch pockets and deep cuffs giving it a lot of dash.

Virginia's camel's hair coat is slick, too. The wide beaver collar and the double-breasted cut lift it away from the usual polo coat class. It's an excellent all winter coat. Virginia has a golfing outfit that I haven't shown but which would make another perfect campus outfit for all of you. Over a sweater and skirt of coffee brown wool, she wears a trim tan pigskin jacket that buttons up to a small turnover collar. Slash pockets extend down from the shoulder yoke and have slide fastener openings. On the right side there is another little pocket above the belt and a larger flap pocket below. A matching beret and tan and brown sports shoes finish this off with smartness.

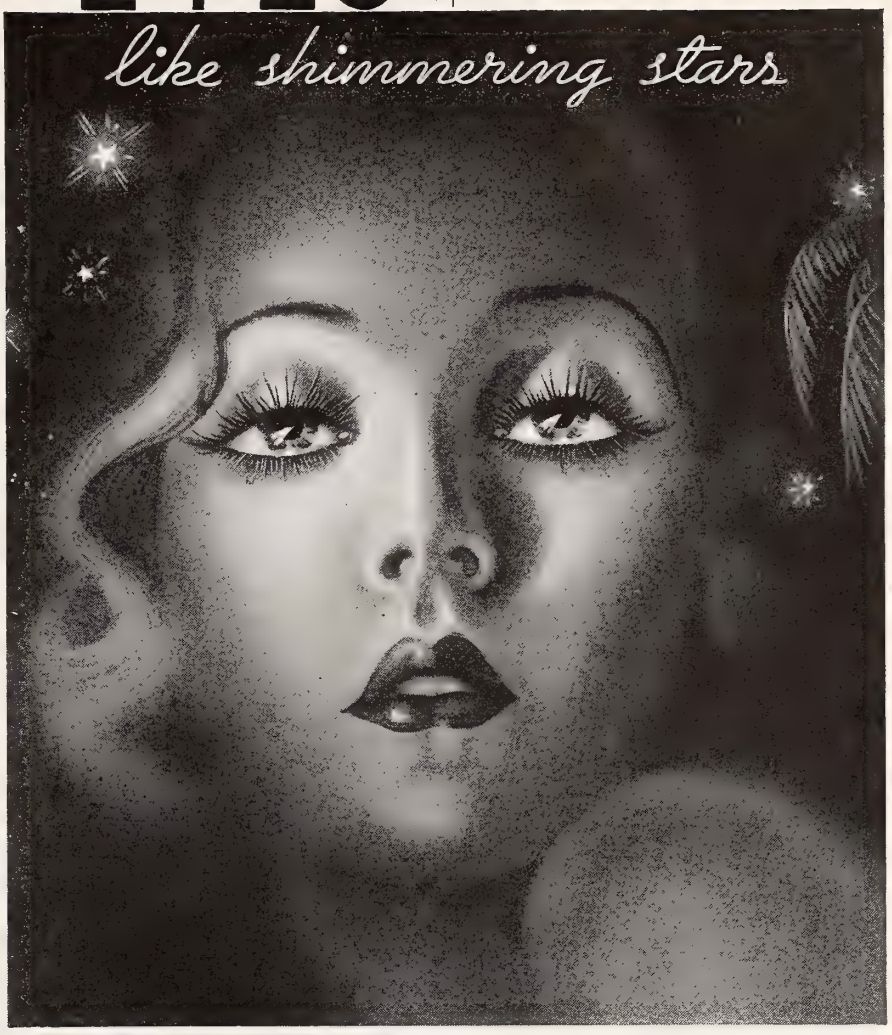
Then there's Fay Wray's simple slate gray tweed dress pictured. This has unusual pocket detail, too. And the taffeta collar and cuffs give this a more dress-up look. A perfect dress to wear under your fur coat to the game because it will look right at a fraternity party afterwards.

Capes are not out of the picture this fall, especially not for young things. Betty Furness wears a smart one in two tones of gray plaid over a matching jacket and a plain gray tweed skirt. Her alligator shoes and soft felt hat are nice extras.

And Florine McKinney's velvet evening wrap with matching muff is one of those good looking but not too elaborate evening things you should have. The unusual corded treatment at the front and on the sleeves makes a simple wrap look very luxurious.

I've hardly been able to touch adequately on school fashions in a limited space but it does give you a start and you probably have loads of good ideas of your own.

EYES like shimmering stars



TATTOO YOUR EYELASHES
with this new form of mascara
NO WATER - NO PREPARATION NEEDED

HERE is a mascara that gives an effect vastly more fascinating than that obtained with the ordinary, old-fashioned cake or liquid darkeners . . . for, it doesn't impart a rough, "grainy" look to the lashes.

Tattoo applies so smoothly; it colors the lashes so evenly from lid to tips, that the lashes, instead of shouting "mascara," are merely a part of a lovely illusion; a *stunning* illusion in which your eyes appear as shimmering stars, surrounded with mysterious darkness . . . your lashes seeming to be twice their real length . . . each lash like a shaft of star-light reaching out to show the way to "heaven"!



Tattoo comes in a tube, ready for use. No water—no preparation needed. Simply whisk it onto your lashes with a brush. So truly easy to apply that your very first try yields a perfect result. Really waterproof—smart-proof—harmless. *Tattoo your eyelashes!* Black, Brown, Blue. NOW ON SALE AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS.

TATTOO for Eyelashes and Brows

Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(*Continued from page* 53)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	1★	2½★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★		3★	3★
Little Men (Mascot)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	3½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★				2★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★				4★
Loves of a Dictator (G-B)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	2★			3★	3★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (G-B)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3½★	2½★	2½★	3★	1½★	2★	3★	3★	2★
Maybe It's Love (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★		2★	2★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★		2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	2★	2★	1★			1★	1★	½★		1½★			2★	1½★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Mississippi (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★			2½★	2★
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	4★			3★	3★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	3★	1★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	2½★	1½★	2★			2½★	2★
Murder on a Honeymoon (RKO)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
My Song for You (G-B)	3★	2½★	3★	3★		3★	3★	2½★		2½★			2½★	3★
The Mysterious Mr. Wong (Monogram)	1★	1★		2★		1★		2★		2★			2★	
Mystery Woman (Fox)	2★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	4★			2★	2★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★
Nell Gwyn (United Artists)	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★			2½★	3★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★		2★		2★	1½★	2★
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			2★	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★			3★	3★
A Notorious Gentleman (Universal)	3★	3★	2★		2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★			2★	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (Warners)	5★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3★	4★
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			1★	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★		1½★		2★			1½★			1½★	2★
The Perfect Clue (Majestic)	2★		2★	2★		2★		2★	2★	2★			2★	2★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★		2½★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	2★	3★
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★		3★	4★	3★
Reckless (M-G-M)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★		2½★	3★
Red Hot Tires (First National)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★		2★	2★	2★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★		5★	5★
Rumba (Paramount)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★
Sanders of the River (United Artists)	2★	1½★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	1★			3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
The Scoundrel (Hecht-MacArthur-Paramount)	5★	4½★	4★	5★	3½★	5★	5★	3★	4★	5★		5★	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	1★	1½★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	2½★			2★	2★
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★		2½★	3★	3★			2★	3★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	3★
Stranded (Warners)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	1½★				
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★		3★	3★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★		4★	4★	3★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Traveling Saleslady (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		3★	3★	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (G-B)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	2½★	2½★			2★	2★
Under the Pampas Moon (Fox)	3★	1★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★		4★	1½★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (G-B)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★				2★	2★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		3★	4★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★		3★	3★	2★	2★
West of the Pecos (RKO)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2★		2½★	2★	2★		2★	3★	3★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★		2½★		2½★	3★	2½★			2★	2★
While the Patient Slept (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★		2½★	2½★	1★		2★	2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★	2★		3★		3★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2★



Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

says **DOROTHY HAMILTON**
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood



Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the "Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, *her* eyes express *her*. More than any other feature, *your* eyes express *you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, *instantly*, with the pure and *harmless* Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.



BLACK
BROWN
BLUE



BLACK OR BROWN

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



COLORLESS

Good Housekeeping Bureau

All Maybelline Preparations have this approval



BLACK OR WHITE
BRISTLES

How Can You Help Liking Her?

(*Continued from page 40*)

she could, without lifting a finger, make audiences rock with laughter. A good comedienne, being as rare as quintuplets and fully as profitable to a theatrical producer, her fate was sealed.

"Ever since I was a child I've wanted to act," she said, "but I wanted to be a great dramatic actress and I'm sure I was at the age of five," she laughed.

"My brother and I had a theatre in the backyard. I wrote all the plays, directed and acted in them. I insisted upon being the boss. Not only did I insist that they do what I told them but also that they think the way I thought."

During her childhood there was one person who encouraged her in her ambition to act. That was a cousin, who now lives in Hollywood, and is Miss Oliver's only living relative.

"She told me to keep on, never to stop, that she was sure I would be a great actress some day. She was the only person who believed in me," Miss Oliver said solemnly, and a tender note crept into her voice as she remembered back to the lean, hard years when a little encouragement meant so much.

The kindness of this older girl has never been forgotten and over a period of years she has been the object of Miss Oliver's lavish affection. Material gifts in the way of trips to Honolulu and Europe have also been provided by the generous Miss Oliver.

AT the age of fourteen she was singing in a church in Boston, her birthplace, and soon after she toured the New England states with an open air opera company. Her burning ambition at this time was to become a great singer and, possessed of a beautiful singing voice, she had reason to suspect she might succeed. But her hopes were blasted when she lost her voice and was forced to turn to the dramatic stage. She decided to join a stock company in Boston.

Getting a foothold was not easy. Her physical appearance was against her. Young, unformed, shy, inexperienced and, although still very young, she was taller than most men, a handicap difficult to overcome. It was not always that she could get work in the theatre.

At one time, unable to get the work she loved, and forced by absolute necessity to do something, she worked in a dressmaking establishment for three dollars a week. And another time in a millinery shop at the same meager wages. It took her four years to save forty dollars, the amount she thought necessary to take her to New York, where she expected to be a sensation. The forty dollars dwindled and one day she hid behind a trunk in her room to avoid facing an irate landlord to whom she owed eighty dollars.

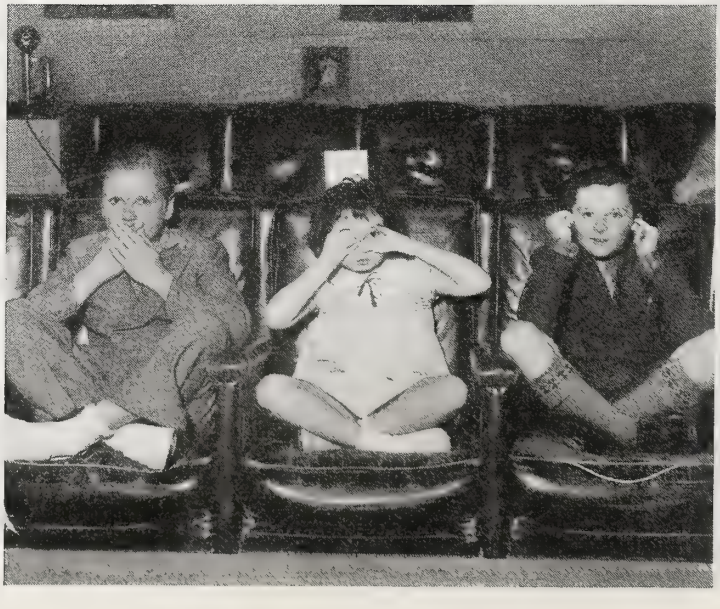
Of course, there were good times mixed with the bad and the list of her successes on Broadway suggests nothing of the heartaches which preceded them. Miss Oliver was on the stage thirty years before she received what is referred to as "big money." But she never lost her sense of humor. She never lost her courage for a moment.

Of all the disappointments she had to face during her career, the most heartbreaking one was the realization that she must spend the rest of her career in making people laugh. Particularly was this a bitter pill in view of the fact that she had proven herself a great dramatic actress in "The Master," "Icebound," and other plays on that very same Broadway.

"Of course, I don't like to be laughed at," she will tell you with some asperity. "I don't think anyone does. However, there are two distinct kinds of humor. One is genuine—the laughs you get from a ridiculous situation, by funny remarks or—looking comical. The other kind comes from the so-called wits, who keep you in stitches with their bright remarks, which are always directed at some unfortunate person—wit at the expense of somebody's feelings."

Miss Oliver may relax, secure in the knowledge that her humor will never be followed by hurt feelings. Except her own, possibly, and she tries hard to hide that.

"We never let on that we don't like to



'Member the three monkeys? Here they are—Jackie (Speak no evil) Cooper, Cora Sue (See no evil) Collins and Freddie (Hear no evil) Bartholomew—viewing M-G-M's color cartoon, "Three Little Monkeys."

be laughed at," she said. "There is a side of us that we keep to ourselves, that we never give to the public."

Fortunately, Miss Oliver has been able to maintain a private existence that is cloaked in virtual anonymity so far as the general public, or even Hollywood in particular, is concerned.

It has enabled her to preserve a personality that is at once unique and charming. So today Edna May Oliver stands as one great Hollywood institution that has escaped being absorbed by Hollywood. She is as definitely herself today as she was the day she arrived here three years ago, following a successful two years as Patty Ann Hawks in "Show Boat" in New York and Chicago. She has become a truly important figure in the Hollywood scheme but is never present on the Hollywood scene. As a matter of choice she would probably avoid Hollywood parties, anyway, but, as matters stand, she is just too busy to devote time to social events.

AFTER all, her job is such a big one—the job of bolstering up pictures that have, so to speak, flat feet. For producers are well aware that her name in a cast is a magic remedy for a weak picture, and she is in demand for twice as much work as she is able to do.

Miss Oliver probably has fewer acquaintances and more real friends than any prominent actress in motion pictures. This isn't an effort to make it appear that she lives a hermit's existence. On the contrary, although she declares, "I live simply," she goes every place and sees everything of interest. She entertains charmingly with small dinner parties and often takes her guests to a good show or a concert later. But you will never see her at one of the gay night spots.

"There is so little time in life to do the things you want to do," she explains. And one of the things she apparently wants and tries to do is to help anyone and everyone in distress. She has the most amazing capacity for giving of herself.

But I do not conclude from this that Miss Oliver is easily taken advantage of by undeserving persons or that she hasn't a proper conception of the value of money. Anyone who has ever tried to cheat her can testify that her indignation in actual life can be quite as forceful and effective as she has depicted that emotion on the screen.

She told me of an incident concerning the manager of an apartment house where she had gone to rent an apartment for a friend. After agreeing on the price, she wrote a check for that amount. When the manager saw the signature, "Edna May Oliver," on the check he said there had been a mistake, that the price was twenty dollars higher.

"Not of my money," declared Miss Oliver, as she tore the check to bits and stalked out in quest of another apartment.

"I'll give away fifty dollars—anything—but I won't pay one cent too much if I think anyone is trying to cheat me," she declared.

Well able to take care of herself in her home land, our heroine is unable to cope with avaricious tradespeople, porters, waiters, cab drivers, etc., when travelling abroad because she refuses to bother to learn foreign languages or how to count foreign money.

So, arguments over money matters in foreign lands invariably end with Miss Oliver dramatically emptying all the contents of her purse into her lap and screaming, "Take what you want and go away."

Extremely shy, she admits her worst fault is physical cowardice.

"I am," she declares solemnly, "afraid of everything. Every time I come on a



HOW DOES YOUR SKIN STAND THE TEST?

By *Lady Esther*

Every man instinctively plays the part of a beauty contest judge.

Every man's glance is a *searching* glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never thin'k would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does *your* skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face, you may be sure that you are gaining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to *really* clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will *lubricate* your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

The Care The Skin Needs

The care your skin needs is supplied, in simple form in Lady Esther Face Cream. This cream does more than merely "grease" the skin. It actually cleanses. It reaches the hidden, stubborn dirt because it is a penetrating cream. There is nothing stiff or heavy about Lady Esther Face Cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin and gently and soothingly penetrates the pores.

"Going to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt, it breaks up and makes it—*all* of it—easily removable. At the same time, as Lady Esther Face Cream gently cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaliness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

When you give the skin this common sense care it's remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—becomes clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

Make This Test!

If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this: Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

At My Expense!

Let me prove to you, at *my* expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in *actual* daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7-day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

To get *both* the 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream and the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, all you have to do is mail me your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below. If you knew what was in store for you, you would not delay a minute in clipping the coupon.

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FREE

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (16)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me without cost or obligation a seven day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your face powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

Lots of women we know hesitate to wear glasses because they believe them unflattering. Not a bit, if you beautify your eyes! Glasses make them look smaller—so enlarge them . . . with Kurlash, the little implement that curls back your lashes lastingly between soft rubber bows. Your lashes appear longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter, deeper! Opticians recommend Kurlash because it keeps your lashes from touching your glasses. $1, at good stores.



Hold the Line

Don't neglect your eyebrows, either! Tweezette, which "tweezes" out an offending hair at the touch of a button, is the easiest way known to shape your brows, painlessly, at home. Make them conform to the upper curve of your glasses, and the latter will be less noticeable! $1, also, at your drug store.



First Aid Kit

Behind your glasses, you can use eye make-up liberally and defy detection! Try Shadette, at $1, to give your eyes size and allure. And the little marvel Lashpac to travel in your handbag everywhere. It holds a stick of mascara for accenting brows and a little brush to groom them later. Also $1. Write me if you aren't sure what shades to use!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department G-9. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

set I look around and wonder which of those big lamps overhead is going to drop on my head, or which way I should run if there should suddenly be an earthquake."

She has a particular dread of airplanes. The members of the company who worked with her in "Murder on a Honeymoon" still chuckle remembering what ensued when, as Miss Oliver was sitting in the cabin of a large plane, the motor was started. Terrified at the thought of the plane possibly leaving the ground, she raised her umbrella, broke the nearest window and started to climb out.

Yet, fearful as she is, she loves to swim and often goes to the ocean alone and ventures far beyond what her loving friends believe to be a safe distance from the shore.

ONE time I was thoroughly frightened in the water," she told me. "That was one day when I was swimming in the Mediterranean. From the hotel window the water had looked invitingly blue, and I couldn't see the seaweed, which began to tangle itself around my arms and legs like the tentacles of an octopus before I had got very far from shore. I began screaming.

"Then I remembered that an astrologer had said I would never die by drowning, so I said to myself, 'Swim, Oliver. You'll never die here.' And finally I reached the shore safely."

Being ordinarily a fearful person, she is naturally a cautious one and when she was packing to make a trip to Italy last year she decided not to take any chances on foreign citrus fruit. She took a supply of lemons with her.

The lemons on the boat proved to be up to the most exacting standards and when she landed in Italy, the land of lemons, she found no need to unpack hers. Six weeks later, when she started home, she still had her five dozen lemons intact.

Arriving in Los Angeles harbor, she was informed by the customs officer that she couldn't bring any fresh fruit into this country from Europe. And, in spite of her protests that they were California lemons, that she had merely taken them on a trip to Europe, they were unceremoniously dumped into the harbor.

It was on that trip, incidentally, that she had a little adventure that set the whole city of Florence to chuckling. Late one afternoon, wearied by a round of sightseeing, she entered the magnificent tomb of one of the Medicis and seated herself to enjoy in leisurely fashion the contemplation of the fine sculpturing in the tomb. How long she sat there is not a matter of record, but she suddenly found herself roused from her reveries by the shouts of guards and frantic friends, who had been searching for her. She had been locked in the tomb after it was closed for the day, but didn't realize it until the arrival of the rescue party.

She dislikes attracting attention but unwittingly does so. No matter where she travels, everyone recognizes her. In Italy little children ran after her on the streets and, pointing their fingers at her, screamed delightedly, "Edna May Oliver!"

"It's this face of mine," she wails. "No one can mistake it."

She has an impulse to run when accosted by strangers, a feeling brought on by actual terror plus New England reserve.

"If I were a dramatic actress, people wouldn't dare approach me as they do," she says with a sigh. "Being just a comic, they come up to me wherever I am and ask me anything!"

She loves to cook and she loves to dance, but in nothing is Miss Oliver so feminine as in a charming inconsistency which keeps her friends guessing as to what she will do next. Having often declared she would never buy a home, she has bought one. And scarcely was she settled in it than she decided to take a trip. And scarcely was she on her way when she began to lament, "Why did I ever leave my nice, comfortable home? If I ever get home again, I'll never, never leave, I promise."

SHE really does love that home of hers, however, in spite of her periodical urges to gather some of her friends up and take them on trips with her. She has a touching pride in it, for it is the first home she has ever owned. And in its exquisitely simple elegance it reflects a trait that few picture-goers realize she possesses. She has excellent taste and likes only the best.

Her pride in her home is illustrated by a little story told on her by one of her neighbors.

Each morning, according to the story, a dilapidated old car was parked in front of the neighbor's house. There it would sit all day and sometimes until late at night. One day, seeing Miss Oliver's chauffeur, the neighbor asked him if he knew to whom the car belonged.

"It's my car, ma'am," he admitted readily enough, "but Miss Oliver told me not to park the old wreck in front of her house." Her servants adore her and if she only knew it, she could no doubt hire them for half the money she pays them. Recently she spent several days on a distant location where she would have no use for her chauffeur, so she gave him a week off. She departed for location and the chauffeur left for San Francisco. The next day she was surprised to look up and see him standing at her elbow.

"Where did you come from?" she demanded. "I thought you were having a vacation. What does this mean? Is something wrong?"

"I thought you might need me, Miss Oliver," he explained, "so here I am."

Such loyalty in servants is indeed rare, but, you see, Edna May Oliver arouses it.

An accomplished pianist herself, one of her greatest pleasures lies in attending musical events and she is a dependable patroness of all worth while artistic ventures in Los Angeles. And it is when dressed for these events that Miss Oliver will give the greatest surprise to those who know her only from her screen rôles. Attired in the most flawless taste, she has what many beautiful stars have not and would give the world to possess. That is distinction.

She is often seen in company with the beautiful Virginia Hammond.

"I like to be with Virginia because she is so beautiful," Miss Oliver explains, adding laughingly. "You wouldn't expect me to want to look up and see a face like mine, would you? I like to look at beautiful things."

That same modest realization of the basis for much of her screen fame was illustrated in her answer to a query as to whether she was the heroine of an episode reported by a columnist recently.

The story said that when a bandit attempted to hold up this actress, she gave vent to a scream which she had often used in mystery plays, letting him have it fortissimo. Whereupon the bandit dropped his gun. "Please, lady," he pleaded, "don't scream like that. Just forget the whole thing, will you?" and disappeared into the darkness scared out of his wits, no doubt.

"If that actress was me and the robber got a good look at my face, he's probably running yet," Miss Oliver replied grimly.

How can you help liking her?

Work With Me for Beauty and Health

(Continued from page 29)

I know girls who think they can reduce the hips by artificial methods. And to them I want to say, forget it. Sweat baths and steam cabinets are the bunk! You need your strength or you'll never reduce in spots. And when you reduce artificially the muscles—awful, old flabby muscles—will still be there.

NOW go about it the right way. Study the pictures with this article and do exactly as I'm doing. Follow instructions carefully. Stand with the feet straight but slightly apart. Raise your arms above your head, then bend the right arm. Now, as you do this, bend your body to the left with the left arm straight. Keep your knees stiff—and that's important. Pull those hip muscles and pull them hard, pulling and bending very, very slowly until the finger tips of the left hand touch the floor. Repeat on the other side.

Feel those muscles pulling? That's swell, baby, that's getting after those hips with a bang. Sure, I know you'll be sore after you've done this exercise. But don't complain. You're using muscles you haven't used for ages. Just remember that what you're doing is shaving off your hips as if you had taken a razor blade to them, that you're flattening out the muscles and breaking down the fatty tissue beneath them. Isn't that worth a little soreness? I guarantee that if you take a size sixteen dress now, you'll be able to wear a size fourteen if you do this exercise religiously for fifteen minutes a day for one month! How's that for a promise? But it works. I know it. I take that exercise. But be sure that you feel those hip muscles pulling, pulling. When you're doing it correctly the pull begins just below the waist and goes down into the legs.

And now I want to give you a sensible eating program along with a grand dessert which I gave Jean Harlow for the preservation of her gorgeous complexion. It will work wonders on your skin. Besides, most of you gals who are reducing yell and scream for dessert. Well, here it is. Eat it. Twice a day. It's good for you.

Wash in cold water but do not seed, three pounds of cherries. Place them in a double boiler with just a little water in with them. Let them simmer until they're soft enough so you can press out the juice. When this juice is very hot—but not boiling—pour in a package of gelatin. When gelatin is dissolved add three tablespoons of brown sugar. Pour this into moulds that have been rinsed with cold water. Cool off and chill in refrigerator. Serve with a few chopped un-salted almonds and two tablespoons of top milk on each mould. This is not only perfectly delicious, but it is a blood producer as well. It will give you pep and plenty of it.

And now for a sensible eating menu to tide you over until next month. Here it is.

BREAKFAST

Glass of cold water mixed with the juice of half a lemon

Melon (with lemon juice) or any kind of berries. If you must sweeten



It's Only
NERVOUS POWDERING
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Test This New Powder That
ENDS "MAKE-UP WORRY"

Completely Moisture-Proof . . . Lasts Hours Longer . . . So Much Smoother

OF course, you don't like to powder constantly either! It makes any man think you vain—shallow—even a trifle "cheap." It's due almost entirely to consciousness of face powders that don't stay on—that soon lose their fresh charm.

But you can say "goodbye" to make-up worry! Try new Golden Peacock Face Powder. It's *really* moisture-proof! Skin oils can't absorb it. It clings for hours; but it doesn't cake in chalky lumps; doesn't clog your pores.

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Golden Peacock *Face Powder*



Thrilling Loveliness in
REALLY WHITE SKIN

Discover This Way to Help Nature Shed Freckles . . Blemishes . . Tan

The alluring charm no man can resist—and every woman wants—is easy now! Simply apply dainty Golden Peacock Bleach Creme five nights, as directed, and see how it speeds Nature's own method, to roll away that film of tanned, darkened skin. See how much clearer and healthier the skin looks, too, with disfiguring pimples from outward causes and blemishes banished! It's needless now to hide your charm under a mask of freckles, or dark skin! Get Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at any drug or department store today. Money back if you are not delighted. Handy trial size, 10c, at all 5-and-10-cent stores.

Golden Peacock *Bleach Creme*



★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

use a little brown sugar
Half a glass of certified milk
A coddled egg. (Place an egg in a pan of boiling water. Then turn off the flame under the pan and allow the egg to stand for ten minutes.)
Two slices of whole wheat toast or rye wafers with very little butter
Coffee—clear

LUNCHEON

Large bowl of shredded white or red cabbage with lemon juice
Cottage cheese mixed with a little sour cream
Rye wafer without butter
Cherry gelatin dessert

DINNER

Cup of clear soup
Any meat or fish broiled or roasted (no pork)
Two heaping tablespoons steamed turnip tops
Eight stalks of asparagus (on all vegetables spread a little butter after the vegetable is off the fire—and not before. Use no salt.)
Very small baked potato (eat skin and all)
Lettuce salad with lemon juice
Small dish of fresh fruit or cherry gelatin
Demi-tasse

This is a sensible eating routine. It will not put an ounce of weight on you. It gives you all the vitamins and minerals you need. In future articles I will give you some sensible eating programs which will take you down fifteen pounds a month.

AND now you girls who bear a resemblance to Joan Crawford, get busy and send your photographs to me. Every one will have my personal attention. Address, Madame Sylvia, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. Next month I'm going to ask the girls who look like Constance Bennett and after that the girls who look like Claudette Colbert to send in their pictures. So you had better not miss a single one of my articles. Anyhow, I think we're going to have a lot of fun and I know you're going to learn how to make yourself as you've dreamed of being.

Also you are at liberty to write me regarding any problem that worries you. I'll tell you what to do and how to do it.

I'm thrilled to have this opportunity to talk to MODERN SCREEN readers. I can't help it if I sound hard boiled as I give you the devil for being too lazy to reduce. The truth is I know so well how grand you can look, if you will, that it breaks my heart to see any woman carrying a burden of excess weight. My fingers tingle to start digging into those ugly muscles. I can't do that but I can tell you what to do for yourselves. And if I get you out of your sluggish lethargy, if I can give you a good mental shaking up, and can make you work with me toward beauty and health, then I'll be perfectly happy.

Come on, darlings, snap into it!

The Most Tragic Love Story

(*Continued from page 33*)

"That was not true and I told them so. All the press notices gave Dolores the credit. He gave her a chance. She made good. She did not have to go on being grateful to John. We've all given girls breaks. Some make good; some don't. She was a star in her own right, now, and she could have told Barrymore to go to ——

"As to love . . ." his voice softened. "You remember the first man who ever made love to you, don't you? The man who awakened your feeling of romance, made the stars seem nearer and the moon something besides a useless ball in the heavens? John did that to Dolores. You can never quite forget the first man; you can never believe another will give you quite the same lovely yearning. Dolores thinks this is love. Look at her. Of course, she thinks it. As for John, he isn't capable of that kind of love anymore. And when she awakens . . .

"Dolores is not a grown woman yet. She's a young girl living in a young girl's dreamland. But underneath, she's stubborn. Like her mother—and father. I hope it works out, but when it doesn't—"

THERE was more, much more. Making allowances for the ancient rivalry between the Costellos and the Barrymores (a rivalry dating far back into theatrical history); making allowances for Maurice Costello's jealousy of a Barrymore who had supplanted him in the bosom of a Costello family, still there was an urgent ring of sincerity to his words that made me shudder, only an hour after the most beautiful screen girl had married the handsomest screen lover.

His description of the youngest Barrymore sounded weirdly like two birds of the same plumage exchanging honest self-appraisals. There was not much he did not tell of the history of the erratic John from his love for his monkey to his fondness for rich foods and garlic. "My wife's a wonderful cook. No wonder John liked to live at our house. He got used to eating there before I returned to discover a Barrymore had replaced a Costello. I wish now my wife and I had separated fifteen years ago. We only stayed together because of the children."

I thought I would never forget the bitterness, the anguish of that father's denunciation of the man his daughter had just married.

And yet, with the rest of Hollywood, I did forget him and the other prophets. They were so happy. John Barrymore told everyone of the peace, the quiet joy, that had come to bless him. Dolores, although seen seldom, appeared equally content. Her eyes still shone with faith.

In fact, Hollywood had seldom seen such a complete metamorphosis in one of its people. The Barrymore monkey was forgotten. The people who worked in pictures ceased to fear Barrymore and began to treat him like another human being. Less than three years ago, a press agent told me, "I would rather go to John Barrymore's to make pictures than any other star's estate. *He's so human.* He and Dolores don't care particularly about publicity but they are always pleasant. You feel like a guest rather than a worker." This about the man who had been formerly notorious for insulting press people!

Even the famous Barrymore profile, which had caused cameramen so many sleepless nights when he first entered pictures because of his fear that it would not be photographed from the proper angle, was forgotten. He laughed about it.

In other words, John Barrymore mellowed. He became the father of two adorable children who made him realize what a poor substitute are monkeys.

The Barrymores were seldom at their lovely estate when John was not working. Their yacht, "The Infanta," carried them from the South Seas to the Arctic. Dolores' love had been a first love, as her father said, and a first love is always anxious to prove the depth of its devotion. So when John wanted to roam, she wanted to roam with him. Perhaps Dolores learned to really enjoy yachting. Love can teach a woman to thrill to what she has despised before love. I remember her telling me, a few months before they were married, that she did not care for the sea. Possibly she has never learned to like it. Then her mad packings, her readiness to go to sea upon a two hours' notice, are more to be admired.

ALTHOUGH the divorce suit came as a surprise to the world, it shocked, but did not surprise Hollywood. I suppose no marital situation has been more closely guarded from unfavorable publicity than this. Rumors began sneaking their snakey ways around the luncheon tables more than two years ago. But no one could check them. Then, Dolores began appearing infrequently in public for the first time since she dedicated herself to a secluded life with her husband and babies. She looked so radiant no one could believe she was not happy. I believe now this was the secret of her circulating again amongst us. She was turning a bright face to the world so the gossips could not revive old wives' tales about her Barrymore husband.

Then John Barrymore became very ill—he was on the verge of death! Hollywood shuddered. Barrymore's studio, RKO, denied it. They even announced, via radio, that John Barrymore and Dolores Costello were on a third honeymoon in the Arctic.

We know now John was ill. Just how ill, no one is certain. There are rumors of a strange illness, a curious one, that includes a memory which may have faltered. Surely, the man has changed again. Whether he has returned to the erratic, genius-like personality which his father-in-law so feared for his daughter, or whether genius has slipped into an entirely new cloak, as a genius keyed too highly sometimes does, no one can tell, today. But whatever it is, the tragedy lies naked—unable to be longer hidden.

I doubt if Dolores Costello Barrymore would have hinted of divorce or spoken of her problem had not pride and self-preservation been literally whipped into action. After all, she has protected him for more than two years with the most superb acting of her career. I knew this quiet, refined girl during her first days in pictures and I believe she would have suffered without a murmur if John Barrymore had not dashed about the seas in their yacht on gay parties; if he had not announced in black type he would no longer be responsible for debts incurred by anyone but himself.

A woman's love, no matter how great, has always two vulnerable points. Pride and a love for her children. A pride can be insulted just once too often—a mother love will always spring to defend its young.

The newspapers talk of another young girl, Elaine Barrie, in the life of John Barrymore, the great screen actor. Reporters quote this young girl's father as saying John is interested only in her screen future. A "protégée" they call her.

Ah, Dolores was that, too, in the beginning. She was the beautiful child given an opportunity in "The Sea Beast." She was a protégée professionally speaking.

And as I read the quoted words of the father of *this* protégée, I hear the words of the father of the first protégée ringing in my ears:

"My family live just up the hill, above me. I can see their home from here. I often look up there. If the pillows in my car could speak they would tell you a great story. I used to drive into the hills and cry myself to sleep. Sometimes, I would take a newspaper and read myself to sleep in my car and awaken in the morning. Sometimes, I have cried myself out of the idea of murder. I would wake up there in the hills and look at the sunshine and decide this was better than San Quentin, that after all—John Barrymore was not worth murdering."

One emotional genius speaking of another. One emotional genius speaking as a father of a son-in-law, somewhat like himself.

When a Costello married a Barrymore, the two greatest theatrical families of our generation gave Hollywood its greatest love tragedy. But from this cross should come the world's greatest actors of tomorrow. John, Junior, and Dolores, little son and little daughter! From tragedy often comes life's greatest promise.

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Try It!

All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms as described. Get it today in the form you prefer and try it out. Your money back if it doesn't more than amaze you with the relief it affords.

Gary Isn't the Same

(*Continued from page 37*)

and restless demeanor. I have always thought it was his great capacity for silence rather than his virility which thrilled Hollywood's army of women. Men had always talked to Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez. In fact, woman has always had to lean forward, elbows on the dinner table, and listen eagerly to man. But here was a man who listened. He was like a great sponge absorbing each word of theirs as though it were a precious drop of clear wisdom. By his very silence he made them feel important and made himself mysterious and "different."

It is strange to watch Gary's effect upon women. Take Lupe, for example. Lupe is always a cartridge in the constant act of exploding but she has never exploded so graciously as when she was with Gary Cooper. People who visited at her dinner table were wont to comment, "Why does she not sit at the head of her own table?" She would answer, "I cannot see Gary, then. Flowers and dishes and things are in the way. He never says anything but I am always watching him to see if I can know what he is thinking."

Clara Bow did her best work while she was in love with him. Remember when they played in "It" together? Evelyn Brent reached her greatest success, too, while she was playing opposite Gary.

And the effect on Gary? Gary had slipped away from the ranks of the extra in "Wings." He had become a leading man in "It." The most glamorous girl in Hollywood (Clara) had fallen in love with him. He told me, then, "I don't just see how all this could have happened to me but it did and I've just got to make good and prove I deserve it."

There is pathos in the gratitude of the very young. Imagine a barefooted straggler welcomed into the regular army and made immediately into a sergeant. How much he believes he owes that army! He must prove even to himself his right to such honor.

The duty of Hollywood's army is making pictures. After his miraculous, storybook beginning in "Wings" and "It," Gary made pictures. One monotonous, humdrum picture after another. Many pictures that seemed exactly like those he had made before. Certainly nothing noble; not one to make him feel he was becoming a great actor. He found himself making love on the screen, making love off. His fame as a lover had spread around the world. Everything he did off the screen—whether he was escorting Clara, Evelyn or Lupe—was photographed and broadcast in the magazines and newspapers.

It was then that he made two very startling statements to me. First, "I would not dare to marry. I've been married so many times on the screen that I'd feel I was doing something I'd done before. I'd feel it was just another piece of acting. It wouldn't mean anything." And second: "All women are alike. I don't know what they want but they all say the same things trying to get it."

Most people believe the change in Gary came when Lupe Velez drove him to the train in Pasadena and saw him off on his secret, run-away-from-Hollywood trip to the hot sands of Egypt. Gary was ill. Most ill. The strain of one picture after another with no rest in between, with not even a very good picture to relieve the monotony, had taxed his strength until the doctors told him he must skip. And still the young boy, he slipped away without telling anyone, not even his studio. Only Lupe.

Gary had changed outwardly when he returned to us. His clothes were from Bond Street, London. His manners were from homes of the smartest nobility of Italy and England. I ate breakfast with him one morning soon after his return. He repeated his remark about women. "All women are alike—"

Certain European women were planning on following him to Hollywood. Gary was half-planning to dash away to China to get the Pacific Ocean between himself and the women of America and Europe! He was half-planning to leave pictures forever because he couldn't understand himself, pictures or women.

When he didn't go, Gary took his first firm step out of boyish adolescence. He didn't step far. He still ran a yellow car at breakneck speed. He even courted Sanda Shaw in it. But he was beginning to think in terms of life as it is rather



The boys seem to be "ganging" on Joan Blondell at the O'Brien party. Left to right, Leo Carrillo, Joan, Pat O'Brien, Joe E. Brown and Wally Ford.

than as he had pictured it in Montana. I talked with him shortly before he married Sandra. He was trying to find his way back into his proper niche in Hollywood's army of actors. That is not easy when one has been away as long as had Gary.

"I guess the producers know their business, after all," he smiled, a bit crookedly. "When I had a little success I thought I should do something big. I hated doing the same old thing over and over but, after all, just what did I know about acting? I was learning by that routine, only I didn't know it. I still want to do something big. I'd like to do 'The Bengal Lancers'!" His eyes lit with a yearning I had never seen in them even when he was working on "Wings!" "Why, I couldn't even wear clothes. I was going through a course of training. Necessary training. I didn't like it. None of us do. Perhaps I'll be able to act so well someday that I won't really act at all but just be natural. If I do, how much will I owe to that necessary routine I hated!

"I don't know much more about women. But I do owe them a lot. I still remember the face of my dream girl in the clouds. Always one woman. One who was different. If I could find her now—"

And only a little later, he decided he had found her. Not a Hollywood woman, whose pictures would circle the globe in newspapers, but a girl from social circles who detested newspaper notoriety.

I talked to him a few days after he returned from their honeymoon. The transition was definitely beginning. Gary Cooper was either to grow up or slip back into a permanent, happy-today, unhappy-tomorrow, boyish adolescence. This statement showed he was standing on the bridge of life: "I don't know about marriage. I don't want to talk about it. It's between us. It should help. A married man knows where he is going to be. He has time for his work because he has found routine in his private life just as he must have found it in his work if he is to be successful."

But Gary had always hated routine. He had side-stepped it in Montana. He had hated it when he was in school in England. He had even hated the English gardens because they had been so formal. "Flowers couldn't grow their own way," he had told me. He had hated the Hollywood training, the formality of his membership in Hollywood's army.

Marriage is a routine. He didn't know it yet. But I did. And Sandra Shaw was the product of a routine of America's finest and highest culture. What would Gary Cooper, the boy who had raced at will with coyotes and dashed ahead of rain and wind storms for the thrill he felt from mere dashing, do about it?

He was cast in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Five magazine stories were written questioning the permanence of Gary Cooper's marriage.

I wrote two of them. I don't pretend I wrote them to help Gary. I didn't. I wrote them because the magazines would pay for them. Gary was furious. He was angered as I have never seen him angered. "This marriage is my own. Who in Hell are you to mix in it?" Not only to me but to all the other writers. He gave out a statement to the newspapers, "I will never see another magazine writer and these five stories are the reason." I noted my two among the list and I am afraid I chuckled. For I knew then that Gary Cooper had squared his well-formed shoulders, buckled his belt firmly around his slim waist and decided to run his own life without interference.

And then he started work in "The Bengal Lancers."

THERE'S A GIRL I'D LIKE TO MEET!



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NATURAL LIPS
IN UNIQUE TEST



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You saw Gary in that picture. You knew it was a new man before you. Gary Cooper was no longer a young boy looking the well-trained lover. There was no woman to love in the picture. He was a man proving he is a well-trained actor.

And when he was finished, he went to the mountains to shoot lions. His wife, not much more than a bride, remained at home, waiting for him to bring his trophies to her.

And I knew then, Gary and Sandra had adjusted that difficult problem of marriage. Although I did not see the scene, I imagined it clearly. The new, grown-up Gary standing solidly on two feet, seeing his little woman as she is—not a dream but a real person to admire him for wanting to shoot lions and get away, alone, once in a while, to the freedom of his chasms and pinnacles of Nature.

Gary Cooper was never able in the old days to refuse a woman—not even an interview to a woman reporter. When a lady friend hit him with a slipper, he let her hit him. When a studio overworked him, he took the overworking until his health forced him to run away. That was the little boy from Montana learning his practical lessons. But he learned them! And when we are big enough, fine enough, unselfish enough and intelligent enough to learn from the cards shuffled by life, we become real men and women. Gary had grown up and the man who stands firmly straight today and says "No" and means it, is twice as interesting, romantic and exciting as the boy who intrigued you rather than commanded your sincere admiration.

The Theatre's Loss

(*Continued from page 35*)

Exciting. I tell you if I had to choose between being only a moderately successful actor or a supremely successful anything else I'd choose to be the actor. For life's sake."

The gratitude he feels because he became an actor is in his face. As all the emotions he knows are in his face which is like a sounding board against which life beats to leave its marks.

"Living," he said later that afternoon, "takes a lot of understanding!"

It would for him. It always must for anyone who is sensitive. So sensitive they feel for others as well as for themselves. In self-defense such men and women must search for a balm to ease the things they know. And there's only one such understanding.

On Walter Huston's writing table there was a photograph of him and Nan Sunderland, his wife, taken on the porch of their ranch house at Arrowhead. While a picture is actually in production he goes down to Hollywood and stops at a hotel. The rest of the time he's up in this "ranch house gone luxurious," as he describes it.

His wife wasn't going to England with him. She had stage work to keep her here. But it was planned that she might join him later, if her activities permitted. He never asks her to fit her career in with his. He knows that with any career worth having this cannot be done.

"And after all," he says with a nice slow smile, "I've never seen the guy get very far who takes the attitude, 'You're my wife and you must do what I want!' Very far, from a happiness standpoint, I mean."

Not long ago, for instance, when he was busy in the studios he realized that Nan was becoming restless, unhappy. He knew she needed to have work to do.

"Find a play and go to New York and do it," he told her. "If it's something I can play in later on when I finish this picture, fine. If not, you do it alone."

He said, "She would have stayed with me had I asked it. But she wouldn't have been happy. And neither would I."

He's so convinced a recent Hollywood split-up never would have happened if the husband, a motion picture star, had taken the same attitude. But when this man's wife, who previously had been successful on the stage, was offered a tempting role he objected to her leaving him.

"YOU know," Walter Huston said, "that if he had told her to go ahead, wished her luck, when she reached New York and had the lonely times which are inevitable when we're separated from someone we love, she would have been anxious to get back to that swell guy who had proven so unselfish and understanding. Less anxious, too, to leave him the next time. They'd have been together today. Together and happy. Instead of separated and unhappy. Disillusioned also because something they had once thought was pretty grand had turned sour."

The modern woman he counts a boon to men.

"Goodness knows she asks little enough," he said. "She only wants the truth. And it's only when she doesn't get this—because a lot of men haven't grown accustomed to the idea that women can take the unvarnished, unembroidered truth—that misunderstandings and mix-ups occur."

I asked if he always understood his wife, if he always knew why she reacted as she did or wanted what she wanted or felt as she felt. He shook his head. With the bewilderment all men feel about all women at times.

"But I try to understand," he said, leaning forward.

"And when you still can't understand," I asked him, "what then?"

He grinned. "Well, I'll tell you. I remember all the times in my life when the strong feelings and instincts I had about certain things were totally incomprehensible to others. And then I tell myself that, of course, it's sometimes impossible for any human being really to understand another. But the fact that one feels a certain way commands respect for it, whatever it may be or however inexplicable."

Often, I'm sure, Walter Huston must puzzle the ambitious members of the film colony who count success in terms of princely yearly salaries, estates which crown the innumerable Beverly Hills, jade swimming pools, imported motors and all the rest of the luxurious fanfare. When he leaves Hollywood flat, and the fabulous money to be earned there, to trek to New York and to appear on the stage for a year because the Sinclair Lewis character of "Dodsworth" happens to be a role after his own heart and he likes stage work. (He'll do this for the screen after "Rhodes, Empire Builder" likely enough, incidentally.) When he goes out and buys a new thirteen-hundred-dollar car, American family model, and gets a bigger kick out of it and its performance than many get out of their thirteen-thousand-dollar cars, chi-chi foreign models. Because he lives up at Arrowhead, contentedly turning out chairs and beds and tables on his own lathe, reading from dinnertime to his early bedtime, with Nan Sunderland sitting on the other



Jack Benny is the wag who writes a gossip column for "Broadway Melody of 1936." Here you see him in an inspired (?) moment.

side of the big fireplace where great logs blaze. Because he refuses to have a telephone installed in this "ranch house gone luxurious." And says quietly to those who insist that really he should have a phone, "Ever try living in a house without one? No? Well, it's marvelous!"

He measures success differently than most people, you see. He counts it getting along. Putting something aside for those years which aren't so apt to yield an income of their own. Never losing track of the things you really want to do. Doing some of these things always. Finding your happiness day by day.

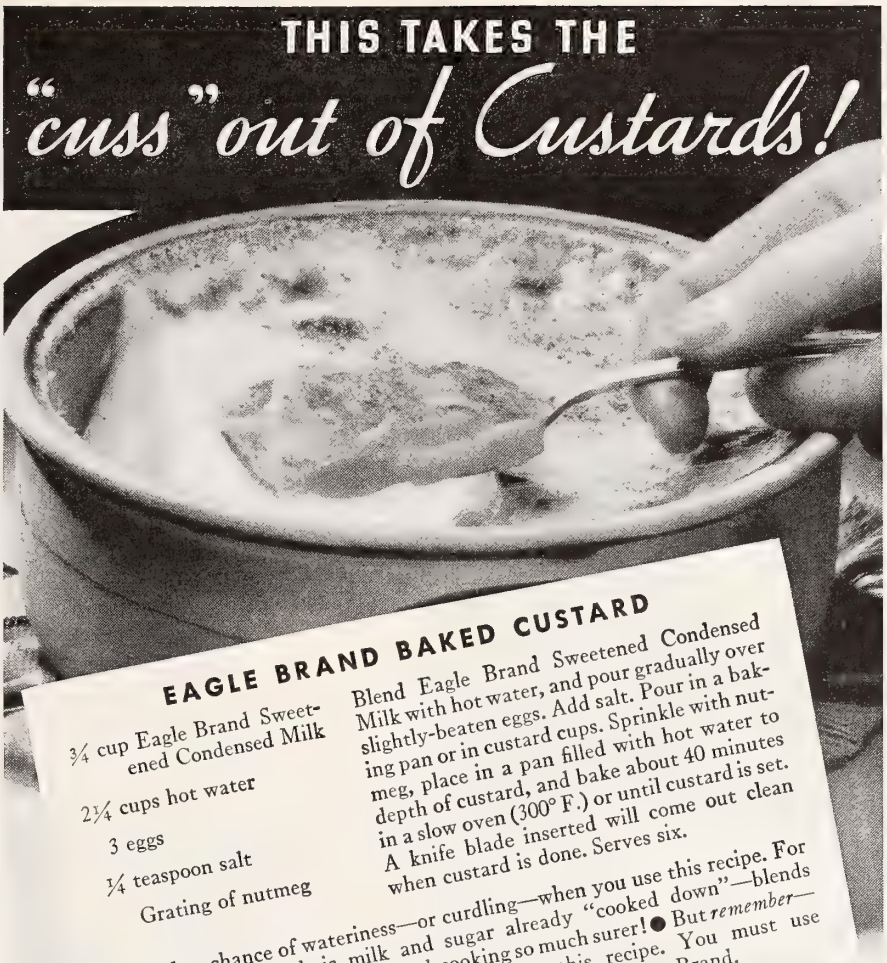
He's quite right, of course. Living takes a lot of understanding. And he has this. More of it than anyone I've ever known. Which accounts for him being such a swell human being. And results in him being such a superb actor that there are thousands who rejoice with him that years ago fate up and did a cartwheel which landed him in the theatre and put his engineering days definitely behind him.

We Disagree With Shirley's Mother

(*Continued from page 27*)

bunnies, most children do. But, if she had hated the little rabbits—in their brand new hutches—which Winfield R. Sheehan gave her for Easter, I'll wager not a person, not even her mother would have known it. Shirley Temple instinctively would have made everyone believe she wanted to play with the rabbits because she instinctively would have known it pleased her nice "boss" for her to play with them.

TAKE her so-called passion for autographs. She has one of the finest collections in the country and it will probably be the *finest* before she is finished. Now, on the face of it, a child who was just six on April 23, is too young to really appreciate the significance of autographs. But friends on the lot, like Jack Donohue, Fox dance director, began asking for hers. And Shirley *knew* if he wanted hers, he might like to have her want his. So she asked



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Shirley Temple has a way with all her leading men. John Boles is the latest slave to the Temple wiles and here you see them in a scene from "Curly Top."

for his autograph in return. He, and those others who sought hers, were pleased. They smiled. *She* had pleased them so she began asking everyone to sign her autograph book for her.

Incidentally, here are a few random examples from the big book with its lovely leather binding which was a birthday present from director David Butler ("Little Colonel," "Bright Eyes," "Curly Top")—

"You're sweet
"You're cute
"You're swell
"You're grand
"Good luck—"
(Signed) Jimmy Dunn.

Adolphe Menjou wrote: "To Shirley, a talented Artiste."

Madge Evans: "To Shirley: A lovely little girl and a great film actress."

Sir Guy Standing: "To Shirley: With whom it has been an honor and pleasure to play."

WITH these and hundreds more like them; with each one read to her, of course, Shirley Temple knows her own importance. I repeat, *she can't help it.* But she also knows the way to make others happy is to make *them* feel important.

Why, a child far less intelligent than our Shirley would grasp the significance of a stand-in. And I know few stand-ins in Hollywood who do not grasp the significance of their own positions as *orderlies.* And yet Shirley's stand-in is just another little girl with a chance in motion pictures because Shirley treats her like one—more as a playmate.

When she played in her first pictures, Shirley was a prompter. When Jimmy Dunn or another "friend" forgot his lines, Shirley piped up with them. *She was helping out.* She doesn't do that, now. Which one it was who gave the first flash of quick resentment at a six-year-old's learning and remembering, not only her own lines, but the other fellow's, too—we shall never know. Perhaps Shirley didn't even notice the first time but it didn't take long. And now Shirley busies herself with her handwork, her lessons in spelling or reading or French and pretends she has forgotten about the other fellow even though she may be *just aching,* in her helpful little way, to cover his slip or bad memory.

After watching this situation over months, I asked someone, who is often on Shirley's set, why no one, not even a leading man, ever remembers Shirley is a star when he has worked with her for a day or two. She answered, "If any person tried to kowtow to Shirley it would be embarrassing for that person because it just wouldn't—wouldn't—" she hesitated, "*synchronize.* It just wouldn't fit in with Shirley Temple."

And there you have your answer from one who has watched each step of the amazing career of this still almost-a-baby. To make a class distinction between Shirley Temple and others would not synchronize with Shirley Temple.

LIKEWISE, to make that class distinction does not synchronize with Garbo or Helen Hayes. For those who actually have worked with Garbo, adore her. Garbo is always trying to please those around her. I dined once with her. And that is the one memory I carry foremost—her intuitive effort to make me, a comparative nobody, happy and this despite the fact that she had not wanted to see me. Helen Hayes has the same intuitive regard for everyone else's pleasure. Will Rogers has it. And also Clara Bow, Gloria Stuart, Clark Gable.

Of course, there are others. But those names flash first. I wonder why. I wonder if, after all, real genius is not that fourth-dimensional sense of knowing how to please either one person, on a set or at a luncheon table, as well as thousands sitting before a stage, in either a legitimate or motion picture theatre? Instinctively to know how to please others—is that not the true secret of entertainment, and therefore, of true genius?

So, when the mother of Shirley Temple says the child is not a genius, I take my reportorial nerve in hand to argue. I think she is the rarest of all geniuses, Mrs. Temple—the one who is born with the spark to which no one can be entirely *trained.*

And that does not detract from the training of Shirley's mother. It adds to it. For one born with kindness, unselfishness and all the other virtues may be trained out of them. Bad habits can ruin even *real genius.* The genius in Hollywood's favorite star has been nourished correctly. But the first credit does go to the little lady in person no matter what anyone says.

The Truth About the Mysterious Miss Loy

(*Continued from page 43*)

the back lot—an extra—playing the part of a trollop. Christy Cabanne came out to the set. He looked jubilant, the bearer of glad tidings. He laughed and said, 'It seems rather odd to tell a trollop that she is to play the Madonna but that is just what I've come to tell you. The test was okay. The part is yours.'

"I don't know how I registered as a trollop for the duration of the day. I was so filled with Christian beatitude. It seemed to me, then, that all of my work and worry, the long months of dancing at the Egyptian, the dancing-school work, the dreary sitting on that casting bench—all of it was worth while since it had led to the playing of the Madonna! I even thought that this was, perhaps, a direct answer to my childhood prayers. There seemed to be something symbolic and sweet about it.

"Only one thorn rankled in my flesh that day. I had failed Valentino!

"Late that same afternoon Mr. Christy came onto the set again. This time he was the bearer of ill tidings. The sun was going down over the back lot, I remember, and I felt chilled as I looked at his face and thought, dramatically, 'The sun is going down on my hopes, too!' It was. Christy said that there had been some confusion of interests—a certain faction in the studio was 'pulling' for Betty Bronson. Another faction was 'pulling' for an unknown girl to play the Virgin. The unknown girl would be me. There appeared, also, to have been some sort of a previous arrangement with Betty and the sum total was that Betty got the part and I did not.

THAT was Terrible Blow No. 2. I should have felt fated, it would seem, after the Valentino fiasco and then this. I did feel a pang of self-pity. I had worked so hard. I had gone without all of the things that other girls live for, or by. I hadn't any beaux or pretty clothes or gay times or any of the laughing side of life.

"That night, as I left the studio and collected my $7.50 from Bob McIntyre who was the god in the grille—the casting director at M-G-M at the time. He opened the grille and spoke to me. He told me he'd hoped I would get the part of the Madonna and was sorry but for me not to worry because he was going to give me all of the extra work he possibly could. I was to report again in the morning. Many months later he told me that he gave me work, not because he believed in me as an actress but because he thought I was hungry. He said that I had haunted his dreams at night, sitting there day after day on that wooden bench, so thin and starved looking. I must have looked thin and starved to have penetrated the consciousness of the man who looked out upon personal tragedies and frustrated ambitions and fading hopes every day of his life.

"Bob was as good as his word, too. He did keep on giving me extra work. He even gave me extra work in 'Ben Hur.' And I was on the set the day Betty Bronson did her scene as the Madonna.

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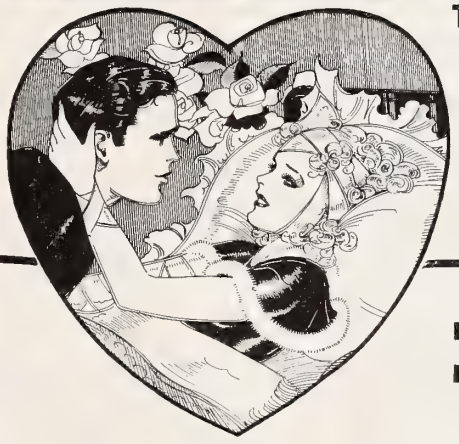
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That was pretty hard to take. I remember now how I had to bite my lips and pretend to be laughing and kidding with someone near me in order to keep the resentful tears out of my eyes."

Myrna is absolutely convinced, she says, that luck plays the trump card in success. The older she grows the surer she is. For some whilom reason you happen to be here instead of there and some director or producer happens to see you and because he happens to see you he gives you a part. If she had played the Madonna, she says, her whole career might well have been completely different. She would very probably never have played the exotic roles which slanted her gray-green eyes and covered her with brown greasepaint for so long. *"If,"* said Myrna, "is the most potent word in the tongue of man . . ."

And so there were extra parts in this and that picture. And the little girl from Montana used to watch the established stars go to and fro and she would stare at them in envy. She once passed Ramon Novarro on the lot in his costume as "Ben Hur" and nearly fainted. She thought she had never seen anything so incredibly beautiful.

"He was poetry, walking," she said. "If anyone had told me then that the day would come when Ramon and I would work together, would lunch together in my dressing-room on that very lot, would even be rumored engaged, I would have laughed (or cried) it off as feverish fantasy. All of which makes Life the enchanting volume it is. And yet another reason why I never bother about Tomorrow. Each Today is a page in the book and contains enough fascination, enough problems and interest to hold the attention without having it wander into the future . . .

"I was given a bit as one of the dancers in Joan Crawford's 'Pretty Ladies' next. Only because I could dance. It was Joan's first important picture. It was, in a way, the beginning of Joan. Lilyan Tashman was in that picture, too, and Gwen Lee. Joan was very friendly and very kind to me. And we became very good friends. I remember how she would lie on the floor, her head in my lap, in her dressing-room or wherever we happened to be, and worry and cry. Joan always worried terribly. I did, too, but I never showed it. I couldn't. I am a very inarticulate person unless I am given lines to read.

WE talked about our names, I remember, and I told Joan how Peter Rurick, a writer, had really rechristened me. He had been in Henry Waxman's studio one day when I was there and he told me that I should change the name of Williams. It was a very good name, he said, for a little girl from Montana, but it didn't fit the pictures Henry had made of me. It wasn't exotic enough. I thought that was funny because I knew that I wasn't a bit exotic. And it went through my head that the name of Williams fitted very well the girl who walked to and from work because she didn't have any other means of getting there, the girl who 'helped with the dishes' and sponged and pressed her own clothes and contrived makeshifts with her mother and worried about the education of her little brother.

"But I didn't, of course, tell him my thoughts and we—or rather *he* decided upon the name of Loy—Myrna Loy. I think he'd got the name of Loy from a book of Chinese poems. Anyway, that was just about the time of—of Valentino.

"But to get back to Joan. She used to ask me to go to the Ambassador for tea with her or to the Biltmore for dinner. Those were Joan's pre-Charleston days. She was doing, then, the correct, young-girl thing. But I didn't go. I didn't want to. Things like that bored me and still do. I have never had much use for small talk. There were too many years when I had to talk about vital things, necessary things, how-to-live-from-day-to-day things.

"Now and again, at that time, I went out dancing with Don Alvarado, I remember, and one or two other boys. I went, really, because my mother worried about me. She said to me that if all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy what would it do to Jill?"

It was just about then that Natacha Rambova suddenly sent for Myrna. The test had not been the awful flop Myrna thought it was. Natacha had intended from the beginning to call Myrna about it. She had never told her anything and she had no idea of the cold hell her silence had meant to the sensitive silent girl. Now she wanted her for the part of Intellect.

"I think," said Myrna, "that if Rudy and Natacha hadn't sent for me I would have gone all of my life with a sore spot in my ego, or in my heart. No later success could ever have healed that tender place. And so I went to the studio again and Natacha dressed me in a red velvet gown, long-sleeved, very tight, high at the throat; she dressed my hair in a cap effect with points of hair on my forehead, she slanted my eyes and, unquestionably, that bizarre role was the beginning of my artistic career.

"And then, again, Henry Waxman precipitated the next turning point in my life. He made pictures of me as Intellect and took them over to Warner Brothers. The result was a part in the picture, 'Satan in Sables,' which poor dear Lowell Sherman was taking part in. It was only a bit for me but a very showy one and on the strength of it I got my first contract with Warner Brothers in 1925."

Myrna felt, then, that she could draw a free breath for the first time since she had come out of Montana. She could buy a few pretty clothes, have a little relaxation. She moved, with her mother and her brother, out of the house in Culver City and took an apartment in Hollywood in order to be nearer to the studio.

And she fell in love.

To reconstruct the romances of Myrna is to deal with the very ravellings of rumor, an insubstantial substance. There have been hints and rumors, very vague and very veiled, but no one seems to know.

And so, all that her brief Boswell can record is hearsay—which does say that at about this time Myrna fell in love, really in love. Her first adult love. It was real, intense, serious and lasted, this I do know, for two and a half years. He was a young actor. She was a young actress. He didn't care for people, for small talk and partying. Neither did she. It was an idyll, a world inhabited by two beautiful young people under a cloudless canopy of blue sky. And then, well, and then it seems that he didn't quite measure up, this young actor, to the heroic ideals born, originally, in the heart of the little Myrna Williams on the plains of Montana, with tales of frontiersmen and pioneers still ringing in her ears. Gradually she came to realize, I think, that here was not a man, really, but a boy whose playtime was not over. And once again Myrna was alone, this time with her dream of a dream which is sadder than the dream. And the break in that young heart was worn, as once the child had worn it, under tightly squeezed eyes and the air of one having great fun!



Ralph Morgan is having his knitting problems with Betty Furness. A between-scenes shot on "Calm Yourself" set.

AND so she began, at Warner Brothers, her Oriental career. She played sirens of all nations—Chinese sirens, Malayan, Hindu, Javanese, Indian, Polynesian. For a time, she says, it was fun. It was not being herself and Myrna has always enjoyed not being herself. "Escape," psychiatrists would call it. At that time, she says, she believed her real personality would not photograph and would not register significantly if it did. And so, she threw herself into Orientalism as she had always thrown herself into anything that would aid her work. She steeped herself in Oriental philosophy, she dipped into the occult sciences.

She said, laughing, "It got so that I began to have nightmares. I spent the nights being pursued by fantastical dream creatures with horned hair and slanted eyes. I'd look into the mirror and see my familiar freckled face change to a strange and sinister one. I began to pray for the time when I could play a nice, normal American woman with nice, normal actions and reactions.

"It began to strike me as very funny . . . plain little Myrna Williams from Helena, Montana, as the *femme fatale* of all nations. And it began to seem very childish to me—a sort of throw-back to the days of make-believe out of which I had grown up. I became tired of it.

"Then, in 1930, I played Warner Baxter's leading woman in 'Renegade.' But the part wasn't big enough to break the, as it were, Javanese jinx. Director William K. Howard was heroic enough to cast me as the dutiful wife in his 'Transatlantic' and I really had hopes that I could put away the brown greasepaint after that and look a white man in the eye. But a few days after the picture was released a casting director said to me, 'Miss Loy, you were splendid in "Transatlantic," but the public is accustomed to seeing you in Oriental parts and so, your next picture . . .'"

It was after "Transatlantic," however, that M-G-M signed Myrna to her long term contract with them. And so, after five years, Myrna entered again the studio where she had begun as a holder-downer-of-benches and a leper!

She says that only recently did she learn that when Mr. Thalberg sent for her to sign that contract they really had it in mind for her to play in "Freaks." She was to have played the part Baclanova finally did. It would have been a neat sequence of events, Myrna thinks, to have entered those gates as an extra to play a leper and to enter them later to play in "Freaks!"

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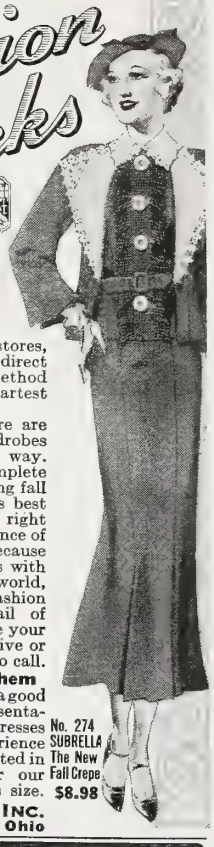
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Modern Screen
The Life Story of
Nelson Eddy

It looked for a time, then, as though her vamp days were really over. In "Emma," "The Wet Parade," "New Morals for Old" and a few others, she wore smart Adrian gowns and played straight dramatic roles. She got fan mail full of surprise that she really was an American after all!

But the hold of habit is a strangle hold and some of us never escape it! Almost without realizing it she found herself in the cast of "The Mask of Fu Manchu" with the "monster" Boris Karloff and then as the half-caste murderess in "Thirteen Women."

"There were more nightmares," says Myrna, "and then—and then 'Animal Kingdom' with Leslie Howard. I regard that picture as my final break with the 'exotics.' It was the first straight dramatic part I'd played of sufficient importance to really attract attention. I think that then and only then was I on my way to—this—" and Myrna waved her small, competent hand and indicated the de luxe star dressing-room bearing, in letters of gold, the name of Myrna Loy.

MYRNA has been very much *in* pictures ever since that eventful 1925 and—next to Garbo—less is known about her private life than about the private life of any other star on the screen. She is called a "Mystery Woman," but she is not a Mystery Woman in the banal and tabloid-paper sense of the word. She never refuses to grant an interview nor to pose for publicity pictures. She invites the Press to tea at her house. She is seen occasionally at the Trocadero or the Vendome, less occasionally at the Cocoanut Grove. She says that the majority of such parties are only fun if you want to drink and since she doesn't want to drink only boredom is to be gained. She doesn't dress exotically. She talks simply and with seeming frankness. She tells you anything you may think of asking about her external life . . . she moves every year, from house to house, because she is restless and likes new views, new furniture, new atmosphere. Her mother and brother live together now. She lives alone. She is careful and competent with money and squanders it only on the things that are of the essence of time and beauty—old brasses and etchings and water colors and porcelains. She likes Mexican food and the formalities of living. She likes to drive her own car and exceed the speed limit when possible. She always attends the recitals of Mary Wigman and La Argentina and she says that Norma Shearer is one of her favorite actresses and that Bill Powell has sex appeal. She is very proud of her brother and talks at length about his art work, the commercial art he is doing . . . All these things and many more we know of Myrna Loy. The life she lives with her mind, with her ambition, is plain to us. The life she lives in her heart is—in her heart.

Yet, she says, honestly, that she never would have become a star if it were not for the men in her life. She gives full credit to Christy Cabanne for his early interest in her, to Bob McIntyre who cared because he thought she was hungry. She says that E. H. Griffith can never be repaid for the part he gave her in "Rebound" with Ina Claire and, later, for her pivotal part in "Animal Kingdom." She says that Rouben Mamoulian is another who helped her. "When I learned," she told me, "that Mr. Mamoulian wanted me for a part in Chevalier's picture, 'Love Me Tonight,' I wasn't keen for so small a role but at least it would permit me to speak English instead of Senegalese and to wear sensible clothes. It was my first comedy role."

She likes to talk of W. S. Van Dyke and how his skilled hand has helped. "These men," she says, "gave me the one thing I most sorely needed—confidence in myself. They made me feel that my real personality did photograph on the screen, that I had a personality, that I didn't have to hide Myrna Loy under a mask of brown paint. They made me conscious that I was a person and not just a 'type.'

"It was Mr. Van Dyke who said, while we were making 'Penthouse,' that he had a prognostication to make. He said, 'I prophesy that you will be a star within the year. And not only *a* star but one of the most valuable box office stars. Well, I am. I mean, I am *a* star. I made 'Manhattan Melodrama' and 'The Thin Man' and 'Stamboul Quest' and Mr. Van Dyke's crystal-gazing came true. Here I am. But I would not be here if it were not for 'the men in my life' and the faith they have had in me.

YES, here she is giving a largesse of credit to the helping hands of men, to the believing judgments of men. But strangely, persistently silent about the interests, the men, in her heart. As is everyone else. She will insist, when pressed, that her lovers are screen lovers, her love words in her scripts, her adventures on the sets.

Still we have only the stuff of rumor to draw on . . . the hint of an older man described as an "intellectual interest" who wanted Myrna to marry him and live abroad. A man, we have heard, of profound culture and knowledge. But Myrna refused to marry him because she knew that she could never be happy away, for any length of time, from the Hollywood she worked so hard to conquer.

There was an artist, so we hear, who pleaded passionately with Myrna to marry him—an artist of the temperamental species and Myrna, also in love with him, refused to marry him because, when she does marry, she wants a home, children, domesticity and not a studio housing a star and a palette and brush. Unrequited loves . . . the wrong men . . . such are the rumors which seem to die, still-born . . .

The real story is that she is a star. And as she sat in her dressing-room the other day she said to me, "I have been away from the studio for several weeks, for the first time in years. When I came back this dressing-room suite was ready for me, decorated according to my specifications, lovely. And I admit that I had a definite thrill as I walked into it and sat down and looked about me. For the first time I got that sharp dramatic sense of contrast—between the days of the wooden bench in the Casting Office, the day when I was told to wear the leper costume for Kathleen Key and—and this. I think if Bob McIntyre had still been on this lot I would have sent for him so that we might have had a good laugh—or a good cry—together."

Yes, she has come a long way, this girl called Myrna Loy. And by the proud set of her small and shapely head, by the slight dilation of her nostrils, the low, sure pitch of her voice, the intrepid expression in her eyes, you know that she is the rightful heir of Grandmother Annabelle and of those other sturdy Scotch and Welsh forebears who drove their Covered Wagons to new, uncharted lands, through sloughs of despond and morasses of doubt. For she, too, drove a Covered Wagon containing her little family to a new uncharted land and with a firm hand and a steady spirit staked her claim in the flowering wilderness.

(*This is the second of two articles on Myrna Loy's life.*)

If You Ever Visit Hollywood

(*Continued from page 31*)

from bragging about his climate. The stranger who lends a willing ear and a gesture of agreement will get ten dollars worth of information for nothing.

"Why must we be close to Hollywood Boulevard?" is a question frequently asked by visitors. You needn't—although all the stars pass down the boulevard at one time or another. It is Hollywood's Fifth Avenue. However, the Ambassador Hotel with its gardens, swimming pool and famed Cocoanut Grove is a vantage point, mid-way between Hollywood and Los Angeles. There, you may sit nightly in the lobby and watch celebrities arrive and depart at the Grove. Almost any night may be the time chosen for a party by Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown, Joan Blondell and her husband, Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier, etc. Many people prefer to spend less time and more money in Hollywood so they may live in the "luxury" hotels frequented by the stars.

If you can remain a month or more, a hotel is unnecessary, as Hollywood has more furnished apartment houses than any town in the world. The fashionable Chateau Elysee is a rendezvous for stars. Almost all of them have lived there for short or long periods. They go there while their houses are being renovated. Its rentals range a little under a hundred dollars monthly to several hundred. The dining room serves luncheons from fifty cents and dinners varying around the dollar mark —or you can cook your own meals.

TO give an adequate description of the variety of apartments would take a large-sized book. You can secure comfortable, cunningly arranged bungalow courts as low as $27.50 monthly; rooms in private homes for $15; adorably furnished apartments with full kitchens and baths in colored tile—everything furnished, including linen, silver and glassware—for $40. You can live in moderate "swank" for $50-$60.

Food is cheap in comparison to the balance of the United States. While New Yorkers are paying sixty cents a dozen for oranges, we are paying one penny a piece. You can usually buy carrots, beets and other bunch vegetables for two and three for a nickel and there are times in the summer when you pay only a penny a bunch. If you have a car, choose some such roads as Ventura Boulevard, running north from Highland Avenue (Hollywood and Highland Avenue form the center of Hollywood) and you will find wagons standing on both sides loaded with oranges, lemons, watermelons, potatoes, bananas, cherries, muskmelons, etc., according to the season. You will be amazed how cheaply you can purchase these wares.

While you are "in the country," watch for "Eggs For Sale," "Walnuts For Sale," "Fresh Chickens Killed While You Wait" signs on the tiny farms, which we call ranches. Buying from the little landowner is a popular pastime and is fun as well as a money-saver. Be sure and talk to those people. Everyone in California likes to chat intimately and you'll be surprised at what you can learn. You may stop at the same door where Marlene Dietrich's or Joan Crawford's chauffeur stopped for eggs the day before and you'll learn more about them.

Our "drive-in" markets are famous, of course. You park your car in the store and load up on everything from drugs to liquors to pies. They will sell you chop-suey, hot and ready to serve, for 25c to 30c a quart. "Pigeon blood" is ten cents extra but enough for a dozen servings! A family of three, paying $40 a month rent, can live comfortably for $125 monthly, if careful. I know because I have done it. This includes the running of an automobile because a car is essential to those remaining for any long period as the distances are so great and car and bus fare expensive (usually ten cents with inadequate transfer facilities). Gasoline usually averages, over a year, seventeen and a half cents a gallon.

IF we come to Hollywood, how much will we see of the motion picture people? Can we get into a studio? etc."

You will have to depend upon the breaks! Practically all the stars live in Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Toluca Lake or Van Nuys, the latter being the farming community where Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Buck Jones, Louise Fazenda, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have recently purchased or built homes. You will find automobiles parked along the roadways advertising trips to the stars' homes. Be careful. Although many are legitimate, I have taken trial trips and had Jack Warner's estate pointed out as Ronald Colman's. Hollywood, like any modern city, is full of rackets.

Almost anyone in Beverly Hills can direct you to Pickfair, Harold Lloyd's, Gloria Swanson's. If you go to "the circle" in Brentwood Heights, the average stroller can show you Barbara Stanwyck's and Frank Fay's place, across the street from Joan Crawford's. Elissa Landi's lovely new home with its pipe organ, is close by, as is director William K. Howard's artistic New England estate. You will find high-fences and "no trespassing" signs. We advise you to heed them as there are ugly watch dogs. The attendants are probably the only seemingly discourteous folk you will meet, with the possible exception of studio gatekeepers. They have to be! Kidnappers are more of a menace than the average person realizes. You can buy lists of addresses and telephone numbers. Again, we warn you. The stars protect their telephone numbers, change them the moment they are unprotected and, if you find one right one among a dozen, you are fortunate.

Again, a little tip. Find the "little fellow" in Hollywood who has lived there several years. Be friendly. Tell him who you are—and you'll be surprised. Again, I speak of the drug store attendant, the service station man, the small-shop clerk, etc. One girl has been behind a certain lingerie counter for ten years. She has sold dainties to most of the stars. She knows their habits from breakfast until breakfast. If you offer her pay, she'll tilt her saucy nose five inches higher. If you let her know you're a friendly stranger, hungry for a peep behind Hollywood's gauze curtain, she'll become a willing guide from a spirit of hospitality. She's a college girl, knows her home-town and her people. She cannot be patronized but she can be wooed. But she will have to be convinced you are not trying to sell, molest or steal from the stars. If you are really friendly and well-meaning, you'll buy stockings or lingerie but not as a bribe. She would see through that game at once. And there are hundreds upon hundreds like her.

No, you cannot get into the studios.





WHO WAS THE GIRL?

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WESTERN ROMANCES

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Tourists may still be driven through the Universal plant but will seldom see a picture in the making. And that "certain pull," which will slip you within, is becoming more and more difficult to contact. Your exhibitor at home is your best bet (may the theatre owners forgive us!) because he *buys* motion pictures, but you will find him very limited in the courtesies he may extend. Please do not blame Hollywood for this. Those of us who are allowed personally upon most motion picture sets understand, and, if we are honest, approve. The reason is simple.

THE average layman cannot realize that time is the most valuable asset in Hollywood. The newspapers have just reported Garbo's salary, on her new contract, at $250,000 per picture. Her last production took four weeks to make. Therefore, the studio pays out $62,500 per week (six days) or $15,625 a day while she is working. Since she only makes two pictures a year, the salary is not large for her talent, yet the studio is actually spending this huge amount for *four weeks* on Garbo, alone. To make a picture within a profitable budget, work must be rapid. And the least noise, the least hint of intrusion, is a disturbing influence on the set. *It takes time.* No one is ever allowed on a Garbo set, but if he were, he could not avoid costing the studio money.

A guest coughed while a shot was being taken. The studio people worked it out and discovered one visitor's cough cost $502 in actual cash. And the leading actor on that picture was receiving less than $1000 weekly.

Again, a tip. And may the studios forgive us! If you seriously want to see a picture made, watch the daily newspapers for information on "location trips." Although newspapers do not carry all such information, if you read all the columnists dealing exclusively with motion pictures and the two Hollywood trade papers, "Variety" and "The Hollywood Reporter," you will usually find them mentioned in one. Also, a cleverly-worded telephone call to a studio may elicit information as to "companies on location."

Although location shots are also becoming less and less frequent, there are still companies shooting almost daily at favorite spots in or near Los Angeles. Pasadena's huge estates are used very often. The San Pedro harbor, easily accessible to you via the "red-car"; Idylwild, Lake Arrowhead (a day for the round trip by auto or bus), the San Fernando valley, etc. Confidentially, I frequently follow a star on location for an interview. They are so much more informal away from studio regulations.

MENTIONING the trade papers—you will find it well worth your while to buy both while you are visiting Hollywood. (Five cents a copy.) They are to be found upon the breakfast table of practically every motion picture worker and are Hollywood's system of intercommunication.

Studios frequently advertise previews. Attend them. They are pre-showings for the purpose of discovering how an audience likes a just completed picture. If the public shows disapproval, the picture is returned for additional cutting, re-takes, etc. The stars usually attend if they are *first* previews. Naturally, some theatre managers advertise previews for extra pictures slipped-in. An advertising stunt! But this is seldom. Among the theatres most likely to run advance showings are "The Ritz," on Wilshire Boulevard, "The Uptown," on Western Avenue; "The Alexander," in Glendale. Get there early! Seats are usually sold out at least an hour before the picture opens.

Incidentally, if you are to attend the Fair in San Diego, the exhibition will not be a fake. Scenes from real pictures, with their working casts, will be made almost daily, although the week-ends will provide the majority of the "big scenes." Sponsored by the Artists' Guild, composed of Hollywood's biggest stars, the stars themselves are providing for this exhibition—not a commercial house, hoping to make money.

Naturally, your best "bet" for seeing stars is at the famous eating places. Sardis, owned and managed by Eddie Brandstatter (who gave us the Montmartre and Embassy, when Hollywood was growing up), is on the Boulevard near Vine Street, and is a favorite luncheon rendezvous. There is an excellent and most famous luncheon for ninety cents—the same that made the old Montmartre well known, only it then cost two dollars! The Brown Derby attracts more male stars, on the average. Wally Beery is there almost daily, when not working. Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Gary Cooper, George Raft, etc. Luncheons à la carte. Prepare to spend a minimum of seventy-five cents. Very minimum.

The Vendôme, on Sunset Boulevard (between Vine and Highland), is celebrity-crowded at the luncheon hour. You may see Dolores Del Rio, very chic in the latest creation, or perhaps Margaret Sullavan in slacks. By two-thirty the sidewalk is crowded with well-knowns waiting for their chauffeurs to get into line. A la carte. High priced. If you spend less than $2, you will not eat much. Excellent food.

Victor Hugo's is one of Los Angeles' oldest and most renowned eating places. It has just moved to ultra-ultra quarters in Beverly Hills. We also can promise you a peep at filmland there at rates comparable to the Vendôme. While in Beverly, slip into the Beverly Hills Brown Derby for tea and you are certain to catch some of the younger set—Joan Bennett, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Sally Eilers, etc.—for tea. And the English, if they do not happen to be *teaing* at home.

THE Trocadero at night, of course. That is, at the present. You can never tell when a Hollywood eating place will cease to be the "fad" and a new one catch Hollywood's restless eye. The history of Hollywood could be written according to the history of its ever-changing eating places. You should "dress" for the Trocadero and prepare to spend $10 upwards for two. But you will see the elite on dress parade, including Marlene Dietrich and, if you have a lucky talisman, Garbo.

From the Trocadero to a Pullman diner on Sixth Street, almost downtown, across from The Ferris Hotel. It looks like—well, an old, dismantled diner out of place. But what a steak! From seventy-five cents upward, sold by the pound—cooked. I doubt if there are many stars who haven't slipped behind its plain, wooden counter or tables. Don't go there in the summer. You'll find a sign, "Too hot to work. Gone fishing!"

The "drive-in sandwich shop" at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Vine Streets (sandwiches twenty cents); Levy's, on Vine Street, just off Hollywood Boulevard (luncheon, seventy-five cents up); the big drug store in Beverly Hills; the shops, big and little, along the boulevard. Hollywood folk are at home and they go "into town" frequently like most of us. I have seen twenty-five headliners casually in a day and have not seen one in a week. It's the person who stays a month or more who sees Hollywood from behind its imaginary but nevertheless very high fences. And you will find Mae West at prizefights, big and little.

We frequently receive letters asking, "What clothes shall we bring for our visit to Hollywood?" And we Californians are always amused and dismayed at the way visitors do *not* bring coats. You need a coat the year around for the evenings. A medium weight for both summer and winter. Our cold nights are not fiction, although the statement we *never* have a warm one *is*. Sport clothes for the street, all seasons; slacks, tennis shorts (summer)—in fact, anything in the clothes line goes in Hollywood. We always shock New Yorkers because of our indifferent apparel and yet, when they have been with us three months, they are boasting about the freedom of Hollywood fashions. A visitor must be certain he is prepared for an extremely hot day and an extremely cool one, coming, perhaps, one after another. In the winter—rubbers, raincoat, umbrella. And we must not forget that group of visiting Masons who sat on our curbstones, sheltered by umbrellas, and fished in our overflowing gutters in the latter part of *June*.

"How can I get work in Hollywood!"—Have a job before you come! That is the only sensible answer to conclude a story that has attempted to neither enhance nor detract from the most interesting city in the world, but simply to tell you plain, little truths you may not know, but which you would like to know.

Modern Screen Dramatic School

(Continued from page 62)

remember my first real comedy part in pictures. I was supposed to be one of those girls who might be either dumb or smart. I had fallen into the water, and they dragged me ashore and gave me a drink. 'There,' said my rescuer, 'how does that taste?'

"'Just as if I had been cut to ribbons,' I answered. I didn't think the line was funny at all, yet that got more laughs than any other line in the picture.

"Another time, when I played in 'The Impatient Maiden' I was supposed to get locked in a strait-jacket accidentally while visiting an insane asylum. The director told me not to rehearse the scene. I was just to imagine myself in that predicament and try to get loose.

"The scene lasted for five minutes, and I struggled, screamed and wrenched. I was black and blue when it was over, but the scene got a lot of laughs.

"A kindly spirit should be back of all laughs. Fun should come without malice. Comedians must guard against being fresh and always having an answer that tops the other fellow's. The most successful laughgetters are those who are always in a predicament. They get themselves into embarrassing situations and thereby find many kindred souls.

"Above all, I believe one must get an exciting reaction from one's work. It has always helped me to be happy and have a lot of fun while doing a part.

"Before starting a picture I get scared and nervous. Yet I wouldn't be relieved of that tension for anything in the world. The first day or so may be trying, and I worry about how I am going to be funny, then all of a sudden I realize I'm having a grand time. Having a sense of enjoyment helps others to enjoy a thing, too."

Thanks, Una, that's marvelous advice and I'm sure that all our Dramatic School pupils appreciate it.

And now, what do you want to know? Just write me your requests and they will be fulfilled to the best of my ability. All letters are gladly answered. Address, Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. And don't forget that stamped, addressed envelope.



Bus Berkeley, who does those tricky dance ensembles, lines up the "Broadway Joe" trio. Left to right, Patricia Ellis, Joe E. Brown and Ann Dvorak.

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Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

FIRST of all let's start at the bottom. It's the feet that really have started things in a decorative way. Pedicures are very essential, whether for preparing the toes to wriggle in the sand, or to perform on the dance floor. Sandals that are cut low at the sides and cut out at the toes expose our toe-tips almost as frankly as our fingertips. Hence feet should receive their weekly pedicure as well as hands should receive their manicure, and you can work out a stunning ensemble when lips, fingertips, and toe-tips match. Have them match with the whole of your costume ensemble, or with some item of it. For example, a pink bathing suit would call for the harmony of a rose shade of liquid nail polish, and a soft blush-pink shade of lipstick. A pale blue evening gown, however, would be lovely with the contrast of a few items of coral jewelry, and a coral shade of polish and lipstick.

Speaking of lip, finger-tip, and toe-tip ensembles, I am reminded of Carole Lombard. Ever since I interviewed her, when she was vacationing in New York, people have been asking me in eager tones, "What was Carole Lombard like? And what did she wear?" Well, she was a glamorized, modernized Dresden shepherdess . . . like a painting in soft pastels . . . blue eyes, golden hair, skin like a roseleaf, and a costume of soft pink with dark red touches for color accent. Yet she was too exhilarating to be compared to a painting. She was as sparkling as a glass of champagne yet very human. . . .

CAROLE'S lounging ensemble was a thing of dreams. A beautifully made pink brocade coat, cut on full flowing lines and touching the floor all around, was worn over lovely pink satin pajamas. The costume was a dressmaker's masterpiece and a designer's inspiration. But the color ensemble that was worked out with it was Carole's inspiration. Her nails were tinted with a dark ruby shade of nail polish, and so were her toe-tips. Her ring was set with an enormous ruby. And tucked into the bow, at the neckline of the pajamas, was a deep red carnation. With all the flurry of orchids and gardenias out in Hollywood, it is pleasant to have someone dare a plain ordinary carnation, in an out-of-the-ordinary shade. Her lipstick exactly matched these ruby red touches.

Carole is individual, and that's a sure way to distinction in Hollywood . . . and everywhere else. This importance of individuality is one reason why I think different shades of nail polish are a godsend to clever women. There's no limit to the stunning ensembles you may work out for yourself with different nail tints as inspiration, and tinted toe-tips do have a way of making one feel deliciously wicked. Now I'm not being unreasonable, and expecting you to take nail polish off and on as you do a hat. If you're busy with housework or office work, you may find the logical solution to your nail polish problem to be the adoption of a colorless or natural shade that will go with any and all costumes, and that won't seem inappropriate, even with gingham aprons. However, there are sometimes late afternoon and evening occasions when you want to be startling and different and distinctive, when you want to forget that you're a wife or mother or secretary, and be just you. I'll send you my color chart of the different nail tints to choose with the different gowns.

And before I leave this fascinating subject of color, I want to remind you never to use lipstick that has an orange cast in it along with nail polish that has a red-blue cast in it. One clever manufacturer puts out a complete line of matching lipsticks and nail polishes, so you can't go wrong in your choice of shades. If you have reason to doubt your own color sense, better seek the results of this manufacturer's color analysis.

Before you can apply liquid polish to your toe-tips, you have to have the basis of a satisfactory pedicure. It can be a very simple one. First bathe your feet in warm soapy water, and if your feet are inclined to perspire, finish in cool water in which you have put about a handful of salt. If your feet are full of aches, try Epsom Salts in the water.

Here's a trick for callouses and rough spots that mar the beauty of your feet. Just moisten the callous with a good cuticle remover. Pat on the cuticle remover with a small piece of cotton, let it stay on a minute or two, and then rinse off with clear water. Pumice stone is also helpful for removing unsightly callous.

AFTER drying the feet thoroughly, trim the toe nails straight across. Never clip the sides or you'll have ingrowing toe nails first thing you know. Now smooth the edge of each nail with an emery board, and there'll be no rough spots to catch your brand new pair of hose. Then twist a bit of cotton around an orange stick, and dip it into your cuticle remover. Work it around the cuticle, pushing the cuticle back just as you do when manicuring your finger nails. Rinse, dry, and you're ready to apply your nail polish. One way to lengthen the life of a coat of polish is to put on two layers. Use a thin coat of colorless or light polish for the first layer. After this has dried, apply a heavier coat of bright polish over it. This gives the lacquer body and prevents it from chipping.

Treat your feet to a cold cream massage every once in a while after your pedicure or your bath. Curiously enough, it will do wonders for your face too—tired, neglected feet have a way of etching frown lines in the forehead. If you're going in for knee-high stockings, it is well to apply a little softening cream to the knees and elbows at the same time that you massage your feet. Incidentally, a tiny bit of rouge on the knees has been known to have devastating effects.

Now we've arrived at the business of considering your ankles, and some helpful advice from Ann Sothern, the lovely blonde Columbia star. Slim, strong, shapely ankles and straight feet need not be an unobtainable dream for any woman today. You have Ann's word for it. And the word of an eminent physical culture authority whom I interviewed on this very subject. This latter authority says that exercise (correct shoes and posture), massage, concentration, and infinite patience and hard work can achieve for you (unless there is a case of bone deformity) a regular Hollywood pair of ankles and feet. Moreover, he stresses the fact that children should never be allowed to grow up with flat feet, weak ankles, or heavy, clumsy legs and ankles, subject to strain and fatigue. Correct posture, dancing, exercise, massage, and properly fitted shoes will achieve for a child her birthright of beautiful legs.

LOOK at your ankles. Either they are shapely, or too thin, or thick and lumpy. If you possess the first kind, thank your fairy godmother and keep them that way with good shoes and enough exercise (not too much). If your ankles are thin, Ann Sothern advises that you try tennis, golf, hiking, bicycle riding, or anything that means working or playing on your feet. Ankles are easier to build up than to reduce, for anything that involves considerable muscular activity of the ankles will only tend to develop them rather than reduce them. If you're trying to bolster up a pair of skinny ankles and legs . . . walk, walk and walk.

If, on the other hand, you want to reduce thick ankles, avoid much exercising on your feet. Take your exercises sitting or lying down, with the feet elevated. The best exercise I know for reducing the ankles is one that I call the "Circle Stretch." You lie flat on the floor and cross one knee over the other. Then take the crossed foot first and stretch the toes over to the right as far as you can, then down, then to the left, and then bring them back toward you. It will take some practice, but eventually you'll be able to make the circle with ease and without strain. Concentrate on pulling at the flesh, not the muscles. Other simple exercises for reducing and building up the ankles, and suggestions in the way of self-administered massage are available in my exercise sheet which is yours for the asking and a self-addressed, stamped envelope. You'll find a coupon for your convenience at the end of these columns.

Just one word of warning before you start in on an exercise campaign. Remember that posture plays an important part in determining whether you have a graceful ankle or not. If you walk with the shoulders straight and the abdomen "pulled in," then the muscles of the legs are pulled straight, and those small revolving bones in the ankles act as a delicate piece of machinery, throwing the weight of the body gracefully from toe to toe. Much can be accomplished by sitting and standing correctly. The girl who walks well doesn't turn her feet out at right angles, or move her head from side to side, jerkily. She holds herself erect, her head well poised, and swings her legs from the hips, not from the knees. She doesn't mince or stride but walks with perfect grace. And I hope you're going to walk right into this picture of gracefulness with a set of exercises, pedicuring preparations, and a knowledge that you're putting your best foot forward. Let me help you.

Mary Biddle
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Baxter's Best Girl

(*Continued from page 41*)

so she could come and go as she pleased, and recalling the home-cooking plea, we put in a kitchenette.

" 'It will be a cinch to "sell" her now,' we argued. 'With her own entrance, to use when she wants to use it, with her kitchenette, to cook when she wants to cook, it will be like living in an apartment and when she tires of living with us she can rush to her own secluded nook.' Now mother had been in the house dozens of times during its construction, but we had refrained from mentioning anything about her apartment. And so, when the house was finished and appointed, we drove to her apartment. 'Come on,' we said, 'we've a surprise for you.'

"We took her to the apartment. 'This is yours,' we said. 'You move in NOW.'

"Mother looked through the rooms. I could see the tears she was holding back. She examined everything, then, turning to Winnie and me, said:

" 'Listen, children, do you know why we three have been such great pals? Well, it's because we've never lived together. Let's keep it that way. I love the apartment—it's wonderful and I'll come out week-ends, now and then, and live in it. But as for living with you— say, what do you kids think I am—an old woman? Listen, I have my own life to live! Do you think I'm going to be tied down by a couple of kids? Not me!'

AND that," said Warner, "was that. She's out to see us every day or two, and spends an occasional night in the apartment, but continues to reside in her Sunset Boulevard apartment, which is only six or seven minutes away from us."

Warner Baxter is Hollywood's truest "mother's boy." This may be a revelation about the "Cisco Kid," but it is 100 per cent true. And the beautiful thing about it is that Winifred Baxter glories in the fact that her fascinating husband and his marvelous mother are the greatest pals in Hollywood! And let me say right here that Mrs. Warner Baxter's love for her husband's mother is just about one-tenth of a degree less than her husband's. For Winifred Baxter and Jennie Baxter are almost inseparable. They adore each other; even as Winifred and Warner adore each other after all these years, and if you don't think they do—you're nuts! Warner and Winifred are the happiest married pair in Hollywood, and you can make a bet on that. But I'm digressing.

"The relationship between mother and me had a very early beginning," Baxter grinned. "In fact, it dates back to the time when I was born at 830 North Hill Street in Columbus, Ohio. But I think we became real pals the time I painted the little boy next door with a lot of paint I found in the basement, and exhibited him, stark naked, for five pins, as the one and only 'Tattooed Boy.' It took a gallon of turpentine to get the paint off the boy and mother rightly promised his mother that she'd give me a sound thrashing. But mother couldn't control her laughter, and after we got home, and I'd given her my solemn promise to forget show business for ever, she gave me cookies instead of a beating. Needless to say, I didn't keep my promise."



3 SHADES BLONDER

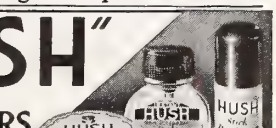
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Let's beat back a bit and peer into the past of Baxter and his mother—the past that tied them so closely together. I say that because his mother has been closely identified with his every step up the ladder to success! Warner's father, Edwin Baxter, died when Warner was three months old, leaving nothing but some unpaid bills. The furniture was sold and the widow moved with her lusty-lunged infant into an upstairs room in the home of a brother and sister-in-law. She put a card in the parlor window announcing to all Columbus that she did sewing of all kinds. The long, hard struggle for existence for herself and baby began.

"Mother sewed me through grade and high school," Warner told me. "But I realized she couldn't sew me into college, so I got a job with a farm implement concern and after a few weeks was given the office routine in connection with the sales territory of Ohio. My salary was $60 a month, but mother kept on sewing. And I kept on dreaming of a career on the stage. I spent my spare time backstage in the Columbus theatres. I engaged in amateur theatricals. At last I got a chance to go on the road in a vaudeville act. I quit my job, and went. I had four months of this, and during those four months, mother, who knew the old story of the boy who goes on the stage and never returns home, kept writing me to come back. I knew she was right, and went back to my old job.

"But once a trouper, always a trouper. I was no good to the implement company and when a representative of the Travelers Life Insurance Company offered to send me to the company's training school at Hartford, I accepted. For four months I listened to lectures and then was assigned to the Philadelphia office at $150 a month. Mother wrote, 'Warner, insurance is not your career.' I knew she was right. I quit. I tried the garage business in Tulsa, Okla. That proved a bust. Mother, who had disliked the idea of my going on the stage, finally agreed that my career lay in that direction. She encouraged me. I found a job at $25 a week in the North Brothers Stock Company, a tent show, and in two months was leading man at $35 a week. We toured Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Oklahoma.

THROUGHOUT this period mother was writing encouraging letters. I was sending a little money home each week, and she was forever writing glowing letters telling me how much money she was earning and pointing out that if I had any surplus to spend it upon my wardrobe as a promising young actor needs clothes. Late in 1913 I received a letter from her in which she said that a lot of motion pictures were being made in a place called Hollywood, Cal., and maybe I had better have a try at pictures. Now I, too, had been hearing a lot about pictures, and I wrote mother that I was going to Hollywood and that if things looked bright, I'd send for her."

Baxter, almost a pioneer in pictures, arrived in Hollywood in 1914 and began visiting the studios. In those days casting directors got rid of stage people by saying, "Sorry, but you're not the type," or "Too bad, you're a little late, you're just the type I could have used." Baxter heard this for weeks. He wrote and told his mother; she answered "Keep trying—there's a place for you." Discouraged, broke, and hungry, Baxter walked from studio to studio. Then one day a casting director looked at Baxter and said, "You're the man I've been looking for! I've a grand role for you. Report to me in two weeks."

Baxter walked on air—seven miles to his boarding house. He borrowed a dollar from his landlady to send a telegram to his mother. The message read: Great luck. Got grand part. Start packing. Meantime wire money on which to eat for two weeks.

"Mother sent the money," Warner told me, "and her son walked about in the grand manner! At the end of the two weeks period I reported for work. On that very day I learned something about Hollywood! The casting director who had hired me not only refused to see me, but refused to give me an explanation relative to his change of mind. It was then that my real struggle began. I wrote mother the truth.

"Do you know what happened? Well, the little lady who once made me promise to forget show business sent me a money order—money she could ill afford to send—and a little verse of poetry which had to do with the theme, 'Be not discouraged.' Well, I continued haunting the studios. I continued receiving money orders from mother, accompanied by words of encouragement. By the time she had sent me her last dime I was still without work.

"Then, faced by actual starvation, I learned that Frank Underwood, stage director of the old Morosco Theatre, needed a man for a small part. I went to see him. He offered me $25 a week. Hungry, without a dime to my name, I held out for $35 and got it. I would have taken it for $10. I borrowed a dollar to wire mother the good news. I received, in turn, a telegram which today would be interpreted as saying 'Give 'em the works.' I did!

"Three months of hard work followed. I sent a little money home, and received constant letters of encouragement. Then after 90 days, I was given a contract at $60 a week, and saved enough money to send for mother. A lot of things happened before she got here. Most important of all, I met and fell in love with Winifred Bryson. And I became a leading man.

"Mother arrived. Winnie and I met her at the train, and believe me, it was a joyful reunion.

"'Have you had dinner?'" I asked.

"'No, son,'" she answered.

THEN we'll hurry to the theatre, park your bags backstage, and the three of us will have dinner together.'

"'Grand,'" said mother.

"Now," said Warner, "I'm going to tell you a story that I had forgotten, but which mother told on me yesterday."

It was at that precise moment that Jennie Baxter walked into the brown leather and mahogany study.

She had overheard that last statement!

"Why not let ME tell it, son?" she laughed.

"Shoot, Mrs. Baxter," he laughed.

"I'll tell you," his mother began. "I got off the train, hot, tired and dusty. I'll have to admit, too, that I had a bit of an appetite, being tired of dining-car fare after so long a journey. But the thing that really thrilled me was the light of love that shone so beautifully out of the eyes of my son, and the pretty Winifred. They tried to be very casual about it. Imagine! But they didn't fool me, not even a little bit, and because they seemed so eager to take me to dinner, I agreed to go—just to worry 'em. They hurried me to the theatre, and parked my luggage, and then took me to dinner. I watched them, and read the signs, but, imagine my surprise when the waiter presented the check to Warner, and my son turned to me and asked: 'Mother, have you got any money?'

"Thank goodness, I had enough to pay the check!"

Reviews

(*Continued from page 60*)

★★★ Broadway Gondolier
(Warners)

Here is a peppy little plot featuring the activities of those who do their stuff behind the mike, the Big Brains who sponsor radio programs and the poor execs who have to "take it" from temperamental talent. While the tale is plenty far-fetched, it is all done in the spirit of fun and you don't much give a hang whether or not you really believe that a Bronx taxi driver may become a great favorite masquerading as an Italian tenor, or not. While you're in the theatre, you're having a grand quota of laughs, which is just what counts when the story is labelled "comedy." The players are excellent; in fact, such swell performances are in order that it is difficult to name 'em in order of praiseworthiness. Dick Powell radiates charm, renders a few lilting tunes and, indeed, does himself proud. Louise Fazenda is simply guh-rand in the role of the wealthy Mrs. Flagenheim, sponsor of the odorless cheese hour. Adolphe Menjou is excellent in a character rôle and Joan Blondell, splendid, as the wise-cracking love interest. As if this were not enough in the talent line, the Warners have added Ted Fio Rito and the Four Mills Brothers. Yep, you'll want to see "Broadway Gondolier" and you'll be whistling its tunes for weeks to come.

Preview Postscripts

"The play must go on" in most pictures, no matter what actor may fall ill. But when Adolphe Menjou was rushed hospitalward, this picture was held up one month. He's that good. What's more, Adolphe's a real trouper. With a nurse and doctor in tow he reported for work. The nurse—very pretty—hovered around constantly, armed with hot water bottles and glass tubes through which she fed Mr. Menjou every hour. Adolphe would rather be caught pantless than spatless. . . . Joan Blondell's famous not only for her screen characterizations, but for the fact that she's actually a happy Hollywoodian. Married to George Barnes, who was head cameraman on this picture, she lives in a Brentwood Heights mansion bristling with iron bars as kidnap-insurance for the new Barnes heir. . . . Dick Powell's the answer to many a maiden's prayer, if fan mail is any criterion. And a very busy young man, too, what with just having completed a small private hotel up at Toluca Lake, where he intends to spend his declining bachelor days. Joan will tell you that Dick's a meanie, though. That gondola scene, supposedly taken on a warm Venetian night, was in reality taken on a chilly California evening in March. Dick reported for work in a wooly pair of red flannels under his dress-suit, but poor Joan could only wear a chiffon evening gown. It was anything but a hot love affair to her. . . . Louise Fazenda is a pioneer of the Mack Sennett Bathing Beauties, but has just as much spunk and spirit today. She has three hobbies—antiques, a year-old son, and a husband, Hal Wallace, who's production chief at Warner's. Ted Fio Rito and the Mills Brothers are equally well known. Ted started on the way to fame via a college orchestra and is now one of the highest paid dance band directors in the country. The Mills Brothers are tops for quartet warbling on both radio and stage.

★★★ Hardrock Harrigan
(Sol Lesser-Fox)

Even if you're a drawing-room picture addict, you'll enjoy this rough 'n' tough type of flicker in spite of yourself. The rugged mountains of the Colorado River Aqueduct are fitting background for George O'Brien's broad chest and ready fists. Most of the other actors are superb specimens of rippling muscle and brawn vs. brain, too, but it's all convincing, hearty stuff with plenty of punch. The story would have got along very nicely without any love interest, but Irene Hervey as the gal in the case and the cook in the camp does an excellent job of being both. The plot's main interest, though, lies in the long-standing feud between "Hardrock Harrigan" (George O'Brien) and "Black Jack" Riley (Fred Kohler). What these two men couldn't think up to annoy one another, hasn't yet been thought up! You'll find real suspense in the outcome of their enmity, in the tunnel cave-in and the dangers of engineering projects three miles down in terra firma. The picture's an eye-opener to the average person who merely takes Boulder Dams, Colorado Aqueducts, etc. for granted. Take along the boy friend or friend husband to this one. He'll think your movie judgment is infallible—which is almost worth sitting through a completely he-man picture.

Preview Postscripts

Here's a picture where the scenery is all "real stuff." It was made at the Coachella Tunnel, part of the 220 million dollar project which is to be the Colorado River Aqueduct. All of the scenes within the tunnel are actually three miles from the mouth of the excavation, so even the perspiration beetling the brows of the heroes is authentic. The company lived at Camp Berdoo, close to the desert town of Indio, while making the picture and had "one swell time and sweller feed" according to Mr. O'Brien. George startled the real engineering crew by displaying a thorough knowledge of pressure drills. While a student at Santa Clara College, he worked one of those mysterious machines every summer to keep in football physique. He's the son of a former famed San Francisco chief-of-police, husband of Marguerite Churchill and proud papa of a brand new daughter. Started his movie career as assistant cameraman to Tom Mix in the good ol' days. . . . Victor Potel and Lee Shumway also remember "way back when" in the movies. They've been involved in the business longer than even they can recall. . . . Dean Benton, however, is a newcomer. Universal interviewed 3500 boys and girls with fillum aspirations about a year ago and selected 25 for training. Of these only two were given contracts, and Dean was one of them. . . . Irene Hervey's another young'un. Daughter of John Herwick, noted artist, Irene hopped into movies from high school. She had an awful time getting down into the tunnel for the pictures, since the men have a superstition that for every woman who goes underground, one man is carried out. But there wasn't one accident while the company was working there. . . . Fred Kohler's role is a new one for him. He's played the "dirty heavy" for yars and yars in Hollywood with nary a drop of sympathy. Good-looking Fred Kohler, Jr., is his son. Junior's in pictures, too—when he's not too busy beauing Anne Shirley around.

★★★★ Love Me Forever
(Columbia)

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to be disappointed. Grace Moore does herself proud and warbles the sentimental arias of "La Boheme" with all the charm and beauty you could wish. Michael Bartlett, who sings Rodolph, acquits himself admirably but has only a brief glory. Leo Carrillo, the gambler-angel of La Moore, has the best break in years and makes the most of it. There are a few amazing bits of plot juggling, especially in the awarding of Carrillo to the heroine at the end, but it's all fun. You can hum "Love Me Forever," composed for the opus and you'll applaud your old opera favorites. Swell entertainment decidedly.

★★ College Scandal
(Paramount)

Chief attraction in these cinematic campus doings is Arline Judge; chief nuisance is a tow-headed youth whose name escapes us. There are a couple of mysterious student murders, the rehearsal of a school play, the song hit, "In the Middle of a Kiss," two or three love affairs and heaven knows what else in this movie hodge-podge. Just to put added strain on your gray matter on discredit your eyes or sumpin', a crazy servant girl is permitted to wander through the scenes. Knowing that one should never suspect the guilty-looking person, you realize immediately that this woman had nothing to do with the plot and her presence merely adds a thoroughly unwholesome touch. Kent Taylor is the in-love college prof, with Wendy Barrie, newcomer to the American movies, the object of his affections. In fact, Wendy is just the hit of the piece with all the boys. She's a fair-to-middlin' actress reminiscent of Mary Brian in appearance. Johnny Downs does a nice bit of vocalizing and is killed all too early in the picture. Then, of course, as we've said, there is Arline Judge who is sorta worth the price of admission to the whole silly business.

Preview Postscripts

There really *were* scandalous goings-on on this set, what with practically every Paramount youngster drafted to appear in the picture! Each vied with the other on practical joking and general cutting-up, and when you consider that Arline Judge, Wendy Barrie —Gwendolyn Jenkins to her Ma—and Billy Benedict were among those present, you'll get some idea of the competition. Arline Judge is married to Director Wesley Ruggles, but could easily pass for his fourteen-year-old daughter. However, Arline has a two-year-old son, with the same sparkling black eyes and crisp curls as his Mama—and the same dangerous twinkle in those eyes . . . Wendy Barrie is the English girl who was given a contract just because a director admired the way she handled her knife and fork in a London restaurant! Made a hit in "Henry the Eighth" and was rushed to Hollywood. . . . Billy Benedict is that young man with the large tow-head and large nimble feet. Having made a success in vaudeville, he's now doing the same thing in the fillums. Nearly drove Director Elliot Nugent crazy, though teaching the gang the latest tap steps when they should've been acting. Mr. Nugent was practically cuh-razy, anyhow, what with having to contend with these kids and a brand new one at home.

★★★ The Raven
(Universal)

Your blood won't just run cold on this one, it'll freeze solid. As if Boris Karloff isn't demonish enough for one picture, the calloused director has added Bela Lugosi for good measure. To make the plot doubly potent, they have based the story on one of the classic incidents of hair-raising



Our friend Dick Powell all done up artistic-like with Joan Blondell in "Broadway Gondolier."

power—the mad love of Poe for his Lenore and the resulting torture which he inflicts on her when she does not respond to his ardor. Pleasant Mr. Lugosi is the cro-o-o-l villain who does the filthy, dirty work. And Mr. Karloff, who disfigures so beautifully, is the pal whom he selects to dress up and use for ulterior ends. We assure you, they beat all-time records for gruesomeness—and even their own past records!

Irene Ware, a comparative newcomer to the fillums, should rate a permanent position from now on. Although pretty enough, Miss Ware's claim to fame will rest largely on her extraordinary lung capacity. Her blood-curdling screams should make even Fay Wray hang her head in shame. Samuel Hinds and Inez Courtney add some terrible touches to the picture, too. If you are faced with budgets, taxes or homework, see this celluloider and you'll not lack time at night to work on 'em. The only thing you'll lack for a week or so is sleep.

Preview Postscripts

Boris Karloff created the world's worst looking specimen of humanity—if Frankenstein could be called human. Mr. Karloff really is a very agreeable looking, nice-mannered Englishman, by the name of William Henry Pratt, who loves nothing better than to putter around with the nasturtiums in his backyard. Has a five-acre plot of ground around his home up in Coldwater Canyon and raises stock—particularly pigs. A friend of his sent him a china pig filled with dime-store perfume when he first moved on his ranch as a stock starter. Boris thought this such a swell idea that he's raised them ever since—flesh and blood ones, though, and unperfumed. Originally trained for the consular service, but thought it too dry. However, there are four other Pratt brothers still at it in England . . . Bela Lugosi runs a close second to Mr. Karloff as the gruesome "Dracula" originator. He lives in an isolated canyon above Hollywood and is married to a very devoted woman who doesn't seem scared to death, in fact, not even scared. They're both Hungarians . . . Irene Ware was once famous for her face and figger as she is for her vocal chords today. "Miss America" she was, some years ago.

★★ Calm Yourself
(M-G-M)

Like the cornbeef hash, this picture has everything in it. Slapstick comedy, an unwitting kidnapping, a man engaged to one girl and in love with another, a mad chase; well, just about everything you've seen before and which was done much better on that occasion. Granted the plot was constructed for laughs, but even so, a bit of plausibility would have been welcome. Robert Young and Madge Evans do their darndest, but their darndest isn't half good enough to make you forget the phony antics they are put through. Betty Furness is good in a small rôle, as is Hardie Albright. The story—and there seems little else to tell about this picture—is about a young man who goes into a Personal Service business. He volunteers to perform any little disagreeable task you might wish to put over, meanwhile advising you to "Calm Yourself" while he does the dirty work. Of course, all's well that ends well, and at the finish we have the familiar clinch with everybody happy, including the kidnapped baby, who looks as disgusted with the whole nonsensical business as the surrounding adult cast.

Preview Postscripts

'Member the little girl kicking her heels on a cake of "Fairy Soap" some years ago? Well, that was Madge Evans, star of this picture. Still blonde and blue-eyed, Madge is well known and well liked in Hollywood—'specially by Tom Gallery, Zazu Pitts' ex, who right now is wearing a very long face due to the fact that Madge has departed for the British Isles to make her next picture. Outstandingly modish, Miss Evans stunned the feminine population of the world by doing every bit of wardrobe shopping right in her home town, before leaving for New York and abroad. Thinks Hollywood is the fashion center of the universe . . . Robert Young's the yokel boy who made good. Had his heart set on acting in pictures since a child in Hollywood. Finally crashed the gates and zoomed overnight to the high places. But the Young head remained unturned. He promptly married his high-school sweetheart, built a rose-covered cottage and's busy raising a family . . . Betty Furness hails from New York and flies back every chance she gets, without wasting a minute. In fact, never wastes a minute here, either. Never seen without a knitting bag, Betty outfits herself, her friends, her friends' babies and her toy bull dog with snappy worsted numbers . . . Nat Pendleton not only looks hefty enough to be a knock-out, drag-'em-out prize fighter, but was. A whizz at mathematics, Nat would get a bigger kick out of struggling with a geometrical problem than with Braddock . . . Ralph Morgan is brother of the illustrous Frank. They always visit one another's sets and give out weighty advice on how to play their respective parts. Besides being business advisers they're also swell friends . . . Raymond Hatton has been among the missing for a long, long time on the screen. Once one of the kings of comedy, he's back now and's still funny.

★★★ Men Without Names
(Paramount)

Here is a swell little picture, punctuated with fine performances, showing the G-men doing their stuff once again. If you think for a moment that crime could possibly pay you, you'll be quickly set right after seeing Fred MacMurray, Lynne Overman and their big bosses get their men—the biggest bunch of crooks that ever stepped before a camera. The picture is full of suspense and has its comedy moments, too, with a slight love theme, which would never be missed, running through the thrilling story. Fred MacMurray, as you are probably aware by now, is a screen "natural." He plays with ease and charm and looks like a regular guy rather than the stereotyped profile-boy hero of which the movies are far too full. An excellent

performance is contributed by Lynne Overman, who really gets an opportunity in this picture, and small parts are expertly handled by such fine players as Elizabeth Patterson, Helen Shipman and Grant Mitchell. David Holt is more amusing than precocious in the child role, and anybody could have done what Madge Evans was called upon to essay as the "smarty" heroine. You'll like "Men Without Names."

Preview Postscripts

Fred MacMurray hit the high spots on a saxophone before hitting those places in the flickers. Earned his way through college via the sax route. Was going to be a criminal lawyer, but so many were the demands on his musical ability that he didn't, somehow, get much law study during those schooldays. When he landed a job with Libby Holman he definitely cast law and order out of his life. Fred made his first cinema success with Claudette Colbert in "Gilded Lily" and seems to be set for big things now . . . Madge Evans is as ambitious as she is pretty. Since just a baby, she has known the cold, cruel woild of the woikin' gal, and has practically grown up in front of a camera. She modelled baby bottles, hair-ribbons, lingerie and odds and ends before going in for moving pictures . . . Lynne Overman is on his way to film fame, for the same reasons that he won recognition on the Broadway stage. He's a swell person and the same kind of comedian. Lynne started out in life with aspirations to be the world's foremost jockey, and was pretty good 'till he discovered he was getting too big for a horse. Then he turned to warbling on the stage for his supper, but a throat infection put an end to that, so now he's just an actor . . . Elizabeth Patterson's the daughter of an old Southern family who staged another Civil War when they heard that their daughter had footlight fever. But Elizabeth's side won and Broadway got a grand character actress.

★ Make a Million
(Monogram)

Nope, this isn't a chain-letter plot, it's even more insane. Charles Starrett, an ex-prof of economics, decides to test his theories literally, so he advertises in the paper that he wishes to become a millionaire and everyone who is interested in seeing him accomplish this little trick may send him one dollar ($1). You can imagine the suspense of watching the plot thicken from there on. Watching Pauline Brooks, however, was almost as bad. Whether she can't act or just wasn't in the mood, we wouldn't be knowing. George Stone as the publicity man who is overflowing with brilliant ideas—all useless—does some good work, while James Burke is excellent as the hobo who gives the professor some valuable business pointers and arranges for his I. W. W. pals to furnish background. Monte Carter, Jimmy Aubrey and George Cleveland are among this elect group of panhandlers and provide an occasional good laugh at long intervals. But even they can't dim the fact that the picture is really as dull as the plot on which it's based, that the direction is slip-shod, and that the whole thing has been turned out too fast for even a "quickie."

Preview Postscripts

Charles Starrett understands the prof situation perfectly, having been entangled with it too often for comfort while at Dartmouth. He learned football but was also exposed to a higher larnin'. Made All-American in his junior year and in his senior, made the New York stage. Just a small part but it decided him on pursuing the stage for life. Claims he's just lucky, for a picture contract followed almost immediately. He was to go with the Viking expedition on that sea-voyage, but at the last minute was unable to catch the boat—which blew up in mid-ocean, killing thirty-three picture people. Charlie's luck is still good, for his biggest break is husky twin boys . . . Pauline Brooks has been around acting people all her life, and had small parts since she was old enough to toddle across a stage. However, she's not marrying an actor but a prizefighter—Jimmy McLarnin—for whose sake she rushed East on completion of this picture. Got there just in time to put ice-bags on Jimmy's head after that argument with Ross . . . James Burke is another one brought up on the stage. Vaudeville's his long line, though, and this is his first real chance in the flickers. Lives on nothing more nor less than ham and eggs. Always carries his own menu with him and hands it to waiters—whether at the Ritz or Sloppy Joe's . . George Stone will be remembered as the gutter rat of "Seventh Heaven," unless you've forgotten. Since then no gangster picture has been complete without Mr. Stone's decorative visage. Leads a very complacent existence in Hollywood as a bachelor . . . Monte Carter Jimmy Aubrey and George Cleveland are all left-overs from the custard pie days.

★★★★ Nell Gwyn
(United Artists)

They do some things especially well in England. Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, for example, and men's tailoring—and historical screen dramas. "Nell Gwyn" is handsomely produced, beautifully acted, painstakingly directed and, added to that, it's a fine, robust, romantic story. You've seen Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays the tolerant and kingly Charles II, in several American pictures—notably, as the bishop in "Les Miserables." He gets the acting honors for the picture. Anna Neagle—the bewitching Nell—comes a close second. She's a tall and hearty girl—quite different from the usual Hollywood beauty. We think you'll like her lovely face, admire her graceful dancing, and laugh at her vigorous humor. The producers stuck as close to history as censorship would let 'em and give you a colorful pageant wherein you see Samuel Pepys; the designing Duchess of Portsmouth; Chiffinch, the perfect servant of the King's household; the Drury Lane Theatre, Whitehall, and the fascinating muddle that was London in the seventeenth century. See it, by all means.

Preview Postscripts

Speaking of censorship—which we're barely able to do without getting apoplectic with rage—the long, lean gentleman with the ingrowing moral sense (or is it merely a dirty mind?) had quite a hand in the history of this picture. It was completed in England, over a year ago, shipped over here, previewed with considerable pomp and circumstance shortly after its arrival—and then held up until recently. Finally, United Artists, who handled the release of the picture, were talked into making minor cuts in the film and adding a stupid, but fortunately short and unimportant prologue and epilogue—said additions showing Nell Gwyn on her deathbed, amid the utmost squalor. This you see, is supposed to convince audiences Nell was suitably punished for being the devoted mistress of the King. Certain spicy—but thoroughly charming and subtle bits—are cut. Thus the action may seem occasionally abrupt to you. Too bad, but such cuts are few and do not have any important effect upon the story.

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★★ Mad Love (M-G-M)

Not being too ardent an enthusiast over these "horror pictures," we were impressed by the fact that this latest chiller held us enthralled. Peter Lorre, of course, is the whole works, but nevertheless the plot which forms the background is the most fascinating yarn yet invented for this type of flicker. It's as preposterous as all the rest of 'em, actually, yet so convincingly are the gruesome details presented, that for the moment, at least, they appear plausible. Photography, recording and timing are so artistically done that they lend a feeling of reality to the whole. Mr. Lorre tries a new stunt, this time to make your hair stand on end. He's a famous French surgeon who specializes on piecing together any part of the human body which has been blown to bits, mangled or deformed. When a famous pianist, Colin Clive, must have his hands amputated, the doctor replaces them with the hands of a recently executed murderer. From then on, Mr Clive has trouble with more difficult things than scales. Frances Drake, as his wife, does a nice piece of acting and a truly remarkable piece of screaming.

Preview Postscripts

Even the cast had severe cases of chills while this picture was being made, what with the dank, eerie sets, the weird music and grotesque make-ups. Peter Lorre is actually a very gentle, kindly man, but he did enjoy scaring chance visitors on the set once in awhile. In one scene where he was working on a supposed corpse, stretched out on the operating table, Mr. Lorre suddenly swirled around and pointing his scalpel at a dear old lady visitor, he shouted, "You're next!" But it wasn't all fun for Peter, for the heat of the kleig lights was so intense on his shaved head, that he had to sit around in a chamois dripping with ice-water on his head most of the time. He and Frances Drake struck up a close friendship while working together and were always sneaking off for lunch and cocktails at odd hours, in spite of his "Mad Love" for her in the flicker. . . . Miss Drake is a case of a chorus gal who worked up in pictures. . . . Ted Healy's another one who has worked right up to his present place as a very popular comedian. Famous for his stooges in days gone by, Ted is now a comedian in his own right, having graduated with honors from the slapstick school . . . Keye Luke's a great favorite in this town. He came from China not so many years ago to study painting, on top of an excellent education obtained at Chinese universities. His art exhibit gained him so much publicity that studio directors heard of him and gave him a chance in fillums. He hasn't disappointed them, either.

★★★ Accent on Youth (Paramount)

Surely Playwright Raphaelson differs with Oscar Wilde, who is reported to have said, "Youth is so wonderful, it's a shame to waste it on the young." After viewing this one, you're apt to be convinced that young men should neither be seen nor heard. They're a humorless, stupid, conceited lot and the gent in the foolish forties is really the lad who has "what it takes." The picture is almost a replica of the stage play which, while a bit talkie at times, abounds in subtle wit, amusing dialogue and a novel situation. Sylvia Sidney and Herbert Marshall are excellent in the roles of a young lady much in love with an "old" man. However, Ernest Cossart, as the butler, sort of histrionically overshadows the rest of the fine cast which includes Phillip Reed, Astrid Allwyn and Holmes Herbert. The locale of the story is a playwright's New York penthouse, with a Santa Barbara sequence revealing a rather unusual honeymoon in which a young bridegroom and his equally young pal figure prominently for comedy purposes. Director Wesley Ruggles has done a neat job; in fact, everyone did, except the gent who designed Miss Sidney's clothes, which are pretty dreadful "creations" and give her more weight than a big fudge sundae.

Preview Postscripts

Sylvia Sidney claims she was "born serious." Not that she doesn't have her moments of silliness, but Life on the whole has been a problem to her. From childhood, Sylvia's been an omnivorous reader—mention any classic and you're on her home territory. At fourteen, she set out to earn a living. Was crazy about the theatre, but considered herself best adapted to the technical end of it. Got a job with the Theatre Guild dressing and designing sets. After eating paint for two years, she decided to try the acting end of the stage. Went on the road at sixteen and was starred that same year in "Crime"—and from there you know the rest. . . . Herbert Marshall's well known on the London and Broodway stages, where he played for several years with his wife, Edna Best, in a number of successful plays. That quiet, unassuming Marshall manner seems fatal to the ladies. He devoted hours to teaching Miss Sidney the mysteries of billiards while on the set. That view of Manhattan seen from the pent-house terrace, was just a huge cardboard picture! Photographs of buildings were "blown up" many times their original size and fitted together to form the magnificent "view." With lights behind, you'd swear it was gay Gotham at its best. Director Wesley Ruggles has an antipathy against blondes, so instructed Astrid Allwyn to dye her blonde curls a dark brown before reporting for work. . . . Ernest Cossart's a genuine old-time stage hand. After over forty years in the London and American theatre, he was prevailed upon to appear in a movie. It was the Hecht-MacArthur "Scoundrel." Mr. Cossart thinks the movies are swell, now. . . . Philip Reed had a tough proposition. He was playing in the stage version of "Accent on Youth" every evening at the same time he was making this picture. His lines in the picture weren't very different, but just enough to make them exasperatingly difficult to remember. He would surprise the stage cast every now and then with brand new lines.

★★★ The Man on the Flying Trapeze (Paramount)

Here's another Fields picture, which means W. C. is star, director, writer, producer and prop-man. Titles mean nothing, plot means nothing, the cast means nothing when the bulbous-nosed Fields wanders within camera range. So it is with this latest flicker! We can't for the life of us tell who or what we laughed at, but from the beginning to the end, the audience ran the gamut from guffaws to giggles. Mr. Fields is just another hen-pecked husband, at the mercy of not only his wife but her mother and brother. Between the three of them, you can imagine how much chance the poor, bewildered man has to fortify himself with his favorite spirits. He finally has to resort to cleaning his teeth with home-brew in order to taste a drop! The story ambles along at a leisurely rate, with Mr. Fields taking plenty of time, as usual, to speed things up. Mary Brian, pretty as ever, does a nice piece of work as Mr. Fields' daughter, Kathleen Howard is excellent as the shrew whom Mr. Fields really *does* tame, while Grady Sutton does a good job of making himself detestable as the brother-in-law.

Preview Postscripts

The greatest treat in the world to W. C. Fields is a bed. From the time he was seven 'til he was twenty-seven, W. C. Fields slept in one. Alleys, park benches, barrels and such comfortable accommodations were his lot after knocking his father unconscious at the age of seven and starting out to see the world. Learned his famous juggling act from having to be quick about swiping fruit from vendors for years. Finally got a job on the stage and life became a little less complicated. Now is in the money—and still thinks a bed is the height of luxury. . . . Mary's known as the sweetest girl in Hollywood, and's been the college boys' despair all over the country. Looks like there's something to this "six times a bridesmaid" stuff, for she's gone up the aisle ahead of practically every star in Hollywood. . . . This was the first time Lucien Littlefield has even played himself in pictures for twenty years. At least it's the only time he's appeared without three-inch make-up on his visage, since his specialization has been in the Lon Chaney type of role. . . . Sam Hardy is another old-timer. He's noted to be the best dressed gag-man in Hollywood. Fields claims Sam's plaid pants, green caps and lurid ties are the cause of his astigmatism. . . . Kathleen Howard is the only woman in Hollywood that Mr. Fields will consider for his reel wife. He just flatly refuses to have any other woman scream at him. Miss Howard was formerly a Metropolitan Opera singer. After twelve years of warbling, she turned to fashion writing and became editor of a woman's magazine. When "Death Takes a Holiday" was filmed, Miss Howard was offered a part and's been on the screen ever since.

★★★ Anna Karenina (M-G-M)

If you were a fan ten years ago, you will recall that Garbo played in the silent version of this Tolstoy classic, too. Oddly enough, this story of a woman who sacrifices everything—husband, child, friends and finally her life—for love, stands up well even in this day when tolerance of indiscretion seems to be the vogue. Clarence Brown has done rather an enthralling job of directing and Miss Garbo, given an opportunity to run the gamut of emotions, makes the most of every moment. While Fredric March is not too convincing in his impassioned scenes, he gives a nice account of himself at other times. Little Freddie Bartholomew is pretty fine and Reginald Owen and Basil Rathbone rate their share of honors. The picture itself is one of the most elaborately mounted we have ever seen, and everyone, from the scenic designer to the gentleman who supplied the beautiful musical score, is entitled to a bow.

Preview Postscripts

Garbo hopped a boat for Sweden the minute this picture was completed. But Greta tank she'll come back again, having signed up with M-G-M for another term at a sum that would give you the staggers. . . . May Robson, grand old great grandmother and great lady of the screen, claims that Greta is just a shy, sweet girl, who's glamorous languor comes from not consuming enough liver and vitamin E. . . . Freddie Bartholomew took the American public by storm after that performance in "Copperfield." It's a fact, though, that the child is even more amazing in real life. He has charm and brains enough to put many a noted actor in the shade. A tutor is always at Freddie's elbow on the set, to give him a little larnin' between actin'. He and Greta, though, managed to sneak away almost every day for a game of croquet together. Freddie generally beat, since his drolleries would get the Swedish siren so convulsed with giggles that she couldn't hit the balls straight.

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But your dentist would come to her defense — promptly and emphatically.

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Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel — almost from the first — a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana wakens the lazy gum tissues, and as new circulation courses through them.

Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in *both* will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 15-year success in promoting complete oral health.



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MODERN SCREEN

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Greta GARBO

Fredric MARCH



Anna Karenina

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The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.



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with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

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INFORMATION DESK



YOU ASK 'EM, WE ANSWER 'EM

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MARY O'BRIEN, Upper Darby, Pa.—No, June Knight has not retired. You will see her soon in "Broadway Melody of 1936"—and believe me, she and Robert Taylor certainly make an attractive couple in this opus. As for Max Baer's "Kids on the Cuffs"—that just got lost in the shuffle. He may appear in "The Vanished Steamer" later on, however.

VIOLET HERRINGTON, Corning, N. Y.; A. BRUGGMAN, Rosebud, Tex.; ELLA CHILDERS, Jay, N. C.; MELBA DEVEREAUX, Grand Island, Nebr.; FAYE QUEEN, Morganton, N. C.; EVA WEITZ, Kau, Wisc.; VIRGINIA HOLBROOK, Detroit, Mich.; CHRISTINE HARTMAN, Youngstown, Ohio; KATHLEEN CURRY, Hattiesburg, Miss.; DOROTHEA PURUIS, White Springs, Fla.; DOROTHY WINECOFF, Salisbury, N. C.; MILDRED WEATHERLY, Sumter, S. C.; ANNA JERGULL, Mt. Tom, Mass. LUCILLE MAHAR, Hot Springs, Ark.; VALORIE JARVIS, Brownsville, Tex.; HELEN KAY, Pittston, Pa.; MILDRED ASKLEY, Rockford, Ill.; SADIE CALHOUN, Monroe, La.—Now we have a Western star of great popularity. None other than John Wayne. John was born in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907, the son of Clyde Leonard Morrisey and Mary Brown. His real name is Marion Michael Morrisey. He was educated at the George Washington Grammar School of Keokuk, Iowa, and later at the Lancaster Grammar School in Lancaster, Calif. Following his graduation from the latter, John entered Glendale High School and from there entered the University of Southern California, where he played on the football team. In his junior year he decided to leave college to get into the motion picture business. His first job was prop boy and it was through this that he obtained his first crack at acting. Wayne has one brother, Robert Emmet, and is married to Josephine Saenz. They have one child. John is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 198 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. His latest picture is "Paradise Canyon" with Marion Burns, and his next will be "Westward, Ho" with Sheila Mannors. He'll sing a ditty in this one. Write him at Republic Productions, Inc., 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal. **NOTE: Next month the Desk will run a biography of Bob Steele, so think up your questions in a hurry.**

JEANNE H., Washington, Ind.—Gail Patrick took the part of Florence McCrickett and Frances Grant that of Peggy Burns in "Doubting Thomas." Frank Albertson was in love first with Gail, then Frances, in this picture. Does that help any?

BETTIE CULLEN, Alliance, Ohio; JEANETTE ANDERSON, Superior, Wis.; CHARLOTTE STAETZNER, Sacramento, Cal.; RUTH BERRY, Victoria, Tex.; BETTY KEIN, West Orange, N. J.; RUTH FRANK, Milwaukee, Wis.; MISS A. CONNER, Belleville, N. J.; VIRGINIA SYND, Elizabeth, Ill.; JOAN JOHNSON, West Orange, N. J.; MARION McTASIN, New York, N. Y.; LELA GABLER, W. Lafayette, Ind.; ELEANOR ELDREDGE, Chatham, Mass.; MARY VARNER, Omaha, Neb.; HELENA STASH; MARY SMITH—Lots has been written about Joan Crawford, nee Lucille LeSueur Cassin, but one rarely finds a resumée of her life. So here goes. Born in San Antonio, Tex., on March 23, 1908, Joan's family moved to Kansas City when she was quite young, and resided there for 16 years. She received her education at a private school in that city. Billie Cassin, as she was then called, was brought up in the wings of a theatre, as it were, since her father was a theatre owner. She was determined to go on the stage, against her family's wishes, and left home to make her debut in a Chicago revue. Upon the completion of a successful engagement in the Midwest, Joan came to New York where she appeared in several plays. She was seen by Harry Rapf, and brought to Hollywood under contract. Her first picture was in 1925 as an extra in "Pretty Ladies." She was still Lucille LeSueur then, but because her name was so difficult to pronounce her fans gave her the name of Joan Crawford in a magazine contest. From that time on her rise was steady and she is now one of the top ranking stars of Hollywood. Joan is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has reddish-brown hair, and brilliant blue eyes. Her favorite color combination is blue and white, she adores sport clothes and loves to wear lounging pajamas. She is a marvelous dancer and has a lovely soprano voice. Joan is divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and is rumored married, or at any rate engaged, to Franchot Tone. Her favorite sports are tennis, swimming and riding. Joan's next picture will be "Glitter" (tentative title) with Brian Aherne, followed by "Elegance" with Clifton Webb. Both of them should be up to the usual Crawford standard. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

HAZEL WOOD, Newport News, Va.—Yes, Gene Raymond really did his own singing in "Sadie McKee" and "Hooray for Love." His next picture will probably be "Believe It, Beloved." Florence Eldridge, Fredric March's wife, took the part of Fantine, mother of Little Cosette, in "Les Miserables."

DOROTHY AURRICHIO, New York, N. Y.; JEAN SHEARER, Carroll, Iowa; LILLIAN CALLAHAN, Kearny, N. J.; SHIRLEY HOWLAND, Sea Bright, N. J.; MAE DEL SIGNORE, Rehoboth, Mass.; CATHLYN STRAIT, Troy, N. Y.; G. ZARBATARY, Montreal, Canada; HELEN PHILLIPS, Charlotte, N. C.; OSCAR SILOM, Jr., Key West, Fla.; EVELYN SMITH, Mattapan, Mass.; MARY GOODWIN, Oil City, Pa.; MELVIN MICHAELS, MARIE JANE ZECCA, Bronx, N. Y.; NICOLETTA DE VIRO, FELICIA SALERNO, BILLIE DENARO, Brooklyn, N. Y.; M., Boston, Mass.; LOUISE HUSTIN, Washington, D. C.; ELEANOR FELAND, Pharr, Tex.; ELSIE LAMB, VIRGINIA HANCK, Chicago, Ill.; MARTHA LEPAGE—There's no getaround it. A biography of Bing Crosby is not complete without that of his better half attached to it. So first we'll have Bing and then Dixie Lee. Harry Lillis Crosby (that's really Bing) was born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2, 1904, but at a very early age his family moved to Spokane where he received his early schooling. Bing has two sisters and four brothers. The nickname, Bing, was obtained on account of he could shout a rapid string of them louder than any kid in the city when he was playing "cowboys and Indians." He dabbled in grease paint during his high school years and even played "Julius Caesar" in a school production. His family, however, wanted him to

(Cont'd on page 11)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 11. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

"PAGE MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical Marion Davies in her first picture for Warner Bros. —her finest for anybody!



Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart... Yessir, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of "G-Men,' and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

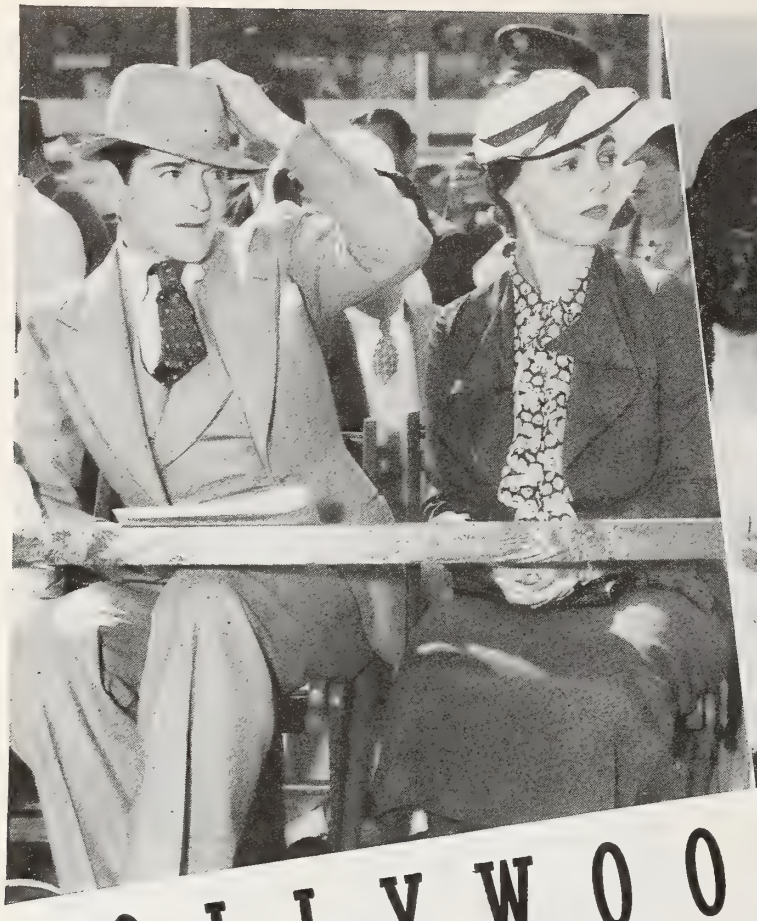
It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!



Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.







HOLLYWOOD SHOTS

Merle Oberon and David Nevins share a joke at United Artists' Banquet. Merle's in England now.

Francis Lederer haggardly holds his hat while Mary Loos looks calmly at a polo match.





Bellamy peeks over Fay Wray's and Del Rio's shoulders, Virginia Bruce grins—at polo matches.

A new idol gets into the autograph swing! Nelson Eddy at "Anna Karenina."


Sweeping on to new fame together, three distinguished players join hands with a distinguished producer to start the new season with a production of unparalleled dramatic force.
The tenderly beautiful story of two who loved a woman . . . beyond the hope of ever loving another! To one, she was a dream he could never realize - - to the other, a memory he could never forget!
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presents
FREDRIC MARCH
MERLE OBERON
HERBERT MARSHALL
in
THE DARK ANGEL
with JANET BEECHER · JOHN HALLIDAY · HENRIETTA CROSMAN · KATHERINE ALEXANDER
From the play by Guy Bolton
Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

modern screen scoreboard

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
After Office Hours (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★	2★	1★	1★	2★	1½★	2½★	3★	2★	1★			2★	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	2★		2★	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★			3★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	4★		3★	3★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★		2★	1★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★		2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★		3★	3★	2★
Black Fury (Warners)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★	2★	2½★	2½★		2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Bordertown (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★		4★	4★	3★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)	1★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Broadway Gondolier (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★	3★			3★	3★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	3★	2★
The Case of the Curious Bride (1st Nat.)	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★
The Clairvoyant (G-B)	2★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★		4★	3★
College Scandal (Paramount)	2★			2½★				2★			2½★	3★	3★	2★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	1★	2½★		2½★		2½★		3★			1½★	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
The Devil Is a Woman (Paramount)	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	3★	2★
Dinky (M-G-M)	2★			2★				2★	1½★				2★	2★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1★			1★	2★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3½★	3★	3½★	3★

(*Continued on page 54*)

Critics' picture ratings—5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, review unavailable

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.

New York Times
Andre Sennwald

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons





Information Desk

(*Continued from page 6*)

become a lawyer so they shipped him off to Gonzaga College. He played a little football, but was principally interested in the glee club, in which he was quite successful. He and Al Rinker, another student, organized a seven-piece orchestra which became very popular—so much so in fact, that they decided to give up law and enter the entertainment field. Rinker's sister, a radio singer, got them an engagement in Los Angeles, after which they toured the Pacific coast until Paul Whiteman adopted them and with Harry Barris formed that group known as the Rhythm Boys. They toured with Whiteman until 1930, when they were in California making the picture "The King of Jazz." They were engaged to sing at the Cocoanut Grove; Bing made records which became best sellers; then signed a radio contract—and after all that, signed a screen contract. Bing is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light blue eyes and light brown hair. His next picture will be "Two for Tonight" with Joan Bennett. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood.

Now we come to Dixie Lee (her real name is Wilma Wyatt), who became Mrs. Bing Crosby in 1930. Born in Harriman, Tenn., twenty-three years ago (November 4, 1911), she was educated in New Orleans and Chicago. It was in Chicago that Dixie first decided on a theatrical career. After winning a singing contest at the Hotel Sherman there in 1928, she accepted an engagement to sing at the Lincoln Tavern, and in October of the same year was sent to Pittsburgh to join the road company of "Good News," in which she made a distinct hit. She was then summoned to New York to play a featured role in the New York production of the same show, and was considered the best "Southern Blues" singer on the stage. She was selected from 50 applicants for a role in "Fox Movietone Follies of 1929" and was signed to a three-year contract. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has blonde hair and sparkling brown eyes. She is modest and retiring, almost shy, loves pretty clothes and enjoys swimming, horseback riding and dancing. Her favorite colors are blue and orchid. After her marriage to friend Crosby, she gave up her screen career, and later presented Gary Evan Crosby to her husband on June 27, 1933, and the twins, Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael on July 13, 1934. Her first picture after the birth of the twins was "Love in Bloom" followed by "Redheads on Parade" which you will see shortly. She is under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

HELEN LOUISE BROWN, Woodland, N. C.—Robert Taylor will be Irene Dunne's leading man in "Magnificent Obsession." Robert Allen is 29, is not married, has been in Hollywood about a year and will be in "Bodyguard" with Florence Rice, next. Jean Harlow's first picture, "Moran of the Marines" was released in 1928. Yes, Ginger Rogers' first picture was "Young Man of Manhattan" released in 1930. I don't believe she ever played in westerns. For the most part, the stars are as good looking off the screen as they are on. Of course, their features are the same but the hair is apt to be different and freckles have a way of changing their appearance.

JANE CARROLL, Hartford, Conn.; MARY PLASKY, STANLEY BOGDAN, Camden, N. J.; NORMA FEINTHAL, MARGARET MULROONEY, Y. LEVINE, G.D., New York, N. Y.; EDITH VERDE, Amsterdam, N. Y.; BARBARA SHANNON, Norwood, Mass.; JEAN CALLEWAERT, Detroit, Mich.; ALICE WALSH, Long Beach, Cal.; NAOMI DISMUKES, Dallas, Texas—She was born Gretchen Young in Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1913, but became Loretta Young when she embarked upon a motion picture career. She has two sisters also in the movies, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, a brother, Jack, who is now an attorney, but was the first of the family to enter the cinema business, and a younger sister, Georgiana. Loretta is descended from American-English-French parents and was educated at Romona Convent in Los Angeles. Her screen career started when she was a tot of four. A baby was needed for Fanny Ward's picture and Loretta was chosen. Her real chance came later, though, when a director called the home and asked for Polly Ann, who was away at the time. Brother Jack suggested that Loretta might do, as she looked so much like her sister. She made such a good impression that she was immediately awarded a role in Colleen Moore's "Naughty But Nice," and has been in the movies ever since. Outside of dramatic work she is most interested in dancing and art. She plays the piano well and loves good music of all sorts. Blue and white are her favorite colors, and salads and desserts her favorite foods. She likes lilies of the valley and gardenia perfume. Swimming, horse back riding, bicycling and ping pong are her favorite sports, and she likes to watch football games, horse races or polo matches. Loretta's hobby is shopping for pretty clothes, and she likes popular novels, attends the movies frequently and has a pet canary. In 1929 she married Grant Withers, but divorced him a year later. Has not married since. Loretta is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 107 pounds and has light brown hair set off by huge grey-blue eyes. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Don't fail to see her in "The Crusades." She is simply ravishing as Berengaria in this opus.

INFORMATION DESK,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of

.....

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"Where have you been all my life?"



{Intimate conversation of a lady with herself}

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EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.



Fay Wray and Fredric March enjoying the United Artists Banquet at the Troc'. Fay has just hied herself back to London, where she is so popular, to do a film.



The Clark Gables snapped after an evening—a delightful one if those broad grins mean anything —at one of Hollywood's late spots.

REGINA CANNON KEEPS YOU INFORMED ON THE STARS' ACTIVITIES—SOCIAL AND CINEMATIC

Luise Rainer seems to be the current Hollywood heroine. So great a personal hit did she make at the preview of "Escapade," her first picture, that a member of the departing audience whispered to her friend that Luise was so splendid an actress that she hoped she would not become spoiled. As if in answer to this remark, the crowd separated to permit a fleeing Miss R. to bound up a flight of steps in the theatre's lobby with a cameraman leaping after her. "I will not be photographed," she cried. "I will not be intruded upon this way!" Too bad, too bad!

■ ■ ■

It was Myrna Loy's walking out on "Escapade" that gave Luise Rainer her big opportunity. Of course, the little German gal had to make good or the chance would have gone for naught. Now, at this writing, everyone is speculating as to Miss Loy's fate. Some say that she is definitely leaving Metro and will move her make-up box to Paramount. Others claim Rosalind Russell will be groomed for Myrna's roles. Our guess is that Miss R. is too distinct a personality to fill anybody's shoes.

■ ■ ■

When Marlene Dietrich moved into Countess di Frasso's Beverly Hills home, her daughter, Maria, fell heir to an Afghan hound that Gary Cooper once presented to the Countess. The dog looks a little threadbare, patches of its hair having departed, but perhaps that is just another reason why Maria loves him. Incidentally, la Dietrich is going places with Rouben Mamoulian again. He, if you remember, is the director whose parents are



Claudette Colbert and Lieutenant Com. Whitford watch Comedians vs. Leading Men Charity Baseball Game at Wrigley Field. Darn good game.



Like the previews of the good old days, "Anna Karenina" attracted Hollywood's elite. Here are Connie Bennett, Cliff Webb and Marlene Dietrich.

said to have announced his engagement to Garbo, for which little speech the Swedish lady dropped R. M. like the proverbial hot cake.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of hounds, Gloria Stuart is in despair over one. It seems Gloria was the proud possessor of a little Scottie and a big airdale. The Scottie had been jealous of the other dog for months and had just gotten to tolerate him when the Sheekman's brand new baby arrived. It was all evidently too much for the pup to cope with. He took one look at his new, unexpected rival and departed for places unknown. Ads in the classified columns have not helped Gloria locate him. You see, too much was—too much!

■ ■ ■

And now the lovely Phyllis Brooks is set with RKO and she is *that* pleased—and rightly so! Phyllis came to town as Phyllis Seiler and the Powers That Be at Universal where, it seems, they like to change people's names, declared she should be Mary Brooks. The gal said she'd stand for the Brooks part of the bargain, but she'd like to retain her own first name. "Y'see," she explained vaguely, "I have a rich, old aunt named Phyllis and some day——" Well, the name-changer, who could be made to listen to reason if it clinked in coin, said, "All right, all right!" And now all Miss B. has to do is find a rich, old aunt!

■ ■ ■

Looks like Lee Tracy and Estelle Taylor really mean business—of the big, matrimonial variety. Estelle came to Hollywood merely to look over her property. She met Mr. T., they became that way, and now 'tis said the minister is being paged. This will be Lee's first matrimonial venture. Meanwhile his "ex" girl friend, the petite Isabel Jewell, is whiling away the shining hours with Nelson Eddy, who is so-o-o devoted. And so, everybody's happy!

■ ■ ■

Alice Brady, she of the great charm and talent, threw a very elegant cocktail party recently. The affair was full of hors d'oeuvres, playwrights, fine wine and actors—not, of course, named in order of their importance. Anita Louise appeared sans Tom Brown who, they say, is still pining for his blonde. In fact, each day he sends a beautiful gardenia to the object of his affections, but so far the gesture hasn't melted her hard, little heart. But to get back to Mrs. Brady's soirée, we spotted Louise Henry, reported engaged to Conrad Nagel, Virginia Bruce, John Colton, Alan Crosland, Bert Lytell and scores of other famous. Yes, an enjoyable time was had by all; in fact, we believe even the hostess liked it!

■ ■ ■

Of course, George Raft *meant* to be generous, but, fun's fun and there's a limit to everything. One recent evening George, on leaving the Trocadero where he had dined and danced with Virginia Pine, slipped the pretty hat-check girl as he thought a one spot. On second glance, it proved to be a twenty and both Mr. R. and the lucky lady nearly fainted at seeing it. Well, maybe that will square matters for the handsome blonde male star who has never tipped the young woman a dime in all the months he's patronized the famous café.

■ ■ ■

Lady Luck seems to hover around Claudette Colbert, if we can believe the photo-snappers of your favorite players. For months the boys have tried to "snap" Claudette with her constant escort, Dr. Joel Pressman, and have had no luck. Then, at Joan Bennett's farewell party for hubby, Gene Markey, who it developed wasn't going anywhere, the cameramen thought they had Miss C. and Dr. P. on the spot. As they emerged from the dance floor, cameras were whipped into action when one excited operator tripped and fell, temporarily disabling two others. One man was left, but lo when he snapped, nothing (*Continued on page 56*)

BEAUTY ADVICE



Marion Davies as the drab little chambermaid in "Page Miss Glory." Not very glamorous . . . but wait.

BE EXCITING! BE DIFFERENT! BE INTRIGUING! HERE'S THE SECRET

BY MARY BIDDLE

ALL THE world loves a lover . . . and all the world loves a Cinderella story. The modernized story of the little Cinderella who becomes the Princess is the theme of many a Hollywood scenario where the working girl who might be one of us becomes the glamorous lady we've dreamed of being. "Page Miss Glory" turns another page in the same book of Cinderella stories and Marion Davies portrays the drab little chambermaid who is transformed into the radiant "Miss Glory."

Such stories are not "just fiction." They have happened, and can happen in real life. But how do you suddenly go about acquiring charm . . . glamor . . . a new personality? Well, make-up, a new coiffure, clothes . . . these things can accomplish marvels in the way of transformation. But it's a feeling of confidence, a sense of power within oneself, which in the final analysis achieves the transformation.

Take Hollywood, for instance. Year after year new girls come to Hollywood, anxious to "break into the movies." Unsophisticated, most of them, gawky, untried, and sometimes none too pretty. A year or so later they amaze us by blossoming into exciting, glamorous women. MODERN SCREEN has run stories from time to time showing pictures of the stars "before and after," the way they looked when they first came to Hollywood, and the way they look now. It always gives me a thrill to see the glamorous transformations that have been achieved.

The magical thing that most of those raw Hollywood recruits get is confidence. A director sees the vital spark of . . . shall we call it glamor? . . . in a new girl, an extra girl in the crowd, for example, and as he grooms her for a role he gives her confidence by telling her that she has glamor, by believing in her. When she begins to realize that he believes in her she feels her power. She is no longer timid and afraid, and the spark of glamor becomes a flame which lights up her personality from within.



The fly-away coiffure which Perc Westmore is giving Marion transforms her.

YOU DON'T have to be beautiful to have glamor and to be a personality. Nor do you have to be young. But one thing is certain . . . you have to have confidence in yourself. Glamor goes when confidence goes.

All right now, in order to have confidence, you have to have something to be confident about. You don't have any Hollywood director to instill in you a feeling of confidence; you have only yourself to depend on. I know what you're up against. Your letters are really what led me to write this kind of an article. Selecting comments at random from your letters I run across things like this: "I'm hopeless, I guess I've just got an incurable inferiority complex," "People say I'm pretty but it doesn't seem to get me anywhere;" "I'm so tired of being the same old me, I want to be different;" "Maybe you think it's silly for me to want to be attractive." Of course it isn't silly for any girl to want to be attractive. It's one of the few really normal impulses we have left in this rather crazy world of ours. Of course you want to be different. Even screen stars get tired of "being typed" and playing the same role all the time. And as for an inferiority complex, it can be an incentive as much as a handicap.

Two famous actresses, Joan Crawford and Katherine Cornell, both considered themselves "ugly ducklings" when they started out. Why, Joan Crawford almost ran away from one of her big chances because she thought there were so many girls prettier than she at the casting office that she wouldn't have a chance. Joan has fought against an inferiority complex most of her life and now she's



Marion in all her glory—radiating glamor and personality from every pore.

at the "top" simply because she made that complex drive her on rather than drag her down. She licked it by proving herself to herself. Now, the trouble with most of you is that you don't have enough confidence in your own ability to do things. And that's what you must acquire.

A very famous Hollywood director gave me this advice once. The best way to gain confidence and poise, according to his sincere belief, is to learn to do some one thing exceptionally well. Learn to dance, learn to swim, learn to play tennis, learn to do anything well, and you'll profit by it in the poise you gain. You'll have better command over yourself. Lots of you are self-conscious about your hands and feet. You don't quite know how to handle them gracefully.

If you learn to dance or excel in some sport to the extent that you become physically sure of handling yourself, then you won't be self-conscious when you're with other people, or when you enter or leave a room. You won't be hampered by a lack of confidence in your ability to meet a social situation gracefully.

JUST as you may have aptitudes for certain sports, you may have aptitudes for certain types of clothes, or a certain type of coiffure. Above all, then, be individual. Why has Gloria Swanson's name always been a synonym in Hollywood for "glamor?" Because she has always been so supremely individual, so entirely herself. She wears exotic clothes that would make Janet Gaynor or Jean Parker look ridiculous. But then she would look just as out of harmony with herself if she affected the demure type dress of Janet Gaynor. If you would have glamor, don't be imitative. Don't try to be a second Garbo or Crawford, or Colbert, or a second anybody. There was a time when every other girl and her sister affected a shoulder-length bob in order to "look like Garbo." Most of them looked like freaks. Regular features are essential if the shoulder-length bob is to prove successful, and generally the arrangement needs a few curls clustering at the nape of the neck in order to insure some softening influence.

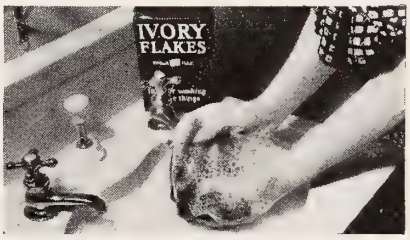
Be individual. If your hair is thick and lovely, don't have it cut and thinned and plastered down in a flat silhouette. Let its color and texture and abundance mean something in your life. The charming thing about Marion Davies' hair is that it always looks just a wee bit fly-away, as though it were so gloriously alive it just couldn't be bound down with fixed waves and hairpins. (*Continued on page 90*)

"Wash hand-knits with *IVORY FLAKES,*"

URGE THE MAKERS OF MINERVA YARNS



1. TAKE MEASUREMENTS or trace outline of sweater on heavy paper.



2. SQUEEZE LUKEWARM SUDS of pure Ivory Flakes through garment. *Do not rub, twist* or *let stretch.*



3. RINSE 3 TIMES in lukewarm water of same temperature. Knead out excess moisture in bath towel.



4. DRY FLAT, easing back (or stretching) to original outline.

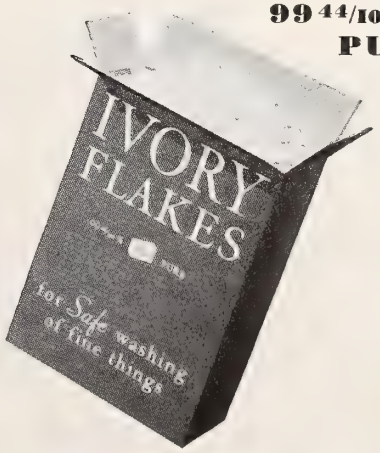
WHEN DRY, appearance is improved by light pressing under damp cloth.

Knit one, purl one—when you put a lot of time into knitting a sweater you don't want it to become little-sister's-size after its first washing! Wool *is* sensitive—it shrinks at the mere mention of rubbing, hot water or an *impure soap!*

So wash your woolens with respectful care. And be especially sure to use cool suds of Ivory Flakes. Why Ivory Flakes? Well, listen to what the makers of Minerva yarns say: "We feel that Ivory Flakes are safest for fine woolens because Ivory is really *pure*—protects the natural oils that keep wool soft and springy."

Read the washing directions on this page, follow them carefully—and your hand-knits will always stay lovely as new!

99 44/100 % PURE



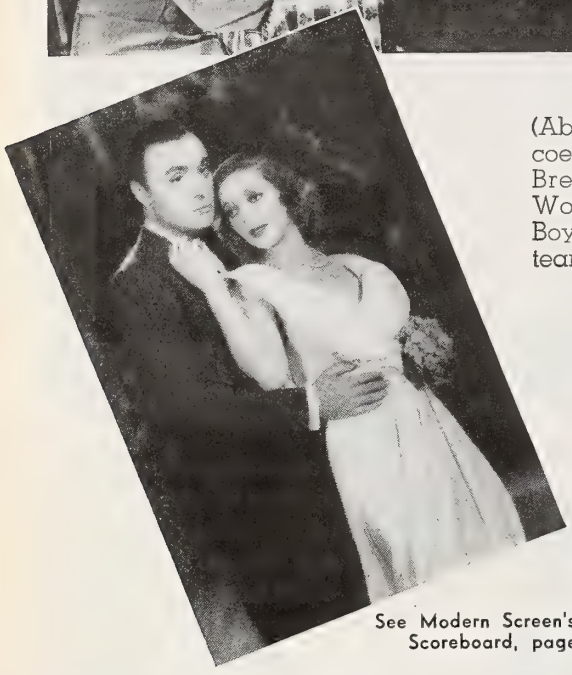
IVORY FLAKES





(Above) Bette Davis, Roscoe Karns and George Brent in "Front Page Woman." (Left) Charles Boyer and Loretta Young teamed in "Shanghai."

(Above) The picture you've been waiting for—"China Seas." And wotta cast—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow!



See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard, page 10

Reviews

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

BY REGINA CANNON

★★★ Front Page Woman (Warners)

Well, it may be all in the spirit of good, clean fun and, then again, you may be meant to take it big, but anyway you look at it, this is good entertainment. As its title indicates, it's about the ever-colorful activities of the newspaper tribe and how they pay each other off by grabbing news beats—known in the profession as scoops—from each other. Bette Davis and George Brent are on rival sheets. Of course they're in love and, since all's fair in IT and war, they go to it on a big murder yarn. The fact is that their goings-on will give you a laugh and the people in City Rooms throughout the country a big shriek for, believe it or not, these two young people are the only ones on their respective sheets covering the big tale. Of course, it could only happen in reel life, what with every cub on a staff collecting "info" on a real daily. However, this little (?) deviation from truth was doubtless injected for plot purposes. The dialogue is snappy and Miss Davis pretty fine. Mr. B. is slightly more convincing than usual and Roscoe Karns rates high.

Preview Postscripts

No wonder George Brent proves so devastating to some of our best leading ladies, for he has both Irish Blarney and a romantic past. A deadly combination. He was born on the Emerald Isle and was educated there—at least he went to school when there weren't any revolutions to distract him. But in spite of his meager schooling George developed into a bright young man, so bright, in fact, that he was asked to leave his homeland after leading one uprising too successfully. He went back, though, and joined forces with the Irish Players in Dublin. From there he came to America and Hollywood. Miss Ruth Chatterton is his "ex" and her former husband, Ralph Forbes, is his best friend. Miss Garbo and Mr. Brent were great pals before Greta sailed for home. While she's on her vacation, George may be found in dim corners of restaurants or behind grand pianos with Miss Katherine De Mille . . . Bette Davis hails from the East where she had some stage training. Hollywood regarded her as just another attractive, entertaining gal 'til she created the biggest furore yet seen or heard during the recent Academy Awards. The country rose in arms when Bette was not mentioned as a possibility for the prize due to her splendid work in "Of Human Bondage." She attained far more publicity because she wasn't mentioned than if she'd won the grand sweepstakes. Married to Harmon Nelson, a childhood sweetheart and orchestra leader, she claims their marriage is a success solely because neither of them meddle with the other's business. When Harmon plays in San Francisco or other cities close by, Bette lives with him in an auto camp and cooks and scrubs like any *hausfrau*. She keeps a watchful eye on his diet at all times but never his business. That's Harmon's idea, too, so maybe the fact that the little woman earns thousands of times more than friend husband won't send this marriage on the Hollywood rocks, after all . . . Roscoe Karns has the fastest talking apparatus and the deepest dimples of any actor in the studios. Things are ever lively on a set where Roscoe hangs out—and he's on plenty of them because when a scene falls flat the director howls, "Get Karns." He made his Los Angeles debut on the stage in "Front Page" and was the only one in the house not breathless. Has had a penchant for newspaper tales ever since and was in his glory on this set. This set, though, would put any editor in his glory. It was more complete and perfect in every detail than any newspaper office that ever existed. Teletypes, air-cooling systems—every modern improvement down to extra large spittoons made this a Newspaperman's Paradise. There was plenty of excitement on other sets, too, what with burning down a huge apartment house for one scene and having a fancy electrocution in another.

★★★ Orchids to You (Fox)

A flossy, frivolous number about life as it parades through a swanky New York flower shop, this is guaranteed not to tax your mental capacity, although it may prove a strain on your credulity. Even though it is handsomely cast and produced—they use twelve truckloads of flowers and have the *(Continued on page 91)*

TALKIE TIPS ON CURRENT CINEMA FARE

THE GRANDEST ROMANCE EVER BORN FROM THE FIRE-DIPPED PEN OF DUMAS!

Reckless sons of the flashing blade ride and fight for love again! This month a real thrill comes to the screens of the world as RKO-RADIO gives you one of its finest pictures.

The THREE MUSKETEERS



WALTER ABEL, dashing young Broadway stage star as D'Artagnan, gay and audacious, as Dumas must have dreamed him! Beloved PAUL LUKAS as Athos, MARGOT GRAHAME, who soared to dramatic heights in the year's most praised picture, "The Informer", plays the alluring Milady de Winter together with a superb cast including Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, Onslow Stevens, Rosamond Pinchot, John Qualen, Ralph Forbes and Nigel de Brulier as Richelieu. Cast to perfection! Produced with a lavish hand by Cliff Reid. Superbly directed by Rowland V. Lee. Don't miss The Musketeers!

Fencing Arrangements by Fred Cavens



RKO-RADIO PICTURES YOU WILL WANT TO SEE!

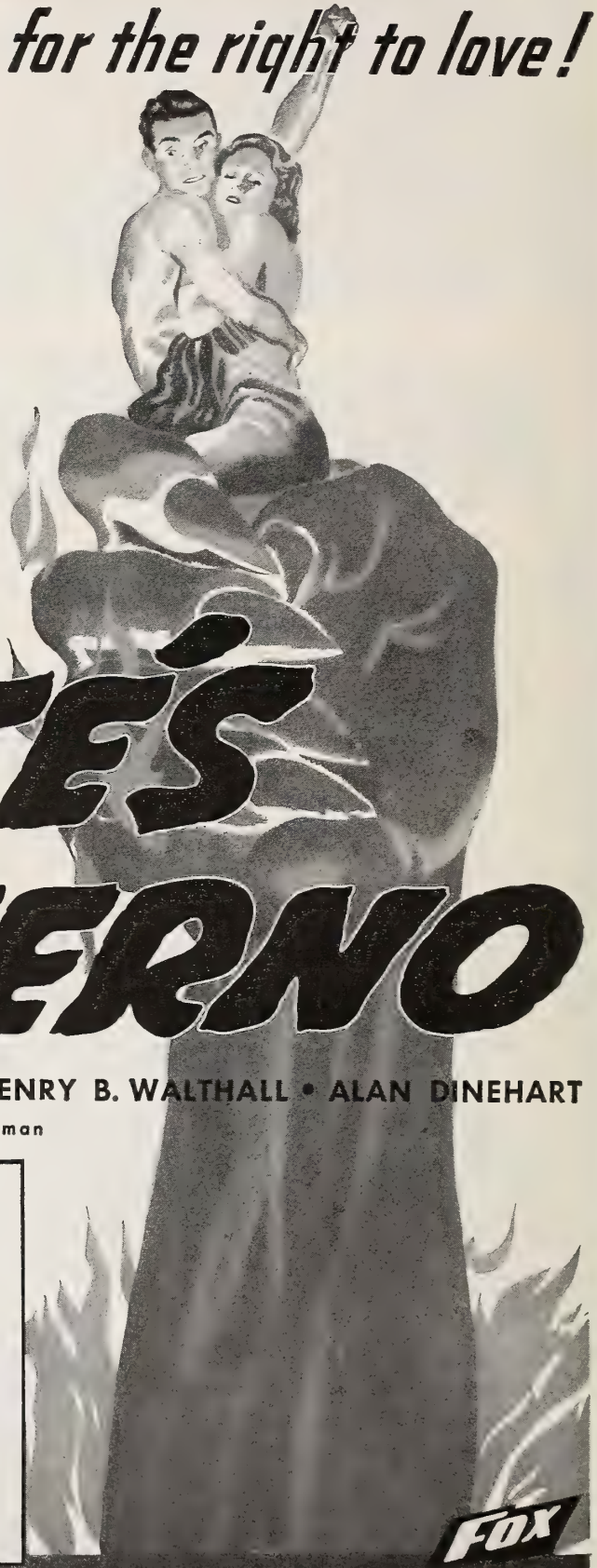
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "TOP HAT." Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin . . . Katharine Hepburn as Booth Tarkington's most loved heroine "Alice Adams". . . The superb screen play from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel "Jalna" . . . Lionel Barrymore in David Belasco's greatest stage success "The Return of Peter Grimm" and Merian C. Cooper's spectacle drama "The Last Days of Pompeii"

TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE

they fight.. AS YOU DO.. *for the right to love!*

ENTHRALLED—*you'll watch this*
BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!

See this man and woman living *your* dreams, *your* despairs. Fascinated . . . behold the raging spectacle of hell *here and hereafter* . . . of Inferno created by Man and Inferno conceived by Dante! This drama blazes with such titanic power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!



FOX FILM PRESENTS

DANTE'S INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART

Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel Directed by Harry Lachman

THRILL AS YOU SEE

Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment—cringing under the Rain of Fire—consumed in the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boiling Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!

Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

FOX

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY . . . AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS TODAY'S NEWS . . . ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!

ALICE FAYE



Looking too, too beautiful, Alice Faye of the torchy, scorchy voice and the lovely slim legs, relaxes after a day's work in "Ball of Fire." In this Fox picture, she will appear with the engaging Jack Haley, the comical Messrs. Mitchell and Durant and your old friend, Bebe Daniels. Alice has been a Hollywoodite for almost two years now and has never once let the town get her. Not even when said town has her rumored engaged to or in love with this, that and the other man. Incidentally, we feel that we owe Alice an apology. We said something recently about a "publicity romance" having been cooked up between the fair Alice and the stalwart Nelson Eddy. 'Twas an idle rumor, reader, and would you mind paying no attention? Alice works hard, lives quietly, looks after her family and saves her spare cash for a rainy day. In other words, no splurging on costly luxuries for Alice.

GRETA GARBO



"Anna Karenina" returns —and Greta Garbo speaks the lines of Tolstoi's tragic love story which she played silently a number of years ago. Those who have been on the set during its production and those who have seen a preview of the picture, say that you will find Garbo imbued with all the old fire and glamorous excitement that she seemed to have lost in recent roles. Fredric March plays her romantic lead and Garbo seems happier and more beautiful than ever before. And isn't she a painting in this ball gown from the picture?



JULIE HAYDON

Here's a girl who had to live down her resemblance to a great star! Julie Haydon resembled Ann Harding so much that it looked for awhile as if she would never have a chance to be a personality on her own. However, along came the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur with "The Scoundrel" up their sleeves and lo, Julie became a definite and exciting person over night! Paramount has Julie signed to a long contract —but she's hoping they won't type her to dramatic roles exclusively. She would like to play high comedy.

THE BIG *Broadcast* OF 1936



YOU can listen in on most of the big stars of this great picture, but it's somep'n when you can listen and look, too! All your best radio and screen bets are lined up to give "The Big Broadcast" and it's a treat you won't be missing. Bing Crosby crooning "I Wished On The Moon." Ethel Merman torching "It's The Animal In Me." Jessica Dragonette singing that old favorite "Alice Blue Gown"—not to mention Oakie, Roberti, Amos n' Andy, Burns and Allen, Ruggles and Boland, Wendy Barrie, Henry Wadsworth, Sir Guy Standing, Bill Robinson, Ray Noble and his Orchestra and the Nicholas Brothers.

PREVIEW OF A PARAMOUNT PICTURE— MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN



Adv't.



RANDOLPH SCOTT

It took several good rousing "hoss operas" to bring Randy Scott any attention from Hollywood producers. But when they did notice the tall good-looking Virginia engineer, he started to get the breaks. To date his best piece of luck is landing the role of Duncan Bedford in "So Red the Rose" with Margaret Sullavan as the spirited cousin, Valette Bedford. Of course, you saw him in "She" with Helen Gahagan.



WEBB • JEAN ARTHUR

Two of Broadway's pets are Clifton Webb and Jean Arthur. When Jean's earlier cinema career took a dull turn, she hopped right back to the stage. Then, once again, she burst upon the screen in a sparkling new guise, that of the wise-cracking, cynical gal of "The Whole Town's Talking." "Lady Beware" is her next. Cliff's suave, sophisticated dancing and sly comedy will make new excitement in screen fare when he appears in the tentatively titled "Elegance" with Joan Crawford, which she will do after "Glitter."

Nelson first discovered that he had a voice when he used to follow operatic records on the phonograph at home.

(Below) Sudden acclaim hasn't turned his head. He likes the screen but his first and real love is concert work.



(Above) As a child and right, as the romantic Captain Warrington with Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta."

(Above) Nelson with his youthful mother, also a singer. She has been his teacher, guide and great inspiration.

NELSON EDDY'S TRUE LIFE Story

HE'S A NEW SCREEN IDOL AND HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO READ HOW HE GOT THAT WAY!



DRUMS—drums—church solos—Gilbert and Sullivan operettas—drums . . .

The singing Nelson Eddy was born on a July 29th, in Providence, Rhode Island, the only child of Isabel Kendrick and William D. Eddy, with the beating of drums, the anthems of choral singing a part of his heritage.

It may sound as though the small Nelson had been born either to the Comanche Indians or into a professional world of entertainers. Nothing could be farther from the truth. As a matter of fact, so alien was any idea of theatrical life in any of its aspects to any one of the Eddys that Nelson has been poor man, rich man, newspaper man, advertising man, iron worker—all but beggarman and thief—before his golden baritone came into its rich and rightful own.

BY GLADYS HALL

For Nelson is of Puritan strain, of old New England heritage on his father's side, of Dutch descent on his mother's. The Methodist Church, the Ten Commandments, long Sundays of the Old Testament—the iron virtues of those stiff-spined forebears of his, forged and welded the strong unmeltable metal of his character which has brought Nelson Eddy to the high place he occupies today.

It is necessary to one's understanding of a man to discover who or what has been the dominant force in his life, the ruling influence. In the life of Nelson Eddy his mother has been, and still is, that force. A mother-complex, the Freudians would say. Well, why not? For Nelson's mother has been more than a mother in the biological and affectionate sense of the word. She has been a fellow-worker, an ardent sympathizer, a faithful believer and a staunch companion along every path he has trod. She has shared his dreams, partaken of his deeds. And when, at tea the other day in his spacious and beautiful Beverly Hills home, he went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Mom! Ma-ma!" and a young, animated woman came running down to pour the tea, you felt that the little boy was calling, with a man's voice, the one who had made success possible for him in the past and sweet to him in the present.

NELSON EDDY said, meeting his mother's eyes which are like his own forget-me-not blue ones, "I probably am the happiest man in the world. If I had it all to do over again I would do just what I have done. I have no regrets. I have no nostalgia for 'the things that might have been.' The world is, to me, a workshop and a playroom with toys, tools and things which are simply inexhaustible. And the only 'secret' to it all is to keep in tune with the elemental force—call it God or what you will—to realize that it is better to be good than to be bad."

Nelson's heritage on his father's side is sturdy New England stock. He said, "My ancestors did not come over on the *Mayflower,* however. They missed it by ten years. Result, I have no grandfather's clock! The original Eddy, so far as I can trace, was christened John Eddye. He came over from England and settled in Massachusetts. A bit later, when Governor Winthrop paid the colony a tour of inspection with the object of listing the various trades and vocations of the colonists, he found bakers, chandlers, farmers and fishermen, mechanics, dentists. But when he came to John Eddye, he was stumped. For John Eddye had no job. He wrote him down, finally, as 'John Eddye, gentleman!'

"My mother's mother was of Dutch descent. Mother was born in Atlanta, Georgia—and she was a well-known oratorio singer of her day."

I'VE SAID that the small Nelson was born to the tap of drums, the beat of rhythm, the wings of song. He was. Both his mother and his father were musical. His father was, at one time, drum major in the Second Regiment Band of the Rhode Island National Guard. His grandfather played the drum and previously had drummed for fifty-five years in another famous American band. As a small boy Nelson acted as mascot for the outfit. He also played the drum in a school orchestra which consisted of drum and piano—when they could get a pianist! And he used to rat-a-tat-tat for his small schoolmates as they entered and departed from school. He said to me, "Drums have always played more or less of a part in my subconscious." (Remember how he sang the stirring "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" in "Naughty Marietta"?)

His childhood was threaded with the notes and octaves of music. His mother was, at one time, soprano soloist in a church in Providence and he, until his voice broke, was boy soprano soloist at Grace Church in the same city. All during his little-boy years his (*Continued on page 83*)

William S. Van Dyke, below, famous for his two-fisted directing methods, made "The Thin Man" and thus gave greater lustre to Bill Powell's and Myrna Loy's careers.

Below, Clark Gable felt he was slipping when he was loaned out for "It Happened One Night"—but Frank Capra's genius gave Clark and Claudette Colbert the Academy award!



NO GREATER THAN

BY RUTH BIERY

ONE OF Hollywood's most famous stars was about to begin a new picture, a production already ballyhooed as one of the greatest of coming attractions. One of Hollywood's best-known directors had been assigned. On the day before they were to start shooting, several years ago, the star telephoned the director and asked if he would go to a certain beauty parlor where she was being made-up. He had known her since their first days in Hollywood and he went at once.

"I just wanted to remind you that when we knew each other, I was a different person than I am today. Now, I am a star. When we get on the set, please do not call me by my first name. I wish to be addressed as *Miss* Blank."

The director rose and bowed from the waist. "That is perfectly agreeable to me. But please remember, that I, too, am no longer the person you used to know.

STARS CAN FALL IF THE MAN BEHIND THE

Below, Grace Moore had had only tepid response in two former pictures but Victor Schertzinger directed "One Night of Love" and made both Grace and Tullio Carminati famous.

Most directors stand in awe of Kate Hepburn's reputed temperament. But not George Cukor. After "Little Women" Kate called him "great" and wanted him to direct her always.









THEIR DIRECTORS

I am now a great director and I wish to be called *Mr.* Blank!"

Those who heard the conversation, floating from the booth of a beauty salon, exchanged wise smiles which said, "What a flop that picture will be, starting out that way. He can't make a great picture from such a beginning."

WHEN THE production was one-third finished, the director appeared upon the set one morning with a stranger whom he presented to the star. "I have hired this man to do nothing but say, 'Yes, Miss Blank!' We want you to be absolutely happy while working with us."

Those working on the set looked wisely at one another. They knew this production would never make motion picture history! They knew he was a great director and she was a great actress but they understood no director could be great under those circumstances and that *no star is ever greater than the man who directs her.*

(Continued on page 79)

MEGAPHONE ISN'T SYMPATHETIC AND HELPFUL


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GINGER AND FRED TEACH YOU "THE PICCOLINO"

HOT ITALIAN RHYTHM TO THE SNAPPIEST DANCE THIS FAMOUS TEAM HAS EVER DONE

WANT to startle your home town with the biggest dance sensation in seasons? If you do, you have a chance with this preview of Ginger Rogers' and Fred Astaire's most exciting dance from "Top Hat"—they specially posed their "Piccolino" steps for you in a modified ballroom version that is easy to learn but exciting to dance. Here goes!

(1) The beginning. On the vamp of the music the partners do individual turns to right swinging into ballroom position.

(2) The Piccolino Step. This is the key step of the dance and the essence of this ballroom version. Step with the right foot to the right and then back to the original position, to the count of one-two. Then to a one-two-three count, take three steps to the right, finishing with both feet together. Repeat exactly the same combination of steps to the left, leading with the left foot. Repeat the whole four times, alternating the right and left combinations.

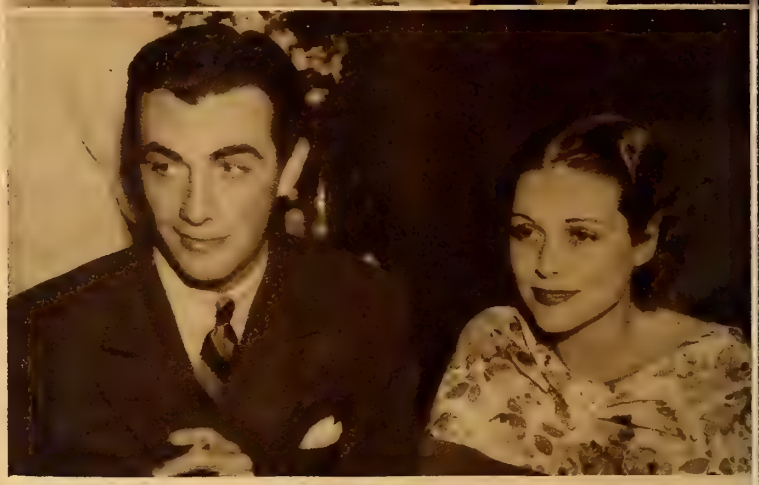
(3) The dip kick. Partners separate to a vamp in the music, step with the left foot, dip and lightly kick the floor with the right foot in the rear. Then step with the right foot, dip and kick the floor with the left foot. Repeat the combination twice and step back to ballroom position.

(4) The Piccolino Box—repeat the Piccolino Step, (*Continued on page 81*)

A YOUNG MAN ON HIS WAY

BOB TAYLOR'S STILL A SMALL-TOWN BOY







At left, Robert Taylor in person—one of the swellest fledgling stars in all Hollywood. Right above, with June Knight in a scene from "Broadway Melody of 1936." And below, dining out with Irene Hervey who is his best girl and his greatest inspiration to succeed. They go steadily together but to quiet, simple places like any small-town couple, he says.

BY FAITH SERVICE



TAKE A young man off'n a college campus, spin the wheel of chance and place him in a studio, his feet on the Milky Way to stardom—and you have a human equation worth studying.

This happened to Robert Taylor, née Brough. He was born in Filley, Nebraska, "raised" in Beatrice, the only son of the late good Doctor Brough and his wife. Conservative, small-town people, the Broughs, unworldly and of simple tastes. People who still thought that theatre folks belonged in some sort of zoo, along with the circus animals and spangled performers. If you had told the late Dr. Brough that his only son would live to become a "moom-pitcher" actor you would have found yourself laughed right out of his surgery.

YOUNG ROBERT had a careful, a religious upbringing. Sunday School and church every week, grace at table, prayers at night. He was raised to believe that drink is a curse indeed and that the demon nicotine is not for godly young men. He was taught that good is good and bad is bad and that there is no blurring the line between. He has not failed that teaching. Even now he does not smoke nor take a drink—certainly not in the presence of his mother, if at all.

And so Robert, the only child, had a happy, comfortable and normal childhood. All of the necessities, few of the luxuries. People in Beatrice did not, for the most part, hold with the flesh-pots. Such things as de luxe parties, opulent cars and romances to (*Continued on page 64*)

STAR WORRIER

BY FRANC DILLON



She'll deny vehemently that she makes the rest of her cast step to keep up with her dramatic pace, but her leading men will tell you that Bette Davis is a worry! At right you see Bette and George Brent listening intently to Director Keighley on the "Special Agent" set.



"IT'S HORRIBLE to be a star," said Bette Davis.

She said it with a finality that brooked no argument.

One couldn't doubt her sincerity, although she presented anything but the picture of a disgruntled actress, as she waited in her studio dressing room to be called to the set. Wearing a smart satin pajama suit, she looked exactly what she is—a successful and contented young woman who has made up her mind exactly where she is going, and most people think she's there already.

In fact, if Bette were one to rest on her laurels, she could relax, secure in the knowledge that she has just about reached the top in acting art. It is well known around the studios that when Bette is in a picture, it is up to the rest of the cast to keep their minds on their work or she'll walk right away with the honors.

James Cagney, Leslie Howard, Paul Muni, John Eldredge, George Brent—all of her leading men—have only the most enthusiastic praise for her work even though there must have been times when they worried a little and wondered how they were (*Continued on page 86*)

BETTE SETS AN ACTING "HIGH" HARD TO FOLLOW!

SOME WITTY SLANTS ON JOLLY OLD ENGLAND

BY ROWENA CURTIS

DEAREST ANNE,

I'm wearing sack cloth and ashes! Not that it's fashionable in London. But I'm wearing it anyhow. For you. On account of, I'm so sorry for not having written you sooner.

But what a whirl I've been in since landing in England. I'm dizzier than usual. But I'll try to stop going around in circles, and start at the beginning, my little one. For I know you want a full confession.

London is a divine place, and I've completely fallen in love with England. (Don't repeat that aloud in Hollywood—it might start rumors of a romance.)

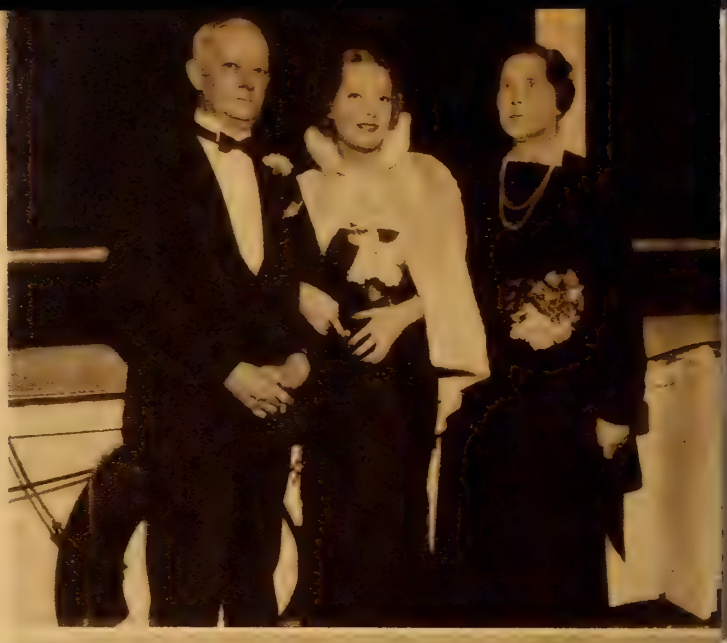
AS YOU may remember, I arrived just at the start of the King's Silver Jubilee. And don't you ever, ever believe the English are staid and unemotional. For two solid weeks the town went mad—people filling the streets night and day, singing and cheering.

I saw the procession, and confess that I hurrah-ed as loudly as any Cockney present. But it *was* thrilling—brilliant with color; gorgeously uniformed troops of Hussars, Bengal Lancers, Horse Guards and Dragoons; Rajahs in cloth of gold, wearing diamonds as large as turkey eggs; cathedral bells ringing, and millions of voices raised in rejoicing.

However, life isn't all cathedral chimes and national anthems! I've had troubles, too. It's the language. You'd better study English before you come over. I wish I had. You avoid lots of trouble by knowing the language.

Boner Number One I pulled at the Savoy the evening I arrived, at a reception Gaumont-British gave in my honor. I asked for a napkin. In England, napkin means diaper. Serviette is the word, of course, Darling. Yes, I blushed.

Further confusion was caused by the fact that in Merrie Olde England "ladies room" (*Continued on page 68*)



Britishers think Helen speaks "funny American" because of the Texas accent she can't conquer. Above is Helen with her father and mother when she sailed to make "King of the Damned."



A LETTER *from* HELEN VINSON



HE'S LOOKING FOR A *Sweetheart*

Likeable Gene, who makes feminine hearts flutter, puzzles over his romantic future. Above, with Ann Sothern, reputedly his current heart throb, in "Hooray for Love." They will be teamed again in "Believe It Beloved."



GENE RAYMOND TELLS WHY HE HASN'T ONE

BY MARTHA KERR



GENE TOLD me I couldn't tell this story. So I'm going to tell you the missing romance chapter in his life. Gene said, *"I've never been in love because no girl has ever given me a chance to be."*

And as utterly unbelievable as that may sound to you, it's the stomp down truth!

If you've been wondering why (or *how*) Gene Raymond—twenty-seven, handsome, successful—is still single, here's the answer. And not only is it one of the most amazing stories I ever ran into, but it's a look-in on fame such as I never got before.

IF YOU'VE been wondering why Gene Raymond is still single you haven't been by yourself, either. Over the boudoir ashtrays and strictly hen tea tables of Hollywood's younger femmes his blessed bachelordom has undergone many a conversational dissection. I've been in on some of them. But nobody ever seemed to find the reason.

It's too hard to believe a fellow like Gene couldn't woo and walk off with almost any fair lady who caught his fancy. He's certainly handsome enough. He has shoulders like the Lincoln Memorial, blue eyes with a swift gay grin in them, and a physique that's young and hard from consistent exercise. His hair is by no means the platinum product the camera gives it credit for being—it's plain, bona-fide blonde. A blonde that's entirely loyal to the Guion family tree—for Gene's real name, you know, is Raymond Guion.

He's certainly popular enough to rate all kinds of chances at love, for Gene evermore does the masculine equivalent of "getting around plenty." A beau-by-beau description (*Continued on page 76*)

IT TOOK CHARLIE FIVE YEARS TO RECOGNIZE AND LOVE HIS SONS

PAPA



THERE comes now from Hollywood a story stranger than the majority of odd tales which originate in that odd city of oddities. And it concerns a man who is concededly one of its strangest and most unconventional inhabitants. It's a story of Charlie Chaplin. A story of the metamorphosis of Charlie Chaplin from a man who, for years, unnaturally ignored—aye, apparently even resented—his two sons, into probably the fondest, kindest, most doting father Hollywood has ever known. So strange is this transmutation of the man Chaplin that even Hollywood, usually blasé beyond belief, stands amazed!

There is today nothing too good for Charlie's two little sons—Sidney Earle, now nine, named after Charlie's beloved brother, and Charles Spencer Chaplin, Junior, ten. There is no kindness too great for Charlie to shower on them. There is no limit to the pride Charlie displays in them—and yet . . .

AND YET, up to less than three years ago, Charlie had refused to see them. After his divorce from Lita Grey, their mother, he ignored them—save for the gesture, at court order, of setting aside a trust fund for them which would forever insure them against want. But of fatherly devotion, of that natural yearning of a father to see his own flesh and blood, of these things there was evident in Chaplin not one iota. And today he's utterly mad about them. Let me tell you about it—from the beginning to today; from the birth of the youngsters to the things Charlie does now to demonstrate his pride in them.

Or maybe it'd be better to begin with "The Little Mouse."

YOU SEE, many years ago Chaplin confessed to a friend that it was his ambition to make his life an unsurpassedly vivid one. And one of the facets of his philosophy was to try to experience, during his lifetime, all of the thrills that fall to the lot of a human. In colloquial words—"try everything once!" That's never been told before—but one of the experiences he wanted was to be a father—to have the sensation that from his own flesh should come and survive a living entity.

When he was married to Mildred Harris he fulfilled that desire. But there was a tragic ending. The story of "The Little Mouse" is an old one—you probably know it. Shortly after Charlie Chaplin's baby was born to the lovely Mildred, it died. It did not even, yet, have a name; the gravestone calls it "The Little Mouse." Charlie was saddened for a mighty long time; he used to sit at the graveside and mourn, mourn, mourn.

And so, when in the middle of 1925, a son was born to Charlie and Lita Grey, who had by now succeeded Mildred Harris as Mrs. Chaplin, naturally all Hollywood thought Charlie would lavish the same mad affection on this newcomer as on that first lost child. Maybe he did. Charlie and Lita were happy then. They were happy, too, when the second youngster came, less than a year later—another boy.

But then came troubles. That's another old story. Everyone who knows anything at all about Hollywood knows that in 1927, after a super-sensational complaint, Lita divorced Charlie, got around $650,000 for having been his wife for a while, got the custody of the two children—each less than two years old at that time.

From that moment, Charlie's love for his two boys seemed to vanish. Maybe it didn't. Maybe in justice

Below, Sidney Earle Chaplin, age 9, and Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., 10.



Below, Charlie with Paulette Goddard whom both boys adore and respect.



CHAPLIN

BY HARRY LANG

one must say that his love for Lita, blackened into something bitter by the things that had been said against him in the divorce case, was so utterly outraged that some of the resentment turned, too, against her children—even though they were his own.

AS THEIR father, naturally, the courts of California held him to accounting for the children's welfare. Because he was rich, it was a handsome accounting. Into the bank went a trust fund of some half million dollars! It guaranteed to each of the youngsters an annual income of $6,000. But beyond that, Charlie did not go—then.

For five years, Charlie did not see his sons. For much of that time they were abroad, being educated in foreign schools. Lita thought that was the thing to do. Too, they had governesses and chauffeurs and a hundred and one things that belong to little boys whom more rugged, self-reliant little boys call "sissies". Wasn't it strange that, a few years later, Charlie should have exploded with that same word?—that he was sick and tired of Lita bringing his sons up as sissies.

Well, at the end of that five years, there happened something that aroused at last, to a fighting pitch, the father-love that had been lying dormant in this Chaplin who didn't even bother to see his sons; to do anything personal for them; to visit them or have them visit him. That thing was the sudden move of Lita Grey to put the two boys in the movies.

For them, as their guardian, she signed a three-year contract with the Fox studio, calling for them to appear in a series of pictures. Of course, it was in the papers, with a grand ballyhoo of press-agentry. And, of course, Charlie saw it.

IT WAS then that there occurred in the heart and the mind and the soul of this father the metamorphosis that has made Hollywood history. Like a tiger, he leaped into the arena—the courts. With almost as much bitterness as Lita had hurled at him in their divorce, he fought her move to put the boys into pictures.

"I want them to grow up to be normal children, without any undue attention and publicity. I want them to enjoy their youth; to romp and play like other children," he told the world. "It is their future happiness I have in mind. I, myself, had to go to work when I was five years old, but—" (and he called the court's attention to that half-million-dollar trust fund he had established for them) *"they do not have to!"*

There were big lawyers in the case. Charlie's wealth was thrown into the fight. Suddenly, everything he had was none too good for the youngsters whom, for five years, he had seemed to spurn. He suddenly seemed to realize they were his own as much as they were Lita's, and out of that realization perhaps came a flaming parental love, much stronger for having been, for so many years, crushed down, denied, choked.

Well, Charlie won the fight. The court ruled that the written consent of *both* parents was necessary before the children might be put to work—and the judge in no uncertain terms chastised Lita Grey for having made the effort. And, of course, Chaplin never would and never will sign any authorization for those youngsters to be employed in a movie studio or elsewhere.

And now came another phase of this awakened father-consciousness. Charlie, who for five years hadn't gone about seeing his children, suddenly wanted to see them. He demanded that he be (*Continued on page 72*)

Charlie, below, as you will see him in "Charlie Chaplin in Modern Times."



His fans have waited long for comedy like this.



Still another amusing scene from his new film.





1 Place your right hand on the back of a chair.

2 Take hold of your left ankle with your left hand.

3 Lean forward and pull your leg up with left hand.

THE WEATHER man says it's Indian summer, but for me, it's winter. I'm snowed in. And just trying to dig my way out from under. I need a shovel to help me through all the letters and photographs that have been dumped in my lap.

But listen, babies, I love it. The only kind of heaviness I don't complain about is the heavy morning mail. The more problems you present to me the better I like it. My mission in life is to help everyone of you to overcome your face and figure faults. And that's from the heart, because I know that every fault can be turned into an attraction. The only thing that can't be corrected is wrong bone structure. But just a minute! I can teach you how to hide it. How's that for you?

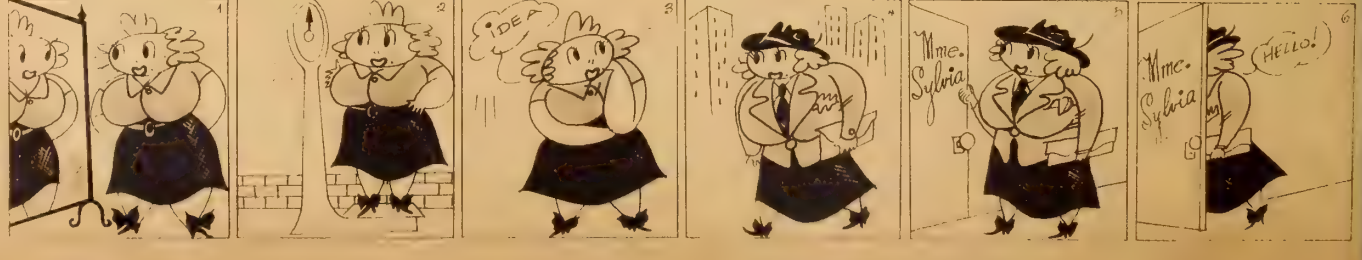
It's swell to know that I can help you thousands and thousands of girls to happiness. You can't be completely happy when you're dissatisfied with your looks. And I'm here to tell you how wonderful you can look if you'll do what Sylvia tells you.

LAST MONTH I asked all the gals who look like Jean Harlow to send me their pictures. Well, I don't believe in steam baths but I feel as if I'm in one when I go over these pictures. I never realized there was so many girls who could double for the platinum kid. And believe me little Jeanie had better watch her step. She'd better be a good girl and not cause her studio any trouble or I'll tip her bosses off that the world is full of Harlows in the making.

In next month's article you'll find my selection of the girl who looks most like Harlow. I'll tell her how she can overcome her defects and I'll publish her picture in MODERN SCREEN.

The month after that I will decide on the girls who look

MADAME SYLVIA REVEALS THE INSIDE DOPE ON





4 Here is a back view of the same exercise as shown on page 40.

5 Pull hard for good-looking legs and bulgeless thighs.

6 Do this exercise 5 times, left and right. Increase to 20 times.

like Joan Crawford. There's still time for you Crawford doubles to get your photographs in.

And now for Constance Bennett. Come on you willowy blondes. Remember you don't have to look exactly like her. Connie didn't always look as she does now. Believe me, I *know*. I gave Connie a course of treatments she shouldn't forget—although sometimes when I see her on the screen I think she has forgotten.

IF YOU bear the faintest resemblance to Dick Bennett's girl send me your photograph. The best one will be published in this magazine and I will send the winner a complete personal course of instructions, telling her exactly how she can remodel herself.

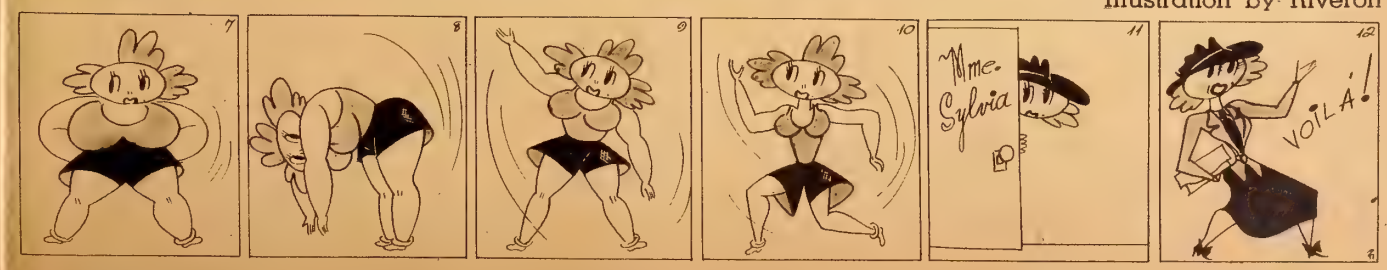
Maybe all this sounds as if I've been too busy answering your letters and looking at your photographs to do anything else. But that's not so. I had to get a few laughs for myself, so I've been reading the newspapers. I've been reading what some of the so-called beauty experts have to say about the "feminine figure divine." And of all the bunk! Some of them tell you to do everything but hang by your teeth from the chandelier if you want beautiful toe nails. And I wouldn't be surprised some morning to read about that.

The little item that got me down was the one about Rosa Ponselle and her bicycle. Rosa is quoted as saying, "If I can work off some poundage and my tests are satisfactory I'm going to make pictures." So what does she do? She rides a bicycle!

I'll admit that bicycle riding, swimming and all such violent exercise *may* make you weigh less. But I just wonder if La Ponselle ever heard about muscles. When you exercise the wrong way muscles become as over-developed as some movie (*Continued on page 88*)

"BEAUTY BUNK" AND FALSE REDUCING METHODS

Illustration by Riveron



LET'S GET GRACE MOORE'S "TEMPERAMENT" STRAIGHT

SHE DOESN'T DENY SHE'S "HARD TO HANDLE" BECAUSE SHE'S MADE A SUCCESS OUT OF IT!



MANY STARS have said, "I am not going to let Hollywood spoil me! I am going to remain myself, no matter what happens."

Hepburn has said it—Claudette Colbert, Garbo, Dietrich, Kay Francis. So far as I know, Grace Moore has never given such an interview; has never said it. Yet Grace is one woman who has refused definitely to let Hollywood make any change in her. She left Hollywood, after her first two pictures partly because she wouldn't sacrifice the temperament which makes her a great singer and a fascinating woman.

When a producer told her, during the making of these original productions, "You're acting like a prima donna," she answered, "But I *am* a prima donna."

She emphatically refused to become more or less than what she was. She spurned the opportunity to pattern herself to what was then the model for a motion picture actress. As a result, she is not just one more picture star, today. She is a prima donna starring in motion pictures and as such, she is making big money for the box-office.

It is because Grace Moore refused to lose the temperament of a prima donna for the sake of becoming a motion picture actress that we have "One Night of Love" and "Love Me Forever."

For it is true that, if temperament is leashed, you can still act well in the eyes of a clever camera. But you cannot sing well, *anywhere,* when the fire, the passion, the temper has been processed from you by caution.

Grace Moore has never denied she was "hard to handle" when she made those first two pictures, "A Lady's Morals" and "New Moon." She does not argue about being "difficult" today. Why deny the truth?

How well I remember the stormy impetuosities of that fiery-eyed newcomer. I dropped onto the set of "New Moon" to chat with her. Her eyes were twin balls of a very blue flame. Her lips trembled, her hands clasped and unclasped, indicating nerves pitched to the screeching point. Her words tumbled like water, gushing from an overflowing fountain.

They knew nothing about singing! They knew nothing of song! A woman could not *sing* a scene she could not feel! She might act it but not sing it! A woman could not sing with the well-oiled mechanism of an automobile engine running in high gear. These pictures! They were not for artists. They were for technicians. They were not for one who understood what would please or not please, in song. What did Hollywood know of pleasing with song? What did Hollywood know of Grace Moore? The picture would be bad. She would be bad. Should pictures ruin Grace Moore, the opera singer, who had appeared before crowned heads in Europe?

She walked from the set. Not once but again and again. She cried. She lost her temper. But the picture went on—with the usual motion picture formula; a formula proven successful for actresses but not for prima donnas!

TAKE THE huge press party thrown in her honor. It was in the imposing and regal home, perched on a high knoll, looking down upon the studio where she was working. This was the only possible house worthy of a prima donna to be found in Culver City. She had a chateau on the Riviera; she had lived in Mary Garden's be-satinned villa, even while she was studying.

They told us Grace Moore appeared at this party she was supposed to be giving. If she did, many of us did not see her. We swam, we listened to orchestra music, we ate of heavy foods and drank of delicate liquids. Rumors flew among us as swiftly and stingingly as mosquitoes. Some said Miss Moore refused to play hostess to a group whom she had not invited personally but had been bid through a publicity department; others said she was tired, too tired to be merry among strangers. Again, we heard this was her day for remaining in bed, drinking milk—a ritual not to be disturbed for any reason. True or not true, we left in various moods but with one concerted idea: it wouldn't take Hollywood long to extract the temperament from this hoighty-toighty lady from New York and Europe.

And that was our mistake. We didn't know then that we were expecting Grace Moore to lose for Hollywood everything she had learned for the sake of her singing.

It was not easy for Grace (*Continued on page 70*)



BY RUTH BIERY

Grace Moore was told that she would never really sing until she acquired fire to her personality and had run the gamut of emotions. So, she tried the temperamental diva role and found it amazingly successful! Now a star, she's a famous spitfire, too, and she won't change back to the docile little singer from Jellico, Tennessee. Right, a scene from "Love Me Forever" with Leo Carrillo—her second big screen success.



IT ISN'T IN THE

WHAT ISN'T? THE NAME FOR THE NEW GLAMOR.



I HATE to make it tough on all you gals who have just mastered the gentle art of draping yourselves languorously on a divan and looking up through fluttering eyelashes with smoldering eyes—but all that is out! Yes, my dears, there is a new school, a new cult, a new creed in Hollywood. They haven't a word for it yet but the lexicographers, scientists, technicians and Greeks are working on it right this minute. We'll stop the presses, hold the wires and call out the police cars when the word is coined.

In the meantime all I can do is to tell you the story, describe the new sex appeal and tip you off on how to go about getting it.

As a matter of fact, Myrna Loy is responsible. No, no, Genevieve, I don't mean the Myrna Loy who mowed men down and left 'em writhing with one exotic death ray from her slanted eyes.

I'm talking about the new Myrna Loy—that spritely gal of "The Thin Man" and other films, who could take sex or leave it alone (even with a hangover), who was a real pal, could match wisecrack for wisecrack with any male, could look cute with an ice bag on her head and didn't need a single revealing negligée to trap a man.

THAT'S THE new girl. That's the 1935 version of allure, appeal, charm, "it," vamp, flapper, glamor. And if you're going to be popular, if you're going to have all the men ca-razy for you, you've got to master the new technique. If you do, you'll be dancing away with the captain of the football team while the glamor girls are sitting there untangling their eyelashes.

Hollywood sets the fashion not only in clothes and kitchens, figures and bathrooms, but in sex appeal as well. And if you'll listen carefully to my story, you can be your own barometer and one jump ahead of the other girls in your set.

Just glance down the pages of the history of sex appeal—and the gals with that quality knew how to make history—and you'll see that the world's behavior has been dictated by the grease paint folk.

There was Theda Bara. Remember her? Well, your mother does. In fact, probably your mother wound



DICTIONARY. . .

YOU SUGGEST ONE—WE HAVE GIVEN UP

her hair around her neck, put on a long, slinky black satin dress and lured your father that way.

Anyhow they called Theda a vamp. And what she did was known as vamping. And it must have been pretty gosh-awful if you ask me. For the very sight of Theda and her ilk coming onto the scene was enough to tip off the innocent gent that trouble was about to brew.

THE WAY to vamp was to slither (and how is your slithering today?) into a room, run your two hands down the side of your body until they reached the hips and then stand there and heave your chest up and down for a count of thirty. After this you dilated your nostrils for twenty counts and then your victim would either fall into your arms or run screaming from the room.

Then the movie mood changed. And before you could say "Bela Lugosi" there was a brand new type of sex appeal as exemplified by Lillian Gish. All the girls exchanged their black satin dresses (those that hadn't been torn to shreds) for dimity. (Who knows what dimity is?) And instead of slithering about they fluttered.

What Lillian Gish had wasn't even known as sex appeal then. It was only after it was discovered that the helpless Lillian could get anything she wanted from men—from new drapes for her dressing room (from the prop boy) to million dollar contracts (from the executives)—that we tumbled. You see, coming so close on the diamond heels of Theda Bara everyone was taken unawares by Lillian and thought she was just appealing to the spiritual in man's nature.

And that, girls, is the secret of being one jump ahead and the reason it's such a good idea. The minute a man catches on that a certain type is out to lure him, it's time to change the type. It throws him off guard and off balance—this change. And he doesn't know the new mode is really the same old sex appeal until he's walking down the church aisle and reluctantly murmuring "I do."

NO, GISH had 'em all confused. She jumped up on one little step and jumped (*Continued on page 82*)

Vamps, "it" girls and glamor girls are passé . . . there's a new type of sex appeal on the market. You've got to be smart, sophisticated, and chic . . . in the Myrna Loy manner.



BY KATHERINE ALBERT

PICTURES BY ABRIL LAMARQUE



Confessions OF AN EXTRA GIRL

A GREAT STAR PROMISES TO HELP HER

Part 3

NOW WE enter the third installment of this exciting true story of a young girl who went to Hollywood for fame but found many obstacles in her way. Her anonymity must be kept because she still is working in pictures.

Discouraged, at first, by scheming and unscrupulous men in cheap "quickie" picture companies, she meets an artist on a bus who asks her to come to his studio to pose for a stocking ad. Fearing further insults, she decides not to go but a lack of funds drives her to it. To decide an argument between the artist and his uncle, who is a famous and eccentric director, she is given the long hoped for screen "test"—only to find it is all just one of the eccentric director's whims and doesn't bring her even a job. However, the artist, realizing that he has done her an injustice, secures a job for her on the Garbo picture, "Romance." Pick up the story here—

AND NOW I actually was at work, whisked from the wardrobe department, to the make-up rooms, to the set. It was all so exciting, so glamorous and I was so eager to make good that I didn't hear what was being said around me. I didn't pay much attention to the other extra girls. And that, I learned to my sorrow, was a mistake.

I was all eyes, awaiting the arrival of Garbo. I had seen her once, you remember, as she whizzed by me going into the studio. Then I had been on the outside looking in. And now I was working, actually on a set.

Clarence Brown was the director. His assistant told us where we were to stand when the scene was filmed. And then we were allowed to sit on benches, waiting.

One of the extra girls—whom I shall call Peg—said to me in a loud voice, "You're new, aren't you?"

I DIDN'T want anyone to know I was new because I was afraid they would think I wasn't capable. So I *whispered,* "Yes," and turned away so she would not pursue the subject.

That was mistake number two. It seemed as if I always were making mistakes in Hollywood. I didn't have time to realize it was a false move for at that moment Garbo arrived. (*Continued on page 73*)

The "bit" part with Garbo in "Romance" which she muffed because of a girl's cruelty.

SHE KEEPS BEAUTIFUL BY SCHEDULE

CAROLE LOMBARD GIVES YOU HER BEAUTY ROUTINE

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES

I CAUGHT Carole with her hair down the other day! I caught her right in the act of doing what she does to stay glamorous! And, when you witness La Lombard in an episode like that—well, it's just too swell to keep. You have to go around telling people all about it.

These girls—like Carole, I mean—who *always* look so flawlessly well-groomed. These *perfect* girls who always manage to carry around such impeccable waves, manicures and make-ups that no matter where they go, or when, they invariably look like Exhibit A. You've seen them—they just never have a suspicion of shiny nose, a hair out of place, a grin out of gear or a wayward eyebrow, even. Well, I don't know what they do to you, but they practically turn me green.

Now, of course, any gal can look glamorous once in a while. If something big is doing at the Club on Saturday night, and you don't mind hibernating in a beauty parlor all afternoon, you usually can rig yourself up to look heavenly for an evening, anyway. But when it comes to staying that way 168 hours a week, no matter how busy you are, that's different. Most girls can't do it. And the blessed few who can, I decided, were hoarding a secret they'd hoarded long enough.

SO I went and picked on Carole, who happens to be the smoothest star I know. And I caught her with her hair down, both figuratively and literally.

"C'mon up," she called, leaning a mop of wet sunny curls over her upstairs banister. "Sorry, I couldn't finish this before you got here, but today's the day for my shampoo and I had to 'tend to it."

She gave her hair a few more vigorous rubs, slipped into a pair of gay crimson pajamas and fluffed her crowning glory over the back of a chaise longue. "Now shoot—what's up?"

"Carole," I said, "for heaven's sake *how do you do it?* I mean how do you manage to look so darn well-groomed all the time? I never can find a single run-down item about you to harp on—not even one iota of cracked fingernail polish!"

She laughed the Lombard laugh, and wiggled her toes into oyster piqué mules. "Simple, old booby," she answered. "Instead of doing everything to myself on Saturday, for (Continued on page 67)



Sleek, lovely Carole, always impeccable, as she is in "Hands Across the Table."



Claire Dodd's dull gold cloth evening ensemble with silver fox lavishly used.



Corded black wool and white velvet in a three-piece suit worn by Claire, also.



Claire again, this time in a lamé tunic dinner gown with brief jacket on arm.

How about your

LOOK FOR SOFT DRAPERY, RICH FABRICS, DEEP

ALL YOU have to do is to write about fashions to have everyone plaguing you about what's going to be smart weeks before a season is well on its way. Since everyone has been asking me the question which I am using for the title of this month's story, I decided to turn the tables on all of you and ask the same question!

If you don't know what you want to buy, or what style trend you can safely start out upon in these early months of fall, let's study what the leading designers in Hollywood, New York and Paris have to say. They have to be fashion seers, looking farther ahead than we even can buy, so with a few of their good hints, we can do our

Thelma Todd's suit, in "Two for Tonight."

Mary Ellis' ermine, "Paris in Spring."

Unusual robe worn by Mary Ellis, below.

Elissa Landi's wrap, "Without Regret."











Softly draped bodice and looser lines for black daytime dress of Gail Patrick's.



The new rich feeling of the mode in the embroidery on Gail's dinner costume.



Banton adapts a "Crusades" chain mail suit for this formal gown of Gail's.

fall clothes...?

COLORS WHEN SHOPPING By ADELIA BIRD

shopping with a pretty practical yet smart chart to go by.

Probably you have heard about the Italian Renaissance trend. Have you? All the designers and stylists are excited about it. Used with discretion it can be charming as well as fun, overdone, it can be as sad a flop as the Empress Eugenie excitement of a few years past. The introduction of style influences derived from the Italian Renaissance, gives you a very elegant sweep to your hats as well as to your costumes.

As you remember, this was the period in Italian history when all art flourished and when painters bedecked their subjects in the richest fabrics, the most elaborate

Tweed on Oberon in "The Dark Angel."

Madeleine Carroll's coat in "39 Steps."

Cuff brim beret from "The Clairvoyant."

Another tweed suit on Merle Oberon.











Olivia De Haviland steps forth in her new gray kid-skin coat with cord tie sash.

ornamentations and rare jewels. It was a time when rich color was spread across all the canvases. And this is the essence of the Italian Renaissance trend in fashion which both Paris and Hollywood designers are intrigued with at the moment.

In Hollywood, most of the leading designers are showing increasing drapery in their more formal daytime and evening skirts and bodices. They are using jeweled girdles and buckles, rich fabrics and embroidery. Often the fabrics have jeweled, metallic or embroidered motifs for surface elaboration.

IN PARIS, the following details are characteristic of the Renaissance influence — open necklines, either square, yoked or off-the-shoulder. Wide, jeweled girdles, large berets, draped and befeathered hats. Lots of velvet in dresses and wraps. Evening capes that are full and long, swinging from the shoulders and dropping in sweeping circles to the floor. And then there are the Italian Renaissance colors which designers have dubbed by the names of artists and famous Italian families of that period. There's Titian red, Medici purple, Botticelli blue, Cellini green and a wine red named for the famous wine poisoners, the Borgias! Rust and coppery tones, many deep purplish colors and much gold in trimming are all typical of this fashion movement.

Don't be led astray by too much elaboration, however. The basic feeling of the whole fall picture is one of simplicity in line with details making the added gaiety and colorfulness.

You can wear your daytime skirts shorter and fuller, if you wish. For evening you will still cling to the longer line. You can have skirt and bodice drapery, if it becomes you. And, on the other hand, you can turn right around and feel perfectly comfortable in a jersey shirtwaist dress or a trim woolen coat frock. You can stick a feather in your hat, or you can wear the plainest of berets with a sharp jut forward and more fullness to give it a fall flair.

One thing I think you are going to cheer, because I know I do, and that is the return of wrappy lines in coats. Somehow, I never feel quite so snug as I do when I have my winter coat wrapped around me with a warm lap-over, just for that purpose.



Olivia, again, in a trim box jacket suit and brown felt hat with interesting brim line.

YOU'LL LIKE the fuller skirts for daytime. Some have the fullness concentrated at front, this is achieved either with pleats or a godet ripple effect below the belt lines of the skirt. Not only dresses but coats are showing this treatment. There is back fullness, too, particularly stressed in short jackets with flaring backs.

Did you like tunics last fall? Well, they are in again and in many smart guises. The tunic length jacket on fall suits is one of the newest examples of it.

Rather than go on listing fall details and trends which are hard to remember unless you see actual garments illustrating the ideas, I have selected a number of Hollywood costumes which illustrate many of these new points. On pages 48 and 49, you will see some scenes taken from new pictures, each one showing some interesting fashion idea from that particular picture. At the top of these pages are some more fashions that are representative of the clothes the smartest stars are now buying for their fall wardrobes.

"Smart Girl" is the pat title of Gail Patrick's next picture for she wears some stunning clothes designed for her by Travis Banton. One of these costumes is illustrated, the other two worn by Gail being from her personal wardrobe. The gown worn in the picture is an excellent example of the Renaissance trend. It is black dull velvet with a deep square neckline and short pointed train. The entire front is beautifully embroidered in gold thread and the long sleeves also are embroidered. Over this goes a hip-length jacket of gold lamé, reminiscent in design of a page boy's blouse. It is a costume that is simple in line but perfectly balanced by its charming detailing.

For a first fall afternoon and daytime dress, Gail wears black crepe. The bodice shows the new soft fullness that gives a drape feeling to the gown, the softly folded (*Continued on page 64*)

A striding step on Olivia to let you see the new width and shortness of her fall dress.



MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER

"For Flavor and Mildness I've never found a cigarette that compares with Camel"



Mrs. Van Rensselaer finds America gayer and more stimulating than Europe. "If I'm tired from the exhilarating American pace," she says, "smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift'—a feeling of renewed energy, and I'm all ready to go on to the next thing." Camels release your latent energy in a safe way.



At home or abroad, Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer smokes Camels. "Once you've enjoyed Camel's full, mild flavor, it is terribly hard to smoke any other cigarette," she says. "I can't bear a strong cigarette—that is why I smoke Camels." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos than you get in any other popular brand. Camels are milder!

AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*





Mrs. Van Rensselaer at Palma de Mallorca. She says: "Americans abroad are tremendously loyal to Camels. They never affect my nerves. I can smoke as many Camels as I want and never be nervous or jumpy." Camel's costlier tobaccos *do* make a difference!

Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos ...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand

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Margaret Sullavan as Valette Bedford in Paramount's "So Red the Rose," based on Stark Young's saga of the South. No wonder gentlemen were chivalrous when ladies looked like this. There were rumors recently about a split between Margaret and her husband, Director William Wyler. But apparently they were very idle rumors indeed, for Margaret and Willie seem completely devoted.

Every Wrinkle you See... STARTED UNDER YOUR SKIN



Miss Ann Keeble, New York: "Pond's not only cleans—It keeps away lines, blackheads."

BUT "DEEP-SKIN" CREAM *reaches down—*

keeps common Skin Faults away



Mrs. Douglas Robinson

grandniece of the late THEODORE ROOSEVELT, and granddaughter of his famous sister, the late MRS. CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look clearer—tired lines disappear."

1 LINES FADE when wasting *under* tissues are stimulated.

2 BLACKHEADS GO when clogging secretions are removed, and *underskin* stimulation prevents clogging.

3 BLEMISHES STOP coming when blackheads that cause them are prevented.

4 PORES REDUCE when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions from within the skin.

5 DRY SKIN SOFTENS when penetrating oils sink in, failing oil glands grow active.

6 TISSUES WON'T SAG when underskin fibres are toned up and stimulated.

UGLY LITTLE LINES... dreaded wrinkles ... don't "just happen" overnight! Every wrinkle, every line that streaks your face had its start *under* your skin. Tiny fibres hidden out of sight, lost their snap—Tissues you can't see went thin and sagging. Then, one day the skin you *do* see fell into little creases.

The same way with practically all common skin faults. Blemishes, blackheads, sagging tissues—all start deep in your underskin, when tiny glands and blood vessels, nerves and fibres begin to fail.

Skin faults go—new ones can't start

What your skin needs is a cream that does more than cleanse—a "deep-skin" cream that goes right down and fights those lines and blemishes *where they start.*

This is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does. Its specially processed oils sink deep into the pores. There, patted briskly, Pond's rouses the underskin. Circulation quickens. Lazy glands get busy. Fibres regain their snap. At the same time, long-lodged dirt and make-up flush out of your pores. Loosened by this deep-reaching cream!

Where Skin Faults begin: Below the dark layer is the underskin where tiny glands, blood vessels nourish your outer skin—*if* you keep them active!



One creaming shows how Pond's Cold Cream cleans and stimulates. Right after it's wiped off, your skin blooms fresher, livelier—clean—clear to its depths.

As you keep on using it, lines soften—blackheads and blemishes stop coming. Even very dry skin softens into supple texture. Your face takes on a new firmness—a radiant fresh-air look!

Every night, give your skin this double-benefit treatment. Pat Pond's Cold Cream in vigorously. See the deep-lodged dirt come completely out. Feel your skin refreshed, invigorated to its depths.

Every morning... reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It leaves your skin so soft and fine that powder goes on with a smooth, allover evenness. Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube

Begin to clear YOUR *skin faults away*

POND'S, Dept. K- 50, Clinton Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(*Continued from page 10*)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Enchanted April (RKO)	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2½★	4★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3½★	3★	3★		4★	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★	4★		3★	3★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Evergreen (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★		3★	2½★	2★
The Florentine Dagger (Warners)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	1★		2★	2★	2★
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★		4★	3★	3★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
George White's Scandals (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★		2★	3★
G-Men (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Gigolette (RKO)	2★	1★	1★	2★		1★		2★	2★	1★		1★	1★	1★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Ginger (Fox)	2★	3½★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3½★	3★			2★	3★
The Girl from 10th Avenue (Warners)	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★
Go Into Your Dance (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
Gold Diggers of 1935 (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★		3★	3★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★			2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★			3★	3★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
Hooray For Love (RKO)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★			2★	2★
In a Monastery Garden (Julius Hagen)	1★	1★	1★	2★		1★	2★	2½★	1★				2★	1★
In Caliente (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★		3★	3★
The Informer (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
In Old Santa Fe (Mascot)	2★			2½★		2½★		2★	2½★	2★			2½★	2★
The Iron Duke (G-B)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
It Happened In New York (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★		2½★	3★
Laddie (RKO)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2★		3★	2★	3★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	1½★	2★	1½★	1½★	2★	1★			2★	2★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	5★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	1★	2½★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★		3★	3★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
Loves of a Dictator (G-B)	3★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3½★	3★	3½★	2★			3★	3★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (G-B)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3½★	2½★	2½★	3★	1½★	2★	3★	3★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★		2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	2★	2★	1★			1★	1★	½★		1½★			2★	1½★
Men Without Names (Paramount)	3★	3★	2★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3½★	3★	2½★	4★	2½★	2★	3★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Mississippi (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	4★			3★	3★

(*Continued on page 100*)

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"



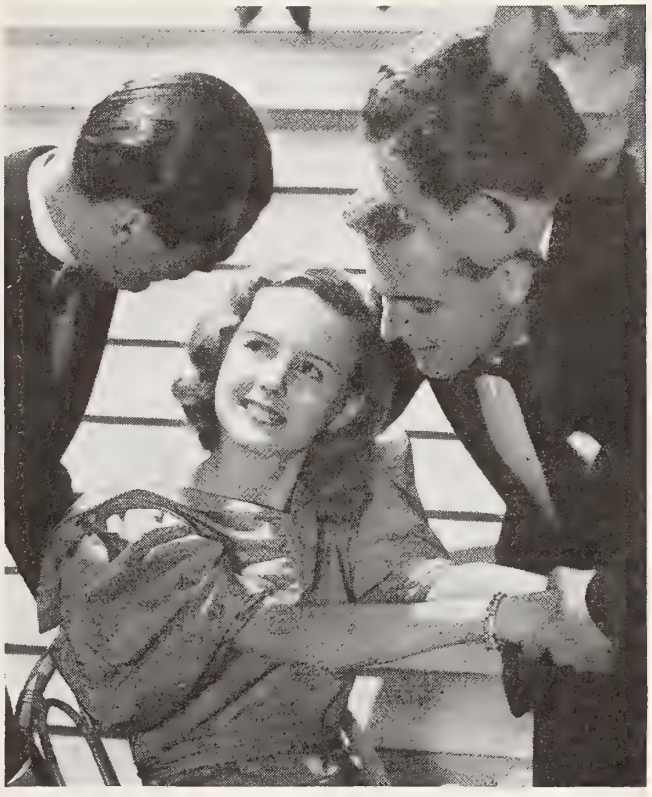
Pimples were "ruining her life"



1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have *died*. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.



2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!



3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get *any* time to sleep!"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun——

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood*. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"
.. writes Miss Healy.



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company . . . and sent for FREE folder."

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial."

"The massage-like action did it...the fat seemed to have melted away."

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds."

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
. . . it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer. . . Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 5310 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 13)

happened. He'd forgotten to put a flash lamp in his camera. Claudette screamed with glee and fled across the busy boulevard with Dr. P. in her wake.

■ ■ ■

And Cary Grant was so amused, he never even set the lad right! It seems that Cary was lunching at the Brown Derby with Marion Marsh when a young man, with a bunch of female tourists in tow, rushed up to his table. "These girls," he announced, "are mad about you! They've come all the way from the middle west to see you. Ladies," he continued enthusiastically, "permit me to introduce you to—George Brent." And Mr. Grant grinned and answered, "Pleased to meetcha."

■ ■ ■

This is about the tops in strange requests for autographs. When the Comedians vs. Leading Men Charity Baseball Game occurred at Wrigley Field recently, Minna Gombell was besieged for autographs. Minna had just bought a hot dog when one excited woman rushed at her. "If you'll write your name in ink on the hot dog and your husband signs the other half, I'll have my husband split it and frame both halves. He does artistic framing awfully well!" Truly it happened and trulier still, Miss Gombell obliged.

■ ■ ■

It wouldn't be a movie column if Mae West weren't represented and here's the best we could grab on her for the month. Mae was leaving the District Attorneys' Convention Banquet where she had conferred a Captaincy's honor to one of the bodyguards assigned to her after gangster threats. A spokesman for Miss W. had just announced that unaccustomed as Mae was to night life, she would appreciate being excused to go home to her little bed, etc. And so the Diamond Queen departed in a round of applause. But on the way out she happened to glance in the cocktail lounge where sat twenty handsome attorneys doing a little imbibing. "Well," sez Mae, "this looks interesting!" And b'gosh, it was. In fact, so interesting that the young woman left several hours later; that is, left for the Trocadero where she and her pals had some more fun.

■ ■ ■

Well, Margaret Sullavan and her director husband, William Wyler, are serene once more. That little tiff has blown over and so again they appear together at previews, benefits, etc. While the separation was on, however, Margaret continued to go places with the occasional escort of Miriam Hopkins and Katharine Hepburn. She didn't refuse to be photographed with him, either. In fact, 'twould seem Miss S. is never averse to a little comment about herself, going on the theory, no doubt, of it doesn't matter what they say as long as they keep talking.

■ ■ ■

A new angle on "what to do about affairs of the heart" was introduced last month by Lyle Talbot and his girl friend, Peggy Walters. In honor of the anniversary of their first date, Lyle invited a few friends in for cocktails, and the muchly off-again, on-again romance was glowingly toasted. Favors were, appropriately, Cupids mending their broken arrows, and Lyle and Peggy swore on a stack of French rolls to have no further tiffs.

(Continued on page 58)



How do you like Lee Tracy, George Raft and Jim Cagney in baseball regalia—participants in the Comedians vs. Leading Men Charity Baseball Game at Wrigley Field.



Romance **comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN**

SOFT, smooth skin wins romance —tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so *deeply* — gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all you wish if you *remove* them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. It will *protect* your skin—give it that smooth, *cared-for* look that's so appealing.





Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard against Cosmetic Skin

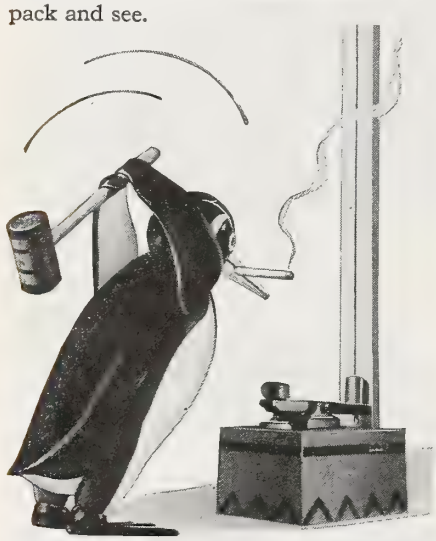
Claudette Colbert

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BRIDE COMES HOME"

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES
CORK-TIPPED

EVERY SMOKE A HIT!

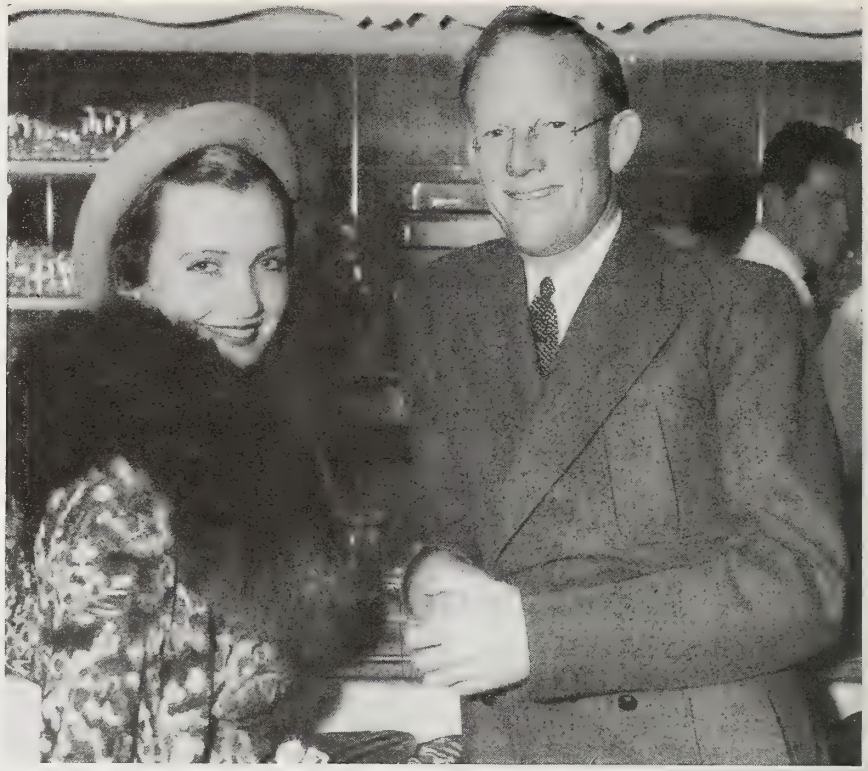
A touch of mild menthol to cool and refresh. The choicest of choice tobaccos for the fine tobacco lover. Cork tips to save lips. And a valuable B & W coupon in each pack. Save 'em for a choice of beautiful, useful premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only; write for FREE illustrated premium booklet.) More for your money every way in KOOLS—that's why sales soar. Try a pack and see.



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SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME PREMIUMS



RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



The popular song-writer-actor Pinky Tomlin with the "Object of His Affections," Maxine Doyle, at the Miramar.

(*Continued from page 56*)

When is a vacation not a vacation? When Glenda Farrell gets it! Seems Glenda was told by the studio that she could have a couple of weeks at Lake Tahoe. She had no more than unpacked when a wire from Warners requested her immediate return. Miss F. coasted down the mountain into San Francisco, hopped a plane and was back in nothing flat. When she arrived the studio decided to postpone her picture. Last reports from the Farrell abode were that while the roof is still intact, it is still quaking from Irish combustion.

■ ■ ■

Well, the story goes that when Columbia sent for pretty Joan Bennett recently, it was to talk over a forthcoming role for the actress. "You're not going to play a sweet, little Miss in this one," explained the scenarist. "You're to play a girl, say, sorta like your sister, Constance, is off-screen." Joan took it big and laughed like the dickens! Maybe *she* knew what the man was driving at!

■ ■ ■

That personal appearances are a pretty good idea seems to be proved by Gene Raymond's recent experience of face-to-facing it with an audience. Since Gene's return to Hollywood, his fan mail has leaped so that it's hoisted him right into a long term contract with RKO. Pretty tasty—eh, wot? We think so—and well deserved, too.

■ ■ ■

Having taken out her citizenship papers in our fair countree, Fay Wray departed for London to make a coupla movies over there. The deal suited her right well, too, for hubby, John Monk Saunders, is doing some scripts for a British company. However, their wedding anniversary occurred while he was there and she was here, and Johnny wired a house full of white flowers way across the Atlantic to his utterly charming "little woman."

There doesn't seem to be much justice in the world no matter from what angle you view it, so Alice Brady shouldn't be discouraged! Miss Brady is working on "Metropolitan" with Lawrence Tibbett. She plays an opera singer and t'other day, the Powers That Be offered to get her a double to warble the Gypsy Song from "Carmen." Alice, who has a beautiful voice, decided to try it herself, and so successful was the "play back," that the producers were enthralled and are keeping it in the picture. "Now," laments Alice, "probably nobody'll ever believe *I* did it!"

■ ■ ■

Clark Gable's stepson is now old enough to take the high school girls to dances. So, not so long ago, he asked Clark for the use of the family car for the evening. To which Gable assented cheerfully and said, "What's more, I'll drive you and the little lady to the Cocoanut Grove myself." When the pair arrived at the girl's house, she appeared at the curb, took one look at the car and announced to her youthful and perplexed escort, "If you don't mind, I think I'll sit with the chauffeur!"

■ ■ ■

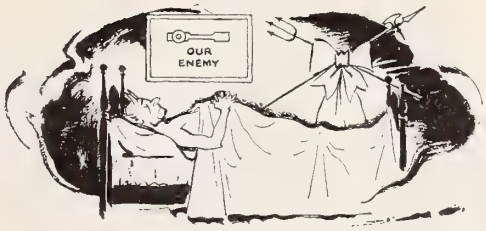
Poor Jimmy Cagney! He has such big troubles. While he was away on a recent trip, Mrs. Cagney, planning to surprise him, had the entire interior of their house done over in white. Even to the little room at the end of the hall which Jim likes to call his very own. When he returned, he glanced over the whole set-up and moaned, "Oh, gosh, you've even painted that little cubbyhole where I like to sit and *mope!*"

By the way, 'tis said that Cagney is up for the title role in "Robinhood." *That* gent, you remember, was an arch crook and it looks as if the Warners are just used to casting Jim in crook pictures!

■ ■ ■

Speaking of casting—just about every virile-looking gent in Hollywood was

(*Continued on page 60*)



Let my death be a warning to all other CORNS, *young or old!*

"Every corn that ever stabbed a human toe should beware of that arch enemy, Blue-Jay!"— wails this old patriarch, in death-bed testimony

(1) "For 23 years I was the power behind the throne in the Briggs family. Mrs. Briggs had tried in many ways to get rid of me—even tried to murder me with a razor—but this old corn always won out.



(2) Time after time I almost wrecked that family! I made life so miserable for poor Mrs. Briggs that she became cranky and cross—and Mr. Briggs would get mad and leave the house in a huff.





(3) A kindly neighbor woman, Mrs. Allen, was the start of my undoing. One day when she found Mrs. Briggs crying, she whispered to her, "My dear, why don't you get rid of that corn with this Blue-Jay?"



(4) Blue-Jay struck me like lightning! In just a moment I was smothered in soft, felt prison walls. My cries were unheard and my stabbing went unnoticed. My 23 year racket was over, I was a doomed corn.

(5) When Mr. Briggs came home that night, he found a happy wife. They went out and danced just to celebrate! And I was forgotten. Now, 3 days later, my lifeless form will soon be lifted out. My dying words are—Corns, beware of Blue-Jay!"



Corn suffering ended safely and easily with this scientific method

● Only a corn sufferer knows how painful a corn can really be. Yet this suffering is absolutely unnecessary. A visit to any druggist—and the purchase of Blue-Jay (the scientific corn remover) for 25c—will bring blessed and lasting relief.

Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly. The soft, snug fitting pad cushions the corn against painful shoe pressure. The pad is held securely in place by the special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not cling to stocking). In the meantime, without your knowing or feeling it, the safe Blue-Jay medication is gently undermining the corn. After 3 days, you take off the pad and the corn lifts out completely.

If *you* have a corn—even a tiny one—remove it right away with Blue-Jay. Don't be satisfied with temporary relief. Insist on Blue-Jay.

Good Housekeeping Bureau



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CORN PLASTER



EXERCISE BOOK FREE Illustrates valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Also free booklet "For Better Feet," contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. *Pasting coupon on government postcard saves postage.*

M.S.-10

Name.....

Street.....*City*.....

Much more is expected

from women today



These days are good to women. They have independence unheard of a generation ago. And with this new status every woman is expected to have a frank, wholesome outlook, particularly in those matters which affect her intimate feminine life.

Take the question of feminine hygiene. The modern woman has found out that *Zonite* is the ideal combination of strength and *safety* needed for this purpose. The day is gone when caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough. In the past, you could not criticize women for using them. But today every excuse for them is gone.

Zonite is *not* poisonous, *not* caustic. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause damage to sensitive membranes, never leave an area of scar-tissue. This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. Yet it is far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the human body.

Zonite originated during the World War. Today it is sold in every town or city in America, even in the smallest villages. Women claim that Zonite is the greatest discovery of modern times. Comes in bottles—at 30c, 60c and $1.00.

Suppositories, too—sealed in glass

There is also a semi-solid form—Zonite Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, $1.00. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and liquid Zonite by name at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet "Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. It will make you understand. Get this book. Send for it now.

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(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

(Continued from page 58)

tested for the role of "Captain Blood." George Brent thought he had it until he read in the paper that Errol Flynn, Lili Damita's brand new husband, was the lucky lad. Poor Jean Muir, who made twelve tests with twelve different men naturally believed hers was to be the leading feminine role, when *she* scanned the news columns only to learn that Olivia de Haviland would play opposite Flynn. We give up, too. However, there *must* be an answer!

■ ■ ■

Not to give anybody a short answer, but, when Freddie Bartholomew was informed recently that he is now a star, the youngster replied, "What's the difference?" Freddie evidently realized that top billing won't get him out of going to school nor rate him an extra frosted chocolate (which he adores) after lunch.

Incidentally, a street lamp interfered with the English boy's view of the Fourth of July fireworks. "Someone please put it out," he requested. "Someone" explained that it belonged to the city and nothing could be done about it. Whereupon, young Mr. B., who had never before seen a Fourth, replied, "Well, I can," and hastily heaved a rock at it. Fred may be a genius, you see, but he's a regular fellow, too—and often a baddie.

■ ■ ■

Try this on your friends. You *may* learn sumpin'. David Nivens has. Just say, "Did you make up?" David asked Sally Blane, who grew quite red and replied, "Yes, Loretta's (Young) all right again." He then queried Merle Oberon, who unpremeditatively answered, "No, when I'm through I mean I'm *through!*" We asked David what was behind it all. To which he blithely answered, "Not a darn thing. It's just a gag, but they all fall for it. They think you know something you don't, and so they tell you something they hadn't orter." Some fun—eh, kid?

■ ■ ■

Well, that recent Hollywood earthquake literally shook Roger Pryor out of his house. Roger's been dreaming of owning a little chateau ever since he came to town and only two weeks before the Big Shiver, he had bought and moved into a Beverly Hills home way up thar on a hilltop. At considerable risk to life and limb, Mr. P. performed a miraculous paint job on the outside of the building. Well, came the Quake, came *down* the plaster, came *up* the roadside mud to bespatter the white paint! Oh, dear, oh, dear. Roger may now be reached at a hotel.

■ ■ ■

The gossip columns had it all mixed up, much to the chagrin of the three young people—Paula Stone, Gertrude Durkin and Jimmy Ellison. Just because Paula and Jimmy are playing opposite each other, the newshounds have them engaged. Gertrude couldn't understand. Paula, you see, is her *friend*. Surely Jimmy hadn't changed—after all those things he'd said. Well, they talked it over, only to discover that it's still Gertrude and Jimmy—off the screen.

■ ■ ■

Kitty Carlisle recently proved that she could "take it"—and also, dole it out. Seems that those mad Marx Brothers love to kid and razz everyone on the set. Nope, there isn't a member of the cast, a prop boy nor an electrician safe from their practical joking. During the making of "A Night at the Opera," they started on Kitty. They played one too many on her and so she decided to retaliate. Miss C. actually hoaxed the three Marxes into hiding all day from a process server who never existed. Since then the brethren have been almost chastened! We said almost.

■ ■ ■

Vital Statistics: The Stuart Erwins have a brand new baby named June, after her beautiful mother, the former June Collyer . . . Nancy Smith has been divorced and they say she'll soon wed the socially prominent Van Smith . . . His friends claim that Winfield Sheehan is about to lead the opera star, Jeritza, to the altar . . . Ernst Lubitsch and Vivian Gaye are now one.

■ ■ ■

What, no Romeo? With all the handsome, love-making gents in Hollywood, Irving Thalberg cannot find a Romeo to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet." Laugh as you may, everyone with a profile, that is, every male, has been given a test and so far Juliet and the balcony have it their own way. One man's too tall, another's too old, another's too short, and so it goes! What M-G-M is probably looking for is a composite picture of Tom Brown's youth, Johnny Weissmuller's physique, Herbert Marshall's voice and Ronald Colman's face!

■ ■ ■

Janet Gaynor, star of the Fox lot for ten years, relinquished Dressing Room No. 1 when she departed for Honolulu recently. If you remember, she had previously withdrawn from the cast of "Way Down East" because of illness. There are a lot of speculating meanies around who said that in reality she didn't even have a teentsie-weentsie headache. Anyway, when queried about removing all articles from her d. r., the Gaynor explained that she expected to be gone so long that it didn't seem fair to retain the bungalow. However, Shirley Temple didn't give up her room when she went to Honolulu. Fox officials explain, if you're interested, that Janet Gaynor still has three pictures to make for them.

■ ■ ■

The little girl actresses are having their day in pictures since the advent and great success of Shirley Temple. Recently, at the preview of "The Little Big Shot," in which she appears, Sybil Jason, aged eight, sat behind us. She was laughing and having a gay, old time viewing herself on the screen. Later she autographed albums just like a Fay Wray or grown-up star.

The next day we spied Jane Withers on the Fox lot. She insisted that we see her new dressing room. It contains a little desk, a small low lounge and all the juvenile comforts. We inquired as to her favorite actor and Jane promptly replied, "Jackie Searle—oh, that Jackie Searle!"

■ ■ ■

"Yes, we have some bananas; ripe ones, big ones and plenty of them," sings Jean Hersholt. And if you're a pal—and even if you're not—Jean will ask you over to his garden, right plank in the middle of Beverly Hills—highly civilized territory in these parts—and pick you a banana from a huge tree literally loaded down with luscious fruit. The South American touch—eh, wot?



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Tintex—brings Color Magic to Curtains, Drapes, Luncheon Sets, Pillow Covers and all Home Decorations



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Avoid Substitutes . . .
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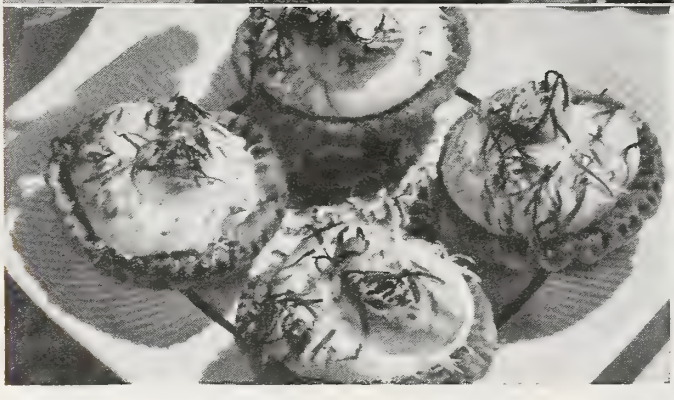


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Above, Pat and Eloise O'Brien about to partake of jelly cake and tea. Note pleased expression on our hero. Left, jelly meringue tarts with cocoanut filling—enough to make you grin with joy, too.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

THE MODERN HOSTESS



ARE YOU one of those fortunate mortals who can include among your childhood memories the pleasing picture of your grandmother's jam cupboard and remember the delectable flavor of her jellies—spread thickly on chunks of bread? Have you carried over from your youthful days those same jam-loving characteristics? Well, Pat O'Brien has, and Eloise O'Brien, his very attractive and efficient wife, caters to this particular liking of his in a most original fashion. For, besides seeing that marmalade is served with the breakfast muffins, wild strawberry jam with the Cottage Cheese Salad at luncheon and mint jelly with the roast lamb at dinner, Mrs. O'Brien has devised countless other ways to include jams and jellies in the daily menu. Her jam cupboard would have made grandma jealous, I'm sure, while her ideas for using its sweet contents include several suggestions that grandma never even thought of trying. Nor have you, I'll wager—so I'm going to tell you about them in detail further on.

I had no idea that I would learn about so many delicious dishes when I accepted an invitation to have tea with Eloise. I had just been looking at some new clothes in the little dress shop that Mrs. O'Brien owns and has such fun supervising. Consequently, at that particular moment, clothes, not foods, were uppermost in my thoughts. (You know how it is when you have your heart set on finding a new evening gown in your favorite color—all else is forgotten!)

But when Eloise suggested that I forget frocks for the time being and go along with her, the prospect of tea served beside the O'Brien pool with Eloise herself "pouring" and the added promise that Pat would be home from the studio in time to join us, combined in presenting a most pleasant prospect. In just no time flat I had decided that clothes could wait but tea wouldn't and accepted with alacrity. I'm certainly glad I did, too, for everything conspired to make it a most delightful afternoon and one that was full of helpful suggestions and information for an ever-curious and eager food editor.

The first intimation I had of Pat's liking for

SUCCULENT SWEETS TO DELIGHT YOUR MAN

jams was when three varieties were served with the small hot tea biscuits, to be followed by a home made jelly roll cut in most generous slices.

"Do have a second piece of cake," Eloise urged us as she saw with what speed we had disposed of the large servings despite the huge inroads we already had made on the biscuits and jam.

"SINCE Pat goes for jellies and jams in any form," she continued, "this is the one kind of cake he really likes, so I've told our colored cook to have it often. Then I also suggested to her that we ought to work out some other recipes that call for jelly—partly because of Pat's fondness for it and partly because, in an ambitious moment, I had bought enough fruit at a wayside stand to supply preserves for an institution. One look at my cupboard shelves and I realized we were overstocked. Then too, with the grape season coming on, I knew more jars would be added since I'm as fond of grape jelly as Pat is.

"'At every meal,' was my ultimatum to the cook, 'let there be jam!' And there was jam! It masqueraded in pies, it came in sauces, it hid in tarts, it was served with meats. And do you think anyone objected?" she asked, with a gay flourish of the cake knife in our general direction.

"No! no! a thousand times no!" replied Pat enthusiastically.

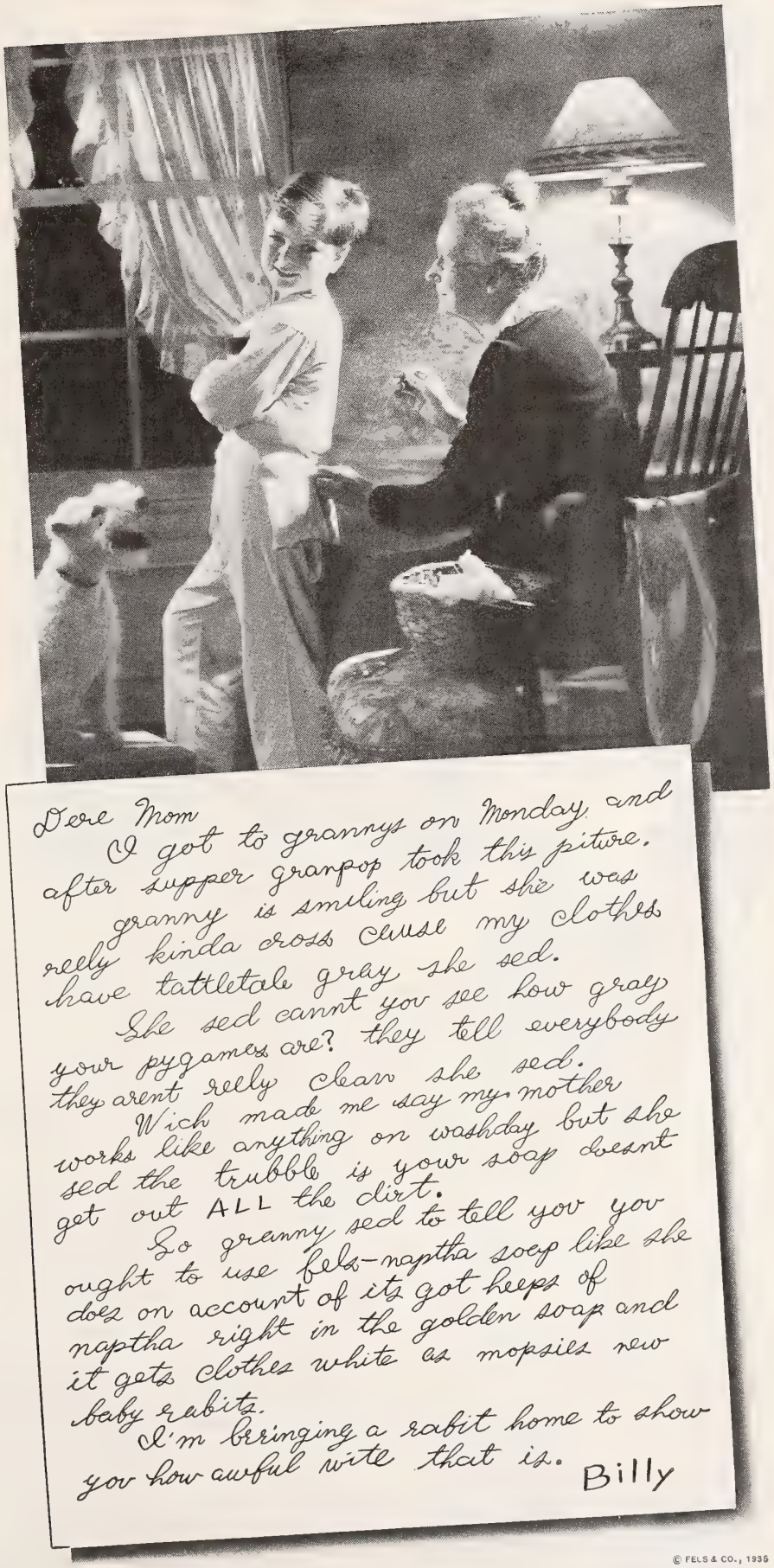
"You!" Eloise grinned at her famous husband, "you'd never object. But, when the guests added their praise to the family's, the kitchen department became positively inspired. The result was that our supposedly overgenerous supply has diminished to the vanishing point and we're just waiting for the Concord grapes to come in to replenish our depleted stock. You see we want to be able to have several of the dishes we discovered, again and again."

AND so will you when I tell you more about them. But first I want to give you the recipe that the O'Brien cook plans to use in making her grape jelly. This recipe does not stop at giving you only jelly-making directions, either, but also tells you how to make Grape Butter out of the pulp. That's a nice economical idea, isn't it? Well, here's the recipe:

CONCORD GRAPE JELLY AND GRAPE BUTTER

Wash and stem about 5 pounds of fully ripe grapes. Crush grapes thoroughly (a potato masher will do a good job.) Add ½ cup water to crushed grapes, bring to a boil, cover and simmer 5 minutes. Separate juice from pulp by placing hot fruit

(*Continued on page 78*)



© FELS & CO., 1935

P. S.— Billy's mother did get rid of tattletale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap—*and so can you!*

Try it! Get some Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today—and see how *safely* and *beautifully* it washes even your very daintiest things—how easy it is on your hands!



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FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING

CHANGE the color—*and you change the dress*—make it new, modish, flattering again!

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White Rit Color Remover . . . takes out color without harming the fabric—really whitens white goods.

AT ALL DEALERS

HOW ABOUT YOUR FALL CLOTHES?

(*Continued from page 50*)

high neckline is effectively outlined in a double strand of pearls. Notice the wide armhole and cuff bell to the sleeve.

TRAVIS BANTON became so enthusiastic about the costumes which he designed for "The Crusades" that he made a "Crusades" evening gown for Gail's personal use. Inspired by the chain mail costumes of the 12th century, he used a metallic mesh, similar to chain mail, for the blouse top and a narrow, decorative panel down the front of the full black satin skirt. A girdle of the satin is the only other detail in this simple gown.

Orry-Kelly, over at Warners, likes to use metallic cloth in his fall creations. The tunic theme is used to excellent advantage in the dinner costume which he made for Claire Dodd. The tunic, made like a long jacket, is pointed at the front and opens wide down the front to show the chiffon gown beneath. Interesting contrast is effected by the dull gold metal of the tunic, the bright gold kid of the belt, and the soft dullness of the chiffon.

Another Orry-Kelly idea stresses the metal cloth and the tunic theme again in a more formal and elaborate evening ensemble for Claire. A tunic-length coat made with a yoke collared in silver fox and a deep hem border of more fox, tops a simple, beautifully cut gown. The border to the coat's hem dips sharply down to a point at the back. A small collar and a tie belt finish the coat.

Black corded woolen and white corded velvet make the other costume worn by Claire Dodd. The jacket was made collarless so that Claire could wear her own furs with it. The velvet of the blouse also makes turn-back cuffs on the jacket.

Now, down to the bottom of pages 48-49 for some ideas to be gleaned from pictures. From left to right, Joan Bennett and Thelma Todd in "Two for Tonight." Joan wears a simple shirtwaist dress with full sleeves gathered into a tight cuff and a small turnover collar. Thelma's luxurious suit has the smart fur bordering of silver fox which forms a continuous swirl from the collar, down the front and across the fully flared back. The sleeves have the new elbow fullness that is seen in many fall suits, coats and dresses.

Next, Mary Ellis wears a white ermine wrap in "Paris In Spring" which has interesting sleeve detail and a cape collar bordered in silver fox. She also wears a boudoir robe that I thought would intrigue you. It is made of a hairy-like silk that looks not unlike fur. And a huge monogram is appliqued almost in the armhole of the kimono sleeves.

Elissa Landi wears a stunning evening ensemble in "Without Regret." It, too, is lavishly trimmed with the inevitable silver fox. Her gown is topped by a full, hip-length cape that has a great flaring collar and complete border of the fur, much like the flared jacket of Thelma Todd's suit.

They have been busy taking the exotic out of Merle Oberon with the result that you will see her looking very schoolgirl in many of her scenes from "The Dark Angel." A heavy checked tweed suit with jacket, buttoning all the way down the front is very charming. The jacket has a turn-over collar of the tweed but Merle also wears her blouse collar over that. Note the trick bound pockets and the smart way the skirt is flared. And to the right of it is another tweed suit she wears in the same picture. This has a very short jacket and is buttonless, held together by a wide, hand-sewn leather belt.

In the exciting Gaumont-British picture "39 Steps" Madeleine Carroll wears a very attractive ensemble. The three-quarter length jacket is brown caracul with a deep shoulder yoke of the brown woolen of her dress beneath. The coat is made in the youthful, swagger style that is typical of many of the younger fur fashions this season. It has a deep, turn-over collar.

Very Italian Renaissance is the felt cuff brim beret which Jane Baxter wears in "The Clairvoyant." The cuff brim is so adroitly tucked that it flares out as it reaches the crown, jutting into interesting and becoming points.

Look at page 50 for some smart action shots of Olivia De Haviland in her first fall clothes. These were snapped in Hollywood as Olivia burst forth in all her glory on the first cold day.

The new full and shorter skirt is well shown by the fast stride Olivia makes along the street in her beige jersey dress. Isn't it refreshingly young looking? The stripes on her skirt and sleeves are gay Roman colors. The pompon on her small pill-box hat is wool to match the neck drawstring and girdle of her dress.

Down the stairs, Olivia comes in a beige woolen suit with flaring box jacket. A brown sweater beneath and her new felt hat and accessories in brown, too. Note the forward tilt to her brim; there's a jut to practically all the best brims this fall.

And for a good, useful yet smart fur coat, nothing could be as perfect as her gray kidskin.

Any questions you may have about fall trends, colors, accessories or new ideas that I haven't covered, write and tell me all about it and I shall be more than happy to help you out. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

A YOUNG MAN ON HIS WAY

(*Continued from page 34*)

which young Robert is now heir, were phases of life read about in garish Sunday supplements, but only half believed.

High school over Robert came West to Pomona College with the idea of transferring to Yale after his senior year. Later at Yale to take up the study of physchiatry. He thought, then, to hang up his shingle in New York and to devote his life to unravelling the tangled skeins of the lives of men and women who had gone awry.

But, in the mid-term of his senior year at Pomona, came Destiny. In the person of genial casting director Ben Piazza, then with M-G-M, now with Paramount. Ben was there to watch the college play "Journey's End" in which Robert played the part of "Captain Stanhope." Ben cast his trained eye on young Robert, and saw a star-in-the-making. He sum-



Robert Taylor and June Knight in their zippy dance "Doin' the Foolin'" for "Broadway Melody of 1936." Jack Benny stars in this musical.

moned the startled young man to the studio, gave him an audition and a test, both bad, and sent him back to college.

But Ben was not convinced by that audition. Later, he called for Robert again, there was another audition, another test and—Robert was signed to a long-term M-G-M contract forthwith. He returned to Pomona to get his diploma, then packed his bags and returned to Hollywood and to the studio where he joined the M-G-M school under the direction of Oliver Hinsdale. He played a couple of bit parts in big productions, played leading parts in a couple of Mr. Hinsdale's little theatre plays and then "Society Doctor" with result that the studio, the fans, the critics, all said, *"a star in the making!"* M-G-M believed in him. They consider him their brightest bet, their biggest find since Clark Gable, just as in the feminine ranks, they consider Rosalind Russell their biggest find since Myrna Loy.

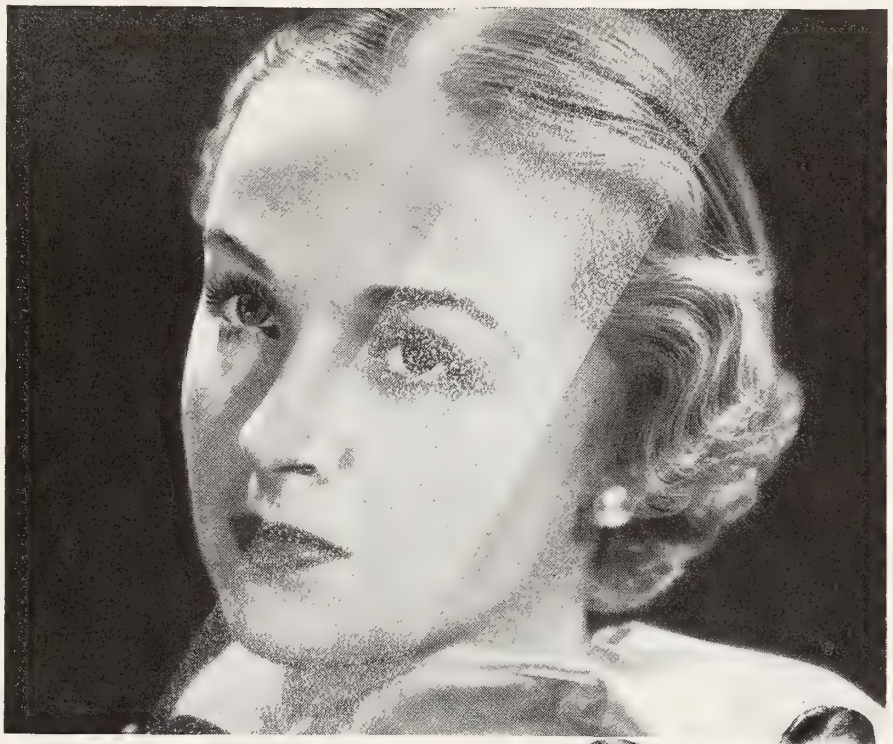
Studio and fans appear to be in perfect accord on the starry subject of Robert. For in no time at all he had to engage a secretary to take care of the fan mail that came pouring in, hundreds of letters from hundreds of girls—all wanting to know where he had been all their lives, what he was like, who was his ideal type of girl, whether he is in love, what kind of toothpaste he uses, and why . . .

I SAID to Robert—girls, he has dark brown hair with red lights in it and eyes of a brilliant sapphire blue, black lashes and a golden sun-tan and he is younger looking than he appears to be on the screen— "Tell me about your first year, in detail. What has it done to you, or for you? Has it changed you and if so, how?"

"Yes, it has changed me," Robert said, in his grave and considering way, "for the better, I hope. I am older than I was, more than a year older. It has stabilized me. I am a great deal more serious than I was. I am considerably more practical. I feel a far greater sense of responsibility toward myself and toward life than I ever did before.

"I am in love and have been for some

Powder shade too light —skin looked *chalky*



Miss Maralyn Tankersley's fair skin is enlivened by Pond's Rose Cream. (*below*) Mrs. M. Bon de Sousa, creamy blonde, uses Brunette.

Science finds true cause of many "dead-looking" complexions



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new Face Powder.

LOOK at this girl. Decidedly blonde, with glorious fair skin—Yet her skin seemed "dead-looking"—like the chalk-marked streak above. Her powder had taken the liveliness out of her skin!

The Color Analyst wiped it off—"Here's the color for you," he said, and applied Pond's Rose Cream. Amazing, the change! Pond's hidden color notes brightened her whole face. Brought out her true blondeness. Gone—that dull, pasty look!

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE, Pond's Face Powder can work the same color miracle in your skin.

With an optical machine, Pond's analyzed the skin of over 200 girls. They discovered the hidden tints that give different skins their beauty. In blondes, a hint of *bright blue* gives that transparent look. In brunettes, a touch of *green* brings out that creamy enchantment.

Now, Pond's has blended these tints into entirely new shades—*invisibly*. Yet you see the difference at once! These shades add beauty's own color notes to your skin. They tone up pallid skin—tone down ruddiness—give each skin what it lacks.

Don't stick to old-style deadening shades. Try these new Pond's shades. Find the one which will bring out your unusualness!

Rose Cream—gives a blonde radiance
Natural—lighter, a delicate flesh tint
Brunette—gives clear, velvety tone
Rose Brunette—warms pale, faded skins
Light Cream—a light ivory tone

Pond's fluffs on with a feathery feel, yet clings with lasting freshness. Never clogs or cakes.

New Reduced Prices—

55¢ size now 35¢
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5 Different Shades FREE!—*Mail Coupon Today*
(This offer expires December 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. K94 Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

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Amazing 2-minute

Oatmeal Facial

Combats

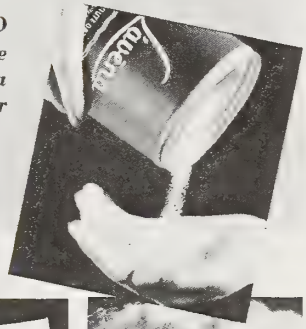
ROUGH-DRYNESS

BLACKHEADS

COARSE PORES

OILY SKIN!

1. BLEND *a little Lavena with water*



2. APPLY *to face. Wash off. Takes 2 minutes.*



3. NOW! *Skin is radiant, vital! Velvety and fresh!*

● Every day, when your skin is tiredest; when blackheads, blotchiness, large pores look their worst, give yourself this 2-minute oatmeal facial. *Instantly* you'll notice the difference. Your skin will look so clear, so refreshed and rested. You'll find blackheads combated. Large pores counteracted. And oh, how soft, how velvety, how fresh and young your complexion looks.

That's because Lavena *deep-cleans*. And unlike soap it does not irritate. It cannot clog pores with grease. If you want your skin to look creamy, vital, get a package of Lavena today. Give your skin the benefit of this 2-minute facial *every day.*



We guarantee to refund the price of Lavena if it does not perform exactly as we say. Try either the 10c or 60c size.

LAVENA CORP., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

L A V E N A

The 2-Minute Oatmeal Facial

time, with one girl. Whereas, before I entered the studio, I was in love constantly, or rather *in*constantly, with first one girl and then another.

"I'll take the external things first. The things which may not matter. I've taken an apartment for my mother and myself. Dad died just before I signed my contract. For so tragic an event it had its fortunate aspect—the contract. I needed it, then. There was enough left from the estate to take care of mother, but there would not have been enough for me. I would have had to forego studying at Yale, for a time anyhow. I would have had to earn my own living somehow and I know that I could never have made the money I am making now in any other line of work that might have been open to me. Not that I'm in the 'big money,' heaven knows—but it's bigger than it would have been for me anywhere else for many years.

And so, I have more money than I've ever had before. It might be supposed that this would give me a lavish, spendthrift feeling, coming as quickly and as easily as it did. On the contrary, I am more careful, more conservative with money than I ever was when Dad was sending me an allowance. I'm beginning to build for a future. I'm learning the value of money.

The apartment I've taken for mother and me is more luxurious than I could ever have hoped for, during many hard-working years. I have servants, a luxury which never even entered my calculations when, in college, I used to envision my immediate future. I have more clothes than I have ever owned at any one time before. I have a yen for sweaters and have collected about fifty of them. I drive a better car than I've ever driven.

I'VE been asked whether Hollywood has made me conceited—whether the publicity, the recognition in public, have given me the well-known swelled head. I can honestly say NO. For the first few weeks I must admit, I did think more of myself, of the way I looked, than I ever had before. Certainly, young men in college do not go about considering the angle of their profiles, the set of their heads, which way they appear to the best advantage. If they do, they keep quiet about it, or else—! But I, when I started to work, was camera-conscious. I've got over that now. I've forgotten the camera. I think no more of my looks now than I did before I ever saw a studio. If I think more of myself it is not, honestly, from motives of personal vanity. It is much the way I would feel about a machine which must have good care in order to function properly and so fulfill its purpose.

"Yes, I can really say truthfully that this first year has tended to make me more serious, more conservative, if possible, than I was before I came to Hollywood. Just because so many gay and glittering ways are now open to me, *I don't want to take them.* I never go to parties. I seldom, if ever, go to night clubs, to the Grove, to any of the places where the cinema clan foregather.

"I've never saved any money before. I'd never thought about saving. Now I do. I've started a couple of annuities. I ponder investments. I read financial sheets. I spend far less than I could spend because I realize how unstable this place and this life and this career can be.

"Because I know how haywire young beginners can go; and have gone, I do none of the things that might lead to—well, haywiring!

"I am in love . . ." Robert hesitated a moment, his brilliant blue eyes soft . . . "with Irene Hervey," he said. "Even in love I'm more stable than I ever was before. I've seen enough of emotional instability to frighten me and make me appreciate being with one girl, going everywhere, sharing everything—my plans and hopes and dreams—with her. Both of us behave a good deal more like a small-town girl and boy than like members of the movie colony with all of the available excitements. Every night, after work, we have dinner together. Sometimes with mother at our apartment, sometimes in some quiet restaurant off the beaten track. If we are at my place, we listen to the radio after dinner, or take a walk, read aloud or play cards or something like that. If we have dined out, we almost always go to a movie. Both of us are rabid fans, neither of us can quite believe that we are inside a studio ourselves. I've often been asked what star, or stars, I would like to be like later on. I don't want, of course, to copy anyone. But I should say that the work of Bob Montgomery and Fredric March, respectively, is the type of thing I'd like to do.

I NEVER thought of marriage until I came to Hollywood. That is, I never thought *about* it save as some very remote possibility. Now I think of it far more deeply and immediately. I don't mean by this that I intend to marry now. I think it would be sensible not to marry for five years. But I do think seriously of marriage, of home, of raising a family.

"My tastes haven't changed—hardly at all. I still play the piano. I still continue with my study of psychology. I collected a large library of scientific books, on the subject while I was still in college and I read them more assiduously than ever. With two objectives—if I should go out of pictures like the well-known light I can still take my diploma under my arm, go to Yale and pursue the study I intended to pursue. If I succeed in pictures, as I hope I shall, I'll need psychology to interpret the parts I am to play.

"I go to the theater once or twice every week. And someday I'd like to join a stock company on the road and play Captain Stanhope in 'Journey's End.'"

I SAID, "Before I came over here to talk with you, two young and admiring girls asked me to ask you to describe your 'ideal girl.' . . ."

Robert looked thoughtful. He said, "I'll have to take a character on the screen, so that the 'ideal' will have been seen by them. I know—'Hester'—the part Josephine Hutchinson played in 'Oil For The Lamps of China'—she's my ideal girl. I like a quiet girl, a domestic girl, a companionable girl. I do not like the grand kind of, look-down-your-nose type of girl. I like a feminine girl. A gentle, conservative girl."

Robert laughed, very handsome in his striped sweater and white flannels and beach tan. He said, "I'm afraid I'm not very exciting copy. Better material to write about if I'd gone awfully Hollywood, chased about a lot, hit the bright-light trail. Instead, my first year has made a mature man of me. I stay at home. I go steadily with one girl. I save my money. I get more sleep and exercise than I ever did in my life before. An actor, I'm more of a business man than I would have been in a bank. I suppose it's because I know what competition I'm up against. It's also because I figure myself as a one-man corporation, I know that I sink or swim alone.

"And so—instead of gaiety, girls and glitter, my first year has given me a savings bank complex, a real yearning for marriage and stability and the things I grew up to revere when I was a boy.

SHE KEEPS BEAUTIFUL BY SCHEDULE

(*Continued from page 47*)

instance, and then looking good and awful by Tuesday, I stagger the stuff. I have a special day for attending to each item of my appearance, a sort of weekly grooming schedule I made up. And as long as I stay on schedule I can't look run-down anywhere."

So that was it! So Carole's glamor isn't all God-given gilt hair and wide blue eyes—it's partly *sensible system!* I let her go on.

"'Course the schedule idea sounds simple; learning to keep myself on it was the hard thing. But it's the only way I've ever found of maintaining, as you were nice enough to say, a really flawless appearance. Each day's routine takes a few minutes. If I'm too rushed to spare those minutes, and sticking to schedule anyway must mean coming home a jerk sooner at night now and then, or occasionally getting up a little earlier than usual, it's still more than worth it to me.

"Want me to tell you what I do?"

WANT me to tell *you?* It's the swellest idea for keeping meticulously lovely, despite a hectic existence, I ever heard of—this weekly beauty schedule of Carole's. She began her account of it with Friday because, she says, week-ends are usually the times she wants to look best of all.

FRIDAY. Manicure and pedicure. (Approximate time: 30 minutes)

"I do my pedicure first so that when I apply polish remover to my toes it can't bungle what's been done to my fingers. After I finish both, I rub softening cream or lotion on my hands and feet and allow it to remain overnight. My pedicure will last a week, my manicure till Tuesday."

SATURDAY. Eyes. (Approximate time: 15 to 30 minutes)

"I think every girl ought to spend a few minutes one day a week giving her eyes a merciless scrutiny. I do. If I see circles I determine to catch up on my sleep. If the skin around my eyes looks less cushiony than it should I give myself an extra-luxurious eyebath, apply tissue cream over the surrounding area—well above my brows and down over my cheek bones—and make noble resolutions against careless wind and sunburn. I set aside this time to try out new mascaras, and different eye make-ups. It's also the day for my weekly eyebrow arch."

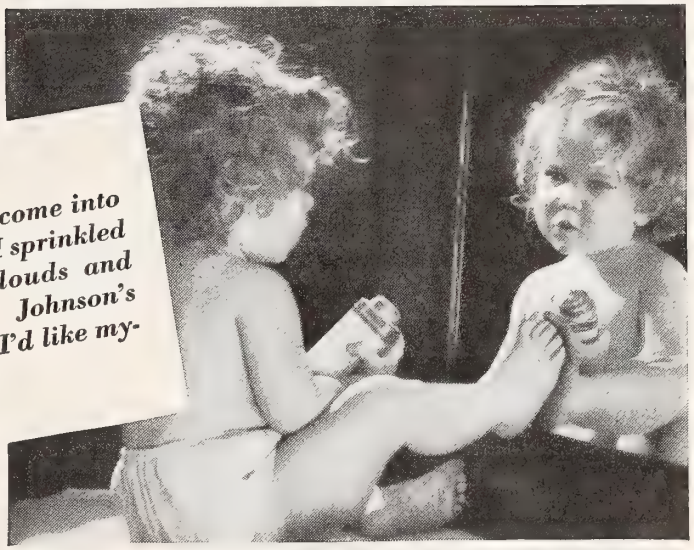
SUNDAY. Skin. (Approximate time: 1 hour)

"On Sundays my schedule really gets *attention.* First of all, I stay on a fruit juice diet all day; I've found it a grand pick-me-up and cleanser for my skin and body as well. Next I give myself a good old home-made facial—plain oatmeal paste if my complexion needs smoothing, or an egg-white mask if I need a very mild bleach. ('Course you know I do these things for myself; I don't have a personal maid except the one I keep at the studio when I'm working.)

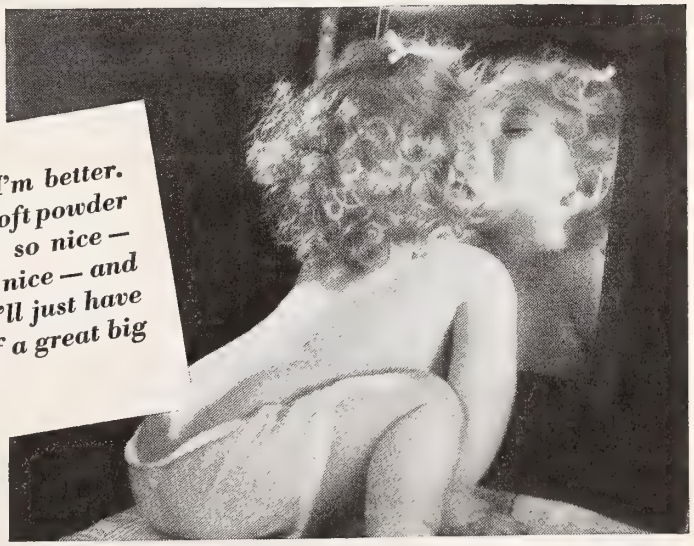
"Then comes my weekly rest-bath. Then my bath's not a shower but a long luscious session of *soaking.* I love it and look forward to it like a kid. If I feel that I



"Poor me, I do feel sorry for myself this morning. What a night, what a night! But how can a girl get her beauty sleep when her skin's all over prickles and chafes?"



"Lookit what's come into our life! Bet if I sprinkled myself with clouds and clouds of this Johnson's Baby Powder I'd like myself again."



"Mmm — now I'm better. That smoothy-soft powder makes me feel so nice — and smell so nice — and look so nice. I'll just have to give myself a great big kiss. There!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... count on me to keep babies fine and fit! Just feel my satiny-smoothness between your thumb and finger... I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles in me... and no orris root, either. Try me—and don't forget my partners, Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream."

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



Science finds DRY yeast far more abundant source of tonic element that stimulates intestinal action—and it's easier to eat

FOR YEARS doctors have recommended yeast for combating constipation without harsh drugs.

Now science finds that this tonic food is far richer in Vitamin B content if eaten *dry!*

Tests by impartial scientists reveal that from *dry* yeast the body receives almost twice as much of the precious element that tones and strengthens the intestinal tract!

Experiments indicate that the digestive juices can more easily break down dry yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B.

No wonder thousands have found Yeast Foam Tablets so helpful in correcting constipation. These tablets bring you the kind of yeast science has found richest as a source of Vitamin B.

At a leading clinic, 83½ of the patients with constipation, who were given Yeast Foam Tablets, reported improvement within two weeks! Before starting to eat this *dry* yeast, some of the patients had used laxatives almost continuously!

Let Yeast Foam Tablets restore your eliminative system to healthy function. Then you will no longer need to take harsh laxatives. You will have more energy. Headaches should no longer trouble you. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today.

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1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. MM. 10-35

Name _____

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City _____ State _____

need to relax, I use hot water with soda in it. If I want my bath to pep me I run a lukewarm tub and dissolve a whole box of table salt in it. And then I just lie there and *dream* (while my facial's drying at the same time) for an hour or more. I dream about what I'm going to wear during the coming week. I plan parties and new coiffures—I even mentally design dresses for myself and change the living-room furniture around while I'm soaking! I couldn't do without my rest-bath. Frequently it's the one occasion during the whole week when I really have time to *think* beauty. And thinking beauty does things for me."

MONDAY. Odds 'n' Ends Day. (Approximate time: any minutes Carole can spare.)

"Monday's the day I take time out to attend to the *little things* about my appearance that I'm apt to overlook when I'm rushed—whether my elbows or heels have gotten slightly scrubby from exercise, whether my eyebrows need a bit of cleaning up, whether my ardent sun-tanning has freckled the tips of my shoulders, and so on. If I spend a few minutes looking for tiny flaws I can find them and fix them. The little things are important enough, in my estimation, to deserve a day's schedule of their own."

TUESDAY. Wardrobe. (Approximate time: 30 minutes.)

"First of all, it's time now for a new manicure. But in addition, every Tuesday, I quickly go through my entire wardrobe and see that everything that needs 'fixing' gets it. I sort my shoes for running-down heels, I send my soiled dresses to the cleaner (they'll be back in time for week-end wear), I brush my furs and put out the clothes and lingerie that need minor repairs—all those things. I can do it in a jiffy, and it keeps everything I own ready to put on at any time."

WEDNESDAY. Day Off.

THURSDAY. Hair.

"I always shampoo my hair myself," Carole told me, "because I like to give it a good stiff massage and a thorough sunning. Then I have it set by a hairdresser. I picked Thursday because I think hair looks its best two or three days after it's been done. It doesn't fly all over the place then and the wave's have time to shake out enough to look casual and not 'just-waved.' That makes my coiffure right for the week-end.

"Today, you see," she pulled the hood of her pajamas over her damp dandelion-colored curls, "is my regular shampoo day. And I couldn't even let an interview interfere with it because I'm going to Santa Anita Saturday!"

Sitting there looking at her, after that exposé of her pet beauty secret, I knew Carole *would* go to Santa Anita looking like the well-groomed, glamorous star she always is.

And I knew, too, that no girl with a scrap of will-power need ever display Scottie-pup eyebrows, a droopy dress hem or tweed checks. If her coiffure looks for all the world like a wilted skunk-cabbage it's probably because she spent yesterday afternoon seeing Clark Gable's latest, instead of her hairdresser. If her vanity lands right in the soup when *he* notices a cracked manicure holding her spoon, she hasn't got a legitimate kick coming.

For every girl can be as bafflingly sleek as Carole. We talked about it and she made some grand suggestions.

You see, you don't have to use Carole's actual routine—just use her idea and custom-build your own schedule to suit your particular needs. Make it as brief or lengthy a routine as you want to. Throw in an extra manicure if your nail polish gets hard wear. Omit the facial if your skin's already the bona-fide peaches-and-cream product. Include your daily reducing exercises if you have any. Plan your swimming dates for the last day before your fresh fingerwave. Take your "day off" whenever you like. But, whatever you plan, you've got to stick to it to get glamorous results.

"That," said Carole, "is the hitch!"

If it's a question of glamor, though, it's worth it. And if it's a question of glamor, Carole should know!

A LETTER FROM HELEN VINSON

(*Continued from page 36*)

is a room for writing, or a waiting room. You ask the way to the cloak room, over here. I learned, too, never to speak of a clothes closet. There ain't no such thing. Closet means lavatory in English. You hang your duds in a wardrobe, Pal.

I got all befuddled shopping for shoes the other day, too. First I wanted a pair of oxfords. Oxford is an institution of higher learning, to an Englishman. The word has nothing to do with footwear. You ask for "lace shoes." Also, only the men wear pumps. The female pump is known as a "court shoe." You can imagine the polite snicker when your little friend asked for a pair of oxfords and something in a snakeskin pump.

The only other time I got laughed-outloud at was when I requested cheese and crackers. At this time of year a "cracker" means a fire cracker. At Christmas time it can mean a kind of bonbon. When you want something to munch with your English cheddar ask for a biscuit.

Well, so much for your English lesson. Whoaaaaa—wait a minute. If you meet that fellow that told me Italian lessons would rid me of my Southern accent, tell him I said, "Philberts!" Remember how I sat up nights over that Italian handbook? And it didn't help a bit. The people over here think I speak "funny American." Then I have to explain all about how I come from Texas. My theme song is "Pahdon my South'n Accent"—even if it is old. The theme song, I mean.

Now I'll give you the low-down on the dizzy social whirl.

I HAD four days off from picture making last week, and went down to the Duke of Sutherland's country estate, "Sutton Place," near Guildford, Surrey.

Annie, if ever a place filled me with envy and longing, Sutton Place did! It stands in about two thousand acres of beautiful country, with picture book gardens, greenhouses, a pheasantry, and all the trimmings. The house was built in 1525 by Sir Thomas Weston, cousin—or something—of Anne Boleyn's. Henry the Eighth visited there often. (Not Charles Laughton, my sweet Dope, but the Old Boy himself.) In fact, there's a picture of Henry, painted by Holbein. And the most gorgeous paintings by Romney, Lawrence, Titian, and dozens of others you don't expect to see outside of museums.

But no, I didn't spend my four days among the art treasures. Not this trip! For the estate has marvelous tennis courts, squash courts, speed boats to race on the River Wey, a swimming pool, and a beautiful golf course. Lady, I was glad I specialized in athletics, and not dramatics, at the University. Throwing your voice would get you nowhere at the Duke of Sutherland's. But knowing how to swing a tennis racquet was a help.

I forgot to tell you that on the King's Birthday I saw the Trooping of the Colours. I was given two tickets for the special enclosure with the understanding that I was to be escorted by a man in correct morning formals—top hat, morning coat. I wished to go with one of my fellow countrymen, being as patriotic as I am charitable. So, it became a race among my American friends, as to which one could beg or borrow the proper attire.

Austin Parker, the clever one, was winner. He rented an outfit. Arrived in all his glory, and hysterics. With my two tickets clutched in hand, and Austin, looking terribly funny, by my side, we started out. Our laughter was suddenly chilled by the somber thought that Austin, provincial American that he is, had forgotten to carry an umbrella. Positively indecent! We finally managed to borrow one from a waiter at the Claridge. That, we agreed, was the crowning touch.

Big thrill of the month, however, was flying to Brussels to see the tennis matches. Fred Perry played a beautiful game. And, of course, his winning made it a perfect trip.

So far this letter must convince you that life in London is all play and no work. But you're wrong. True, they don't work as hard or as frantically fast here as they do in Hollywood. But "King of the Damned" went right along, on schedule. It was fun, being the only woman in the cast, even if the males were mostly convicts dripping with grease (movie sweat). And Conrad Veidt is marvelous to work with.

Of course you know how I've felt about being typed in Hollywood, always playing the selfish wife or the snippy society girl. I've never blamed Hollywood. It was my own fault when I insisted back in '32, on being cast as the spoilt heiress in Connie Bennett's "Two Against the World." Just as the lead in "Death Takes a Holiday," more or less established me as a dramatic ingenue on the stage, so the snippy part in the Bennett film typed me in pictures. But anyhow, it's nice to play a role again and know that the audience will want you to get your man.

We're working hard now on the second film, "Transatlantic Tunnel." Madge Evans and Richard Dix came over to play in it, you know, and they are a pair of darlings to work with. The three of us manage to sandwich a lot of fun in between the work on the set. Let me add too, that Gaumont-British has been marvelous to us Yankees.

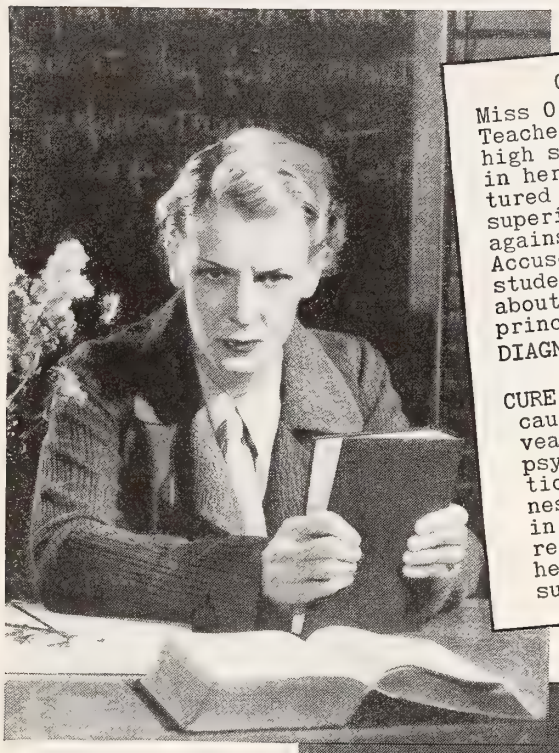
All in all, it's very exciting. I get a little homesick now and then. Felt it coming on the other night, so I phoned New York to have a chat with Dad. He said the Scottie was yipping around the place, and I insisted on saying "hello" to Jock. The line was so clear, Jock actually recognized my voice. The precious pup went practically insane with joy. I'll bet there haven't been that many barks wafted over the Atlantic since phones were invented! I can just hear you make some crack about the line going to the bow-wows. Don't do it. Puns are *so* vulgar.

It's time for me to get to the studios. So, Cheerio, my dear, for this time. Be a good girl, and I'll bring you a crumpet.

Love,
Helen.

Why do minds misbehave?

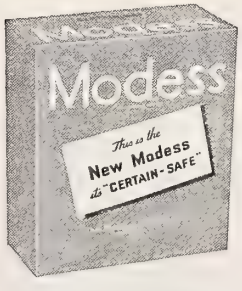
THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS...



Case No. 296
Miss O.H.F. Age 29. Teacher of English in high school. Successful in her work — but tortured by belief that her superiors discriminated against her maliciously. Accused her favorite student of telling lies about her to the school principal.
DIAGNOSIS: Paranoid suspicions.
CURE: Complete — when cause of fear was revealed in the course of psychiatric consultations. Her mental illness had its beginning in childhood, when quarrelling parents made her feel insecure, unsure of affection.



Case No. 432
Mrs. T.O.V. Age 31. Frequently embarrassed husband by telephoning guests and withdrawing invitations. Offended her husband's employer by her inattention and preoccupation with secret worries during a dinner given in her honor.
DIAGNOSIS: "Accident panic" — the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.
CURE: Complete — when the cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing to her a sanitary napkin ("Certain-Safe" Modess) that was designed in a way to make "accidents" impossible.



N-O-V-O...the new douche powder. Cleansing—deodorizing . . . for the fastidious woman.

Even if "accident panic" has never haunted *you* . . . protect yourself against the possibility of an accident ever happening. Get a box of the new Modess today. Its name—"Certain-Safe"—tells the story . . . and you can look at the napkin and *see* why it's accident-proof:

1. *Extra-long tabs provide firmer pinning bases . . . Modess* can't pull loose from the pins.
2. *Specially-treated material covers back and sides of pad . . . Modess* can't strike through.

The day you buy Modess is the day you end "accident panic" forever!

MODESS STAYS SOFT . . . STAYS SAFE

CHERAMY
April Showers
TALC



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THERE'S glorious fragrance — *the perfume of youth* — in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite... but not Expensive

LET'S GET GRACE MOORE'S TEMPERAMENT STRAIGHT

(*Continued from page 43*)

to leave Hollywood when she had completed two pretty bad pictures. When a world-renowned artist is hailed as a failure in motion pictures, it means public humiliation in capital letters. Every corner of the world knows about it. Remember the dozens upon dozens of stories you read about the failure of Grace Moore in pictures?

Grace did not need to leave. She had a contract. She could make more pictures; undoubtedly some good ones. Musical comedies—light singing affairs which would make of her an above-average, singing motion-picture actress. She could stop being a prima donna.

SHE stormed off to Europe! She made her choice in a high-headed manner. She chose not to lose what she had fought to learn—not even for thousands of dollars weekly and fame, unlimited.

She had struggled to get temperament, as she would never have to struggle to lose it! Until a woman can love madly, suffer tragically, lose her temper, run the gamut of emotions—she is a singer but not a great singer. Ask Mary Garden, Mary Lewis or any other prima donna!

As a rule, America does not build temperament, it kills it. A little girl from Tennessee (Jellicoe was Grace's hometown) is trained from the cradle to *control herself*. She must not speak unless her elders have spoken first, she must turn her other cheek when anger would beget anger, she must not fall in love unless she is certain she is loved first. Such a young woman is raised to live as American tradition has dictated for a "lady."

Grace Moore had a marvellous voice. It was well-trained. She sang for the Metropolitan Opera Company judges. They turned her down. She went to Europe to *learn why*.

Did I hear someone say, "But that was the plot of 'One Night of Love'?" Of course it was! That plot was based largely on Grace's life story. "Love Me Forever" is based on another part of it. Real stories about a real opera singer!

In Europe, the little American girl went to a maestro who promptly fell in love with her. Madly, insanely in love with her! She was frightened, baffled, amused—but mostly frightened. We are always afraid of what we cannot comprehend. She ran away. She hid in the palatial home of Mary Garden and commenced to train with an older and, she thought, wiser teacher.

SIX months later, this maestro laid the curious truth before her. Her voice was lovely. Her figure was perfect. Her beauty was captivating. But she had no temperament, no fire. She mentally was too well-trained to become a prima donna. She must fall in love. She must learn to live. She must go temperamental. He knew she had fire because he knew all women have it until it is processed from them. She must find that fire and let it burn. Then she would sing, not like a trained parrot, but as a woman capable of enjoying even sorrow and understanding it.

Temperament didn't come easily. Falling in love was not something she could pitch to a proper key, at once, like her voice. A fire that has been well drenched does not find a spark to flare again, on the minute. She was a bit bewildered. And just as she was beginning to flare a little, inspired by an Italian prince who had been thrown dramatically before her door in an accident, Otto Kahn arrived in Europe and she sang for him. He had her sing again for a Metropolitan conductor, who was also in Europe.

The conductor did not want to sign her. He felt something was still missing. She talked him into it! The very success of her salesmanship seemed to spring that lock which had been imprisoning her. That very night, she threw a celebration party. An impetuous, riotous, absolutely mad party. She led her guests in wild dashes through the narrow winding streets of an ancient European city. She rang door bells. She stopped to sing before one house and then another. She dropped into cafes, beer gardens, shops which were closed but opened before these mad Americanos. Grace Moore was actually living!

From that mad night on, Grace Moore was a prima donna. When the time came for her debut in New York, she let all the wildness of her emotions surge like a hurricane through her. A special train of celebrities came from her home town in Tennessee to be at her first opera performance. The Governor, U. S. Senator Lawrence Tyson, U. S. Representatives Francis Garrett and Cordell Hull and other neighbors of her childhood.

They held a reception in her honor on the day before her performance. But Grace Moore was too excited, too uncontrollably excited to talk politely or quietly to neighbors. She sent a note:

"It is with deep regret that I cannot be present today to greet personally each one of my faithful friends from Tennessee. I am conserving all of my energies to give you my best tomorrow and I hope that as you all gather at the Metropolitan you will receive the most sincere message I can give you—in song."

TEMPERAMENT—the ability to act differently from others—always causes excitement. There were those from her home town, who could not understand how a little girl, raised among them, would refuse to attend a tea given in her honor. The Metropolitan issued a denial that it had prevented Grace from attending. It did not interfere with the personal lives of its artists!

Still, Grace Moore did not go! What American convention demanded was comparatively unimportant. She stayed in her rooms and nursed the throbs of excitement, fear and ambition which were coursing through her tingling body. She remained true to being a temperamental prima donna!

And she's still remaining true! Perhaps you have read stories of how she's lost that temperament, had to lose it to win eventual success in Hollywood. I can assure you they are not true. I can prove this, and anyone who worked on the set of "Love Me Forever" could prove it, too —each with a different story!

I went down to see her off when she sailed on the *Ile de France* this last time to sing a command performance before the King and Queen of England. The night before, she had appeared before the Society of Arts and Sciences in New York, to receive a gold medal for "raising the standards of motion pictures"—

the first woman to be so honored; the first motion picture representative. She had promised to sing at the banquet. The song had been advertised for broadcasting. She did not sing. Her voice was ragged from the strain of working on her last picture. Her nerves were frayed. It was hot. A motion picture actress would have sung because the song had been advertised. A prima donna didn't.

As she hurried down the ladder from the top deck of the ship to meet the newspaper photographers, she looked tired. She *was* tired. She was nervous. But she smiled and joked and waved her hand and posed this way and that. After half a dozen shots, she held out her hand to Valentin Parera, her husband, and drew him before the camera.

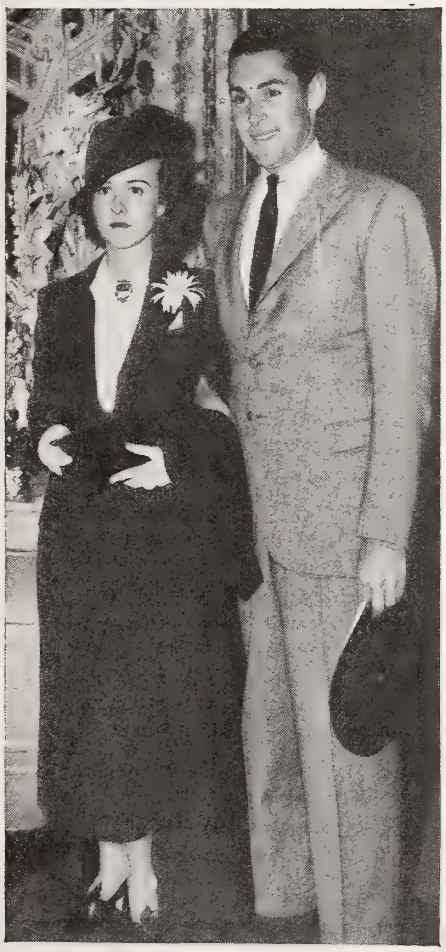
A photographer pushed forward, "I want you, alone, Miss Moore." Grace already was posed with the handsome Spaniard, she smiled but shook her head in a decided refusal. The photographer persisted. His gruff voice became dictatorial.

The smile on Grace's face vanished swiftly, "But you have plenty of me!"

"I haven't!"

There were a few more snap remarks. Now, a motion picture actress would have smiled sweetly at her husband and whispered something about, "You understand, darling." A prima donna didn't. She whirled and walked away. Tears came to her lashes.

DOZENS of autograph seekers held in check, before, by the photographers, swirled around her. "Sign here, Miss Moore."—"I've come all the way from



Margaret Lindsay and Phil Reed at "Anna Karenina" preview. They are often twosoming it about to Hollywood events. Nice couple.

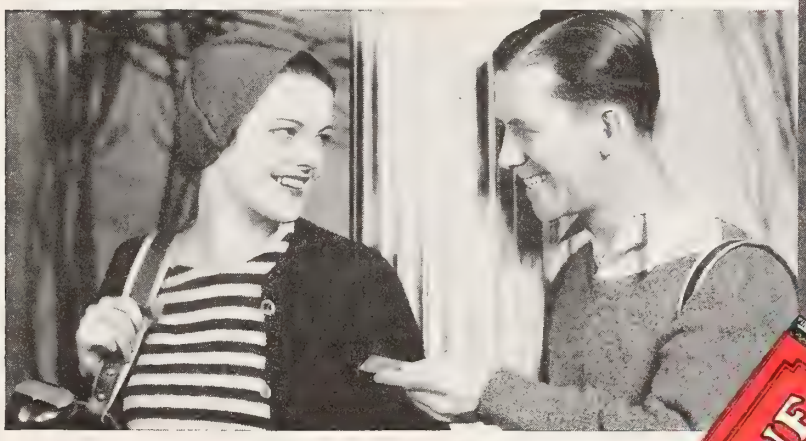
Two men told me . .



My dentist said:

"It's a fine health habit"

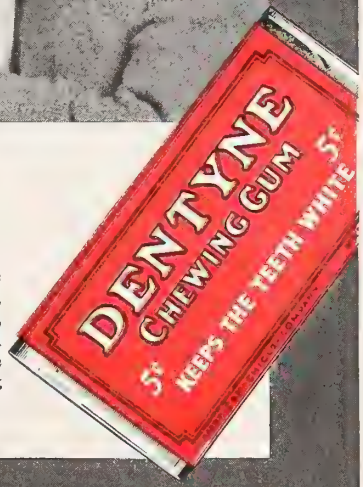
"Everyone should chew Dentyne," my dentist said. He explained that it gives the mouth exercise which it fails to get from our modern soft-food diets. It strengthens the muscles and helps improve the mouth structure. It helps the normal self-cleansing action of the mouth . . . and improves the condition of the teeth. You'll notice Dentyne's firm consistency that is so important in giving you these benefits.



Jack called it

"Wonderful gum"

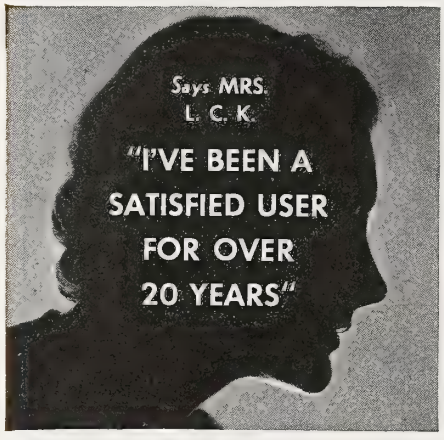
Men who are particular always like Dentyne I find. It has that "different" taste — spicy, lively, and refreshing. After trying Dentyne, I certainly complimented him on his good taste. Notice the handy, flat shape of Dentyne — an exclusive feature, making it convenient for your purse or vest pocket.



DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

Why Gamble WITH DANGEROUS METHODS OF Marriage Hygiene



Free Sample

Demonstrates Amazing Doubly Effective Method!

MUST every woman live constantly in fear of suffering? "Not at all!" say many thousands who have found new happiness and confidence by using Boro-Pheno-Form in marriage hygiene. Originated by a well-known physician for his own practice, its remarkable effectiveness alone soon won coast to coast popularity. Hundreds have written of continued satisfaction 5 to 20 years or more! That record should banish doubt and fear from any mind!

So why imperil health with harsh drugs, some of which are actually poisonous? Their effect at best is perilously brief. Boro-Pheno-Form Suppositories give DOUBLE effectiveness—IMMEDIATE effectiveness on application and CONTINUED effectiveness afterward. Amazingly powerful, yet gently soothing, even beneficial, to inflamed or irritated tissues.

So convenient too! Ready to use, no clumsy apparatus—no mixing—no danger of overdose or burns, and no telltale antiseptic odor. Instead, they are actually deodorizing and are used by many fastidious women for that purpose alone. One trial will convince you that here at last is the ideal marriage hygiene method—and trial will cost you nothing. Mail the coupon below for a liberal FREE SAMPLE and informative booklet.

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. P-30
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois.

Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM

***Mail Coupon for* FREE SAMPLE**

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Please send me FREE SAMPLE of Boro-Pheno-Form and Free Booklet.

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*City*_____ *State*_____

Brooklyn, Miss Moore."—"Here's a pencil, Miss Moore."—

The cameramen joined the crowd. "Just stand on those steps, Miss Moore, with your husband."—"Without your husband, Miss Moore!" The cameramen and autograph seekers were outyelling each other.

She looked around a little wildly. The tears spilled from her lashes. Then she turned and ran toward her stateroom and seclusion. She was halfway there when I caught up. She grabbed my hands in her two little ones and they twitched nervously.

"I, what could I do? I want to please them. But I'm so tired. I worked so hard on the picture. That banquet last night. If I don't get some sleep, I'll crack! This is awful, I wouldn't think of hurting anybody. They just don't understand. I don't understand. Don't let them think I didn't want to sign—"

She was almost hysterical. She had acted as she felt. She was being herself and that self is seasoned with pepper and ginger, cinnamon and sugar. She was angry about the photographer; ready to cry about the autograph seekers and a little frightened of the reporters. She was one big jumble of natural, effervescing emotions.

Now, any Hollywood actress would have learned with her first picture not to let photographers or reporters or autograph-seekers see her emoting. Katharine Hepburn once kicked and screamed and plumped herself on the nearest curbstone, when she felt like it. No more. Marlene Dietrich used to wear pants to formal openings when the mood seized her. Not today. Garbo did try a run-away jaunt to the Grand Canyon but she'll probably not try another.

Temperament is not in style in Hollywood any more. But Grace Moore is not a Hollywood actress. She is a prima donna. She ran away from Hollywood so she can remain what she is. *Thank goodness!*

PAPA CHAPLIN

(*Continued from page 39*)

permitted to see them. It was on the twenty-second day of August, in 1932, that for the first time, he appeared publicly with them.

HE had called Lita and secured permission to see them. At two o'clock, in an automobile, he rode proudly through the streets of Hollywood with the two youngsters beside him. He went first to the United Artists Studio. Meanwhile there was wind that "Charlie was up to something again." That happens often at the studio of this strange fellow; they never know what queer stunt Charlie's going to embark on next. His employees tiptoed around, wondered what was coming.

And then Charlie arrived with the boys. Remember, they were only six and seven, then. Well, never have Chaplin's employees been so astounded—and they've had the darndest things happen there!—as when he loudly and imperiously demanded that everybody in the studio come and see his sons. Why, the mother of Gracchi, in mythology, when she said, so that it has rung down through the centuries, "These are my jewels!"—couldn't have been one half as proud as Charlie when he told his studio staff: "These are my kids!"

"Look at them! Aren't they swell?" he demanded.

Back into the great open blue Rolls-Royce roadster they went again, after the studio had sufficiently oh-ed and ah-ed and sighed over them, and out to his Beverly Hills house. That was the beginning.

Today, they are virtually steady weekend residents there. The rest of the time, they go to a Hollywood military school—the finest, of course. That was Charlie's idea. Blisteringly denouncing what he called bringing them up as sissies, he insisted that they be reared as American kids. He demanded that they learn democratic ideals, the kind that's hammered into a guy at a military school, you know. And he insisted (this is funny!) that they learn obedience.

Well, as a matter of fact, they may be well disciplined at school but they walk over Charlie with the utmost impunity. Get them up to that Beverly Hills castle of Chaplin's, and neither Chaplin, nor Paulette Goddard, nor the servants have any more control over them than a Hottentot might have over an airplane. It's only natural, perhaps. You see, Charlie, being one of the world's most confirmed theorists, has a theory about bringing up his youngsters.

"Don't," he says, "punish them when they do something wrong. Or when they lie. It's natural in kids; it's like the animal instinct of self-preservation. You have to explain to them first what they've done was wrong, and why. Then they won't do it again. Of course, if they do, then it'd be all right to punish them."

But he never seems to get around to the punishment. Why, let me tell you some of the stunts they've pulled on papa!

ONE day, loud and urgent cries came from the Chaplin swimming pool. Coat tails flying, Papa Charlie raced to the edge, and there had to fish out his sons. Investigation showed that they had discovered papa's exercise wheel. You know—those big things you get in and turn around, and it rolls along while you go spinning upside-down-and-back. Well, they'd merely spun right into the pool.

Charlie gave them a talking to. But, "you mustn't punish them," you know, so all he did was talk.

And so came another uproar from the front of the house. There Papa Charlie beheld his youngest hanging precariously from the high limb of a tree. They got him down, somehow, and found a flock of bruises, scratches and things like that. Then papa asked how he got there.

Well, it was another of Charlie's playthings that the youngsters had adapted to their own uses. Charlie had a sort of over-grown roller-coaster, equipped with a sail—something like a land sail boat. But the boys got tired of anything as simple as that, and took off the sails to make wings with. Sydney was the first to try to fly off the roof with it.

Again Charlie talked to his sons. "You should only," he pointed out to them, "use things for what they were intended."

So he took them to a sporting goods store soon after that. It cost him $50, afterwards, to pay for the damage when they used a football for what it was intended. One of them kicked it in a little punt; the other ran it back. The showcase lost the game.

Even papa's play is mercilessly ruined by the two young Chaplins. Fishing off his yacht one day, he got a bite. That is, he thought it was a bite. He pulled in furiously. "This," he told all on board, "is a big one." It was—it was one of his own big prop shoes. The kids had tied it on his line from underneath.

CHAPLIN loves tennis. He's such an enthusiast that it drives him into spasms if he's disturbed in a game. It's more than a game with him, it's a serious occupation. And so Sydney and Charlie, Junior, take their bows and arrows, and usually at the tensest moment of the game—whizz!—there comes an arrow into the middle of the proceedings. They've lost more games for papa, that way, than you could count. Charlie talks to them about it. He tells them they shouldn't do it. "You children," he says, with that frigidly polite air grown-ups put on for recalcitrant youngsters, "must not play here. Take your bows and go up on the lawn." They do—but it's a fifty-fifty bet that something they do on the lawn will wreck papa's game just as effectively as a bow and arrow.

When they're at the Chaplin house, of course, they haven't their mother. Anyway, as this is written, Lita is East. But there's Paulette. The children adore her. They don't call her "mama," not yet anyway, but they call her, simply and charmingly, "Paulette." She has more control over them than anyone there, even including Papa Charlie himself. I'll bet anything that neither of the two kids would ever be anything but delighted if they learned, for sure, that Papa and Paulette were Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin.

But with all this, it must be honestly said concerning Charlie that he's making a go of bringing up his children. For what he neglected them before, he's more than making up. And of love, he doesn't seem to have enough for them. I've seen him in cafés, for instance, both alone and with the youngsters. Alone, he's a silent, hermit-like crab of a fellow. When the youngsters are along, he bubbles with a glee that's heart-warming, he wants everybody to come and see his youngsters, he can't find enough goodies on the menu for them. He's a different man.

The one thing Papa Charlie will not permit them is any ostentation—and consciousness that they're different from other kids. Richer, that is, or important because their dad is famous. In that, he has succeeded remarkably. So remarkably that they don't even seem to realize that Papa really *is* famous.

"Why," he explained once, "they love Mickey Mouse—but they don't even think I'm funny."

It *was* a bit wistful, though . . .

CONFESSIONS OF AN EXTRA GIRL

(*Continued from page 46*)

I've never seen anything so lovely as she was in the costume of "Romance." She took your breath away as, followed by her maid, she swept across the stage and sat down.

As she made this gesture I looked across the set and saw a handsome man in make-up and costume. Garbo's arrival seemed to electrify him. He looked at



HERE's one little medicine-hater who is going to bed happy. She's just had her first taste of Fletcher's Castoria—and she loved it! Now mother is back in favor once more.



Do you know that even the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children?

It's one laxative they take willingly. And it's very important that a child *should* take a laxative without a struggle. For the fear and resentment a child feels when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative often seriously upsets her nerves and her digestion.



But there's more to the laxative question than taste. Children's systems are sensitive, delicate. So Fletcher's Castoria is made just for children, of ingredients that are safe and suitable for a child.

It contains no narcotics. No harsh, purging drugs such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain . . . It will never, never cause griping pain. It will not form a habit. It is gentle, yet *thorough*.

Buy a bottle today. Depend on it always until your youngest child is 11 years old. Be thrifty—buy the family-size bottle. And look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years

RICHARD ARLEN
PICKS
NATURAL LIPS
AS LOVELIEST!

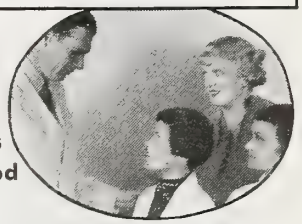


HERE'S WHAT RICHARD ARLEN SAW



UNTOUCHED PAINTED TANGEE

Film star chooses girl with Tangee lips in Hollywood test



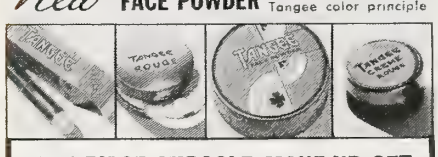
Richard Arlen makes lipstick test between scenes of "Let 'em Have It," a Reliance Pictures production.

● And most men agree with Richard Arlen! They prefer lips that are rosy and soft . . . not coated with paint! If you want your lips to be lovelier, use Tangee Lipstick. It can't give you "that painted look", because *it isn't paint.* Instead, it brings out your own natural color . . . makes your lips kissable . . . more appealing. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical.

Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy, ask for Tangee and be sure you see the name Tangee on the package. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation . . . there's only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**
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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
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*City*_____ *State*_____

her with his heart in his eyes as if he loved her more than any man had ever loved any woman. You felt as if you shouldn't be looking at him, as if you were peeping through a keyhole.

Garbo, too, seemed to feel that gaze. She looked up, smiled, and said, "Good morning," in that deep, throaty voice of hers. And as she looked at him, his face lit with a smile so glorious and wonderful that it made a lump rise in my throat.

I NOW turned to Peg and said, "Who is that man?"

She actually sniffed. "Well, Miss Ritz," she said. "You're not so smart as you thought you were." She nudged the girl next to her, "That's John Gilbert."

I looked at the man again. Why, it couldn't be Gilbert. I'd seen him many times on the screen and no make-up could so change a face. I looked back at Peg and the other girl. They were laughing at me. And I realized that war had been declared.

Peg spoke in a loud tone to her companion, "Why doesn't Miss Ritz talk to her pal, Garbo?" She turned back to me. "You and Garbo are chums, aren't you, dear? Or maybe someone in the front office got you on this set. I can't think of any other way you'd be here except by pull."

I could feel myself blushing under the make-up. "I'm here," I said as calmly as I could, "because I had a test made and it was good."

"Oh, she's had a test made. Well, isn't that just too, too divine. And tell us, angel, how you got the test?"

"I . . ." in my excitement the word had been spoken in a very loud tone and I saw the assistant director turn in our direction. "Come, come, girls, a little less noise," he called. I blushed again.

With elaborate condescension the girl next to Peg whispered, "You're supposed to be quiet on a movie set. Oh—sorry, how stupid of me to think you didn't know. The next great star, the friend of the executives must surely know *that!*"

I could feel tears coming into my eyes. But those girls must not see them. I looked back at Garbo and somehow from that lovely calm face I received comfort. I can't explain it but she had a quality that made me feel peaceful and secure. It was as if she were telling me not to mind, to have courage.

FROM looking at Garbo my eyes turned to the face of the man with his heart in his eyes—the man they had told me was John Gilbert, but wasn't. He seemed so lonely. And I was so terribly lonely. Something impelled me to walk over to him. He looked at me and smiled.

"You're new, aren't you?" he asked.

Great heavens! Was my newness sticking out all over me?

"Yes," I said.

"So am I," he said. "Terribly new. I don't know what I'd do if everyone weren't so kind."

"They've not been kind to me," I said. "I think those girls hate me. They've kidded me terribly. They told me, for instance, that you were John Gilbert."

He smiled. "I'm Gavin Gordon. Can you imagine my getting a break like this—leading man in a Garbo picture! The chance to work on the set with Miss Garbo. She's the most wonderful, the finest . . ." he was looking at her again, with those blazing, intense eyes. He didn't even notice that I had gone, that the assistant called me on the set.

The "cats" next to me were at it again. "Well, Miss Ritz, you must talk to the featured players. Us common extras aren't good enough for you, eh?"

And now the tears were really in my eyes and it was just at that moment that Mr. Brown snapped into action and a scene was in progress. Garbo was called on the set, which was supposed to be a stage entrance she was leaving. In a low tone Brown discussed the scene, the assistant standing nearby. Suddenly both Brown and the assistant looked in our direction. The assistant motioned to me—I thought. I started forward.

Peg hissed in my ear. "No, you fool, he wants me." She took a few steps.

The assistant shook his head, "No, not you," he said, "that girl in green."

I could hardly believe my ears. I was wearing a green dress!

MR. BROWN explained the action. As Miss Garbo came out of the stage entrance I was to step up to her and hand her a little bouquet of flowers. My God! I was actually doing a "bit." My first day on a set. It was all too wonderful.

The prop boy gave me the bouquet. The other girls were called over. We rehearsed the scene with me—with *me*—stepping out from the rest and handing her the bouquet. As I did so I looked up and smiled at her adoringly thinking that's what the character would do. Brown nodded his approval of the action. And Garbo, the great Garbo, smiled down at me when it was over and said, "That was fine, dear."

In a glow of pride and elation I walked back to the others and I'm sure I could not help giving Peg and her friend a glance of triumph. Would I have been human had I refrained? Peg tossed her head.

"We'll take it now," Brown said.

The cameras purred. The sound men said all was okay. The lights flashed on. And I was doing a bit.

But just as my turn came and I was about to step forward Peg whispered, "The front of your dress is open."

Instinctively my hand flew to my bosom. I hesitated and looked down at my dress. The bodice was *not* open. I took another step.

"Cut!" Brown called. And the assistant said, "What's the matter with you?"

And then, in a sudden rush of anguish, I realized that Peg had said that not in kindness but to break me up. Such a remark, I later learned, was an old and despicable trick.

I was so chagrined I could not speak. And then I heard my tormentor saying, "I can do the scene, Mr. Brown."

"All right, let's get going," the assistant said. And I had to stand there with the others and watch Peg do the little bit which had meant so much to me and out of which I had been cheated.

AH, what little dramas go on while the great dramas are being filmed! The men making the picture did not know my heart was breaking. They had their problems. They were in a hurry to do the scene and one girl was the same as another.

The scene was over. "Okay?" Brown asked.

"Okay," said the assistant, "except that girl in green wasn't smiling."

Smiling! How could I smile when my heart was a lump of lead in my chest! God! What a business.

The rest of the day is a nightmare to me. I did find, when I got the courage to talk to some of the others, that Peg and her friend were noted for their petty meannesses and that nobody liked them. They certainly were not typical extra girls and it was just my bad luck being placed next to them. But—and I'll tell



Parties look up when Mae West appears. Here she is at Grand Hotel opening with big Jim Timony, her perennial escort about town.

about this later—I did have a chance to even scores with Peg, during the coming months. And, here's some irony, when I saw the picture the "bit" had been cut out!

Drama! There was Gavin Gordon on that set hopelessly in love with Garbo—or at least his eyes told me so. (And where is Gavin Gordon now?) And there was I my hopes of stardom shattered once more. (And where am I now?) Hopeless Hollywood. Poor, hopeless Hollywood!

WHEN the day finally ended, I turned my costume back to the wardrobe department and wearily climbed the stairs to the extras' room to take off my make-up.

I sat alone in one corner of the room, listening to the girls talking. Some of them had been called back for the next day. I had not been called. I would never be called again. I could not do the most simple "bit."

I walked out on the little balcony and looked across the green lawn. I had failed, miserably and completely. I didn't care now. No one could heckle me, no one could see. So I let the tears run down my cheeks.

And suddenly I heard a voice. "What's the matter, dear?" the voice asked. I turned wearily and there standing beside me was Joan Crawford.

Something about her made me know that I could talk to her.

And it all came out in a rush. I told her everything that had happened—why I had failed and how I felt.

She took my hand in hers. "Look at me," she said. With the back of her other hand she gave me a little slap under the chin. "Keep that chin up," she said. "Smile!"

I obeyed her command. I felt better already. "Now listen," she went on. "At ten o'clock tomorrow morning you meet me at the gate. We're going to show those girls. I'm going to get you a job—yes, a job in pictures. Why, that's a *real* smile. Now go home and forget today. Tomorrow is coming."

Yes, tomorrow was coming and with it an amazing experience for me. I knew it. I felt it. Next month I'll tell you all about it.

She Knew Every Beauty Secret.. Except the Most Important One

Yes, she used powder, rouge and lipstick, wore a seductive perfume, but neglected her eyes—her lashes were so skimpy that her eyes looked dull, lifeless.



Then Came this Magic Change

Her lashes now look long and silky, giving her eyes life and glamour—Winx Mascara transformed her into a perfect beauty.

YOU'LL never know the amazing, beautifying change that will come over your face until you darken your lashes with Winx Mascara.

You may not think your lashes are skimpy, but just see how a touch of Winx gives them an entrancing, long, silky look. Lovely eyes in 40 seconds! . . . the fascinating allure that men can't resist.

I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms, Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer *today*. See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note it's superiority. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily.

Louise Ross

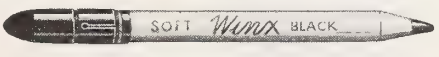
WINX

Eye Beautifiers

Winx Cake Mascara—for years the most popular form of all. So easy to apply. Its soothing emollient oils keep lashes soft, silky.

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Winx Creamy Liquid Mascara. Absolutely waterproof. Ready to apply. No water needed. The largest selling liquid mascara.



A Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds and shapes the brows with charming curves.





Winx Eye Shadow gives depth and glamour to the eyes.





HE'S LOOKING FOR A SWEETHEART

(*Continued from page 37*)

of the life of practically any of Hollywood's unattached actresses inevitably includes a Raymond episode. He scores top-high with his fans, too. On a recent personal appearance trip, feminine furors in nine major cities brought out the police to handle crowds around his hotel and theatre. And in New York, where he spends most of his off-screen interludes, he's undeniably the debs' delight. Blue Book mamas practically turn Emily Postian handsprings for the honor of young Mr. Raymond's presence at a coming-out party or a weekend at Newport.

In addition to his popularity and handsomeness, he has all the other items that are apt to make the ladies go after his sentimental scalp—fame and a fortune and one of the brightest futures in the film colony.

AND yet Gene Raymond told me, "I've never been in love because no girl has ever given me a chance to be"—and told me the truth. But if it takes as much truth to convince you as I made him relate to convince me, then you're an old skeptic too. So maybe we'd better go back to the beginning, to the very beginning of Gene Raymond.

It's the darndest thing, his being in pictures anyway. It's story-book, almost, for a mother to say, "My first-born shall be an actor," and have it really happen. But Mrs. Guion, a native of Alsace, is one of the most remarkable women I have ever met. From her, her son inherited much of his determination and quiet poise and characteristically French *joie-de-vivre*. With those three qualities and his mother's ambitions as well as his own, it isn't so story-book after all, that he's Hollywood's Prince Charming today.

I knew what she meant when she told me Gene was a 'pretty little fellow' as a child. Not that he couldn't skin a fence or a cat as professionally as any other Long Island kid, but there was a certain soft fairness about his skin and features that's unusual in boys. You notice it now, first thing, off-screen—a sort of scrubbed-clean-behind-the-ears look, a firm, fresh blondness that strikes you as being more wholesome, really, than handsome. You'd take him for a Dartmouth senior or a young Wall Streeter before you'd ever suspect him of being an actor. He's much too down-to-earth to even look or behave like a celebrity, and you like him for it.

I don't think Gene is a 'born actor' anyway. He's a very skilled craftsman who has learned his tools and his workmanship, who makes a pure business of his art. There's none of the divine urge or temperament bunk about him, and you like him for that, too.

At an early age he was placed in the Professional Children's School in New York. He studied to become an actor as other boys study to be architects or engineers. Classes meant elocution, gestures, voice modulation, fencing, horsemanship, gym—anything and everything that would assist him in the theatre. So outstanding was his progress that at the age of fifteen, wearing his first long pants (white duck, $2.95 a pair, with a crease still warm from the family iron) he made his stage debut in "The Potters" and quickly became one of Broadway's leading juveniles.

A FEW more seasons on the boards, a smash hit in the leading role of "Young Sinners" which ran for two years, and it was inevitable that Hollywood, bearing fat contracts, should knock long and loudly on his dressing-room door. Gene, twenty-one and fond of the footlights, wasn't so keen about putting his John Henry on a dotted line that could tie him down to talkies only. He finally came West under what was and has remained the only gentleman's agreement in the film colony—Mr. Jesse Lasky was to have first call on his services. Under that arrangement Gene enjoyed until recently a sort of glorified free-lance career, playing the roles he wanted, not the ones that might be dished out to him were he under contract. A month or so ago, however, RKO persuaded him to sign a long term contract, and have big things planned for him.

It's amusing to hear him tell about his first year in pictures. He was scared to death he wouldn't ditto his stage success before the camera. So he rented a seventeen-room house, wrote home for mother, and promptly interned himself in his seventeen rooms like a bearded old hermit. He spent his evenings studying German grammar instead of girls, reciting lines instead of sweet nothings. Frankly, he'd never done a great deal of dating anyway. Getting ahead in the theatre had consumed his time and interest before, then along came a tough new job in pictures that didn't leave him much time to consider the belles of California and how they blossom.

I think the romance angle of Gene's life might have been much different if he had gone about socially that first year. To the girls he courted he would have been just Gene Raymond, a nice young man. But by the time he had leisure for dinners and dances and evenings à deux he was Gene Raymond, idol. Young actor with a couple of hit pictures behind him and all the glamor that goes with screen success. A celebrity whom women insisted upon treating as such—and that's just the reason one celebrity's still single.

GENE RAYMOND doesn't go for high-powered, open adoration no matter whose brand it is—star, fan or society girl!

It takes a stuffed shirt to really believe applause, to really believe he's a national object of romantic interest, something extra special in the way of a young man. And Gene's no stuffed shirt. Contrary to many lime-lighted males he has no theatrical sense of himself. Instead, he's sane and sensible and down-to-earth enough to want and to demand to be treated like a plain, nice young man—not a hero.

I've watched Gene in lots of flattering situations. I've seen him surrounded by women at more than one cocktail party, I've heard six feminine "hellos" on his telephone inside of thirty minutes. I've even seen him stop traffic at Broadway and 50th Street. Outside his hotel in Chicago not long ago, more than a thousand women waited an entire morning to see him come out; at his theatre another vast crowd stood under his dressing-room window in the rain, shouting to him to throw his cigarette butts to them. Adoration like that, I thought, wouldn't exactly do

to a young man what water does to a duck's back. I asked Gene to tell me the honest-to-goodness truth.

"How," I asked him one afternoon when we munched pretzels and downed punch at a sidewalk café, "how does it make you feel to be treated like a tin god? To have practically every girl you meet instantly sizzle with sentimental hope, cash your slightest congenial compliment at ten times its face value and promptly fall on your neck with words—if not arms?"

Gene shrugged his somewhat massive shoulders, lighted a cigarette and spoke very seriously. "Honestly—please don't misunderstand this—but I hate it. I *hate* it. It's forced me to cultivate a characteristic I loathe in myself—it's made me wary of women.

"Listen, I know I'm not anything wonderful. I know it isn't really I that they admire, it's the men I portray on the screen. It's the lines I say and the make-up and lighting and background and all the other artificialities. I could be the same person and drive a truck for a living and I'd go about unnoticed.

"So when women, as you say, 'make a fuss' over me I feel exactly as though I'm being lied to. I wonder what I have that they want—certainly not myself. I distrust them and I'm embarrassed and I want to get away as soon as I can.

IT does another thing to me, too. If a woman meets me and doesn't 'make a fuss' over me I'm forced to think she's being cagey, using reverse strategy. It's a natural reaction. I don't want to think those things, but if you had this to go through, you would, too.

"And that's why I mean it when I say no girl has ever given me a chance to fall in love. I'm just like any other fellow. I want to do my own pursuing. I want to go about under normal social circumstances and be able to tell when a girl likes me for myself and nothing else.

"That would be necessary and right, before I could fall in love."

You wouldn't like Gene if he really took all the flattery he gets to heart, if he accepted being fussed over as though he were divinely entitled to it. He's simply a young business man with no more glorified an opinion of himself than the boy next door or the date you had last night.

AND when Gene marries what will he want—beside a girl who will treat him like a regular human being? I asked him that too.

"Of course I want to marry. I want to love and be loved as every man wants those things. As for my ideal girl—well, I do have ideals and preferences. I could say I like independent girls, girls who have known what it is to make their way in the world and really meet life like a trouper. I could say I'm partial to brown eyes and good athletes and southern accents. I could build an ideal. . . ."

Gene lit another cigarette and grinned. "But you know—you know as well as I do that when I fall I'll just fall. And whether she incorporates all my ideals or not, won't matter."

So there you are with the exposé of Gene's bachelordom in a nutshell. It's an interesting piece of psychology to remember, too, if you're ever after the sentimental scalp of a widely popular young man—the campus hero or the best-looking lifeguard at the beach. Treat him exactly like any other not-so-hot male and he'll like you for it.

Gene told me I couldn't tell this.

He said, "The missing romance chapter in my life? Say listen, it's really *missing*. You can't tell that story—it *isn't!*"

Well, I don't know. I think it *is*, don't you?



She *Cheats*

(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time — even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

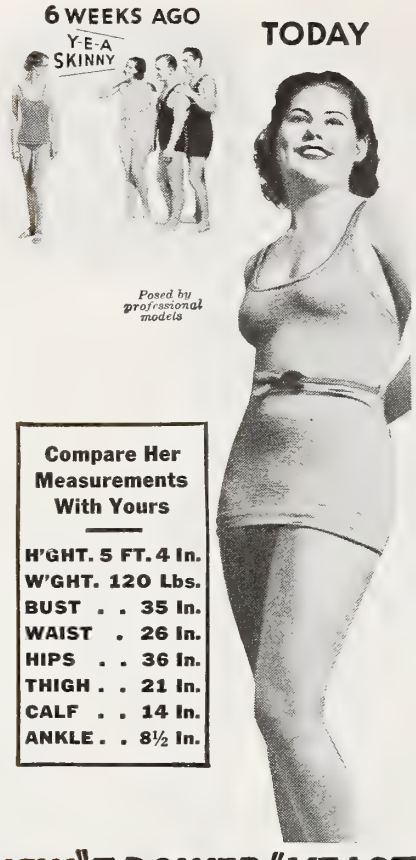
You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the *odor* of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!



Compare Her Measurements With Yours

H'GHT. 5 FT. 4 In.
W'GHT. 120 Lbs.
BUST . . 35 In.
WAIST . 26 In.
HIPS . . 36 In.
THIGH . . 21 In.
CALF . . 14 In.
ANKLE . . 8½ In.

NEW "7-POWER" YEAST ADDS 5 TO 15 LBS. QUICK

Richest imported ale yeast now concentrated 7 times with three special kinds of iron in pleasant tablets

AN AMAZING new "7-power" yeast discovery is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "skinny," run-down people who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many who need these vital health-building elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "7-power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 310, Atlanta, Ga.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

(*Continued from page 63*)

in a 2 quart sieve, over a deep bowl. Place a double layer of cheese cloth in a smaller sieve. Run enough juice through this to make 4 cups of strained juice. Make this juice into jelly as follows:

GRAPE JELLY

4 cups juice
7½ cups sugar (3¼ pounds)
½ bottle fruit pectin

Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan. Stir until sugar has melted. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and add bottled fruit pectin at once, stirring constantly. Bring to a full rolling boil, then boil ½ minute. Remove from heat, skim and pour quickly into hot sterilized glasses. Makes about 11 (6 ounce) glasses.

GRAPE BUTTER

Rub grapes, from which juice has drained through sieve. There should be 4½ cups of pulp. (If there is not quite enough, use any excess grape juice or add water to fill up the last ½ cup.) To grape pulp add sugar and fruit pectin in the following proportions:

4½ cups pulp
7 cups (3 pounds) sugar
½ bottle fruit pectin

Measure grape pulp and sugar into large saucepan or preserving kettle. Mix well, bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire, stirring constantly, both before mixture reaches a boil and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from heat and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Pour quickly into hot sterilized jelly glasses. Makes approximately 11 (6 ounce) glasses.

(Follow recipes exactly. Don't guess about measurements. Time the boiling *by the clock.* A "full rolling boil" is one you cannot stir out. It is absolutely essential to the success of these recipes.)

IF you follow these rules and measurements you'll discover that the above recipes are about as easy and "fool proof" as anything you've ever tried. The addition of bottled fruit pectin cuts down both the chances of failure and the time of boiling. Pectin, you know, is what makes fruit jell. In this refined, concentrated form it contains definite jelly-making strength for specified quantities. Where the most experienced jelly makers in the old days sometimes had failure, nowadays, by using this bottled produce the veriest amateur can be assured in advance of success.

And now let me describe briefly the jelly-and-jam-dishes made according to the O'Brien recipes. I don't want to go into a detailed description here because I'll be only too delighted to send you the recipes themselves. All I want to do at this time is give you some idea of the delicious treats you will learn how to make just by sending for Mrs. O'Brien's recipes. Pat thinks they're great—and so will you!

As usual I've had these four recipes made up into leaflet form—four unusual recipes this month! Yet they call for only the simplest ingredients—the kind that may be found on the shelves of your kitchen closet or any grocery store. Oh yes! That reminds me. Even if you don't want to attempt to make your own jams and jellies, you still will want to have these recipes, for your grocer carries many first rate jams and jellies, too, which you can use most economically in making up these dishes. But be sure you buy a brand that you know by name and reputation so that you will be sure of uniformly good results when making Pat O'Brien's favorite dishes.

First in importance of these sweets is the Jelly Roll that I was privileged to sample. To Mrs. O'Brien's proportions I have added my own description of the easiest way I have discovered to *roll* a Jelly Roll. I'm sure you'll be as glad to learn this simple little "trick" as you will be to learn the correct proportions for making a light textured cake.

The second of the recipe cards will describe to you how to make a Jam Pie. If you're looking for a new pie filling, here's your golden opportunity!

The third recipe card brings you directions for making the little Jelly Meringue Tarts so temptingly pictured at the beginning of this article. Under their meringue and cocoanut topping there is a cocoanut custard filling that is just about the simplest thing I've ever made. Under the custard there is jam (of course there would be, since it's a Pat O'Brien favorite!). Incidentally, this same recipe can be used to make a novel filling for a cocoanut custard pie—one with an O'Brien touch!

On the fourth card I'm giving you a recipe for Spiced Grape Relish. You'll be surprised to discover what a festive touch such a relish supplies when served with an otherwise prosaic roast.

The coupon will bring all these recipes to you at no cost and with practically no effort. If you have a sweet tooth you'll love them all. And if you have a man in your family he'll love you for cooking for him the same dishes that Eloise serves to her typical he-man husband, Pat O'Brien.

You'll recall that it's often said that "men are just grown-up boys." Well there's certainly one thing they *never* outgrow and that's their liking for jellies and jams. This month's recipe leaflet will teach you so many practical and novel ways to cater to this liking that you should really send for your *free* set of these recipe cards NOW.

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NO GREATER THAN THEIR DIRECTORS

(*Continued from page 31*)

Although this is an unusual case—if it were not, we would have few good pictures—it is used here because it so strikingly illustrates one of the simplest truths about making pictures. No matter how capable the actor or actress, no matter how clever the story (and this was one of the best), no matter how well-adapted the script, how excellent the photography, the musical score, etc., in the end no picture is greater than the man who directs it.

The great directors of Hollywood are its unsung heroes; the poor ones its unpunished civilians.

Although we give the glory to the actor, if we are honest in our research, we discover those actors and actresses whom we love most dearly and admire most intelligently are the ones who have been fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a great director for at least one *name-making* picture.

Today, when you say Myrna Loy or William Powell, what picture do you think of at the same instant?—"Thin Man," of course!

Both Myrna Loy and William Powell were fine actors before W. S. Van Dyke handled them in this record-breaking production. They had been in Hollywood many years. But had their names become household words as had Clara Bow's, Greta Garbo's, Lon Chaney's, Jean Harlow's, etc.? Myrna had had modest fame, won from playing exotic roles, largely Oriental. Bill had been sure-fire for consistent laughs. And then someone handed W. S. Van Dyke the script for "Thin Man" with the names of Myrna Loy and William Powell pencilled on it. "Van," as Hollywood calls this two-fisted, hard-crusted man, knew that one director after another had refused to do that story. But he was used to being sent to the South Seas ("White Shadows"); to Africa ("Trader Horn") or the Arctic Ocean ("Eskimo") without uttering a grumble even though he detests travel and "location" pictures. He is one director who has never said "no" to a picture.

The fact that Van never says "no" was the luckiest thing that ever happened to Myrna Loy or William Powell. Myrna became a star—Bill a great star. The world sang their praises. Justly so. They proved themselves capable of living up to the genius of the man who directed them. His praises went unsung because it is the custom to sing only to the spectacular. Since the director never appears on the screen he is never spectacular.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Clark Gable. How quickly the words "It Happened One Night" follow the mental flash of their names. Again, both were well-known. However, it had been a long time since Clark Gable had had a truly great picture. The very fact he was loaned to Columbia for this production showed Clark's prestige was not at the top. Studios seldom loan top-notchers. He told me, "I was slipping. I knew I was slipping. To tell the truth, I didn't want to make that picture. I didn't like the idea of being loaned. I told Frank Capra so. I had to apologize afterwards. I couldn't and wouldn't have done anything else. I know what Frank did for

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MIRIAM HOPKINS and Janet Ross met in Hollywood for the first time since their school days together. Miriam Hopkins was lovelier than ever, poised, charming. Janet was dull-looking, self-conscious, awkward.

"Please tell me," asked Janet, "is there anything an average girl like me can do to be more attractive?"

Of course there was! The first step to beauty was to obtain expert advice, so Miriam Hopkins took Janet to Max Factor...Hollywood genius of make-up.

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Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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me in that picture. I'll never forget."

Claudette Colbert told me, with her traditional, frank manner, "An actress must have a great picture to become known as a great actress. I had 'Cleopatra' and 'It Happened One Night' in the same year. That was more luck than in all the rest of the years added together."

Two people who realize what they owe to the quiet-mannered, unassuming little Italian who once worked in the technical department at Columbia. Frank Capra's one rule for a picture is—*make it simple.*

Capra wanted Clark Gable for "Broadway Bill" and Clark wanted to play it so badly he offered to do it for nothing. "It would be worth it to be with Capra again," he said. And I think the only time Clark Gable has been jealous in his life was when Warner Baxter played the role.

Victor Schertzinger knows music. Very few men or women in Hollywood have the musical training or knowledge of this director. He studied in Brussels, was a concert violinist with Sembrich, Sousa, Prior, Calve and appeared by himself for several years upon the musical stages of Europe. He was the first man to write a musical score for a motion picture—"Civilization."

When producer Harry Cohn had the shrewd foresight to place him behind the microphone on "One Night of Love," he made himself several million dollars, and turned Grace Moore from a woman, who had had no success in two pictures, to one of picturedom's greatest sensations. We can't avoid facts! Grace had made two other musical pictures and the world wasn't rushing to name perfumes, soaps, breads, etc., for her. But then a musical genius, who also knew pictures took her in hand, even to writing the script!

"Little Women," "Bill of Divorcement" and Katharine Hepburn! When you think of them you should think *first* of the name —George Cukor. Supposing Hepburn had first fallen into the hands of a director who did not understand her red-pencil type. (I always think of a red pencil when thinking of Katy because nothing stands out more than a red pencil on white paper.) Cukor not only knows how to direct but he knows how to handle a red-pencil. He told me of a scene which he calls typical.

THE day when she was to carry Jean Parker down the stairs in "Little Women," she had not been too well. Her father, a physician to whom she had just paid a visit in the East, had instructed her not to carry anything heavy. When director Cukor told her to carry Jean Parker, she answered, "My daddy told me not to carry anything heavy!"

"Then don't do it!" Cukor snapped.

"Let me try!" Hepburn retorted.

Cukor restrained his smile. He had what he wanted. By telling Hepburn to do as she pleased, she had done as he wanted.

And the day after this picture was finished, Katy told me, "'Little Women' is a great picture because George Cukor is great. I want him to direct my other pictures. I do not want anyone else to direct me. *A picture is no greater than its director!*"

Katharine Hepburn knew the truth. She appreciated what Cukor had done for her.

This situation between these two brings out another striking proof of the necessity of a director understanding and valuing correctly his star. Hepburn is greater when Cukor directs her because he has the knack of inspiring her to do her best dramatic work.

I will tell you a secret. Many directors are afraid of her. But Cukor is not afraid. The set on which they work is always barred even to within-the-studio-visitors. Cukor says, "That is because even studio people might misunderstand." Misunderstand the battles. Katy yelling and using explosive but illustrative language. Cukor telling her to, "keep still and do as you please." Here is a man who understands the woman who gives her best when she is exploding. Few men understand explosive women. A man who does not should never direct Katharine Hepburn, Constance Bennett, Jean Arthur, Nancy Carroll or Lupe Velez. The world miscalls these folk "temperamental." George Cukor denies this. "They are as God made them and will do their best work only as He intended."

HAVE you seen Freddie March equal his performance in "Les Miserables?" He has given us some splendid performances before but I think we are safe in saying this is his first "inspired" one. He was playing in competition with one of the greatest of actors, Charles Laughton. Fredric March had to be inspired. And what inspiration is better than competition? Director Richard Boleslawski is one of the shrewdest readers of character in Hollywood. Just how much he did to make these two great actors realize the greatness of each other is not written on any studio records!

Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell and director Frank Borzage! Here is another secret I believe to be untold. Frank Borzage believes romance filters through a screen and out into the bosoms of an audience more poignantly when his leading man and leading lady feel real emotion for one another. Only those who worked with Janet and Charlie Farrell know the intense encouragement Director Frank gave to these newcomers in "Seventh Heaven" when they began to look romantically at one another. He would invite the two of them to dine with him to "talk over the picture!" Incidentally, when he directed Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy in the picture in which they met (and I wish the world would remember what Hollywood knows but seldom says—Spencer Tracy and his wife had separated *before* Loretta and Spencer met) you would see Director Frank and his two stars dining frequently together to "talk over the story."

Of course, this story would not be complete without a mention of Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg. And this is the final proof. Marlene Dietrich is more beautiful, more charming, more alluring today than when she arrived in this country—a bashful, chubby, mystified German Frau. Her legs are more beautiful now than when they were first publicized. She refused to be directed by anyone else because she felt Von Sternberg to be the greatest director in pictures. Her loyalty was a great and deserved compliment.

I caught Von Sternberg in an off-stage moment when they had completed a production which the critics had not considered as great as some former ones made by these two. It happens that Von Sternberg has always proved his greatness by his honesty. There is no "humbug" about him. He is both a great director and a great man. He said, "There are just so many great stories in any one man. They come or they don't come. I need a vacation."

I suppose there are always exceptions—yet when we delve deeply enough we usually discover exceptions do prove the rule. I was chatting with Edward Arnold during a lull in the making of "Diamond Jim." He said, "George Arliss is a great director." Remember they worked to-

gether in "Cardinal Richlieu." Someone who had worked with Mae West might have said the same of her. These two *are* the powers behind their own thrones. . . . They do as much of the directing as the director. So even the exception proves—no star is greater than the man or woman who directs him!

Ginger and Fred Teach You "The Piccolino"

(*Continued from page 33*)

as described above, four times only this time doing a complete box.

(5-6) The Piccolino Whirl—repeat the step, dip, kick combination, described above, twice. The girl then stands still while the man takes three steps around her, starting with his right foot. The man then stands still, as the girl steps around him. Repeat three times, alternating man and girl. On the man's last turn he catches the girl in ballroom position and they both do a complete turn.

(7) Man takes girl's right hand in his. Partners do small steps, starting with the right foot, to counts of one-two, one-two-three.

(8-9-10) The Piccolino Spin—Partners come together in ballroom position, stepping with left foot and kicking high in back with right. Do this four times moving in small circle and putting plenty of zip into it. Partners stop facing each other for one count.

(11-12) The finale—do the Piccolino Step and finish with the Piccolino Whirl in which man and girl alternately step around each other and end, then do turn.



Jean Harlow and Marlene Dietrich pose for Scotty on the Trocadero steps.

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It Isn't in the Dictionary

(Continued from page 45)

down off it again. She let Jack Gilbert chase her through a forest—that was in "La Boheme"—but she never let him catch her. That was the secret. The men never caught the spiritual type. That's why the next type—Clara Bow, the flapper, the "it" girl, was such a welcome relief.

SUDDENLY, when men were all exhausted and panting from chasing the hundreds of Lillian Gishes they couldn't catch (and what's the use of catching a girl who appeals to your Better Nature anyhow?), Elinor Glyn appeared. She coined a new word. The word was "it"—and did she start something!

Clara Bow—and all her thousands of imitators—had "it." Great big scissors were brought out and the fluttering, ankle-length dimities were chopped off at the knees. Little bobbing curls were whacked off with the same scissors and you had a wind-blown bob. The reformers "tchted" "tchted" "tchted" at the flappers and "it" girls (there had been not a single "tcht" for Gish) but the men loved 'em. (The reformers loved 'em, too, if the truth were known, but were in the habit of "tchting.")

It was easy to be an "it" girl. You just ran wild all over the place, were just a little madcap, free as the wind.

You had to have a lot of pep and vigor to be an "it" girl. It was just go, go, go from morning until night. Anything for a laugh—jump in the pool with your clothes on, ride a bucking bronco bareback, stand on your head if you felt like it. I suppose it was sheer exhaustion that made us turn to glamor.

We all turned to glamor when the Chief dumped Garbo at the Santa Fe station in Los Angeles. Nobody knew we would—least of all the Swedish girl who was dumped.



GARBO was tired. The California climate didn't agree with her. She didn't slither. She didn't flutter. She didn't bounce. She just sat with her eyes half shut because the sun hurt her eyes. And that, gentle reader, was how glamor was born.

Imitating Clara Bow had worn us all out. Gosh, but it was nice to sit or recline and exude glamor. In the dictionary, incidentally, the word is defined like this, "Glamor—magic or enchantment; magic influence; spell; witchery; hence, alluring and often illusory charm."

Now you never saw a very busy or active witch, did you? The mystic ones who deal in spells invariably just sit and stir a pot. So the glamor girls just sat. They didn't talk much—that might break the spell (and sometimes did)—they didn't do much. They just looked pale and pretty and the men were entranced because they, too, were tired chasing the "it" girls. And for awhile they didn't catch on that this new behavior on the part of their women folk was glamor. They thought, "Now there's a nice dumb girl who won't give me any trouble."

It was when the attitude got tagged with a word that the men caught on. And that's why the style has now changed. They're on to our tricks, sisters. They've tumbled that it's just good old sex appeal after all.

And then along came Myrna Loy.

Of course, Mae West had arrived and done her bit in a good cause. But she didn't fool anybody. You knew right away that Mae had sex appeal. And if the younger boys didn't believe it—they just asked Dad. And *he* knew. Mae didn't create a vogue. Mae didn't induce women to go in for hips and tiny waists. The girls looked at her and said "How quaint" and went on being glamorous.

But little Myrna has a new slant. You can't classify her—and that's why she's so deadly. She certainly doesn't vamp anybody. Dear me no! Not by the farthest stretch of the imagination is she a Gish. And certainly you wouldn't call her anything so old-fashioned as an "it" girl. Glamor? No, no, she's much too down to earth for that.

Watch her screen technique. She's a good pal, quick on the uptake, cute (but never coy), attractive, regular.

AND if you get in on that style while it is still young, before men catch on that it's just another link in the sex appeal chain—baby, you'll go far.

Myrna and her technique—they're both as modern as Vitamin E. Smart, sophisticated, chic and palsy-walsy. Watch her, copy her before someone comes along with something else and you're too late.

And maybe it's better that we haven't a word for Myrna's type yet. Words spoil the illusion. And words (and this is important, girl friends) tip men off that it's an act—the same old act that wowed Adam in the Garden of Eden. Because no matter how you say it it's the same old thing—just dressed up in a smart frock. "It" or glamor, allure or charm. Put 'em all together and they spell sex.

Oh, by the way, Myrna Loy isn't the only cinema gal with the new technique. No, siree, there's someone right on her own Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot who has the now formula down pat. And that girl is none other than charming Rosalind Russell.

Everyone is going for her in a big way because she belongs to this new school of smartness. She's snappy, alert, quick on the trigger and a real pal to the boy friend. Very much like Myrna—in fact there's a facial resemblance between these two that is positively astounding. You've noticed it, no doubt.

Men are falling hard for this 1935 version companion-sweetheart. So get busy and see if you can't acquire this new "it." These two cinema charmers are grand patterns to follow. It mightn't be a bad idea to take a few tips from them.

Maybe we should call what Myrna does—Loytering. Oh well, let it go. I can't be shot for trying!

NELSON EDDY'S TRUE LIFE STORY

(*Continued from page 29*)

mother taught him the fundamentals of music. She read scores with him. And often, when she was practising a solo for her church, the little golden-haired boy would like it and beg her to teach it to him. She would and so, on a given hour of a Sunday morning, the mother and son would be singing the same solo, both golden-haired, both young.

BUT at no time did the boy dream or plan to become a professional singer. Nor did his mother, music-conscious as she was, seem to be aware that her son's slender throat lodged a miracle of sound.

He wanted, as a matter of fact, to become a civil engineer. "I didn't," he told me, "know what in blazes a civil engineer was but it sounded good. Sort of elegant and important. It's just as well for me that I never got around to it because I can't add six and four and make them come out ten, not without a struggle."

But small Nelson's boyhood was not all dedicated to music. He had a typical, wholesome devout New England childhood. His paternal great-grandmother owned a farm at Acushet, Massachusetts, and Nelson spent many an enchanted summer there.

God-fearing people, his father's people, and they saw to it that he revered the stern, uncompromising God of his father. Methodist by family inheritance, young Nelson, in the course of his travels from one New England town to another, attended the Baptist, Congregational, Universalist, Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches. Thus he learned early that sect is not important but that worship is.

There never was any one established home in Nelson's boyhood. His father, a machinist and an inventor of farm tools and naval devices, moved about from city to city, almost from season to season. So that the boy attended the Dartmouth Street Primary School in New Bedford, Mass., the Rhode Island Normal School in Providence, the Edgewood Grammar School in the same city and the Grove Street Grammar School in Pawtucket, R. I., from which he graduated.

A traveling salesman kind of life—but in every town his parents took a house, never an apartment nor a hotel suite. And his mother, the genius of home-making in her heart, made of each transient abode, a real home.

NELSON said to me, "I couldn't give a life story without talking about my grandparents, my father's mother and father. For they are more important in my life than I am! Mr. and Mrs. Isaac M. Eddy, their neighbors call them. But they were and they are, Gramma and Grampa to me. Their home in Pawtucket was my real home. I spent most of my week-ends there and it was there, with them, that I learned most of the lessons that have stood me in good stead all of my life. I learned the value of gentleness and kindliness—the beauty of simple living. The robust virtues of character and heart. My grandfather it was who taught me to play the drum and the fife. My grandmother taught me a reverence



Behind a screen of matter-of-fact efficiency, Julia Scott tried to conceal her love for the man who was her boss. But that didn't work. She had to leave. When she told him, he made her a proposal—a proposal which was very different from one that was due a beautiful girl.

What was the outcome of this strange bargain? You will be surprised to learn what happened to Julia in "She Married Her Boss," the story based on the Columbia Picture starring Claudette Colbert.

Other complete stories and features in the October issue include "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" starring Wally Beery . . . "The Dark Angel" with Merle Oberon and Fredric March . . . "The Return of Peter Grimm" with Lionel Barrymore . . . "The Irish in Us" with James Cagney . . . "Two for Tonight" with Bing Crosby . . . "Harmony Lane" with Douglass Montgomery . . . "The Last Outpost" with Cary Grant . . . "The Clairvoyant." These and many other special features in the October issue, now on sale.

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

OCTOBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE

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One of these 3 shapes will fit your baby's mouth and reduce windsucking. Assures uninterrupted and contented feeding.

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All 4 exquisitely packaged in unique Redwood chest. Send only $1.00, check, stamps or currency. (Regular value $2.00). An ideal gift.

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Redwood Treasure Chest containing 4-50c bottles of these alluring $2.00 to $5.00 an ounce perfumes. Chest 6"x3". Made from Giant Redwood trees of California.

for old things hallowed by long love and service.

"I spent dreamy hours among the old knick-knacks and daguerreotypes of that sweet-smelling, sweet-living house. I played with the toys my grandfather had played with. I ate the cookies my grandmother made for me and no food in all the world, neither on the Continent nor here, has ever tasted so good. Their sweetness and kindliness toward me was one of the joys of my childhood and their life-long loyalty and devotion to me is one of the prides of my manhood. They hang onto the radio every time I sing. They play, over and over again, every record I have ever made. And, whenever I record, I make records off the air and send them to them. Their favorites of my songs are the 'Evening Star' from Tannhauser and 'Going Home.' I think they will be 'going home' very soon now—but they cannot make a home in heaven that will be any more heaven than the home they made for a little boy and a grown man, here on earth."

Grammar school was the end of Nelson's formal education. There was to be no high school, no college for him. At the age of fourteen he left the classroom forever and began, then, the self-education which—but of that more later on.

"I was," the golden baritone told me, "a very dull child. I was good. I was obedient. I was a bit timid—I didn't run with gangs. If a big fellow wanted to take a poke at me, I'd let him take it rather than start a fight. My deportment in school was always and consistently 'D'—not because I was personally mischievous but because I always was minding other fellows' business, poking my nose in where it didn't belong. Meddling.

"I liked little girls. More especially little girls with *curls*. And I manifested my liking by pulling their curls, teasing them, sneering loudly, 'Aw, an old *girl!*'"

He first fell in love when he was seven and in the third grade. He said, reminiscently, "That was my first love affair. Doubtless the recipient of my rather murderous attentions didn't know then and doesn't realize to this day—if she remembers me at all—that it was love that was animating me. How should she? But it really was. I was seven, the young lady must have been all of six. Her name was Doris—you see, I *do* remember—and she had very pullable, golden curls, and sweet blue eyes. I teased her daily, hourly, all of the time. I threw spitballs at her. I dipped her curls in inkwells. I climaxed my attentions one day by chasing her home from school, throwing stones at her as she ran. Weird and wonderful are the ways of small boys, for all the time I was thinking how pretty she was, how much I loved her. At last, one particularly well-aimed stone cut her across the eye, a really bad gash. I followed her into her house and, above the din of her justifiable wails, unctuously asked her mother if I might be allowed to put butter on the bruise. My mother, I said angelically, had always told me that butter was very good. And her mother, touched by so much manly solicitude on my part, allowed me to minister to the hurt I had inflicted. She never knew, until later, that I was the culprit, the desperado of love. That must have been a shock to her illusions!

CURIOUS. Perhaps in some obscure way I fancied myself as Dan Cupid pursuing the victim of my affection with bow and arrow. I don't know, I only know that it was love I felt. Love was in my mind. I was moony regularly about her. When I graduated from school, some years later, she was in the auditorium. I saw her there and planned to speak to her after the commencement exercises. But when I went to look for her she had gone and I've never seen her again. Doris—where, I wonder, is she?

"At the age of thirteen I had my next emotional disturbance. I was spending part of that summer at Sakonnet Point, R. I. There was a little casino there where the summer folk danced two or three times a week. I got the job of ticket collector and had permission to dance when duty permitted. I always gravitated immediately to the acknowledged belle of the place, the daughter of the local constable. I had overcome considerably my third-grade shyness or I could never have asked her to dance with me, since I couldn't dance!

"She was very kind and patient with me, teaching me how to place my feet and go one-two, one-two so that I could, at least, circle ineptly about the ball-room. And the circle, that ancient and traditional mystic sign, caught us in the ring of love.

"We did all of the 'teenish things. We carved our initials on the trunks of trees, heart-enclosed. We rode bicycles together. We took long walks, saying nothing and feeling all of the inexplicable keen agony of love at thirteen. Love which has no tongue, no voice, only a heart!

"It all came to what seemed to me a tragic and frustrated end when, seated cozily behind a rock one day—getting up courage to kiss her cool cheek—her father, the constable, loomed up behind us and in the best movie-constable blood-and-thunder voice bade me begone and his young daughter to run home to Maw and he'd tend to her later!

"And so, we didn't kiss. We never kissed at all, my sweetheart of thirteen summers, and I.

"Later, much later, came a love which dyed my life with all the colors of the spectrum, from sombre purple which is for pain to the reds and ambers of joy. But that is another, a much later part of my story."

WE must diverge now to the day of young Nelson's graduation from grammar school—his last day in any classroom.

For at this time of his life his mother and father decided to divorce and Nelson, instinctively and naturally, went with his mother. He was fourteen when his parents dissolved their marriage. He says of them now. "Two perfectly swell people who just couldn't get along, temperamentally."

Two wise people, too, who believed that a child should not be torn between two parents. A mother whose great love claimed her son. A father who acknowledged that love and gave it way.

And a little fourteen-year-old lad who had, now, to make his own way in the world.

Mother and son departed from Philadelphia and the Mott Iron Works owned by Nelson's maternal uncle. There was the promise of a job as telephone operator for the boy. The promise was kept. Nelson plugged the switchboard and, a little later, was made shipping clerk which, he said, meant "underdog." "I was pretty young," said Nelson, "and I hadn't the ghost of an idea as yet what my role in life was to be. But one thing I did know—that it was *not* to be that of underdog."

And so, it is this same quality which, today, makes him take his scripts home, read the scene into the virgin record of a phonograph, then "act" with the records, thus learning his lines and perfecting all of the nuances at incredible speed—this

same quality stood him in good stead at the iron works. For he made it his business to know the name, the history, the utilitarian value of every bolt and screw, every gadget and device manufactured in his uncle's plant. He says, "I'm always interested in anything I'm doing—I have a consuming desire to know all there is to know about it."

He realized, too, that he'd had an incomplete education and that he would, from this time forth, have to be his own teacher, pupil and examiner.

He said, "I started to study then and I've been studying ever since. Only when you begin to dig for yourself do you realize how limitless is knowledge and how small a chance you have of scraping so much as the surface."

He took all kinds of courses, this industrious youngster. He began with the Alexander Hamilton Business Course, by correspondence. Too poor to buy the text-books offered by the course he dug up a second-hand book store that carried them and bought them there. He also, at that time or a little later, bought "The Wealth of Nations," a famous set of books on economics by Adam Smith.

He read omniverously. He read as he walked to and from business. He read, a book propped up in front of him, during his lunch hour. He read at home, in the apartment he and his mother shared, half the nights through. He read books that would give him a background, familiarize him with the world he lived in, in all of its aspects. H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," Plutarch for ancient history, compendiums of science, art, biology, geology, psychology—sets of books that would, he said, "give me the whole picture."

AND strangely and inexplicably, even then he did not know of the golden voice he possessed.

At the Mott Iron Works he was promoted from shipping clerk to follow-up clerk, a clerical job. He was earning twelve dollars a week and knew that that wage was probably tops for him, at his age. His mother was working, too, at the University of Pennsylvania. They were just barely making ends meet but they played it as a game, joyously, hand in hand.

"And then," said Nelson, "one sweet day I suddenly decided that I hated it—all of it. And I up and said, 'I'm quitting!' I knew that I was taking a desperate step. But I knew, too, that mother would say 'All right, son, it's for you to decide.' And she did. She always did. Which is why I am here today.

"But that day showed no glimmer of the future. I just knew that I had jolly well got to get another job and that without delay. And so, a rather shabby lad of some fifteen summers, I began the trek down the whole length of Chestnut Street. I went into every shop, cellar, loft, store and building from 16th Street to 7th. I didn't miss one. And finally landed at the corner of 7th and Chestnut. It was the office of that famous daily, the *Philadelphia Press*. I got a job as night clerk, night cashier, night ad taker. I worked from five P.M. to midnight and eight dollars a week was my remuneration. And that four dollars deficit between the eight and the twelve irked my soul as nothing else has ever done. I've never been able to endure the feeling of going back, of losing ground. There were some advantages, of course, in that I had more time for reading and also I was taking, at the time, a correspondence course in art. I'll wager that I've been the greatest correspondence-school-taker in the country! And in my spare time (spare time!) I tried my hand at writing obits at half-space rates.



ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By *Lady Esther*

Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin.

A Face Cream that Penetrates

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a *penetrating* face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates the pores, loosens and breaks up the waxy dirt and makes it easily removable.



Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under-surface dirt.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

See for Yourself!

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

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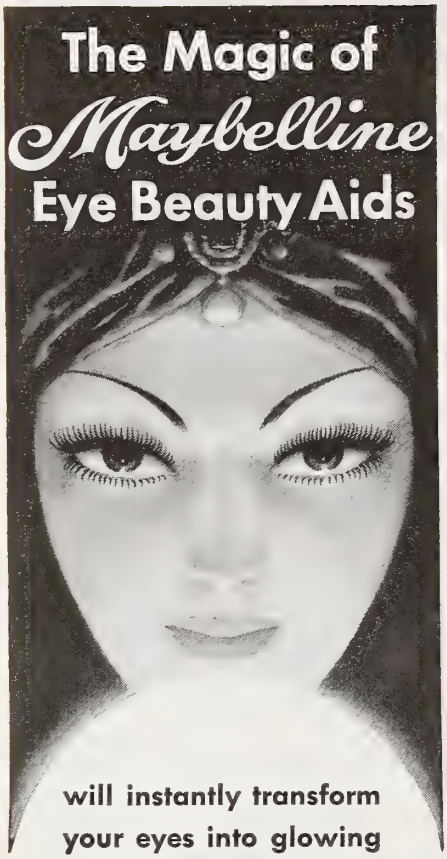
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Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!



BLACK AND BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



COLORLESS



"It was after a few such intensive months," said Nelson, "that I conceived the idea of becoming a reporter. My obits read pretty slick, I thought. And I'd picked up a lot of reportorial knowledge by keeping my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut. And so, one bright courageous morning I advanced upon the City Editor and reminded him that he had once said to me, in an affable mood, 'I'll make a reporter out of you one of these days, young feller.'

"But alas for my Puritan upbringing which had stressed truth-telling though the stake be the reward! When the C.E. asked me my age I said 'Sixteen, Sir.' And the answer was, 'You have to be eighteen in order to be a reporter.'"

It didn't take Nelson longer than the walking distance to get down to the offices of the *Evening Public Ledger* and to the desk of that sheet's City Editor. Whereupon the following pithy dialogue took place:

Nelson: "I want to be a reporter."
C.E.: "How old are you?"
Nelson: "Eighteen, sir."
C.E.: "What do you know about reporting?"
Nelson: (lapsing haplessly into truth again) "Not a damn thing, sir!"
C.E.: "You're hired."

AND a full-fledged reporter he became. And then, just as things were going full tilt, came one of the newspaper's periodic shake-ups and young Nelson was shaken off the *Ledger* and onto the *Evening Bulletin* where he did every type of reporting from murders, which he sometimes had to see, to major league baseball of which he had never seen a single game.

"There wasn't much of life I didn't get to know first hand," remembers Nelson, "the seamy side and the silken side. And all the while I was studying advertising. When I left the paper I went into advertising agency work. And got to be a pretty expert copy writer and make-up man.

"It was about this time that I began to amuse myself by singing with phonograph records. I'd buy the records, learn the songs and sing 'em. I also bought a guitar and accompanied myself. I learned opera arias by phonograph and always sang them when mother and I had company evenings, using the records for accompaniments and drowning out, I am afraid, the original singers thereon.

"It never dawned upon me, however, with one of those dramatic sudden sunbursts of revelation that I had a 'voice' which I should give to the world. It did occur to me that here, in my singing, in the pleasure I got from it, might be another avenue of work, another 'job.'"

Everyone in Philadelphia, in the whole world of music for that matter, knew of David Bispham, the great American baritone of his time. And it was while he was still copy-writing and making-up that Nelson walked himself into the atelier of David Bispham one fine morning and said, "You teach, sir? Will you teach me?"

David Bispham said, "Sing." And Nelson, very young, totally untrained, stood there and sang an Italian aria memorized from one of his records.

Did the fates stand still and listen? Did the goddess of Music murmur and stir?

The next day a message came for Nelson. It was from David Bispham. It said—

(*To be concluded next month*)

STAR WORRIER

(*Continued from page 35*)

doing in the picture. On occasion they have admitted as much.

It was during the filming of "Of Human Bondage," that Leslie Howard, at the end of the third day's work on the picture, walked off the set mopping his brow.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "The woman is walking away with the picture! She's tremendous!"

When the picture was finished, critics and audiences agreed with Mr. Howard that if Bette hadn't stolen the picture she had, at least, done all right for herself, and her work in it nearly won her this year's Academy award.

Although she failed to receive this award, Bette was recently honored by the American Institute of Cinematography, which is the organization of motion picture cameramen. Once a year they pay tribute to those in the motion picture business whose work is outstanding enough to warrant it and this year they honored Bette Davis and Helen Hayes. This was a sincere tribute from a non-political group of men whose opinion and knowledge of acting certainly is not to be taken lightly.

Bette appreciates these tributes sincerely. What girl wouldn't? But she refuses to let her head be turned, and goes serenely on her way, doing her best in every picture. And her best is a little too good for the mental comfort of the other people who work in her pictures. She has come to be known as Hollywood's star worrier.

Being aware of all this, it was the more amazing to me to hear her make that startling statement, as she did, not in the heat of argument or thoughtlessly, but calmly, almost disinterestedly. I was curious to know the reason for it.

"In the first place," she said, "I'm not a picture stealer because there is no such thing as stealing a picture. The person who has the part steals a picture. Sometimes a bit will stand out because it is showy and gives the actor an opportunity to do something with it. That is why a person playing a minor role will so often be pointed out as having stolen a picture."

AND then she said she thought being a star was horrible.

"But don't misunderstand me," she added hastily. "I wouldn't want not to be a star. What I mean is that the star is continually on a spot. Everyone is waiting for some other member of the cast to 'steal' the picture from the star. They take a fiendish delight in pointing out some minor player and declaring that he or she has stolen the picture 'right from under the star's nose.'

"The star, who carries the weight of the picture on her shoulders has, naturally, the longest part in it. She cannot hope to have a part that stands out every minute. She is on the screen so much that people get tired of looking at her and say, 'Well, for heaven's sake! Is she going to be on all night?'

"Consequently, when some other actor comes on for a brief flash with one smart line to speak, it is a refreshing diversion in the picture and someone is sure to say

he stole the picture.

"A star has to make each picture better than the last one, and that is an impossibility. You can't expect even to make every picture a good one. If you have two pretty good pictures out of three you are doing well. That can't be helped when a star is under contract. The studio has to make a certain number of pictures and Warners isn't a woman's studio. The good pictures made there are all men's pictures. When I get a good part I regard it as a bit of luck."

Good philosophy for a girl Bette's age, isn't it? Bette takes life philosophically, but not too much so. After her success in "Of Human Bondage," a natural hopefulness led her admirers to believe that eventually she would be given other good roles. Bette, however, is not one to sit idly by on the chance that this hope, which she shared, might turn into a movement all by itself. On the contrary, she constantly is on the lookout for stories that would make good picture material for her. She reads books and manuscripts by the dozen in a search for roles she feels she could do well, and when mediocre roles are given her, she makes the best of them. And mediocre roles, in Bette's expert hands, invariably attain a respectability not even hoped for by their brain parents.

Bette refuses to take herself seriously. "How could I?" she laughs, and reminds you of her arrival in Hollywood. The press agent, who met her train, returned to the studio and reported that she had not arrived.

"He said he couldn't find me because I looked so unlike an actress," Bette laughed. "Of course I had no make-up on. In Boston, where I come from, people just don't wear make-up on the street.

"That was one of the first lessons I had to learn in Hollywood—to make people notice me," she continued. "I had one friend at the studio who told me over and over: 'Make them notice you, Bette. Don't be a little brown wren.'"

She had to unlearn everything she had been taught was right in social life. She had to learn to project herself and her personality. She had to appear physically flamboyant in order to make her employers suspect she would have glamor on the screen.

They told her she had pop eyes, that her mouth drooped, that her figure was bad. Obviously she could do nothing about these defects, *if* she had them and there is some difference of opinion on that point, so she did the next best thing. She learned to rise above them, to make her good points so important that any bad ones passed unnoticed.

BETTE'S first year in Hollywood was a series of disappointments but she held her head high and, possessed of an indomitable will and amazing courage, kept on. No one suspected the depth of her hurt when her own studio failed to notice her and time after time gave roles that would have been suitable for her to other actresses. She was no star worrier in those days. She was a worried starlet.

In those days she had lovely, long, very light hair that was her pride and joy, but she finally yielded to studio pressure and had it bobbed. And then, to quote her, she became "another Hollywood blonde."

Whether it was the bleached hair or the bob that did it will never be known, but something caused her to be noticed about that time. And once given an opportunity, the clear quality of her work won her the recognition she deserved.

"Experts insist that hair this gold color photographs better," she said with a wry face, "but I hate it. It embarrasses me when I go home to visit because in Bos-

The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN





ALWAYS HERSELF

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) and whose spirits never seem to droop? She is apt to be that eighth woman who uses Midol.

NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

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ton—well, nice people don't wear hair this color."

AND she is planning an experiment in the near future, the first time she has a few weeks between pictures. She is going to let her hair grow back to its natural color and see if it can't be photographed effectively.

"That's one advantage of being a star," she laughed. "They light you and do all sorts of things to make you beautiful if you aren't. A star gets all the breaks, really, in money, roles, lighting, everything."

As Bette looks to the future she has no definite plan except that she wants to quit before she gets old.

"I couldn't say that I want to retire in five years or ten because I don't know, but I don't want ever to be old on the screen. I think everyone wants to be remembered as young and vital and for some outstanding performance. I suppose I'll be remembered for my role in 'Of Human Bondage,' which I think stood out because people were so amazed that I had the courage to play the girl as she was, without one redeeming feature. But I couldn't bear to have that remembrance dulled by ever being old on the screen."

So there is Bette Davis as I see her—young, beautiful, a finished artist, happy in her marriage, serious about her work but not taking herself seriously. She refuses the title of star worrier. She says being a star is horrible but admits in the next breath that it's horribly nice. She's a menace to the peace of mind of her rivals and whether she admits it or not, she really is Hollywood's star worrier.

COMMON SENSE + SENSIBLE EXERCISE = REAL BEAUTY

(*Continued from page 41*)

queens' opinions of themselves. And when you put on a lovely soft evening dress you look as if you could double for Carnera. Big muscles are swell in a young prizefighter. But they're hideous in a woman.

Believe me, I know about bicycle riding. I come from a country where bicycles are *the* thing. In Copenhagen everybody rides. And I've seen people's strained, haggard faces, their big thighs and legs and broad hips bulging all over the place. Swimming and bicycle riding will not reduce you in proportion. No violent sport will give you a perfect feminine body. You've got to relax when you exercise. And you've got to exercise *my* way.

Honestly, it seems to me that when people recommend things like swimming and bicycle riding and standing on your head all they're trying to do is to confuse you. They keep you in a constant state of bewilderment. The only apparent reason for their doing it is so that you'll keep on reading their stuff. Otherwise why would they give you such wrong dope?

BUT that isn't my way. I've never given anyone a wrong steer yet. I couldn't. I am only interested in having you solve your beauty problems. I want to teach you honestly and sincerely how to be lovely and happy. And I promise I'll never hold out on you.

And now will you promise me—and promise yourself, which is more important—that you won't let me down by falling for this bicycle riding and swimming nonsense, if you want to reduce properly?

But don't weep and wail if you've done these things through ignorance. In Hollywood one of my jobs is to take down over-developed muscles. And you can do for yourself what I do for the stars.

Study my pictures on pages 40 and 41 carefully. In them I show you how you can reduce fat and muscles in the thighs and legs. Put your right hand on a chair back. Take hold of your left ankle with your left hand. Relax. Keep relaxed the whole time you're doing this exercise. Lean forward and as you do so pull your leg up with your hand. Ouch! I thought that would get you. Feel that pull? Feel it in the left thigh and the right calf? Then you're doing the exercise right. Now repeat with the left hand on the chair back and the right hand holding the right ankle. Begin by doing it five times on each side and, day by day, increase to twenty times. You'll feel the muscles flattening out and the flesh melting away. And that's the right way to reduce.

Another thing that handed me a big laugh in the papers recently was the so-called brand new discovery of paraffin baths. Well, it isn't such a new discovery. Your mother used paraffin to seal up her jelly jars. And how would you like to be all sealed up like a jelly jar?

The idea is that the paraffin bath is supposed to open the pores, create circulation and cleanse the skin. What it really does is to make flabby muscles and make your heart pound like a steam pump. Believe me, baby, you don't need paraffin or any other paraphernalia to get circulation. You don't need paraphernalia to reduce. All you need is a lot of common sense and proper exercises and diets.

Reducing isn't easy. Nothing worth while is easy. And flesh doesn't roll away unless you make it roll away. There are no reducing short cuts. You'd think it pretty silly if I told you that the way to clean your house is to sit down and watch the dust roll away.

COME on now, don't be the type to swallow the nonsense some people hand you hook, line and sinker—particularly the sinker. Because if you do you're sunk!

Work for beauty. Follow my routine, because that is scientific and proven. Have youth, beauty and courage by climbing on the band wagon with Sylvia. And remember, I'm ready at all times to answer questions concerning all your problems. If you so desire, your letters will be kept in strictest confidence.

And you girls who look like Joan Crawford and you girls who look like Constance Bennett send in your photographs. Send them to Madame Sylvia, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. And be sure to watch for next month's MODERN SCREEN. I'm showing you the girl who looks most like Jean Harlow and telling that girl—and all you other girls—how she can completely remodel herself, the right way—without an ounce of bunk in the article.

And—look—if you want a personal reply to some personal problem, would it be asking too much of you to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope? Please. I'll answer any beauty, weight and general health problem you pop at me but send the stamped envelope.

ANNOUNCING THE WINNAHS!

Here are the names of the lucky ones who were awarded the cash prizes in our recent MODERN SCREEN-Warner Song Contest:

First Prize, $250:
Mrs. Mae Ross,
664 West 163rd St., N. Y. C.

Second Prize, $100:
Mrs. R. Kwasman,
Dwight Street, New Haven, Conn.

Third Prize, $50:
Mrs. George Olsen,
King's Highway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fourth Prize, $25:
Mrs. A. Lipman,
Rochester, N. Y.

Five Fifth Prizes of $10 each:
Miss F. Mersley,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. B. Filney,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss B. Yelverton,
Rehoboth Beach, Delaware.

Mrs. Pearl Bowen,
Glendale, Calif.

Mrs. C. W. Remaley,
Springdale, Penna.

Five Sixth Prizes of $5 each:
W. Stuart Shaw,
Philadelphia, Penna.

E. M. Harvey,
San Francisco, Calif.

Louis G. Gilbert,
Washington, D. C.

John Paul Brennan,
St. Louis, Missouri

Fulton A. King,
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If you are troubled with large pores, blackheads or pimples caused by external conditions, apply Noxzema after removing makeup—and during the day as a foundation for powder. Notice how it refines large pores—helps nature heal ugly pimples—helps make your face smoother, clearer, more attractive.

If your hands are red, irritated, use Noxzema for quick relief—to help make them soft, white and lovely. Use Noxzema for burns, itching, baby rash and similar skin irritations.

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Men! The news is flying around—*if you are troubled with shaving irritation, use Noxzema—it's marvelous.* Apply Noxzema before lathering. No matter how raw and irritated your face and neck may be, note what a quick, cool, comfortable shave you get shaving this new way.



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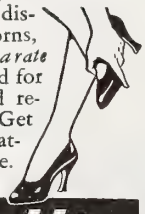
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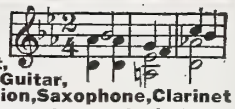
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BEAUTY ADVICE

(*Continued from page 15*)

Now maybe you're the type who has a small, well shaped head that can be as sleek and well cut as a boy's. Or perhaps you would look adorable with your hair built into a nimbus or halo of ringlets. Perhaps you're lucky enough to look well in half a dozen different types of hair-dos. Then you can be a different woman every shampoo.

About this business of types . . . lots of you write me, and maybe you enclose a snapshot of yourself and you say "What type am I?" Well, sometimes it is a little bit difficult to judge. You just can't pigeonhole people off into types nowadays because a woman who has to be efficient enough to hold a job and feminine enough to hold a man can be a dozen different types rolled into one. Look at Myrna Loy. If she hadn't been typed for so many years as the girl they called in whenever they wanted someone to play the part of a Chinese, East Indian, or half caste exotic, we would have had our own wholesome, grand, American Myrna delighting us with her modern roles a long time ago. They typed Claudette Colbert as a sweet, demure, goody-goody girl. And what did she turn out to be? The siren Cleopatra, the seductive Poppae, and "It Happened One Night" that she turned out to be a sparkling comedienne as well. What have you been typing yourself as? A drab little back number, a self-conscious twittery Jane, a girl with an inferiority complex? Well, then, be somebody different!

I'm in favor of every woman sort of "kicking over the traces" once in a while. If you go back to your old home town after being away for some time, you deserve the treat of dramatizing yourself with gusto. If you have a party frock that's cut a little low, wear it to the Fireman's Ball. If you have some exotic pajamas, give a tea in your mother's parlor for your best girl friends. Wear silver eyeshadow and blue mascara. Do things that make you feel glamorous, that help your confidence along.

YOU don't have to be freakish in your attempts to be individual. Nobody expects you to wear leg o' mutton sleeves when simple plain ones are the order of fashion, or to wear short skirts when long ones have been in since the war. But if everybody from the chambermaid to the Park Avenue debutante is wearing a tailored suit, why don't you choose a sports ensemble with a three-quarter length coat? Try to strike an individual balance between dowdiness and what everybody is wearing.

There's glamor in individuality, and glamor in freedom. Be free. Don't wear clothes that seem to bind you in physically. Joan Crawford, for example, says that she can't bear to wear any dress that is tight around the shoulders and arms, because then she seems to be bound in physically, and mentally. Incidentally, walking is the best corset in the world. If you exercise enough, you won't need tight foundation garments for lumpy hips and abdomen.

Good posture helps to strengthen your personality within yourself. It not only helps you to look well. It helps you to feel well. It will help you carry on the whole business of living more gracefully, and with more vitality and less of that tired, draggy feeling. Put into your subconscious mind the feeling that the body is a lovely thing, not a lump to be slumped into. Don't sit on yourself. That's what most of you do . . . settle down on the hips. Here is an easy way to obtain correct posture. Stand with your head and shoulders and buttocks against the wall, your heels out two or three inches. Now touch the wall with the small of your back. Walk away from the wall, and keep that position. When you pull in the lowest muscles of your buttocks, that makes the buttocks drop, and the abdomen draw back and up. Your chest should be comfortably high, your shoulders straight but loose, and your head back with your chin up. If you have any particular problems of posture . . . if you want exercises for that common failing lordosis (sway-back) . . . drop me a line and let me help you.

GET into the habit of correct facial exercise too. Marion Davies has one of the most lovable personalities because she has a smile for everyone, from the "prop boy" and electrician up to the director. Optimism is catching. I remember Irene Rich once telling me that the best facial she knew of was a smile. Every once in a while just let yourself think a smile, let it creep from the corners of your mouth to your eyes. It will act as a sort of inward and outward facial.

Why don't you start taking stock of your personality right now? You can't change your personality by waving a wand, and saying: "Presto, here's the new me." It isn't done by any overnight trick. Only the discovery of hidden power within oneself will do it. You can discover that power. You can learn to be attractive and to feel attractive. I have set down in a special bulletin for you the things that I feel to be most important (from a beauty editor's viewpoint) in the development of a new personality. Remember this about personality. No one is born without the makings of a charming personality. You can dream it into being, and work it into being. Send in the coupon for "The Secrets of Acquiring a New Personality" today.

Mary Biddle
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your free bulletin on "The Secrets of Acquiring a New Personality".

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City State

Please enclose stamped addressed envelope

Due to lack of space BETWEEN YOU AND ME will not appear in this issue. Watch for it next month.

REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 16)

endorsement of the National Florists' Association—it is still a pleasantly ingratiating effort gone wrong for lack of plot. Charles Butterworth, slyly humorous, is a rich play boy proposing on the dot of 5:30 P. M. daily to crisp blonde Jean Muir, the fashionable lady florist. John Boles, agreeably handsome, is a rich corporation lawyer whose marital difficulties become entangled in a strange fashion with the florist shop. Other times, he sings for you and right nicely, too. Sidney Toler, Ruthelma Stevens, Harvey Stephens, and Spring Byington are others in the cast which was directed by William Seiter.

Preview Postscripts

Jean Muir moved her make-up box all the way from the Warner lot to Fox to appear in this one. The first time she's ever been loaned, either, and the Powers That Be over in Fox Hills were *that* pleased with their bargain; in fact, they liked the idea so well, they gave Jean fifteen gowns to wear in the film. The floral background is something to contemplate. Truck loads of fresh blooms appeared at the studio every day and there wasn't a prop boy whose best girl didn't have gardenias every evening. Fact is, everybody seems to have gotten something out of this picture . . . William Seiter, its director, landed a long term contract and Shirley Temple rated the model doll house used . . . John Boles may have missed out on gifts, but he's doing all right anyway. One good job after another for John and, at the moment he's over at Paramount playing opposite the operatic Gladys Swarthout in "Rose of the Rancho." He's living at Malibu these early fall days with the wife and kiddies—the same wife and kiddies he's always had. Nothing, you see, seems to turn Mr. B's profile. Which is cause for congratulations on his good judgment.

★★★★ China Seas (M-G-M)

It's a very red-blooded, he-man fare—this picture! Wally Beery doing his dirtiest and, cinematically speaking, W. B. can be pretty soiled; Jean Harlow, loving well AND wisely, Rosalind Russell, very charming and competent, and Mr. Robert Benchley, known as a wit, acting as a drunkard, and such a convincing one at that, that he should be embarrassed. There's mutiny aboard and cruelty, too, for when Mr. Beery decides that a man shall speak up and tell secrets, he has a way that would convince most of us that speaking up and telling secrets was the thing he wanted to do most. But not Gable! Nope, Gable won't let you down! He's still the hero, torture or no torture, broken foot or no broken foot. The settings are colorful, the fighting scenes handled expertly, the storm sequence thrilling and the various performances nicely done. Miss Harlow gets better in each picture, Miss Russell more restrained and charming, and the boys, Gable and Beery, each deserve a big, gold star for histrionics. We think you're going to like "China Seas," that is if you don't go for sissy movie material.

Preview Postscripts

Clark Gable's real leading woman in this picture wasn't Harlow a-tall, according to Clark's own statement. 'Twas Carol Ann Beery, the six-year-old daughter of Wally. Carol's simply mad about Clark, too, but she confided to her Dad that she really con-



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2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.-240° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

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sidered him far handsomer than Mr. Gable. . . . Rosalind Russell hails from Connecticut and is one of a large family of seven youngsters. Rosalind is the only Russell who turned to the stage, but it looks as if she's made a wise choice . . . Robert Benchley's never been drunk before—in pictures anyway. But he's won the coveted title already of giving the best performance of an inebriated gentleman as yet seen on the screen. Mr. Benchley faithfully amused the cast every afternoon, living up to his reputation in fine style. But in the mornings he was completely useless for work or play. Seems that civilized people, according to Mr. B, never come to life until past noon . . . Tay Garnett, director of the picture, should know about the sea, since he's spent every possible moment in it or on it since he was a kid. He even got Clark so enthused over his yacht that they've enrolled in a navigation course together. One of the most beautiful sets ever built was erected on the Metro lot for the Hong Kong water-front scene. Buildings patterned exactly after those seen around the Chinese water front were put up alongside a huge iron tank of water on a rear set. Real sampans and junk were imported to be used on the water and at least half of Chinatown was brought in for background in the scene. All over the lot signs were posted in Chinese so that the new extras would not get lost, strayed or stolen.

★★★ Welcome Home (Fox)

While this is the somewhat old saw of a group of guys living by their wits and some of the situations are easily anticipated, you're going to have plenty of fun watching the antics of Jimmy Dunn, William Frawley and Raymond Walburn, a few "take" artists who would just as leave sell you what doesn't exist as not. Jimmy rates himself an invitation to the old home town, which is Opportunity spelled with a capital O for Raymond, who is all prepared to do big business of the not too honest variety. A little bond unloading, to be specific. Of course, it's up to Jimmy to eventually get himself and his pals out of trouble, which is no mean task when you witness the nifities that are being pulled right and left. The story is replete with bright dialogue of the strictly slangy variety and the players each make the most of the evenly distributed good roles handed them. Messrs. Frawley and Walburn especially rate praise as does the ever-pert Arline Judge. You will see an old silent day picture friend, Charlie Ray, in this one, too. Charlie does a choice bit of pantomime extremely well.

Preview Postscripts

James Dunn has been one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors for some years now. But so far no real romance seems to have entered his life except a Grande Passion between him and Miss Shirley Temple. The stalwart Jimmy is simply reduced to pulp in that blonde's hands, while Shirley admitted to reporters that she's really serious this time about Mr. Dunn being her Big Moment, especially since he built her a two-story doll house. This is Jimmy's twenty-third picture, so you can see he's kept pretty busy, what with being a bachelor and an ardent aviator, too. He has his own plane and takes off to parts unknown without a moment's notice... This is Rosina Lawrence's first real chance in pictures, although she was practically brought up on the lot. Her father's a carpenter out there, so Rosina was able to crash the gates at an early age, and being pretty besides, she managed to get some "bit" parts off and on. Finally she landed her first big job. Sally Eilers was playing opposite James Dunn in "Dance Team" and the director decided that Rosina was close enough to Sally's size to become her stand-in. So she sweltered under the kleig lights and stood for hours on one leg and then on the other in order to arrange the best lighting for Miss Eilers. And now Rosina is Mr. Dunn's leading lady with a stand-in of her very own. Such is Hollywood . . . Arline Judge is the pertest, prettiest cutie in Hollywood. She looks like she belongs in the eighth grade, but will have you know that she's the very domesticated wife of director Wesley Ruggles and the very dutiful mother of a two-year-old son. Arline's been in pictures for several years, and each passing year finds her playing more youthful parts . . . Raymond Walburn is more familiar to Broadway play-goers than to movie ticket buyers, but his fan mail is beginning to show that this new audience is not without its appreciation of the finer points in histrionic ability.

★★★ Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)

When you see this picture, you'll be addressing fan mail to a Broadway stage recruit called Henry Fonda. This young man appeared in the theatrical version of this story, scored heavily there, and so-o-o—Fox are grooming him for stardom. The yarn deals with the struggles of men interested in the Erie Canal and their efforts to combat a prospective railroad. Need we say that it all happened in the nineteenth century? The fighting river boatmen are headed by Charles Bickford, as competent a heavy as ever crossed the screen. It is on his barge that Janet Gaynor works. Of course, for purposes of conflict, Mr. Fonda claims the dear old canal is a thing of the past. That, as you may gather, makes no hit with Mr. B. and Miss G. However, Love eventually makes the latter listen to reason, as does a big, rowdy row make the former. Fox has spared no production expenses and the background and scenes are A-1 insofar as realism is concerned. The various roles are handled expertly, with Slim Summerville, Andy Devine and Roger Imhof coming in for especial honors. Miss Gaynor is adequate and the director and cameraman splendid at their respective tasks.

Preview Postscripts

This was taken from the New York stage hit—but with a difference. When the studios do a play they do it up right or know the reason why. On the stage, f'rinstance, such things as the Erie Canal is left to your imagination, but not at the Fox studios. And wotta price *this* little project developed into. Engineers, architects, historical authorities and a corps of helpers got their high-priced heads together for several months, resulting in an exact replica of the Erie Canal of 1853. This included the water, bridges, locks, landscape and all the adjacent buildings, even to the old Hennessey Hotel. The set looked more like Rome, Italy, than Rome, New York. Janet Gaynor just loved this part. Sweet, simple roles are right up her alley, though she's redheaded, freckle-faced and with a temperament to match. The big romance of her life was Lydell Peck, San Francisco socialite, whom Janet divorced after a year of holy matrimony. Now she divides her time between a mysterious dentist and Gene Raymond. . . . Henry Fonda used to be fonda Margaret Sullavan, even going so far as to marry her. But she divorced him a few years ago. Originally planning to be a gentleman of the Fourth Estate, Mr. F. studied journalism diligently at the University of Minnesota and worked for a time on an Omaha paper. Covering a story on the Community Playhouse there, he decided acting really looked like more fun and took it up seriously. His first big break was in the

stage production of this same play. . . . Slim Summerville's been gangling around the movie lots so many years that most people, including Mr. Summerville, have lost count. He was a natural in the pie-tossing days out at Sennett's with that basket ball reach, but his first real recognition came in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Slim isn't really lazy a-tall, even if his favorite sport *is* fishing. . . . Andy Devine is probably the most envied man in Hollywood, since his waistline is strictly his own business. While other screen heroes order a lettuce leaf with a dash of lemon for lunch, in fear of studio sleuths, Andy sits down to corned beef and cabbage on the dot of twelve every day. What's more he has the same kind of disposition which fat men are supposed to have and leads a peaceful existence with his wife and small daughter. Andy comes from Arizona and is still surprised at getting a move on himself long enough to reach California. . . . Jane Withers is a bad example for all little girls, for it was her temper tantrums that made her famous. She stole a picture from Shirley Temple by being too disagreeable for words, and is now a Fox Baby Star.

★★ Murder Man (M-G-M)

This is another newspaper yarn, slightly more fantastic than its predecessors. The convincing note is casting Spencer Tracy as the man who gets front-page murder stories ahead of rival sheets. Somehow you believe that Mr. Tracy could do just that. The tale is pretty sordid, unreeling the method one man uses to avenge himself against another, and rather immoral, in that the spectator actually feels nothing but sympathy for the murderer. Tracy's performance is excellent. His quality of naturalness is something to cheer about in these days of overacting. Next, comes Harvey Stephens, who has some splendid dramatic moments as a condemned man who is innocent of the particular crime for which he has been convicted. Mr. Stephens rises to the occasion beautifully. William Collier, Sr., too, comes in for his share of praise for the fine portrayal of a small part. Virginia Bruce is the love interest, and displays very little of interest. Somehow this should have been a thrilling story, but somehow, it misses. And, to see the hero turn out to be a villain is very much off the beaten track and a little hard for the audience to take.

★★★ Page Miss Glory (Warners)

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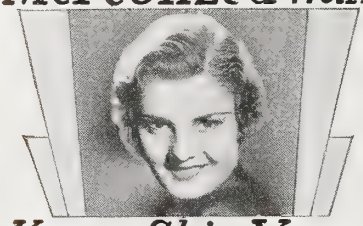
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she is the most beautiful girl in America and, in consequence, fast becoming a very rich one. In fact, Marion sort of liked it better when she and Patsy Kelly, a coupla happy chambermaids in a big hotel, had a silent crush on Dick Powell, handsome young aviator. And, if it hadn't been for two fast-talking gents like Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh, Miss Glory would never have had the permanent and facial that set her on the road to fame. The story, as you perceive, is highly imaginative and therefore, rather unconvincing. It isn't fast-moving enough, but perhaps a generous application of the shears will remedy this defect. Also, the comedy is a bit strained and the whole picture has a definite "trying to please" effect. Perhaps the director was a bit impressed with the magnitude of his assignment. Anyway, Miss Davies is very beautiful and charming and has an ingrating quality seldom seen in celluloid. The production is lavishly mounted and the photography excellent. Oh, yes, let's give a couple of loud, British cheers for Patsy Kelly, who does much with very little.

Preview Postscripts

Working in a Marion Davies picture is some fun for the cast and crew. The gal's disposition is as sunny as her hair and she sees to it that "an enjoyable time is had by all." Coffee and sandwiches every afternoon and, at the end of production, a gift for each who has coöperated to make the whole a success. Naturally everyone does his best. This time the cast presented Marion with a silver plaque autographed by the entire unit. That's a tribute for you! . . . Frank McHugh is a laugh-getter both on and off the screen. He's the lad who keeps the gang in "stitches" even between shots—a practical joker with real wit. . . . Then we have Pat O'Brien who, everyone on Hollywood Boulevard will tell you is a regular guy and Dick Powell, who rated a birthday during production. What a party Marion staged for the event—and what "prazants!!" Dick is sort of lonesome these days, what with Mary Brian making movies in Europe. He's still true to the brunettes, for Olivia de Haviland, pretty and talented newcomer, is his playtime companion. . . . Lyle Talbot always does well with the fair sex, too. Still, with all his partying, Lyle takes time to answer his fan mail personally. . . . Seems as if the champion cigar-smokers of the town were concentrated on this picture. Mervyn Le Roy, its director, puffed 22 stogies a day, Pat often got away with 16, while Frank, the big sissy came in a bad third by inhaling merely ten. O'Brien couldn't take a cigarette though. He was called upon to smoke one during a scene and it made him feel as if he was crossing the water to Catalina on a breezy day. The 200 extras voted that they'd never worked with such a congenial bunch of principals.

★★★ We're in the Money (Warners)

The gold-digging blonde babies, Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell, are at it again. This time they appear as a couple of process-servers, and do they get their men! In Turkish baths, on night club floors; well, no place is too public nor too private for these crashers. The gals are working for an absented-minded attorney, played by that inimitable comic, Hugh Herbert, and what the yarn loses in plausibility is more than made up for in its laugh-inducing qualities. Glenda and Joan do their usual stuff in quite the usual way, and if you like them—and who doesn't—you're in for a quota of fun. Ross Alexander is good as the masquerading chauffeur and love interest, and Phil Regan makes an ingratiating crooner. Then there is a newcomer, Anita Kerry, who rates a bow and, of course, Mr. Herbert, who sets a mad pace for the picture. The motorboat sequences are calculated to be side-splitting and the manner in which the daffy attorney is finally caught up with by the scheming little lady who is out to get heart balm—anybody's cash will do—is a riotously funny situation. Yes, as light fare, "We're in the Money" will more than suffice.

★★★ Steamboat 'Round the Bend (Fox)

Whether or not you are a Rogers' fan, this new Will, gone dramatic, is going to please you plenty. Stripped of his usual political tirade, Mr. Rogers steps forth as a purveyor of patent medicines—need we say containing 90 percent alcohol—in a simple and interesting story of river folks, saving his money to buy a dilapidated steamboat which he hopes to have his nephew pilot. The boy, John McGuire, in love with a swamp girl, commits a murder in her defense. Against her protests, Will turns him over to the sheriff in a most amusing manner. This bit of fun, however, is topped by a fancy jail wedding given the pair of lovers to the musical strains of "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Mr. Rogers plays Mr. Rogers in his usual charming manner, Francis Ford is simply slick in the role of a converted sinner and Anne Shirley, Eugene Pallette and Berton Churchill all contribute to the general merriment.

Preview Postscripts

There was as much fun on the set as in the picture in this one, for those two well-known wits, Will Rogers and Irvin S. Cobb, got together on some snappy repartee, much to the amusement of the rest of the cast. Evidently, Robert Benchley's successful cinema career was becoming a little too much for Mr. C., for upon seeing his friend's "rushes" on "China Seas," Irving signed himself a contract at Fox. He likes making movies, thank you, and will probably appear in another before returning East for the winter. . . . Mr. Rogers still hits the high places at the box office, for his homely comedy is appreciated by the deah public. Rogers has a sort of unwritten formula for successful pictures—lotsa laughter and go sparingly on the triangle situation. . . . John McGuire and Anne Shirley, taking care of the youthful love interest, aren't "that way" off the screen, despite the rumoring of the rumor hounds. There's an older man in Hollywood who is cuh-razy for pretty Anne but he declares that since he's not a cradle robber, nothing will ever come of it. While Anne doesn't exactly spend "quiet evenings with her books and pictures," she is not the type to be doing the rounds of a night. Nobody is more serious about her career than this little lady. . . . Eugene Pallette and Berton Churchill have forgotten more about acting than most middle-aged thespians will ever know. They enjoy talking things over between scenes and reminiscing about the "good old days" in the theatre.

★★ Dressed to Thrill (Fox)

This just doesn't live up to its title in any department, so not much can be said for it except that it serves to introduce a new face to American moviegoers. What promises to be a sparkling comedy begins to lose its fire early in the telling. However, Tutta Rolf, as the Russian darling of Continental night clubs does what she can to cover story deficiencies by giving a highly interesting characterization. Clive Brook, in a most unsympathetic and dull role, lacks conviction in his



The thriller "She," featuring Randy Scott and Helen Mack.

romantic efforts with Miss Rolf. You see, he has had the opportunity to fall in love with the lady on two separate occasions, the first of which he let slip by the boards in favor of a beeg bankroll. Robert Barrat comes in for some praise as Clive's war-time buddy and we must give credit to the designer who created Miss Rolf's beautiful wardrobe. Also, a nod to the scenic artist. Somehow, that is all that may be said for "Dressed to Thrill," for if suspense is lacking in a story and you don't much care how it turns out, you find yourself, like the Easy Aces, anxiously anticipating the newsreel.

★★ Shanghai
(Walter Wanger-Paramount)

Check up another hit performance for Charles Boyer. With pretty slim story material, which is most of the time draggy, this picture is well worth seeing because of Mr. Boyer's excellent portrayal of an Eurasian, who is ostracized, because of his being a half caste, by the social whites. It is a necessarily sympathetic role and yet, never does the star become maudlin or sentimental. As its title indicates, the tale is unwound against a Chinese background, with Loretta Young playing an American girl over there on a visit to her wealthy and eccentric aunt (Alison Skipworth). Loretta looks more beautiful than ever and is seen in close-up after close-up, until one finally realizes that there can be too much of anything—even if it's as good as Miss Y.'s features. Warner Oland plays excellently the philosophic friend of the hero's and Libby Taylor, is fine as the faithful colored maid. Fred Keating is badly miscast and, therefore, unconvincing. The art director and cameramen come in for their share of honors, for never have we seen such delightful settings and beautiful photography.

★★★ She (RKO)

"She," based on the curious mystery tale by Rider Haggard, will make the chills run up and down your spine. As a spectacle, it is magnificent, for the sheer magnitude of the background and effects sweep you away from the work-a-day world, even at times tending to make the actors seem unimportant. The plot of course is fantastic and concerns the journey of Randolph Scott and Nigel Bruce to the Kingdom of Kor in search of the eternal flame (youth, to you). No advocate of the cold cream route, "She," played by Helen Gahagan, has retained her beauty for 500 years by entering the flame annually. However, when Randy appears, she decides to concentrate on him and becomes fiercely jealous of Helen Mack. Well, you sort of have the idea: even a queen can't take it. Of course, anything is liable to go haywire once in 500 years, and in the big sequence, it's the dialogue that gets pretty weak. You'll like the spectacle however, and Miss Gahagan and Helen Mack. Oh yes, the gentlemen who make the journey to Kor are all right, too, thank you.

Preview Postscripts

Persistence *does* have its points, since the movies have finally landed Helen Gahagan after five years of struggle. Miss Gahagan's been too busy with too many things, really, to come to Hollywood, what with acting on the stage, singing in opera, taking care of husband, Melvyn Douglas, and their eighteen-months-old son, to say nothing of several goldfish. Miss Gahagan began this hectic life at Barnard when she co-authored a play with another girl and appeared in it, too. John Cromwell, a Hollywood director now but a New Yorker in those days, spotted her and whisked the seventeen-year-old girl to Broadway. Helen was starred at twenty, played several hits in the Big City, then snapped her fingers at the whole business and set sail for Europe to become what she's always wanted to be—an opera singer. She had a grand time and sang in several famous operas. In Prague, Miss Gahagan got in a rather tight spot. It seems the opera for the evening was to be sung in Czecho-Slovakian and the nearest thing to that language that Helen knew was pig-latin. However, she blithely sang the score in Italian while the other leads and the chorus warbled back at her in their native tongue . . . Randolph Scott is the young man who graduated with such honors from Westerns. He's big, blonde and husky, with jaw and fists like iron and a kind, honest look in both eyes. Naturally, when he drifted into Hollywood he was immediately thrust into tales of the wide open spaces. So he busted bronchos pictorially for three years, until the studio suddenly put him in "Roberta" due to an emergency. Having proved that he can break hearts as well as horses, Randy's been in demand for romantic stories ever since. Randy used to be Georgia Tech's star football man, then he tried out for the team at the University of South Carolina, roamed around Europe a couple of summers and finally drifted to Pasadena where he joined up with the Community Players. One day he took the street car out to a Hollywood studio and he's been there ever since . . . Nigel Bruce is well known on the London and Broadway stages. He can make anything laugh. Friends swear that even dogs have been known to giggle when he looked at them sideways. He was born in California, but feels as English as mutton.



Bill Powell and newcomer Luise Rainer in "Escapade."

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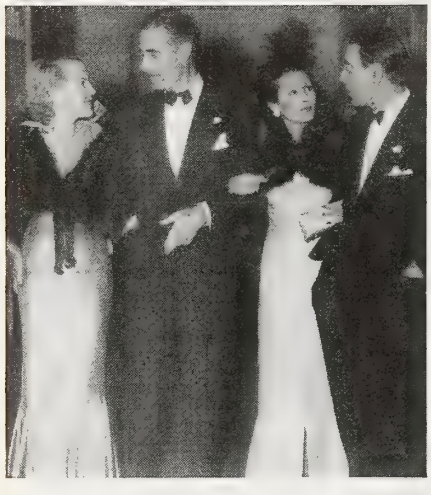
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★★★ Escapade (M-G-M)

First and best, this will give American fans an opportunity to meet the much-publicized Luise Rainer, Metro's German importation. To say that Luise rises to every claim the studio put forth for her is but to put it honestly. She has charm and acting ability which serve her in a cast of highly capable American players who know well the Hollywood ropes and who never have to think of their English before reading a line. The Rainer eyes, too, are sumpin'—sumpin' gorgeous. The story deals with a pre-war romance in gay Vienna. A famous artist is the philanderer (William Powell); a dutiful (?) wife, his current temptation, (Virginia Bruce) and a little secretary (Miss R.) the gal in whom he falls deeply in love. The picture abounds in color, dramatic moments, irate husbands and character studies of ladies who love unwisely. The performances are quite perfect, too; well, you'd guess as much when you hear that, added to the above-named fine cast are such sterling players as Reginald Owen, Frank Morgan and Mady Christians. Put this on your movie list.

Preview Postscripts

You'd think Luise Rainer was an old hand at stealing pictures, wouldn'cha? But the truth—and no publicity gag—is that Miss Rainer has never moved in front of a camera before in all her twenty-one years. She thinks the brightest feather in her cap, movie stardom notwithstanding, is that she's a Max Reinhardt protégée. She's been on the Viennese stage for several years. Without music around her, Luise is as comfortable as a fish out of water. Has an immense machine at home that can play thirty operatic records without pausing for breath, and this she turns on before the bath water of a morning . . . Bill Powell proved himself even "gallanter" while playing with Miss Rainer. He spent long hours giving his leading lady the low-down on camera technique and the English slanguage. Bill's one of the busiest men in Hollywood, what with one thing and another. For over a year his biggest worry, next to Jean Harlow, has been the building of a modest twenty-room house in the Hollywood Hills. Said he wanted to see where his money went for a change—but admits he's already seen too much, and with the house but half finished.

★★★ Lady Tubbs (Universal)

This picture is just "too, *too* deevine!" as Lady Tubbs was so fond of saying about everything from pancakes to palaces. Lady Tubbs is the "Brainless Brady" at her best and is practically the whole picture in spite of the excellent supporting cast which includes Alan Mowbray, Douglas Montgomery, June Clayworth, Hedda Hopper and Anita Louise. In spite of Alice Brady's apparent dumbness in this play, however, she is an extremely smart woman at heart. From a cook in a construction camp to a titled lady who wins the fox hunts at baronial castles, is a jump that requires more assets than a broad "a." Mr. Mowbray is simply elegant as the polished gentleman who teaches her the ropes, and goes through untold tortures when she makes her social debut. He it is, too, who rigs up the horse out of a piano stool, a floor lamp and some leather cushions, on which Miss Brady learns to ride to hounds. Hedda Hopper is in her chronically good role of the social climber and ultra-snob, and Douglass Montgomery is adequate as the son on whom she keeps an eagle eye. Anita Louise plays the sweet young thing who is the object of his affections and June Clayworth, the ruthless young lady who regards Doug as her own property. Miss Clayworth, incidentally, is an actress of decided ability, even if she doesn't show much talent in getting her man. The picture is one you won't want to miss, for it is one good laugh from beginning to end.

Preview Postscripts

In sassiety news style, "a good time was had by all" on this picture, what with a collection of wits like Alan Mowbray, Alice Brady, Hedda Hopper and the others in the cast who aren't exactly stuffy, either. Alan Mowbray's famed in this country and abroad as having the largest fund of top-notch tales ever accumulated by one man. He's an Englishman at that, but far from the stiff-necked, snooty type which too often invades Hollywood . . . Alice Brady's known for years as the lady who's never missed a comeback. Miss Brady is well known on the Broadway stage, too, and in the days of silents pulled down the largest salary of any screen actress —$6000 per week, which was big money in the good old days before state taxation. Claims she doesn't live in a home but a dog-kennel. Every purp is welcomed with open arms by her, whether it be a transient or permanent guest. Any time you see eight greyhounds on a leash coming down Hollywood Blvd., you can be sure Alice Brady will be on the other end. She has an insatiable appetite for detective stories, and every chair, table or corner in her home, not occupied by a dog, is piled with sleuth literature . . . Hedda Hopper is one of the De Wolfe Hopper wives, besides being a Hollywood fashion plate. Hedda starts talking the minute she hops out of bed in the morning and never runs down 'til she's back there again . . . Douglass Montgomery is a shining example of a young man unhampered by his parents' wealth. Brought up in Pasadena with every possibility to run with the "idle rich," Doug studied acting day and night. Though he had chances to become prominent through the Pasadena Community Playhouse, he chose small, insignificant parts in Broadway plays for several years in order to gain experience. Finally achieved his goal, then came home to the Playhouse and from there to Hollywood . . . Anita Louise is another who's worked hard all her young life. Though a leading lady at fourteen, Anita kept on studying languages, music, fencing—in fact, everything that might help her in acting. An accomplished horse-woman, she had no double in the difficult fox-hunt rides in this picture. But in one scene she was thrown by her fiery steed and rescued just in the nick of time by the gallant Mr. Montgomery. Alice Brady had better ideas, though. She rode a dummy horse. But it bucked so badly the first day that a prop man rushed out and bought her a whole armful of cotton batting.

★★★ Diamond Jim (Universal)

Here is a hearty tale of the Gay Nineties with, as its central figure, a famous diamond bedecked character who knew how to throw as mean a champagne supper as ever passed the lips of a chorus girl. You have doubtless heard of the legendary Diamond Jim Brady and here is your opportunity to see him—in the celluloid. Edward Arnold portrays the character role with a deal of realism. He has the opportunity to run the gamut of emotions and comes through like the splendid actor Mr. A. is. Jean Arthur is seen as the little lady Diamond Jim loved and lost. Cesar Romero is the mustachioed meanie who treats her the way women seem to like to be treated—indifferently—and Binnie Barnes plays Lillian Russell, famous American beauty. Eric Blore and George Sidney, comedy characters, come



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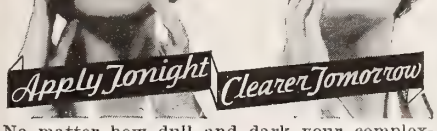


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in for their share of praise; in fact, everyone does his bit to make the whole an entertaining programme, and everyone has succeeded. You'll get a kick out of the colorful background too and the rather expert way Director Eddie Sutherland has handled the entire production.

Preview Postscripts

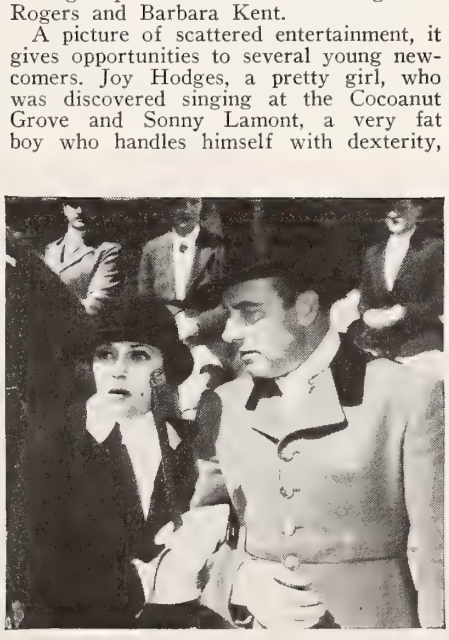
Binnie Barnes works hard at making American movies while her husband carries on his business in England. Theirs is probably the world's champion long distance marriage. Fact is, Binnie's "worser" half plans to drop over to this land of equal rights and unequal fights to see his wife this fall . . . Edward Arnold has been tipping the scales puh-lenty lately and the Powers That Be who hold his contract are beginning to worry, 'tis said. However, Mr. A. is such a swell actor that he may be able to get away with the calories, too . . . We also have the temperamental Jean Arthur present in this opus. She's a clever gal, is Jean, but is known around Hollywood as being one that is hard to handle. A great little scene-stealer, too. The setting for this production set Uncle Carl Laemmle back much munyee; in fact, one set alone cost $103,000. Anything to entertain the public! That is Universal's motto. And goodness knows, they're right! This one abounds in color; in fact, that alone makes it worth the price of admission; that, and of course, the consistently clever cast.

★★★ Old Man Rhythm (RKO)

If you are one of Buddy Rogers' fans you may be disappointed to see so little of your favorite in this picture, which brings him to the screen after an absence of nearly three years, but gives him little opportunity to display his musical talent. The picture is unusual in that there are fat parts for almost everyone but the star.

The plot is laid at Fairview College, with a typical musical comedy background where there is more interest in sex than science. The fun begins when George Barbier, who carries the title role hilariously, enters college to watch over his son, played by Rogers. He becomes the life of the campus and succeeds in breaking up a romance between Rogers and Grace Bradley by pretending he has lost his fortune. Miss Bradley withdraws and all signs point to love in a cottage for Rogers and Barbara Kent.

A picture of scattered entertainment, it gives opportunities to several young newcomers. Joy Hodges, a pretty girl, who was discovered singing at the Cocoanut Grove and Sonny Lamont, a very fat boy who handles himself with dexterity,



Alice Brady and Alan Mowbray in the hilarious "Lady Tubbs."



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show promise. Grace Bradley and Betty Grable sing and dance well and your other favorites—Eric Blore, Johnny Arledge and Donald Meek—are as amusing as usual. The music is tuneful and catchy, there are lots of laughs and it is censor-proof.

Preview Postscripts

There's a scene in this picture in which the girls are called upon to serenade the boys. Now, just what the well-dressed girl should wear to serenade her man was a little item that called for much kidding and debate. When you know that the cast consisted of twenty-year-olds (excepting Buddy), you'll realize that the players had their fun and the director his troubles. The story required that much ice cream, candy and cake were to be eaten and did the boys and girls have a gay, old time—for the first few days anyway. Now, however, none of them—except lit-tul 270-pound Sonny Lamont can look a sweet in the face. Despite his "excess", Sonny is some mean hoofer . . . Somewhere along the way, it was discovered that Buddy Rogers could take shorthand, and was he kept busy while the script girl was at lunch! Buddy learned that sometimes it's a bad thing to be too clever and willing . . . Barbara Kent used to be a great favorite with the fans. Then she up and got married and retired. Now she's back again, more petite and pretty than ever. Her marriage, by the way, is one of Hollywood's most successful . . . The pulchritudinous Grace Bradley is stepping right along toward stardom and little Joy Hodges, too, looks as if she's a comer. Yep, this picture serves to exploit a lot of youthful talent you're gonna hear much more about before very long.

★★★ Smart Girl (Paramount)

Bright and amusing and nothing to give you brain fag is this well-dressed comedy of errors. The comedy is carried effectively by Joseph Cawthorn and the errors made by Pinky Tomlin, who proves that he can act as well as write and plug songs, for nary a note does he warble in this one.

Ida Lupino and Gail Patrick are left to shift for themselves when their father, caught in the depression, shoots himself. Gail takes the first offer and marries Kent Taylor, with whom Ida also is in love. Ida discover that her ability as an artist is worth money and gets a job designing for Joseph Cawthorn, hat manufacturer.

When Sidney Blackmer, an unscrupulous oil man, hires Kent to work for him and Ida learns that the company is about to be investigated by the Government, she evolves a plan to save her brother-in-law.

Preview Postscripts

Gail Patrick has just about everything—beauty *and* brains. Yep, the cast of this picture was surprised to learn that this charming Miss from Alabama has studied law and *still* is ambitious to become a senator from her home state. That, despite a growing movie career. If Paramount does right by Miss P. they'll discover she'll eventually become a money-maker for 'em . . . Ida Lupino, as you may have guessed, is about as difficult to suppress as a boil. She's everywhere at once, has more energy than a small dynamo and is strong on fast conversation. No, there's never a dull moment when Stanley Lupino's chee-ild is on the scene. Incidentally, she's just signed another contract with Paramount and has a nice role in "Peter Ibbetson" . . . Joe Cawthorn, you may or may not know, was a great stage comedian when your mother was a gal. He graced many a Broadway musical and if there was a laugh to be gleaned from the libretto, Mr. C. would get it . . . Sidney Blackmer, too, hails from the stage where he starred in several light comedies where a profile and physique were perquisite. Now he's gotten older and heavier and consequently finds himself the bad man of the picture piece . . . Pinky Tomlin used to warble at the Cocoanut Grove where the college girls fell, en masse, for his charms. 'Twas then that the studios investigated and now it looks as if Pinky is to become a permanent film fixture.

★★★ Bright Lights (Warners)

The Joe E. Brown fans are gonna have a field day in this one, for they'll see their favorite at his best in a made-to-order story, slim though it be as to plot. Joe plays a tramp comedian who graduates from the sticks to the bright lights of Broadway. Brown's a married man who falls for a capricious society gal (Patricia Ellis) who joins up with the troupe. However, he comes to his senses—or is brought to 'em—and returns to friend wife (Ann Dvorak) in the last reel. Joe proves that he can dance, Pat turns out a mean tune and Miss Dvorak gives a pretty, slick performance in this one. Yes, the entire cast does right by itself, including that old standby Joe Cawthorn, and that new one, William Gargan. The settings are colorful and often amusing and the chorines something to cheer about. Busby Berkeley takes care of the directorial end of the picture and does a most creditable job. Yes, Mr. Brown is fortunate to have landed this opus. It's a well-nigh perfect set-up for his particular talents.

Preview Postscripts

The oldest theatre in Los Angeles, The Grand, at First and Main Streets, is employed as the background for this picture. It is now a Mexican vaudeville house, by the way. As a boy of seventeen, fifty years ago, Joe Cawthorn played there and to this day it hasn't been remodelled. Yep, even the same old gas fixtures flicker away. Some of the scenes were made at the Follies, a burlesque show in these parts, and the entire troupe were used, even to the soubrette who sings a gay, little number entitled "Powder My Back." The Maxellos, German tumblers, were brought here especially for the picture because Joe Brown is cuh-razy for acrobatic acts. He had one swell time. The night the cast worked at the Follies—the public as well as extras were used in the mob scene. Wouldn't you have liked to have been around that night 'cause the Dear Public, too, were paid for the fun they were having? . . . Pat Ellis celebrated her seventeenth birthday during the proceedings and was given a grand party. Pat started her movie career at fourteen and at that time told a great big fib about her age so that she wouldn't have to go to school.

★★★ Jalna (RKO)

You've got to be more interested in character studies than in plot action to enjoy this picture of the doings of a wealthy, clannish Canadian family. But if you like sharply drawn characterizations, you're in for an evening's entertainment, for each in his role deserves a big gold star. The picture itself is rather dull and very talkie, yet Director John Cromwell has made a rambling story as compact as possible. If the picture is in the three-star class, it is strictly because if his expert handling and the deft performances of the well-chosen cast. We are treated to the spectacle of the Whiteoaks at home. Behold a gabby, old grandmother, a weakling poet son, a boy you'd like to strangle, the noble head of the house, a daughter suffering for twenty years from unrequited love. Into this melée comes a girl of uncertain parentage as bride to one son, and a very self-sufficient New York secretary as bride to another. The fact



Jean Parker, looking like an East Indian princess, appears with Margo at the "Anna Karenina" preview. Isn't Margo a cute trick?

that the brides fall in love with a coupla other guys (sons-of-course) makes for the only real interest in the yarn. Jessie Ralph, Ian Hunter, Kay Johnson, Nigel Bruce, David Manners and Molly Lamont all have almost equally important roles and, as we've said, they're all equally good in them.

Preview Postscripts

One of the most important members of the cast of this little opera is Oscar, the parrot. Oscar was heard as well as seen during the early days of production. In fact, he was so much in evidence, he was soon banished to his boudoir. Seems that in the big dinner table scene, Oscar, who picked up phrases quickly, shouted, "Lock 'em up," which means in studio parlance, "the scene is over; tear down the set." Before anyone could speak walls began to come down on all sides. Well, that was when Oscar was given his walking papers . . . Jessie Ralph, who plays the grandmother has made eight pictures so far, in seven of which she portrayed characters of different nationalities . . . Molly Lamont, the ingenue, is a little English actress RKO imported from South Africa. She was the ping pong champion there and thus far no one in Hollywood has been able to beat her at the game . . . C. Aubrey Smith's cocker spaniel, known as Sinner, applied for a job in the picture and b'gosh, got it. Speaking of dogs, a Great Dane adopted the cast. He would arrive each morning and stay with them all day . . . Kay Johnson, who has perhaps the most important role in the picture, was once again directed by her husband, John Cromwell. However, Mr. C. plays no favorites at the studio . . . David Manners, also in this large cast, is about to receive his citizenship papers, David hails from Nova Scotia.

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Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(Continued from page 54)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	3★	1★	1½★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	2½★	1½★	2★	1★		2½★	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★			2★	2★
Murder on a Honeymoon (RKO)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
My Song for You (G-B)	3★	2½★	3★	3★		3★	3★	2½★		2½★			2½★	3★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★
Nell Gwyn (United Artists)	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★			2½★	3★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★		2★		2★	1½★	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2½★		3★	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (Warners)	5★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3★	4★
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★
Paris In Spring (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			1★	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★		1½★	2★	2★	½★	1★	1½★	3★		1½★	2★
The Perfect Clue (Majestic)	2★		2★	2★		2★		2★	2★	2★			2★	2★
Princess Charming (G-B)	1★	1★	1½★	1★		1½★	1★	1½★	2★	1★		1★	1★	1★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★		2½★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	2★	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
The Raven (Universal)	3★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	1½★	2½★	1★			2½★	2★
Reckless (M-G-M)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★		2½★	3★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★		5★	5★
Sanders of the River (United Artists)	2★	1½★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	1★			3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
The Scoundrel (Hecht-Mac Arthur-Paramount)	5★	4½★	4★	5★	3½★	5★	5★	3★	4★	5★		5★	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1½★	2½★	2★	2½★			2★	2★
She (RKO)	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	1½★	2★	3★	1★			3★	2★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	1★	1½★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	2½★			2★	2★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	3★
Stranded (Warners)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	1½★	3★			2★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★		4★	4★	3★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Traveling Saleslady (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		3★	3★	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (G-B)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	2½★	2½★			2★	2★
Under the Pampas Moon (Fox)	3★	1★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★		4★	1½★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (G-B)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Vagabond Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★				2★	2★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		3★	4★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★		3★	3★	2★	2★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★		2½★		2½★	3★	2½★			2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★	2★		3★		3★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2★

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Natural Lipstick
Natural, Rose and
Mauve Nail Polish



Coral Lipstick
Coral Nail Polish



Cardinal Lipstick
Cardinal Nail Polish



Ruby Lipstick
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A LUCKY
LUCKY STRIKE
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CIGARETTES
IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckie

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Modern Screen

November

10

ents



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"So Red the Rose!"

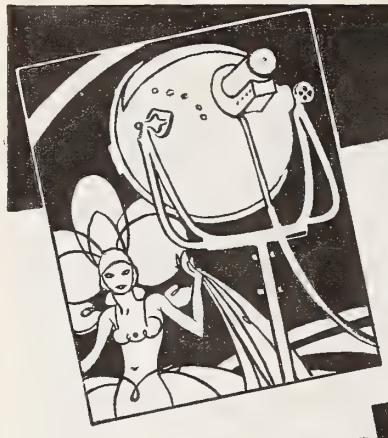
The Flower of Southern Chivalry Dewed with the Shining Glory of a Woman's Tears . . .



"SO RED THE ROSE," starring MARGARET SULLAVAN and Walter Connolly with Randolph Scott. Directed by King Vidor. From Stark Young's novel. A Paramount Picture.

OCT -1 1935

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modern screen

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OLD MAN COOPER ADVISES MASTER FREDDIE *Jackie gives pointers!* ...Faith Service 30
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HARRY STOCKWELL · NICK LONG, JR.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Roy Del Ruth · Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

Reviews

a tour of today's talkies



(Left) Mr. DeMille spared neither time nor money to make "The Crusades" the most lavish of his spectacles. Here are Katherine DeMille, Henry Wilcoxon and Loretta Young. (Below, left) The dinner party scene from "Alice Adams"—Ann Shoemaker, Fred MacMurray, Hattie McDaniels, Hepburn and Fred Stone. (Below) Rogers and Astaire in "Top Hat."



By Leo Townsend

★★★★ The Crusades (Paramount)

The annual DeMille epic is once more with us, and as is usual with the efforts of the great Cecil B., it is loaded with spectacle and grandeur. The sight of what looks like 10,000 Hollywood extras in full armor smacking each other down on the plains of Jerusalem is edifying enough in itself, but Mr. DeM. comes through with several other lavish touches just to remind you that movies can still be made for a million dollars. The story has to do with Richard the Lion-Hearted, who joins the Crusades to escape a marriage to the sister of his cousin Phillip, King of France, and finds himself almost immediately obliged to wed the daughter of the King of Navarre. He's quite pleasantly surprised, however, when she turns out to be Loretta Young. As portrayed by Henry Wilcoxon, Richard is a hale and hearty guy whom you'll like immensely. Loretta Young is as beautiful as ever and the rest of the cast (all 10,000 of 'em) is excellent. If you like your DeMille, here's one of his best.

Preview Postscripts

This is tops for all the DeMille spectacular spectacles. Cecil B. outdid himself on lavishness more from sentiment than extravagance this time. Seems the DeMille ancestors fought the good fight in the Crusades. It's their coat-of-arms used in the picture, too. A dozen authorities did research for over a year before the cameras ground out the first foot of the 300,000 made. Nope, you won't have to watch that many unreeled, since only 10,000 feet were released. Paramount felt decidedly Middle Aged for about six months, what with every available corner on the lot flaunting medieval castles, ramparts, moats, catapults, etc. One set alone took up four acres, and it was a daily occurrence for 1500 people and 800 horses to be working at the same time. Even if you aren't statistical-minded it still took 4800 pounds of nails for "props", 46 tons of lumber and metal for one siege tower, 2500 pounds of crepe hair for mustachios, 18,000 yards of cloth, several thousand wigs, fifty gallons of imitation blood and a few tons of chain mail. Climatically though, the fillum didn't cost a penny, since there's an absolute parallel between the ozone and vegetation in Palestine and California. But it looked for a while like the whole project would flop since not a falcon could be located in this country or England. In desperation, a director turned to the L. A. directory and discovered Orin (*Continued on page* 8)

A GOLDEN SYMPHONY OF THRILLING SONG, VIBRANT ROMANCE AND SOUL-STIRRING EMOTION!





Thrill to the magnificent voice of the screen's latest find—George Houston, as he sings the "Toreador" song from "Carmen" and "Ritorno di Sorriento", famous Italian folk song.

Even the world's applause ringing in her ears could not silence her yearning heart-song for one glorious moment with the man she loved and one enchanting hour with the son she could never claim!

Harry M. Goetz
presents an EDWARD SMALL *production*

"The Melody Lingers On"

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON
GEORGE HOUSTON

HELEN WESTLEY · JOHN HALLIDAY · WILLIAM HARRIGAN
WALTER KINGSFORD · MONA BARRIE · LAURA HOPE CREWS
DAVID SCOTT · FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK

A Reliance Picture
Directed by DAVID BURTON
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"ISN'T YOUR HEALTH WORTH THREE MINUTES!"

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ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

*Longer if you care to



better because you chew it

REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 6*)

Zannon, who not only had a falcon but eight of them. . . . Henry Wilcoxon was the true martyr of the "Crusades." He had to live for four months with the birds and his horse. This meant giving up his pet passion, yachting, since the falcons objected to the water and the crew objected to the horse. Mr. Wilcoxon had to give up hair-cuts for almost a year, too. Just here a year from England, he is amazed at the sacrifices American actors have to make for their Art . . . Katherine DeMille received her role in the picture as a Christmas present from Papa. Determined to make her own way in the movie world, Katherine has turned down good offers for roles because she felt that her father's "drag" was responsible. . . . Loretta Young has been in the flickers for yars and yars—but she started at fourteen. Considered by many as one of the ten prettiest girls in Hollywood, Loretta is kept busy dashing from one studio to another and trying to keep her weight up. Just made her first trip to Europe. Fred Perry is reported to be one of the reasons. . . . If you keep your eyes open, you can spot many an old-timer in this—William Farnum, Clara Kimball Young, Hobart Bosworth, Lillian Rich and Florence Lawrence. . . . There was no dearth of excitement while shooting this, either, since the scenes were generally thick with flying arrows, fire-balls, falling walls and much smoke and fire. Firemen were on duty during all the mob scenes and it was a regular occurrence for several warriors to plunge into the five feet of water in the moat in order to extinguish their flaming costumes. Director DeMille has a patented "mob system." He uses eleven assistant directors on a scene calling for a thousand extras. Each assistant is in charge of a group of one hundred, and this group in turn is broken up into sections of ten with a competent extra in charge. He's used the same warriors in so many pictures, that they've formed a club known as "Cecil's Warriors."

★★★★★ A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)

First of all, there is the outstanding pictorial loveliness of this film. When the first forest scenes came upon the screen, this hard-boiled reviewer felt quite breathless and excited for a moment. The accompaniment of the Mendelssohn music added greatly to the effect. Then, we were delighted to find that all the Warner players took their Shakespeare quite calmly. They read the lines as if they were actually conversing and didn't once rave and gesture all over the place. This was particularly commendable in the younger players—Dick Powell, Jean Muir, Ross Alexander and Olivia di Havilland, whom we think you will consider a find. Anita Louise is a lovely Queen Titania. Mickey Rooney had a fine time as Puck and, while there was a trifle too much of him, it is an amazing performance for a young lad.

James Cagney, as Bottom, deserves a paragraph all to himself. Mr. Cagney, mark our words, is a real actor. It's quite a jump from tough-guy roles to classic comedy. To make Shakespearian slapstick as funny as a modern wisecrack isn't easy. He does it. Well, we don't suppose the Cagney fans will allow him to desert his customary roles for doublet and hose but we, personally, consider him versatile enough to be cast in a greater variety of parts than he has had thus far.

We have only one criticism—the film is too long. We would hate to be asked what should be cut, because it's all so well done, but cut it should be. However, even if you do get a little hungry during the run of the picture and even if one foot does go to sleep, see it—every bit of it—because it is a great step forward in modern picture making.

★★★★ Top Hat (RKO)

By this time you've probably learned that when a screen musical involves Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers it turns out to be the kind of entertainment you're looking for. Well, here's why you'll like "Top Hat":

First, Fred Astaire does more dancing than he's done in any of his previous pictures. Second, they've done Ginger Rogers up in a new hairdress which makes the gal more attractive than ever. Third, Irving Berlin has decorated the whole business with some swell songs, notably "Isn't It a Lovely Day?" and "The Piccolino."

The story will remind you of "The Gay Divorcée," since it's based on the same theme—the one where the gal thinks the guy is someone else again—but it manages to keep out of the way of the comedy and the dancing. Incidentally, there's a supporting cast including Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore, Erik Rhodes and Helen Broderick, all of whom are top-

(*Continued on page 11*)



George Barbier, Burns and Allen in "Here Comes Cookie."



Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in "The 39 Steps."

THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven . . . imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT'S
first motion picture production

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

from the classic comedy by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
accompanied by the immortal music of
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

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ANITA LOUISE OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT FRANK McHUGH ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE IAN HUNTER VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY HOBART CAVANAUGH GRANT MITCHELL

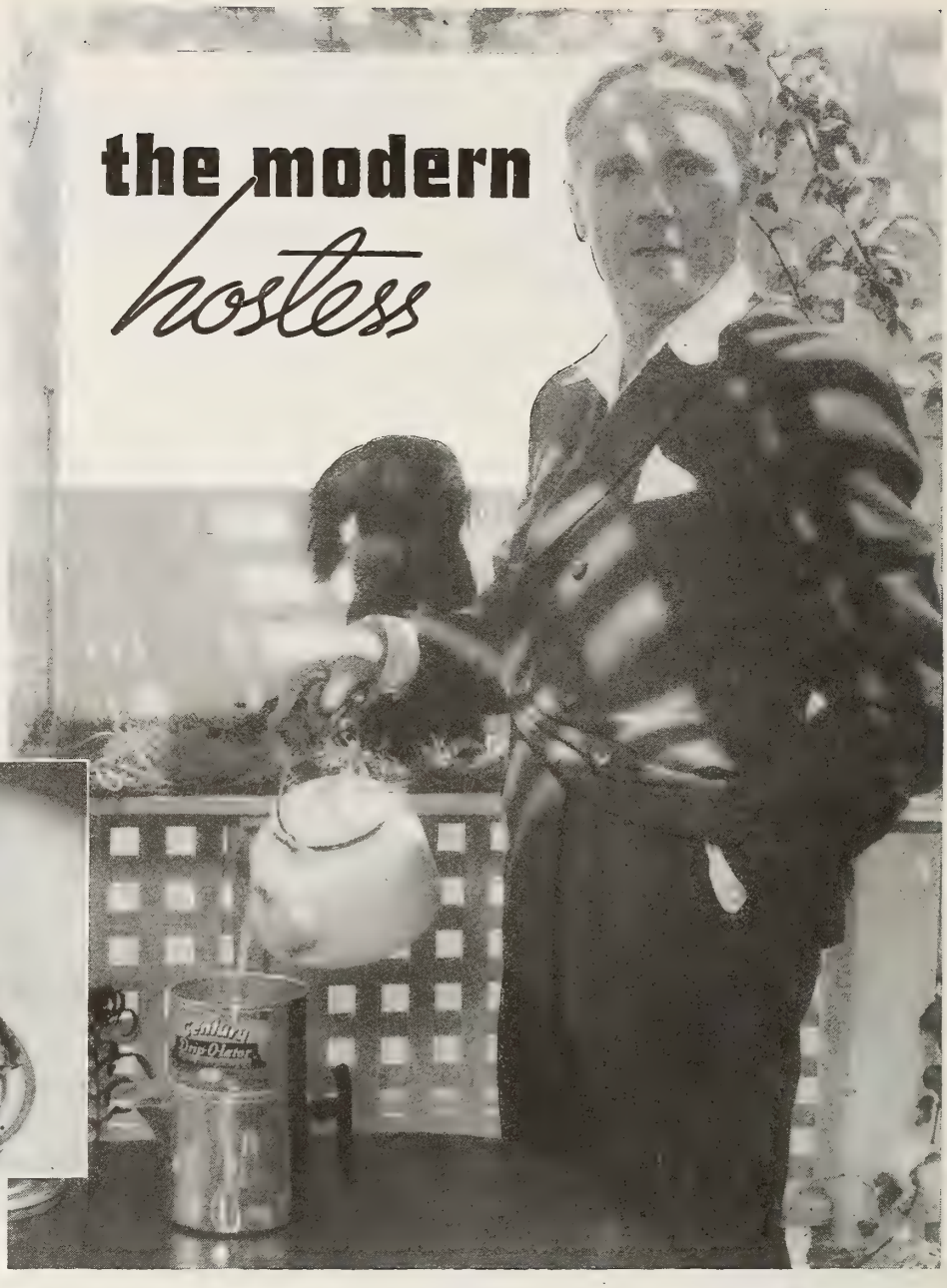
AUGMENTED by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by ERICH WOLFEGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, *its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.*

Coffee-making is an art—take a tip from Charlie Ruggles

the modern hostess



(Right) Mr. Ruggles isn't out to claim any honors in the culinary field, but he does boast making a good cup of coffee via the drip method. (Below) Doesn't the Dutch Apple Cake that Charlie's cook baked look too tempting? The recipe for this and many more delicious coffee companions are free for the asking.



Courtesy None Such Mince Meat

By Marjorie Deen



IF THERE is anything Charlie Ruggles likes it's coffee *and* . . . you know the sort of thing I mean . . . coffee *and* doughnuts, coffee *and* pie, coffee *and* cake and of course, coffee *and* coffee cake.

But of first importance is the coffee itself, which, in Mr. Ruggles' estimation, must be full flavored and crystal clear.

From the early morning "cupacoffee" on through the day with Charlie it's coffee here, coffee there, coffee, coffee everywhere. Coffee for breakfast at his farmhouse in the San Fernando Valley (served in colorful Mexican pottery cups to go with the decorations which are Mexican throughout), coffee at the Brown Derby for lunch, coffee in the studio commissary between scenes, yes, even coffee in the dog shop that is Charlie's pet pastime (no pun intended!).

Charlie raises dogs, you know, in extensive kennels on his farm. The card of the dog store where they are sold reads: "The Terrier Shop. Accessories and Puppies, operated by Charlie Ruggles' See-Are Kennels." And it was in this shop that I finally caught up with the elusive Mr. Ruggles after tracking him for days!

When I arrived I found Charlie brewing for himself, under the interested gaze of a prize cocker spaniel, a generous pot of coffee for mid-afternoon consumption. That's what started the conversation along coffee lines, in the first place, and that's how I discovered that the Ruggles' food favorites are of the type that are at their best as coffee-companions.

WE STARTED OFF by discussing doughnuts as we "dunked" them cheerily and without shame into the delicious coffee Charlie had made. Quite a coffee-maker is Charlie (I understand this is his *only* culinary accomplishment). He insists that the first requirement for a *good* cup of coffee is *good* coffee, ground especially for the type of coffee-making utensil you intend to use. Personally he prefers coffee made by the drip method, with which I am in hearty accord.

For drip coffee as for any other, the coffee must be measured accurately. The amount varies according to personal preferences, of course. Some prefer very strong coffee, others a trifle weaker. But really weak coffee should never be permitted to make an appearance anywhere. After the required amount of (*Continued on page 58*)

REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 8*)

notch, with particular emphasis on the Broderick gal.

Preview Postscripts

RKO went Venetian with a bang for this one. Three sets were used to construct a canal that would have put the European ditches to shame. A faithful reproduction of the Lido was constructed on another, even to the same pattern in the grilled iron balconies. A half dozen de luxe gondolas were patterned after an imported original, while the half dozen gondoliers were all imported originals. Mr. Fred Astaire tapped up the ladder of success in a comparatively short time, but even the top rung doesn't satisfy him. He's the World's Worst Worrier. Practice has already made him perfect in the opinion of everyone but Mr. A. He's at it from morn 'til night and often then. Fred originates all his own dances and those of his partners, while the chorus work is the idea of Mr. Hermes Pan, RKO's dance director. . . . Mr. Pan has used the same thirty girls and boys for the choruses of the Carioca, Continental and Piccolino. . . . Ginger Rogers' story is what makes gals forsake home for Hollywood. She was born and raised in a little Arkansas town, but neither Ginger nor her mother, Lela Rogers, intended that she'd stay there long. So dancing, speech and singing lessons shared honors with spinach on Ginger's daily diet. From Broadway Lela brought her daughter to Hollywood and is now the proud mama of a star. In what private life Ginger's allowed, she's Mrs. Lew Ayres. . . . The fact that Helen Broderick's just making her film début isn't the fault of RKO. They signed the actress two years ago to a contract. She was to make her first picture on completion of the Broadway run of "As Thousands Cheer." It was complete 74 weeks later. Miss Broderick's been married 25 years to Lester Crawford, with whom she appeared in vaudeville. . . . Eric Blore literally shot to cinematic fame after "The Gay Divorcée." Any set on which he's working has to be closed to visitors since re-shooting scenes mounts up in the money. And every Blore comedy scene brought on so many laughs from the spectators that the studio faced bankruptcy. Even now the crew wrecks an occasional scene with badly suppressed giggles.

★★★★ Alice Adams (RKO)

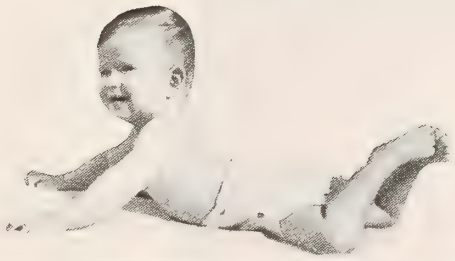
Katharine Hepburn can now go back to her slacks and her hideaway for a spell, for with her swell job in "Alice Adams"

(*Continued on page 80*)

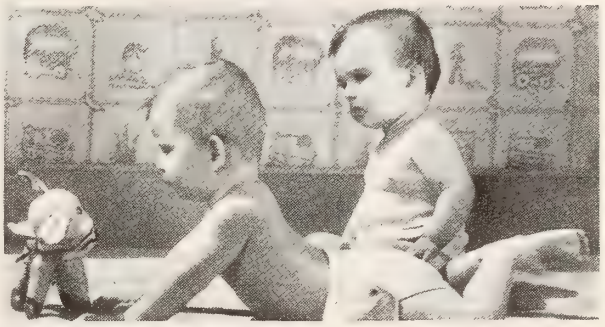


Olivia di Havilland and Dick Powell in "Dream . . ."

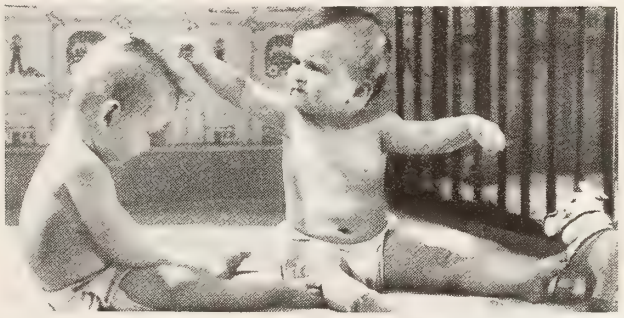
How he became the *best-dressed* baby in town



(As told by Danny's Mother)



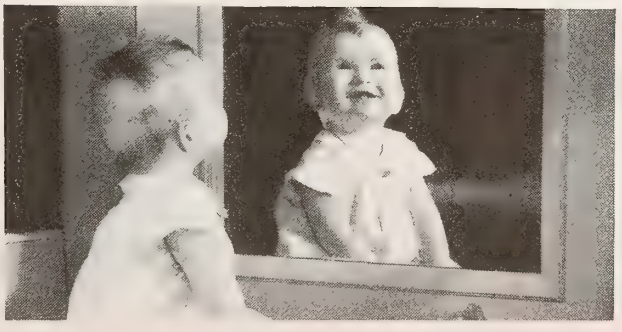
Little Judy was taking a sun bath with my Danny. That's how this thing started. Judy's diaper was so much whiter than Danny's, it made him look like a poor relation. *"How come, Hazel?"* I asked Judy's mother. *"I work harder than you, but your clothes are whiter."*



"Danny, you get Judy out of your hair," Hazel grinned back. "And tell your mother that she works hard enough, but her soap is lazy. It just doesn't wash out ALL the dirt. So her clothes are only half-clean—and that's why they have that tattle-tale gray look."

It sounded pretty sensible to me, so I took Hazel's advice and changed to her soap—Fels-Naptha. Glory, what a difference! That marvelous *golden* soap is *so chuckful of naptha* that dirt almost flies out. In no time at all, my clothes were a gorgeous white again.





And now look at Danny—he's the best-dressed baby in town. His clothes, and everything else in my wash, look simply grand. What's more, they're safely clean. Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it for my very best silk undies. And it's wonderfully easy on my hands, too!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

© FELS & CO., 1935



Ear to the ground, and foot

Hollywood front from romances

You may worship the ground your favorite movie stars walk on, but we know a girl who doesn't even have kind words for the air some of them breathe. She's a stewardess on one of the transcontinental planes, and she has decided opinions in re a few of the lovely ladies who fly through the air with the greatest of ease. Up in the clouds where there are no autograph hunters outside of a stray angel or two—8,000 feet above sea level and the Warner Brothers—a star's real character asserts itself. Among the screen sirens this little lady nominates for oblivion are Miriam Hopkins, Katharine Hepburn and Nancy Carroll. On the credit side of her books she lists Jean Harlow and Kay Francis; among the favorite male flying stars are Wally Beery and Dick Barthelmess.

■ ■ ■

Mary Brian continues to be the unmarriedest gal in these parts, despite the fact that she's been linked with enough prospective bridegrooms to keep the average girl in husbands the rest of her days. Our spies tell us that Dick Powell, when he first arrived in Hollywood, proposed to Mary several times and got the downward thumb on each occasion. Dick and Mary are still pals, but it seems Dick has given up the home-and-kiddies idea, at least for the present, which means he's not confining his crooning to La Brian.

Fame is a fleeting thing, if you can believe Arline Judge. Arline took a peek at the International Exposition at San Diego recently, and while strolling about the grounds, she was approached by a stranger who offered her a job in the nudist show. "It's seventeen bucks a week," the guy told her, "but here's the big inducement. The Hollywood producers are always looking over the show, and a girl as cute as you oughta stand a chance of getting in pictures." "It's a nice offer," replied Arline, "but I'm afraid my husband wouldn't let me. He hates the movies!" And that's the true story of how Arline lost her big chance to become a movie actress.

■ ■ ■

James Melton, whose radio baritoning has won him a lot of fans, recently arrived in Hollywood to star in the musical, "Stars Over Broadway." Harry Warren and Al Dubin, who have turned out more hit songs than you can choke a crooner with, wrote the ballads for the picture, and they came to a slight impasse with Mr. M. regarding one of them. Jimmy liked the music, but he didn't care for the words. He particularly didn't like the words "scrambled eggs," in the song. He didn't mind scrambled eggs in their place, but he refused to sing about them. As we march to press the battle still rages, with Warren and Dubin standing up for the ancient (though sometimes

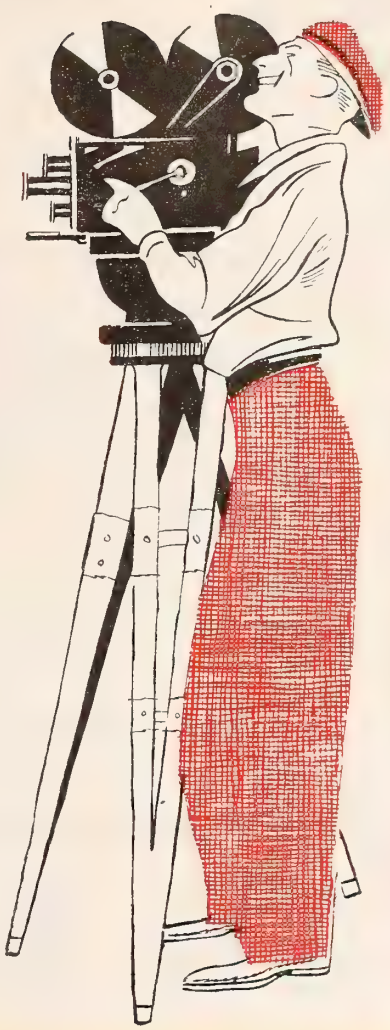


Three pretties and a gent you may not spot as old smoothie, Clark Gable, Roz Russell, Frances Langford and Jean Harlow; Hollywood Hotel show.



Here's a jolly family scene, the Pat O'Briens with their Irish colleen, Mavourneen. And if she isn't about the cutest, we can't judge 'em.

weary your reporter covers the to rodeos . . . By Leo Townsend



ungrammatical) art of song writing and Jimmy defending the dignity of the crooning profession.

■ ■ ■

The title of this little episode is *A Ribber Ribbed* or *A Blonde's Revenge*, and it's the reason why director W. S. Van Dyke is out gunning for a girl named Harlow. Recently Van tossed a formal dinner party for Regina Cannon, and the Harlow name was not on the guest list. Dinner was progressing in a quiet, dignified manner at the Van Dyke menage when a limousine drew up to the front door and in marched Jean and a gal friend, both attired in slacks and blouses and both bearing blankets and a picnic lunch. La Belle Harlow and friend swept into the dining room, eyed the guests, spread their blankets on the rug, opened their lunch boxes and nonchalantly tossed banana peels and egg shells on the floor. From a critical standpoint, it was one of Jean's best performances. Incidentally, it also broke up the dinner party.

■ ■ ■

Credit Raquel Torres with creating an innovation in Hollywood parties. She and hubby Stephen Ames entertained 200 tourists at their home recently, and while guests cocktailed and roamed about the house and grounds everyone wondered how the hostess would solve the problem of introducing celebrities. The answer came with the arrival of the first star, when a loud-speaking system boomed out: "Ladies and gentlemen, for your approval—Binnie Barnes." And after each announcement the panic was on, what with most of the guests making a dash for autographs.

■ ■ ■

While we're mentioning the Raquel Torres-Stephen Ames party, it might be well to add that the real fun began when some of the visitors decided their host was Eddie Cantor. While the rush was on poor Stephen was accidentally shoved into the swimming pool, clothes and all. At this crucial point Vince Barnett heroically tossed off his coat and dived in to the rescue, much to the glee of the guests. So now Stephen is wondering whether the thing really was an accident. Maybe Rubinoff was in the crowd.

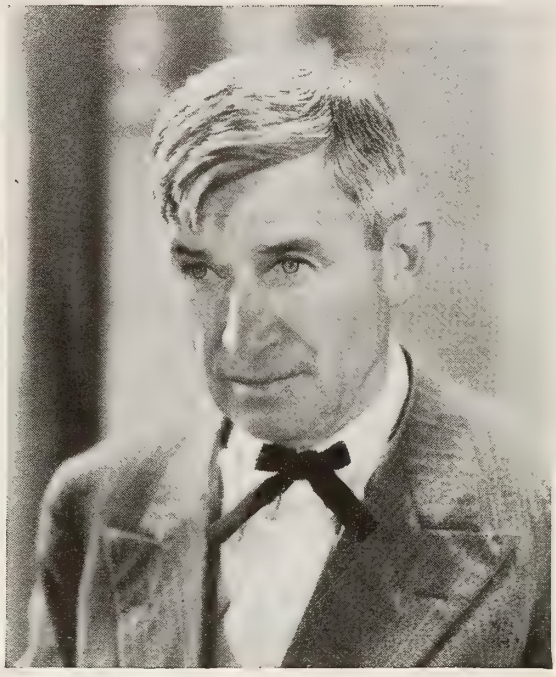
■ ■ ■

It's girls like Wendy Barrie who send travel bureau men off to rest cures. Before the completion of "A Feather In Her Hat" she announced to the waiting world that she would pack herself off to London to be maid of honor at her sister's wedding. By the time the picture was completed she had completely forgotten London and announced her destination as Honolulu. Maybe that explains why two days later she packed her belongings and left for Mexico. Anyway, it's nice that she could get away for awhile, don't you think? (*Continued on page 54*)



Maybe the George Barnes were talking things over at the Screen Writers' Ball . . . anyhoo, it didn't help, now George and Joan have phut

Will Rogers and his friend, Wiley Post, met their death when Post's plane crashed in a fog near Point Barrow, Alaska, on Thursday night, August 15, 1935. The entire world mourns the death of these famous Americans and the millions who adored Will Rogers' pictures, his radio talks and the wisdom and friendliness of his writings will find his loss irreplaceable.



By Hilary Lynn

The Last Interview

"You don't think I should say that about your favorite humorist. But you haven't even given me a chance to finish." Then Hal Mohr added, "*And* he's the most generous, the most sincere, the most lovable man it's been my good fortune to meet up with in my many years as a cameraman in this industry."

Hal Mohr settled comfortably back in his chair. The expression on his face was that of a man who is about to talk upon a favorite subject.

"The night before Will starts working on a new picture," Mohr told me, "he sometimes gets around to taking the script home. Just to get the general gist of the story. Next day he arrives at the studio, smiling that wise-sheepish smile of his—totally and blissfully unprepared on his lines. The old-timers have learned to expect this—but the *newcomers!* Nobody ever tells them that one of the idiosyncracies of America's favorite homespun philosopher is never to learn his lines for a part, as the author intended them to be spoken.

"So imagine the actor who's never played with Will Rogers before! Innocent as a lamb, he arrives on the set, bubbling with gratitude at the opportunity to play in a picture which everyone

knows beforehand will be a knock-out box office success because Will Rogers is in it.

"He waits for a certain cue in a speech. The cue doesn't come. For Will ad libs his lines. Furthermore, he improvises them differently every time he plays the scene. It isn't because he's too lazy to learn them; it's because each time he rehearses a scene he thinks of a better way of delivering a speech. Something spontaneous that fits the situation far better than the lines the author has written. A spicy, humorous touch, like those that give his morning column such punch.

"Valiantly, the script girl—if she's new—corrects him. Then she, too, learns her lesson, accepts these Rogerisms as the rest of us have learned to do, and trusts to Providence. None of which ever feazes Will. He goes right on, improvising better and better lines and wisecracking with the crew who worship him.

"But don't run away with the idea that actors object to working with Will. On the contrary. They love it! Playing with Will Rogers is ready-made Heaven for all aspiring young stars, once they get used to Will's way of doing things.

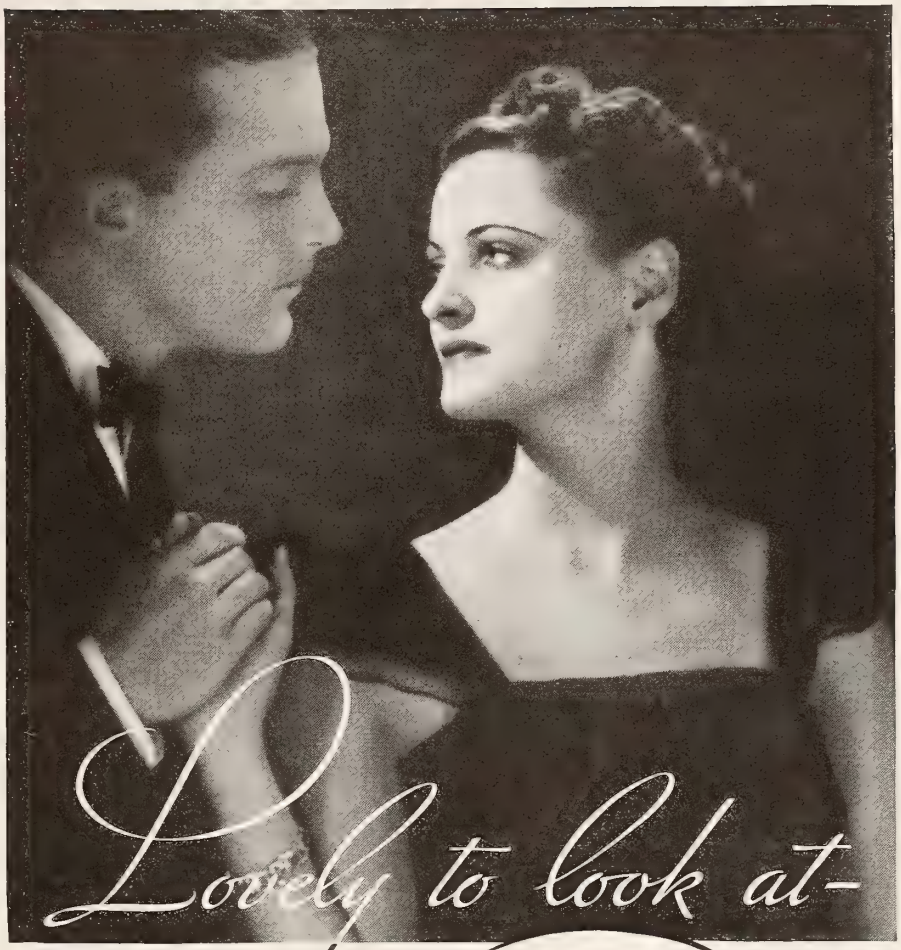
FOR Will Rogers is probably unique in the industry as the one important star who'd rather face an assemblage of cannibal chiefs than face the camera in a close-up. He'll invent all sorts of machinations to avoid having his full face in front of a lens. He'll go out of his way to push the other actors up to face the camera, while he plays with his back to the lens. You can imagine what a break that is for the young up-and-comers, who have come away from making other pictures with other stars firmly convinced that every screen celebrity is necessarily greedy for close-ups.

"When the picture finally reaches the cutting room, it's a foregone conclusion there aren't going to be any full face close-ups of Mr. Rogers. Which may give you some idea of the man's modesty.

"Modesty—and generosity! His two chief characteristics. You will forgive me if I grow eulogistic. After all, I'm speaking of the man who helped me win Evelyn.

"I'll tell you a little story—a Will Rogers story.

"The company for 'The County Chairman' had gone to the Mojave Desert for location shots. Naturally, when Will Rogers arrives anywhere, he's mobbed by the usual welcome committees, the town band, and the autograph books. Diffident as he is, Will has learned to take this kind of thing in his (*Continued on page 95*)



...and mind made up to stay that way!

BEHIND many a young and lovely face is a mind rich in mature wisdom. The instinctive knowledge women seem to be born with. It commands..."Stay lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to your complexion, your hair, your figure. Your dressing table looks like a queen's...gay with bright jars of creams and cosmetics. And if you know all of your beauty lore, there'll be in your medicine chest a certain little blue box.

Ex-Lax, its name. And its role in your life is to combat one of your worst enemies to loveliness and health . . . constipation. You know what that does to your looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because it is mild, gentle, it doesn't strain your system. It is thorough. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it is such a joy to take...it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Get a box today! 10c and 25c boxes...at any drug store.

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When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

beauty advice



Heads, lovely heads, and all offering new faces for each of you! Reading from the top down the right. Dixie Crosby's young-girl arrangement of soft curls and a ribbon. Binnie Barnes in a severe, classic hairdress and below in two soft, feminine arrangements that are equally becoming. And then three stages of Ginger Rogers' haircombs from the early "Change of Heart" days to the present "Top Hat" sophistication and chic.

Tired of looking at the same face? Then change your coiffure as Hollywood does!

By Mary Biddle

WHEN YOU'VE gone shopping for a new hat, haven't you often wanted to buy a new face to go along with it? Of course you have. So have we all. We have peered hopefully into the mirror, trying on this model and that, hoping to find the hat that would "do something" for us, that would bring a new and interesting stranger to the mirror instead of the same old face. We all get tired of our faces, even the glamorous ladies of Hollywood. There's many a girl who would give most anything she possessed if she could look like Norma Shearer, and yet I know for a fact that Norma gets afflicted with the "I want to be different" spasms, even as you and I. What does she do about it? Well, she generally rushes to Antoine's to have an entirely new hair-do to pep her up.

The hairdressing shop is a better bet than the hat shop for finding a new face, even though the hats this year would certainly tempt us to buy a whole assortment of new faces, if we only could. Hats have "gone Hollywood." They're dramatic. They're playing the grand lady. Don't you love them? But let's don't wear the same old faces under them. The best way to find a new "You" in the mirror, and to find a new "You" to arouse interest in someone else's eyes, is to change your coiffure.

EVERY WOMAN dreams of finding the perfect hairdresser, I suppose, who will do her over in the twinkling of the scissors. But good hairdressers are rare, that is, good to the point of being artists

able to create the particular type of hairdress that flatters you, and satisfies your urge for being made over. Most hairdressers will ask you, "How do you want your hair cut?" So you, in the final analysis, have to be the guiding genius of your own coiffure destinies.

Binnie Barnes was partly my inspiration for writing this article . . . and you were the rest of it. She gave me such a grand story about her own changeable coiffures that I had to give it to you, along with my own amplifications, of course, because your letters indicated that you were fairly shouting for advice on "How shall I do my hair?"

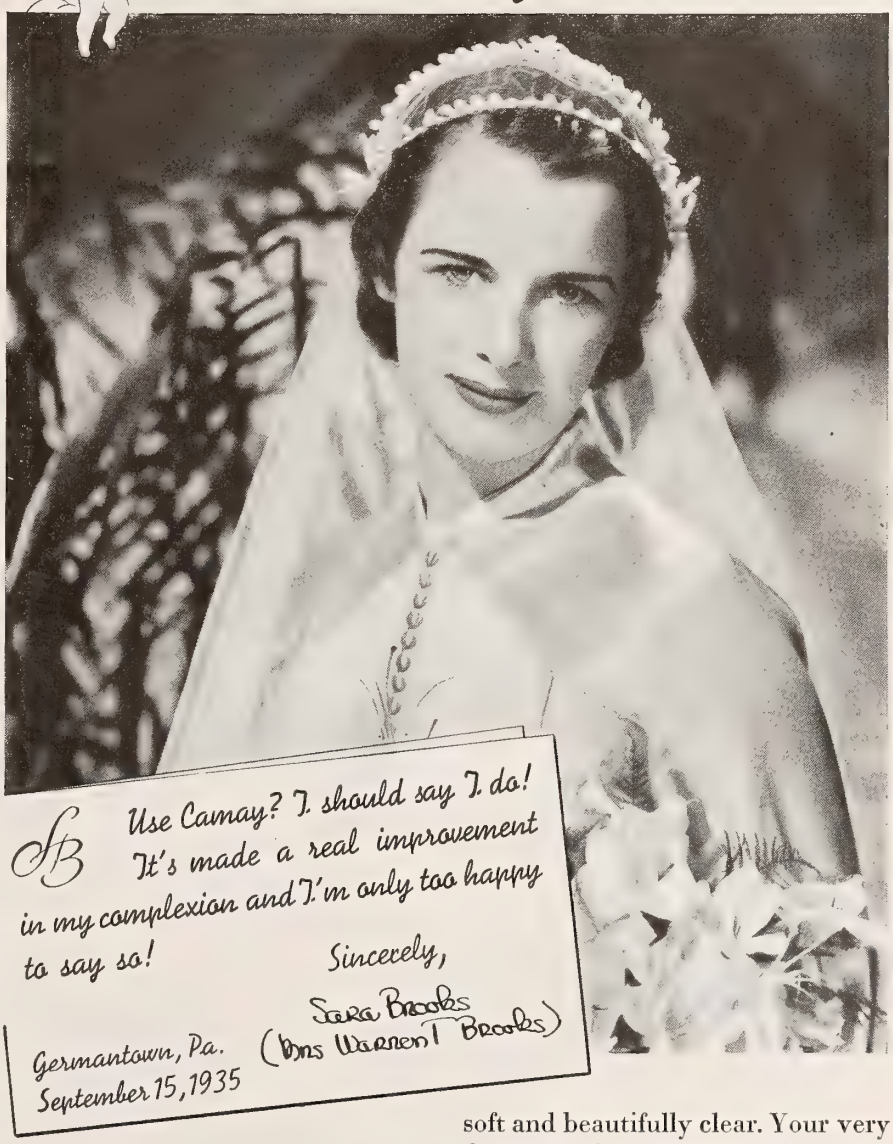
Naturally, it would be impossible for me to prescribe the perfect coiffure for each one of you. But there are certain principles of hair arrangement that Binnie and I can give you, however, that should help you to decide what particular type of coiffure suits you best. First off, remember this very important "Don't." Unless you have the perfectly chiseled features of a Dolores Del Rio, don't go in for extreme hairdresses, or sharply defined outlines of hair. Irregular features, and most of us have them (including the stars), demand a more lenient arrangement of waves and soft outlines.

If your face is long and thin, your hair should be parted on the side, a not-too-high part, and brought down in a swirled wave or soft bang (or bangs) across the forehead. It should have a soft fluffed out effect over the ears in order to give roundness to the outline of the face. Now on the other hand, if your face is round and full, you should have a hairdress with a high side part, an off-the-face effect, and a flat arrangement over the ears.

LARGE loose waves are the vogue nowadays. Small crimpy waves are too unnatural looking, and besides that, they add years to the face instead of subtracting years from it. Let's hear what Binnie has to say about her own illustrated coiffures, as applied to hairdresses in general. Take picture number three, the one with the medium length bob, and the large loose wave. Says Binnie, "I admit there is nothing startlingly new in this hairdress, but when in doubt, there is nothing like it. It is becoming to young and old, fat and thin, and to regular and irregular features. If it were not for the fact that we girls forever are looking for variety, this style would be universally adopted, I'm sure."

Because "we forever *are* looking for variety," I'm going to interpose a suggestion (*Continued on page 94*)

Praises for Camay from a Lovely Bride of Autumn



Use Camay? I should say I do! It's made a real improvement in my complexion and I'm only too happy to say so!

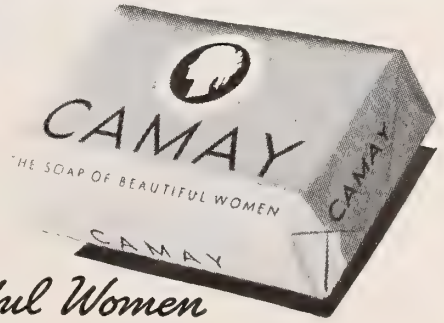
Sincerely,
Sara Brooks
(Mrs Warren I Brooks)

Germantown, Pa.
September 15, 1935

HERE'S a very pretty person and a lifelong friend of Camay—at least from the age she could tell right from wrong in a beauty soap. Her name was Sara Stratton and she was married just last fall.

Her clear and lovely skin is a real compliment to Camay's gentle character. And another indication that Camay's pure and gentle lather keeps the feminine skin marvelously soft and beautifully clear. Your very first use of Camay will show you how gentle and mild a fine beauty soap can be—how it can help to bring new softness and clarity to your skin. Camay's low price is another pleasant advantage.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women

FOR LOVERS OF *Music* AND LOVERS OF *Love*



The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen — and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

NINO MARTINI, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.

HERE'S TO ROMANCE



MARIA GAMBARELLI, famous ballet dancer and protegé of Pavlowa.



SCHUMANN-HEINK, best loved of all operatic prima donnas, now brings her inspiring voice to the screen.



Beautiful **GENEVIEVE TOBIN**, sparkling in another sophisticated rôle.

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with

NINO MARTINI

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

ANITA LOUISE

MARIA GAMBARELLI

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

REGINALD DENNY

VICENTE ESCUDERO

world's greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green

A FOX PICTURE



Even though Claudette Colbert rushes busily from Paramount to Columbia making pictures, her doting audiences bemoan the necessary lapses between her screen appearances. She's just that popular. Lately Claudette's make-up kit was parked at Columbia where she was filming "She Married Her Boss." And according to enthusiastic reports, you can prepare now to enjoy it as much as you did "It Happened One Night." Melvyn Douglas and that dashing Mike Bartlett are her romantic partners in this gay opus. Out of role, Claudette still keeps the gossips wondering about her romantic interests in life.

She marries her boss



And Roger Pryor is the lad around Hollywood who can repeat the title below with fervor! He's been Ann Sothern's boy friend for sometime despite the various rumors out of Hollywood that would make you think their mutual heart throbs aren't real. Roger and Ann are teamed for "The Girl Friend" on the screen, too. Ann is the charmer who put North Dakota on the Hollywood map and she has done the old state proud. She's got talent galore and beauty plus—but just look at this stunning portrait for full appreciation of the latter.

What a girl friend!



Just let Hollywood give Mr. Muni a role he can sink his teeth into and you will be assured grand cinema fare in your home town. Paul is the chap who quietly goes about this business of acting and with deftness puts across one fine performance after another. It's no wonder that the Brothers Warner keep him safely under contract year after year. "Dr. Socrates" is the uninformative title of his next picture in which he has Ann Dvorak as his leading woman. Paul isn't disturbed by the rumor hounds because he remains devoted to Bella Muni.

Dr. Socrates


The epic girl



Husbands hate him

Dickens and Elizabeth Allan seem to strike the fancy of the M-G-M bigwigs as an unbeatable screen team! And certainly, the deceased Mr. Dickens would be the last one to protest such an alliance, for Elizabeth seems to have the happy knack of making his most delightful heroines live again. So great was her acclaim as David Copperfield's mother that Elizabeth is now playing Lucie Manette, the immortal heroine of "A Tale of Two Cities." As for Monsieur Charles Boyer, that gallant Frenchman has become a domestic menace on these shores. There's something about those quiet, suave performances of "Private Worlds" and "Shanghai" that have set the average American wife's heart going pit-a-pat at the mere mention of his name. Right now Charles is making pictures in France and his wife, Pat Paterson, is following suit by appearing as Mme. Boyer in a French picture.



It's gotten so that the John Monk Saunders are about Hollywood's most active commuters. First John dashes over to England to run up a little story for Gaumont-British and then the little wife, Fay Wray, packs her bag and hikes along after him to do a picture for the same busy British film company. It's almost reached a point where the New York ship reporters never know whether they are having a farewell or welcome home interview with Fay. Incidentally she's home for a spell and you'll be seeing her in "Alias Bulldog Drummond," in which Jack Hulbert rescues our lovely heroine from a gang of jewel thieves.

Gaumont-British accent



Michael Bartlett's screen career has been brief to date but more than auspicious in that he has had the luck to play romantic leads with two of Hollywood's biggest box office darlings—Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever" and Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss." Michael, believe it or not, escaped a New England textile career by his music-loving mother upsetting his textile-minded father's after-college plans for him. She had watched his success in Princeton Triangle shows and realized that he had a voice and talent. One break followed another with result that the handsome Bartlett profile is star stuff.

New leading man

her mother's failure brought *Harlow* fame

By Ruth Biery



THERE ARE really two Jean Harlows—the one you know on the screen and the one you might have known had Fate not intervened. And yet, there is little doubt that this second Jean would not be a star today if the first Jean had not come to Hollywood first.

But to understand about these two women—the mother and the daughter—it is necessary to begin our story back many years, in the heart of the Middle West, Kansas City.

Picture a large and well-furnished suburban home edging a bustling, rapidly growing city. The war was over and Kansas City was settling down to the boom of the mad twenties. An average American family lived in that typical house of the immediate post-war period. Dr. Montclair Carpenter was a dentist with one of the most lucrative practises in the city in that day when people could afford to humor their teeth and pay cash for the humoring. He was one of the backbone-of-the-city type, an elder in the Emmanuel Presbyterian Church, a youthful pillar in business and social circles. His neighbors could not, and cannot, speak too highly of him.

His home differed only in one respect from those of other successful men in the community. His wife was more beautiful, his daughter more adorable than the other wives and daughters. Harlean Carpenter was undoubtedly the most beautiful young matron in Kansas City. And Harlean Carpenter, the second, looked much like her. Although those who knew them well then claim the child did not have the beauty of the mother.

The family seemed happy. The mother each Sunday attended the church where her husband was so prominent. Little Harlean went to Sunday school. There were many merry parties where the wife of the successful young doctor was the envy of the other women. Her beauty was so striking, her naturalness so fascinating.

IT IS NOT fair to guess, ever, at what causes dissension in the "happiest" family. Even though we live next door, we cannot know—really know. Somehow, husbands and wives never tell, even in court, the true aches of heart and of soul.

We can wonder, of course. Part of the fun of living is wondering about our neighbors. We can ask ourselves if the lovely, young Mrs. Carpenter caught that post-war fever of so many women—the desire to *accomplish something.* Did she catch the feminine disease of ambition which was just then beginning? When we are ambitious, really ambitious, there is nothing we can do but give in.

The outlet for true beauty was then in Hollywood, as it is today. So one morning, Mrs. Carpenter burned the bridges of suburban life in Kansas City behind her, tucked little Harlean Carpenter, the second—then about seven—onto a train and headed westward. She divorced her husband.

We probably shall never know exactly what happened to the two Harleans during their first experience in Hollywood. Hollywood is always a trying place for great beauty coupled with great ambition. This is an old saying, but it's true: You may have talent, ambition and beauty, but you cannot have success without the "lucky break." If Director Von Sternberg had not seen Marlene Dietrich lunching in a restaurant in Germany; if Mauritz Stiller had not refused to step foot on American soil unless a little friend, named Greta Garbo, were not given an acting opportunity!



Somehow, the moment did not come to Mrs. Carpenter. She returned to the home of her father, a town near Kansas City.

Little Harlean was growing up. As she rounded into adolescence, she showed signs of developing the beauty of her mother. The mother began to think more and more of the future of this tiny miniature of herself. What would she be?

How many, many times have we seen this in Hollywood! There is no ambition more subtle and yet all-absorbing than the ambition of a mother transferred, often without the mother's knowledge, from self to child. Ann Dvorak's mother had it. She renounced a brilliant career for marriage. When marriage failed, she became intent upon Ann's career. Ann was to have what her mother had missed! She was to become a great star, she was not to renounce anything for marriage. And it isn't only in Hollywood! How many times have you heard mothers say, "If only I had had a college education! Well, believe me, my daughter is going to have what I missed!"

Mother and daughter drew closer and closer together. They became two lovely, brilliant dashes of femininity traveling life's challenging road as a unit. Hollywood often has wondered about the (*Continued on page 64*)

Did you know that Jean's mother once sought stardom?



Above, the resemblance of Jean and her mother, Mrs. Bello, is amazing. Long ago in Kansas City friends thought that Jean would never be as lovely as her maw! Here they are in a recent "snap."

Right, Hollywood has wondered about the great bond between Jean and her mother. Jean feels she owes everything to her mother's driving ambition for her. "Riff Raff" is Jean's next picture.





old man cooper advises master freddie

By Faith Service

Caught unawares, these two kids have a real heart-to-heart talk

THE CONVERSATION reported below took place the other day between Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper as they sat with me in an office on the M-G-M lot. Unknown to the two boys, everything they said was taken down in shorthand just as they said it. Freddie flipped a coin with great dexterity as he talked. A bag of jelly-beans passed back and forth between them. And as they chewed they talked. They were both very serious, very dignified, very mature. And neither of them were conscious of the way in which they were revealing themselves. In this talk you will be able to perceive the rudiments of their young philosophies, the young buds of their skepticism, the innocent birth of their knowledge that Fame is fleeting and easily forgotten.

A striking study in contrasts, these two lads. Sturdy, American, twelve-year-old Jackie with his bright gold hair, his broad, sun-tanned face, the easy assurance of his "tremendous experience" and the more delicate, poetic, nine-year-old English Freddie, with his brown, Byronic curls and lilting English voice. On the surface, two child stars. Under the skin, two little fellers who forgot, now and then, the rigors and responsibilities of stardom and lapsed into boy talk of motor-bikes and pillow fights and aeroplanes and cabbages and kings.

Here is what they said:

Freddie: How did you get started in picture work, Jackie? I don't know that I ever heard, you know.

Jackie: Oh, I've been in pictures about seven or eight years—well, a long time ago I did extra work with Lloyd Hamilton. I think I was about four or five, but I wasn't noticed on the screen at all. But then later, at Fox, Mother was working in the music department there; they were picking out someone to sing a song in the Fox Movietone Follies and my mother thought she might as well take a chance and bring me along. She didn't say, though, that I was her boy. I sang my song and they thought I would be good for Our Gang Comedies and they told Hal Roach about me and he signed me up. I think that's how it was. My mother knows the story backwards. . . .

Freddie: But what was "Our Gang"? I don't know that I ever saw it at home in England.

Jackie: Oh, just shorts! Well, it was fun, though. A lot of kids. There was a colored boy in 'em and a big fat boy, and we used to get into mischief all of the time. That's about all there was to it. You ever do any work over there in England?

Freddie (modestly): Well, just a little. I began when I was about five, too. I was on the stage a little. Just charity work, you know. They don't allow little boys on the real stage in England.

Jackie (knowingly): Oh, sure, I know, benefits and things. Well, how did you get over here, then?

Freddie: Well, I came to New York for my vacation. Cis and I, you know. Cis is my Aunt Milicent Bartholomew. And we heard about "David Copperfield." And I asked Cis to write out to California and say that I wanted to play David. She didn't want to, but I made her write and Mr. Selznick invited us down to his house and I recited Shakespeare and things and I fitted the part and . . .

Jackie (enthusiastically): Swell! I don't think anybody else could have done that part, either. I mean it. You were swell. No other little English boy in the world or any other little boy in the world could have done it. I've read the book and I saw the picture and no one could have done it a-tall. . .

Freddie (flushing with the pleased embarrassment of one artist receiving rare praise from another): When did you read the book?

Jackie (indifferently): Oh, I dunno. Years and years ago.

Freddie: Did you read "Oliver Twist"?

Jackie: No, I didn't.

Freddie: I'm going to play Oliver in the fall, you know. Well, did you read "Pickwick Papers"?

Jackie: Nope, never have.

Freddie: Oh, you should! It's the funniest book I ever read. I read it when I was six. I used to read parts of it out loud to Cis to make her laugh, too. You should get that book.

Jackie: I very seldom read. I think living's more important than reading. More important for your work, you know. More fun, too. I like Dickens, though. Dickens and Mark Twain. But I very seldom read because I can't sit by myself and keep quiet. Not unless I'm told to.

Freddie (flipping a coin): I like to read. I read almost all of the time. I like aeroplanes, too. I had a lot of aeroplane models given (*Continued on page 88*)











Eavesdropping on Jackie Cooper (top, left) and Freddie Bartholomew (center, left) we get a vivid picture of their reactions to autograph hounds . . . other boys . . . books . . . bikes . . . write-ups . . . favorite stars . . . tricks before the camera and fan letters, with Jackie always a little skeptical and willing to warn Freddie of life's pitfalls. (Top, right) Freddie at four, when he appeared at benefits in England and (center) Jackie at two. (Right) Just a couple of hard thinkers. They'd like to do a film together some time.

Because of her grit and determination Ginger Rogers, below, now has success and fame. Right, Mrs. Rogers, Lew Ayres and Ginger.







Lu Blanche Sweet

No longer a movie queen, beautiful Blanche now broadcasts a radio program.



and Helen in "Top Hat."

a tribute to Ginger

From an old-timer who admires the courage of this young 'un





GINGER ROGERS always reminds me of a swan. Have you ever watched a swan glide across the water? Make its progress, reach its goal with beautiful grace? And apparently without effort? And then have you been surprised to notice how hard and consistently that swan has been working beneath the surface all the time in order to produce that seeming ease, that thrilling motion?

So it is with Ginger. Take her, at twenty-four, one of the very greatest of the stars. Rapidly approaching that million dollars earned through her own efforts which she has set for her mark. Beautiful, goodness knows. Well-groomed always. And the one and only dancer Fred Astaire ever has brought himself to compare with his sister, Adele—now Lady Cavendish—with whom he danced his way to fame.

None of these things were dumped into Ginger's lap, believe me. She has come a long way and worked hard to find them. And if you've acquired another impression about her from the bare facts you've read in her biography, let's look behind the scenes of a few outstanding incidents.

Fifteen years ago Ginger Rogers was nothing, had nothing. She was a gangling, freckled nine-year-old. Named Virginia McMath. (It was a small cousin, incidentally, unable to pronounce her first name, who called her Ginger. And she came into the Rogers name when her mother married a second time.) However, even back there, when Ginger lived with her grandmother while her mother went out to earn a living for all of them, Ginger was on her way. For she was teaching herself to be a leader, being a stern taskmaster for herself in all she did. Taking one medal after another at school. In tennis. In swimming. And never for one moment failing to believe in herself or in her future.

EVEN IN those days she showed the discrimination which is so often an anvil on which success may be forged. It was her English teacher, one Ruth Browning, for whom she developed the inevitable school-girl crush. You've heard, perhaps, how, charmed and attracted by this woman's speaking voice and her choice of words, Ginger invited her to come and live with them.

We all have impulses to do things like that occasionally. But we squash them usually. Whereas Ginger always has had enough spirit and courage to put her impulses into action, been eager enough for the experience they would offer not to count the cost too high in the event they didn't always work out right.

"Never," Mrs. Rogers says, "will I forget the day Ginger came home and calmly announced that she had asked Ruth Browning to live with us, to share her room. At first I protested. But then I discovered that Ginger had sold Miss Browning on the idea, too. She never was one to give up easily. And even as a little girl I never knew her to stop at any half-measures when she set out to accomplish a thing."

That relationship with Ruth Browning proved a very happy one. And it wasn't until she married that she left the Rogers home.

"I owe a great deal to my long and close association with Miss Browning," Ginger says. "She taught me many invaluable things. Fairness in dealing with people. To see the other fellow's side as well as my own. And most important of all, probably, to get out and work for the things I wanted. To reach towards them constantly by study and determination. To waste no precious minutes sitting back and dreaming.

"She always pointed out to me that to advance ourselves we must take steps. That not to take steps is to stand still or, worse, to slip backwards."

We were sitting on the set in front of her portable dressing-room. And so often it was the spirit in her voice that made her words seem bright and convincing. Nevertheless, while she talked, young and, for the moment, serious, I couldn't help thinking how useless the same advice and influence would have been if she hadn't been receptive to it, if she had been gaited for indolence and failure.

You've heard, of course, (*Continued on page 69*)

cheerio, charlie!

A hectic two hours with "unapproachable" Laughton

by Katherine "Scoop" Albert



JUST CALL me "Kitty, the girl reporter." Or, if you think that too informal "Scoop" Albert will do.

Toss the false whiskers in the corner. Put the Sherlock Holmes magnifying glass aside. Boys and girls, I got the story. I'm a little weak and shaken. I may never be the same again. But I got the story.

The funny part is that the original assignment seemed so easy and pleasant. "Charles Laughton is arriving in New York Saturday," my boss said. "I'd like you to do an interview with him."

Could anything be more simple? Wait a minute! Wait until I tell you what happened.

Very sweetly I called Mr. L.'s press agent and said I'd like to interview the actor. And from that moment on the calm stream of my life became a rushing torrent.

"Interview Laughton?" the press agent screamed. "My God, Kitty. He arrives in town at nine a. m on the Century. He sails for England on the *Ile de France* at eleven and during those two hours he has to get his passport, his re-entry papers, and heaven knows what. The boat will probably have to be held for him. Interview Laughton? It simply can't be done. In the first place there isn't time—not a minute's time. And in the second place I have a wire from him saying, 'Positively no interviews.' You can't interview Laughton. It isn't possible."

YOU'D BETTER not say "can't" to an Albert. The 'never-give-up Alberts" they call us. "Do or die" is our motto. Would you like to see the coat of arms?

At nine a. m. that momentous Saturday morning I appeared bright and smiling at Grand Central Station.

The press agent saw me. His looks were so black I thought he was going to a funeral. "You can't stay here," he said to me. "Nobody can interview Laughton. I told you that yesterday. There isn't time. Now be a good girl and go away. Come on, Kitty, Laughton won't have an interview."

"Look," I said, "there comes the Century."

The press agent gave me another dirty look and ran toward the train. I thought, for a minute, he was going to throw himself under the wheels. I ran after him. The train stopped and Laughton—all done up in a big-checked coat, grey trousers and a hat that once had a shape but didn't now—got off.

I'd heard he was morose, melancholy, morbid. Instead his face is like a jolly little boy's face. And his smile is something wonderful.

"I feel fine," he said. "I slept eighteen hours a day on the train. I feel fine, but a bit like a ground squirrel. Do you sleep well on a train?" he asked me.

I'd never seen the man before. The press agent, who was trying to pretend he didn't know me, had not introduced us. But Laughton's question forced him to mumble something about my identity. "And now, good-bye," the press agent said. "We're off to the barge office to get Mr. Laughton's passports and things. Good-bye, Kitty."

"Good-bye," I said, and got in the taxi with them.

Laughton began to worry on (*Continued on page 96*)

(Left to right) Dewitt Jennings, Dudley Digges, Laughton, Herbert Mundin, Gable and Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty."



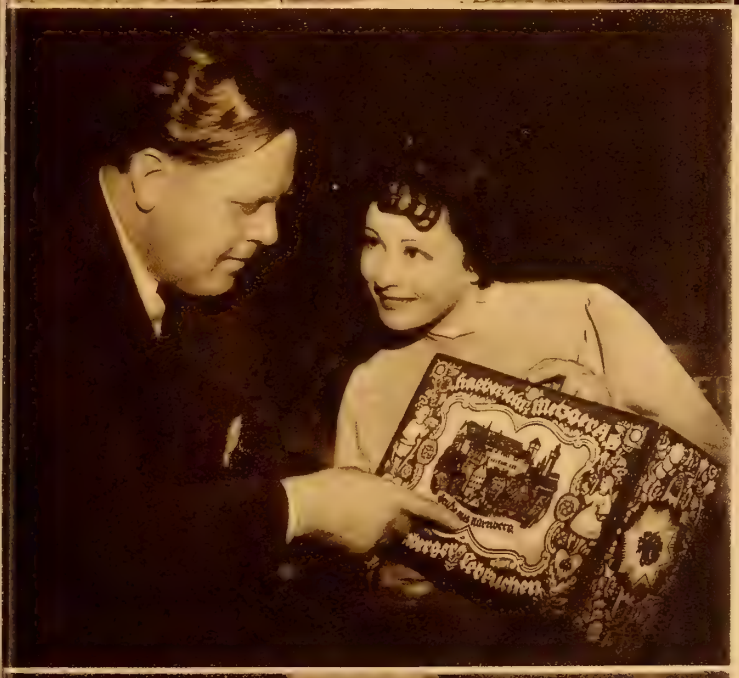
England-bound, Laughton will do "Cyrano."





Myrna knows all the answers

by Elizabeth McDonald



"I like people who can laugh at themselves," says Myrna Loy

(Left, above) Her contract with M-G-M finally patched up, Myrna Loy returned to the Coast to resume picture work. (Center) "Escapade's" director, Robert Leonard, and Luise Rainer, the girl who got the role Myrna detested so. (Bottom) Despite people saying that Roz Russell is a second Loy, they're pals. Roz and Clark Gable in "China Seas."





MYRNA LOY wears life like a ribbon in her hair. A gallant perky ribbon, and as brightly colored as the one a little girl in Montana used to wear years ago.

And because you can't take life seriously when you wear it like that, Myrna Loy goes right along laughing at things other people take pretty desperately, little things like disappointments and responsibility and herself. And even studio difficulties.

"I like people who can laugh at themselves," she said, pouring another cup of coffee and at the same time unwittingly proving herself a member of her own fan club. "The people who don't take themselves seriously."

Rosalind Russell is one of her best friends in spite of the fact that she has been hailed as the second Myrna Loy. Great friendships have crashed on less than that.

"It's unjust to Rosalind," Myrna said when I asked her about this. "Being likened to anyone takes some of your personality away. She is so much of an individual, so much herself that it is unfair to compare her to anyone else. Rosalind is a personality in her own right."

There had been talk of rivalry between Myrna and William Powell, rumors that she is reluctant to co-star with him.

"I liked playing with Bill." The warmth in Myrna's voice scattered those rumors to the four corners of the earth. "He's one of the swellest people I know and a grand actor and he's got an absolutely marvelous sense of humor."

Hollywood has a predilection (*Continued on page 73*)

(Below) A scene from "The Dark Angel," Merle's second American-made film, with Janet Beecher, Herbert Marshall and Fredric March. (Right) Merle admits that she's fond of David Niven. But marriage? She's not afraid to talk about her views on that subject either. (Extreme right) A new portrait of her, minus the exotic make-up.

Merle talks frankly about love and the men who have





the romances of

by Gladys Hall



"I WAS sixteen," laughed Merle, "when, as the poets say, 'Love first came to me' . . . and it was in India . . . and there may be sweeter things than first romance but never again anything quite the same . . ."

And that started us going. And now you are going to hear about the *real* romances of Merle Oberon. We'd been laughing together, Merle and I, over the sundry rumored romances and rumored engagements which have adorned her name ever since, as Ann Boleyn in "Henry the Eighth," she first made the screen Oberon-conscious. She's been reported, almost daily, engaged to this one, "interested in" that one . . . and the latest rumor dear to Hollywood cocktail hours, is that, almost any day now, Merle and David Niven, my dears . . .

I said, "It might help to allay these fanciful fictions if you would tell some of your real romances . . ."

Merle said, amused, "Of course. They haven't been terrifically exciting or unusual, though. Just the romances every girl has, I suppose. But such as they are, they're mine and not made up for me by gifted imaginations. I had, of course, a romantic background. Several romantic backgrounds and they made of me, quite naturally, a very romantic person."

And then she told me of the Island of Tasmania where she was born and where her father, an Army officer, died three months before she was born. She told me of India, Bombay and Calcutta and the hill country around Darjeeling where she spent her young girlhood. She attended La Martinière College in Calcutta. Her uncle, also an Army officer, held the strict, Army-officer's point of view as to how a young girl should be raised. The small Merle was kept secluded from the world. She studied Latin and French and Hindustani. She sewed fine seams and learned piano and was drilled in the courtesies of an old civilization.

AND FROM her shadowy distance she looked out on India . . . on child marriages, small, tanned girls bearing babies almost as big as they . . . the gay life of the Army Post . . . beautiful women "out from home" defeating boredom with gay flirtations and romances and dark flowers, carefully suppressed . . . She read Tennyson and the sonnets of Sappho and dreamed as all girls dream. She spent hours alone visualizing herself as the Dark Lady of Somebody's sonnets. She saw herself as a figure of mystery, rather fated, cloistered in a garden where the lotus and the mogra trees exhaled their unearthly fragrance. And she dreamed of a man who would find her there, a man tall and dashing and very handsome, who

meant a lot to her



Oberon

(Right) Is it any wonder that men the world over—in India, England, America—have fallen in love with this beautiful girl?

would love her in silence and from afar the long years through, scarce daring to breathe her name.

"My dreams," she said, "were very exotic, which is odd because *I* am not."

She is, actually, young and sun-tanned and completely unaffected. Her hazel-green eyes have only a suggestion of slant at the outer corners. Her hair is of a bright brownness. She wore lemon-yellow sport pajamas, no jewels. We sat together in her dressing-room on the Goldwyn lot and sipped iced tea. She loves to wear overalls without benefit of laundry and to go deep-sea fishing. She spends most of her spare time in slacks or a bathing suit, swimming and playing hand-ball on the beach. She never wears orchids. She never wears jewels. She loathes hats and hairdressers and dressing up. New York scared her to death. She is still terrified of Hollywood and of all the beautiful, self-assured women here. If anyone praises her acting she is delighted. If anyone tells her she is beautiful she thinks they're kidding her. She loves children and people who clown. And she is amused at her own exotic roles on the screen. She loved her part in "The Dark Angel" and is relieved that Mr. Goldwyn is going to let her be just an English girl, herself.

And yet, young and natural (*Continued on page 98*)



Fred, in person. Just one of the reasons why interviewers and audiences swoon. "Follow the Fleet" is his next.



much ado over astaire

KATHERINE ALBERT and Adele Whitely Fletcher, those two demon Hollywood interviewers, quarreled so over an Astaire interview that we ended the argument and salvaged a life-long friendship by giving the assignment to both of them! The interview, herein related in play form, is what actually took place, scene by scene, and we think you'll enjoy it—we know we did!

CAST

FRED ASTAIRE.....*Himself*
MARY BURGUM.....*Editor of Modern Screen*
ADELIA BIRD.....*Associate Editor of Modern Screen*
PRESS AGENT.....*An Earnest Young Man*
KATHERINE ALBERT and
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER.....*The Interviewers*

Time: Last Spring.

Locale: A tea-room in Rockefeller Center, New York City, filled with the hubbub of the luncheon hour. A good part of said hubbub comes from a round table at which sit Mary Burgum, Adelia Bird, Katherine Albert and Adele Whitely Fletcher. All four have just come from a preview of "Roberta." Judging by the slightly hysterical conversation of K. A. and A. W. F. there was only one person in the production —Fred Astaire.

Katherine Albert (in the plaintive little voice she uses when she is endeavoring to appear a conscientious contributor and generally helpful): But Mary, I think the readers of MODERN SCREEN would *love* the life story of Fred Astaire. In six parts, say. I really do!

(From Mary Burgum emanates the Great Silence common to editors who aren't rising to bait.)

Adele Whitely Fletcher: Mar-*ee*, I'll do a Fred Astaire life story in six parts for nothing. *For nothing, Mar-ee! For nothing!*



Fred's admiration for Ginger Rogers is unbounded. He thinks she's a swell partner. Here they are in "Top Hat."



With Joan Crawford in his first screen appearance, "Dancing Lady," which he swears he enjoyed doing.

A PLAYLET IN THREE ACTS

by Adele Whitely Fletcher and Katherine Albert

K. A.: Listen, Mary, I'll pay *you*, if you'll let me see Fred Astaire!

Mary (helplessly and hopefully): Well, Astaire just happens to be in California. So I don't see how either of you are going to see him. To get a life story or any other story.

Adelia Bird: I've no doubt the dears would hop a plane tonight. Even pay their own passage. I've heard about such women but I never saw two before—thank goodness!

Mary (subtly changing the subject): I thought Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers were awfully good in the picture, didn't you?

K. A. (vaguely): Irene Dunne? Was she in it?

A. W. F. (equally vague): Ginger Rogers? Was she in it?

Mary (bustling like a good mother hen): Come, come girls. Eat your salad. Remember what our Sylvia says about vitamins. After all, Fred Astaire is three thousand miles away.

K. A. (sighing hopelessly): Three thousand miles . . .

Mary (continuing as if there had been no interruption): If he were here now I'd let you both see him. Under the circumstances I'm sure it would take both your brains to get one story!

A. W. F. (who, at moments like these, imagines herself a philosopher): Maybe it would be better not to see him, Katie. You know, save your illusions.

K. A.: You save *your* illusions, Pet!

A. W. F. (taking a chance on her illusions): Mary, is that a promise? May we both see him? When he comes to New York, I mean?

Mary (wearily, paying the check. Demanding certain sums from all. K. A. and A. W. F. hand her theirs dreamily. After all, money means so little to them): That's not what I said, Fletcher. But okay.

Adelia (to Mary. She has been trying to pretend that K. A. and A. W. F. *(Continued on page 75)*

they're still gossiping



Joan's new film is aptly titled "I Live My Life."

By Caroline Somers Hoyt

THEY'RE TALKING about Joan Crawford again. And that's one of Hollywood's favorite indoor sports.

What are they saying now?

No, not that she is flitting from man to man, not that she is being wild and gay, not that she is dissipating her talents and energies upon private emotions.

They said all that years ago. They have something new to talk about and find fault with now.

Now they're saying, "Why does Joan shut herself away from the world?"

They're saying, "What's the matter with her—building that big house and furnishing it so beautifully and then never giving any big parties in it?"

They're saying, "Why doesn't she go out more? She must be very unhappy since she stays away from large crowds of people as she does."

Only faint echoes of this gossip come to Joan's ears. But we discussed it one day as we lay sunning ourselves on the edge of her crystal clear swimming pool.

Joan smiled. "Isn't it funny?" she mused. "For so long I worried about what people said. I tried to mould my life as 'they' seemed to want it moulded. And now I've stopped and it's all so simple.

"I live as I want to live. I've not deliberately done anything, not consciously changed my mode of living. I simply discovered the things that gave me the most personal peace and happiness—and then I did these things.

"When I was married to Douglas our house was always filled with people. Douglas liked a lot of people around him. He had many amusing and charming friends. Some of these people who filled my house I liked—others I did not like at all.

"After our divorce I was, I guess, a little neurotic. Or perhaps I was behaving perfectly naturally. At any rate, I wanted to see only my few dearest friends—only those who had remained loyal and steadfast and true throughout all the trying phases of my life. I wanted only those who understood. And in having only them around me I discovered that I had never actually enjoyed the big parties. That is fairly simple, isn't it?

"When I remodeled this house I did it because I loved it, because I wanted a place which reflected my taste and which was comfortable and efficient in every way.

"You see, I didn't do it for show. I didn't do it so that a lot of people who care nothing for me and about whom I care nothing could come and admire or criticize.

"I think my drawing room is beautiful. It is all white and blue and cool and I admire it as I would admire a beautiful painting that I had selected. There are many others who enjoy it with me—but they are close and dear friends, who understand what it is I really want.

"Parties are like eating too much candy. If you have them all the time they lose their charm and zest. One is soon satiated with them. And that is wrong, especially when an occasional party in honor of some event can be such fun.

"Recently I gave a birthday party for Franchot. It was something to look forward to. Something that was great fun to plan. And we had a marvelous time. Some people made a big to-do about it and said I was 'coming out of my shell,' that I was 'throwing my house open again.' What nonsense! Heaven knows when I'll give another big party. That one was grand, but if I had had a party every other night that week it would have been no fun at all. It wouldn't have been anything 'special.' And I wanted that to be something 'special.' (*Continued on page 65*)

And Joan still strives to live as she pleases



good citizen



Fred in "Anna Karenina"—his next is "The Dark Angel."

By Martha Kerr

A STRANGE man, they call Fredric March, in Hollywood. A man who is different, not of the mould to be expected.

Writers do not like assignments on Freddie. They do not enjoy interviewing him. He is kind, he is courteous, he is even delightfully entertaining but he says nothing exciting, nothing to make a sensational story.

I do not pretend to be wise enough to describe accurately this man whom Hollywood calls strange. I *do* claim to have collected enough incidents about him and to have seen him frequently enough to form a wholly individual opinion. I am giving you my opinion, with the incidents, and I am wondering whether you will agree.

To me, Freddie would not be "strange" in Racine, Wisconsin, where he was born in '98. He would not be different in Madison, where he went to the University of Wisconsin, nor in Poughkeepsie or Minneapolis. In fact, I believe he is, in Hollywood, exactly what he would have been in Racine, had he remained there. And that is what makes him unusual, almost out of place, at times, in Hollywood. Assuredly, the average Hollywood actor would seem unusual in Racine, as a leading citizen.

Take the first time I met Freddie. He had not entered pictures but was playing John Barrymore in "The Royal Family" on the Los Angeles stage. I was invited by a nonprofessional friend to have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March. The name of Florence Eldridge (Mrs. March) meant something to me; the name of her husband meant nothing. I had not seen the play. I only knew he was one more stage actor.

I remember how I stared at him. Accustomed as I was to actors, I simply could not believe this man to be one. He was just a nice man. Good looking, in a friendly way, as the president of a small-town bank might be thought good looking. He was quiet, reserved, speaking when spoken to rather than engineering the conversation.

I finally asked him a reporter's oldest question. (Incidentally, he did not know I was a reporter.) "And what is your ambition, Mr. March?"

At first, I thought he gave an answer as old as the question. "I'd—I'd like to stay in Hollywood!" But when he gave his reason, I changed my mind. He said, "I want to settle down to living in one place. Have you ever played stock? We were the first to take the Theatre Guild plays on the road. In one of the southern states, we were to play in a gymnasium. When we arrived, there was a basket ball game in progress. We had to wait until it was over and then set our scenery before our audience. Another time, we played in an auditorium which we later learned was condemned. There was no running water in another theatre and we had to scoot next door to the Chamber of Commerce to wash our faces. *The stage offers glamor but Hollywood offers contentment.*"

I tried not to smile. A man who could see no glamor in Hollywood must be a very bad actor! I decided I didn't even want to see his play.

My next experience with Freddie was after he had signed with Paramount and made several successful pictures — "The Wild Party" with Clara Bow, "Paris Bound" with Ann Harding, "Footlights and Fools," "Jealousy" and "My Sin."

Perhaps you do not remember these early pictures or what was said of him. He was being called the second John Gilbert or John Barrymore, *not* the first Freddie March. I decided I must have been mistaken about him and went down to have tea with him and Mrs. March. I expected to meet the second John Gilbert or Jack Barrymore, both of whom I knew and privately considered fascinating, "good copy," but "slightly cracked."

Freddie remembered our first (*Continued on page 93*)



My, my, can this gal tap! She comes by it naturally, too, for she's had only a dozen tap lessons in her life and for the past five years has held the tapping title. As a result of her grand work in "Broadway Melody of 1936", Metro has given her a long contract.

Dancing

"AND BELIEVE it or not," Eleanor Powell rushed on breathlessly, "I play a *part*. I speak lines. In fact, I play *two* parts; you see, it's dual personality business!"

Miss Powell, in case we've jumped you, is featured in "Broadway Melody of 1936." Miss Powell is the twenty-year-old dancing sensation of New York night clubs and musical comedies. Miss Powell has been adjudged the world's greatest feminine tap dancer by the Dancing Masters of America. And yet, that which principally interests Miss Powell is that she has lines to speak! 'Twas ever thus, we suppose, since the time the clown wanted to play Hamlet and the millionaire's son had designs on driving a taxi.

ELEANOR POWELL was brought to Hollywood to dance in Metro's newest spectacle. She had no thought of speaking her piece. Tapping her way through a couple of hot sequences was what she was engaged to do. And then came the tryout for the, as she puts it, leadin' lady role. She won—as she's had a way of doing since she was eleven years old.

At that time, the very youthful Eleanor was pushed into a Black Bottom contest. Yes, literally *pushed* into it. The other entrees were professionals, one of whom—the blondest and prettiest, of course—was scheduled to

Unaffected and unspoiled, you'll like Eleanor Powell

by Regina Cannon



Lady

win. It was all sort of, as Bert Lahr would put it, "in da bag." And then this child, who had been discovered turning expert cartwheels on the Atlantic City sands that very morning and engaged by Gus Edwards to fill in a spot on the huge cafe's program, was asked if she'd like to get into the fun. The youngster didn't realize she was expected to decline and she certainly didn't know she was not supposed to win.

AND SO, the prize—two almost priceless tickets for a current prizefight—was hers. Afterwards, a waiter thoughtfully relieved her of them. If Eleanor had brought the bits of pasteboard home, they could have been disposed of for $200, which certainly would have helped the Powell exchecquer at that point.

After such a sensational and unpremeditated debut at the Ritz Grill, the very young lady decided that hers would be a theatrical career. Why, it was so easy. The music played and somehow you just danced. You simply couldn't help it. All the drudgery of the Russian Ballet, bar work and the floor turns suddenly emerged into a beautiful routine. Eleanor, herself, was surprised at what a cinch it was! Surely, this was *the* thing to do. It was far pleasanter than being a school teacher. Anyone could tell you that!

And so, every summer Eleanor (*Continued on page 66*)

if you would have

by Madame

Harlow on the left?

lips, this month's lucky



Lois' resemblance to Jean is amazing—read what Sylvia has to say to her, and all the Harlow types.

LOOK OUT, Jean Harlow, here comes Lois Phillips! I'll leave it up to you and you and you. Does this gal look like Harlow or does she look like Harlow?

Well, that's what I asked for. I asked the girls throughout the country who bear a resemblance to Jean to send me their photographs. I've also asked for Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett resemblers. (You still have time to get these in.) And now I want pictures of girls who look like Claudette Colbert.

But now let's look at Lois Phillips, a little Oakland, California, girl, who, at a glance, might be Harlow's younger sister. I'm publishing her picture, as I promised I would, and am sending her a long letter containing personal advice—advice which will tell her everything she wants to know about herself.

First of all, I want to give Lois a tip. And it's a tip which every girl in the world can use, including the movie stars.

Lois, don't—just because you look like her—don't imitate Jean Harlow's mannerisms, her walk, her haircomb. Be yourself! You are *basically* the Harlow type, yes—but, that doesn't mean that you should try to make yourself a carbon copy of her. Carbons are never so clear as the original! And I wish the Hollywood stars would put that in their cigarettes and smoke it. They imitate each other until I'll bet their own mothers are confused.

You see, there are just a certain number of basic types in women. In all literature there are just thirty-six basic plots. Yet millions of stories are written. The brilliant author dresses up an old plot, does some fancy writing and adds an O. Henry twist to the ending. So what? So you think you're reading a brand new story.

If you're a clever woman you'll do the same thing. Use your own basic type, as an author uses a basic plot. Dress up the type. And don't forget the O. Henry twist at the end. How's that for you? That's individuality, girls. That's what yanks you ahead of the crowd and makes you a person and not just an old left-over Garbo, Harlow or Crawford.

I get so sick of women alibi-ing themselves because they look like someone else. You won't believe me, but honestly, I've had women say to me, "I don't have to reduce. You see, I'm the Mae West type and she's fat."

My God! Did you ever hear such a thing! Basically they may be the West type. But those same women could go to town in a big way—they could go North, South, East *and* West if they

a figure like harlow

If you are a movie type, Sylvia (left) wants your picture. This month she tells you how to be like Harlow.

Sylvia

No, it's Lois Phil- picture contest winner

would check the excess baggage they carry around.

So, Lois, be glad you're the Harlow type. It's a darn good type. But be individual. Be Lois Phillips, instead of a Jean Harlow imitation.

As a matter of fact, you're in better general proportion than Jean. You need to take off a little weight all over (and I'm explaining just how that is done in my personal advice to you) and it ought to be easy for you to do what I did for Harlow. (Stick around, you other girls. It won't hurt you to listen in on this. You'll find plenty of things you can apply to yourselves.)

Lois, I want you to watch Harlow carefully. See all her pictures—her latest one is "China Seas"—and discover for yourself what's right and what's wrong with Harlow.

You won't want to imitate her walk, certainly, or her voice. She always plays tough roles on the screen and walks and talks in character. So lay off that. It's all right for the dizzy dames Harlow portrays. But, Lois, you look like a nice, sweet girl. You wouldn't want to be tough.

That walk of Harlow's makes her neck appear shorter because it has developed some shoulder muscles. So I'm going to tell you—and all the rest of my girls—how to have a long, graceful neck. There is nothing so attractive as a beautiful neck.

In my work I have actually been able to lengthen necks—in one case I succeeded in adding a little over one inch (there's one for Ripley). And what I can do, you can do. Here's how.



Clasp the hands together at the back of the head toward the top. Relax the head. Let the chin fall on the chest. With your hands pull down hard as if you were trying to put your forehead on your stomach. (Don't worry, baby, you'll never make it, but go as far as you can.) Now this is important: Keep the head relaxed. Don't resist the

(*Continued on page 67*)



"I didn't come here to make love to you," Bradley said.

Confessions of an extra girl

Part 4—a chance to repay a debt and to get even with an obnoxious director

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

AFTER COMING to Hollywood and being almost attacked by a "quickie" director (for the dignified, big directors who work for reliable companies do not do such things), I at last got work in a studio, through the help of an artist named Bradley. I was asked to do a bit and, because of the meanness of one of the extra girls, I failed. Joan Crawford found me, crying alone on the dressing-room balcony. She said if I would meet her the next day she would help me. Now go on the with story. . .

Joan Crawford met me at the studio gate the next day, although I had thought she might forget her promise by morning. But I was wrong. I did not know Joan.

I appeared at the gate promptly at ten and one minute after ten she drove up in her car. "Hi, there. Am I late? Well, you look better this morning. Come on."

I tried to thank her for all she was doing for me, but she wouldn't let me. She seemed very embarrassed to have anybody thank her. "I don't understand why you're doing this," I said.

She answered at once, "Because I know how it is to be blue and discouraged."

And now she took me by the hand and led me around the lot introducing me to every assistant director at the studio and saying, "This is a friend of mine. She's cute and pretty and has talent. Any time you can use her for a bit or even for extra work it will be a personal favor to me."

Finally we wound up at the casting office. She told the people there the same thing. This tour had taken up about two hours. Joan said she had an appointment and then she hung her head and blushed, "Gee, I hate to talk about this," she said, "but do you need any money? If you do . . ."

She was so afraid of hurting my feelings, so I stopped her from going on. "Oh, thanks," I said, "but I have enough money. And I hope some day to repay you for what you've done for me this morning."

"You can," Joan answered quickly. "When you're in a position to do so, help another girl."

Before I had time to speak she had jumped into her car and was gone.

That was the beginning of my career as an extra. Calls for work began to come. One (*Continued on page 78*)



by Bill Ulman

born in a hurricane



The call of the sea! One day, Wilcoxon must answer

OLD, WRINKLED, water-marked charts . . . dividers . . . rules . . . logarithmic tables . . . the paraphernalia of the sea. Of such things are dreams made, but to Henry Wilcoxon they are glorious playthings, keys to adventure. When Richard, the Lion-Hearted, leaves the studio and heads for home, he leaves only a name behind and Henry, the Lion-Hearted, comes into being with his zestful plans for the exploration of those vast wastes of water in the Pacific that have never borne the keel of a white man's boat.

Some twenty years ago a raging hurricane howled savagely down upon a little group of islands huddled fearfully in the Caribbean. In the uncertain protection of a small cove on the Isle of Dominica a faint wail was heard at the height of the storm. Hurricane-born, a baby-boy's cry challenged the winds. And that innate sense of challenge grew as the boy's body grew—tall, straight and powerful.

(Above) With Loretta Young in "The Crusades." (Left) Richard, the Lion-Hearted, is Henry, the Lion-Hearted, in real life.

But a challenger leads a restless life. After all, one must have something to challenge and with every conquest the available field is narrowed down. And a man gets tired of the fictitious strife found in acting and hankers for something real (*Continued on page 63*)

hollywood

fads in the making





Left and above, the dramatic black velvet gown of Dolores Del Rio's. The huge train makes the cape, believe it or not!



WELL, THE first fall flurry of clothes buying is about over and I suppose you are all tricked out in either one of those Mussolini-like military toppers or a dashing Renaissance creation. Summer is definitely on the shelf and cool autumn is in the air . . . even out there in Hollywood where fall comes along more reluctantly than it does in more rugged climates.

This is my inventory time . . . oh, I know you shouldn't

Some behind-the-scenes chatter about fashions you'll be copying

By Adelia Bird





A white chiffon coat with great flowing skirt is trimmed with elaborate bands of white fox.



This is the dress of Grecian charm which Dolores wears under the smart coat at left.



Above, another lovely white gown and an unusual bridal headdress from "I Live for Love."

be taking stock in the fall but this is a different sort of inventory. This is my own private check-up on what Hollywood has been up to while the rest of us have been up to our ears in fashion ticker tape. And, my pets, much has been happening out there. Not only in the studios but about town where our cinema darlings parade their latest and smartest bibs-and-tuckers.

At the studios the designers are busy with many new pictures which will carry their most inspired new ideas to you via the screen and the stars who sponsor them. Talking with several of them, I have ferreted out some ideas that will turn into real fads for you, unless I am just an old day dreamer!

OVER AT M-G-M and a chat with Adrian. He is busy with sketches and fabrics for Joan Crawford's new picture "I Live My Life." Joan and Adrian have decided that her costumes for this picture must be basically simple.



Above, since fall brides are as popular as June ones, this beautiful bridal veil and coronet worn by Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life" will prove a grand inspiration. Tiny seed pearls in sea shell scallops form the coronet from which the tulle veil falls. At right, Adrian's newest contribution to youthful fashion fads . . . a polo coat for formal evening wear! He designed this for Joan to wear over a matching dinner gown. Every detail is like the original sport coat.



These two get along beautifully calling one another pet names and much gay teasing during conferences . . . there's none of the clash between designer and star in this set up. Joan says, "Nothing extreme in this picture, darling. I play the well-bred girl and I must look it. What do you think about having my hair cut shorter, too?" Adrian agrees, so you will see Joan with her hair in a shorter and, I think, much more becoming length.

Adrian has just called Joan into his studio for a fitting and to approve some more sketches that he has made. Adrian surrounds himself, as well as his stars, with glamor. His studio is cool, white and many-mirrored. There is a small stage one step up from the studio floor . . . it is curtained off and behind this Joan disappears to try on a costume. This is one which she will wear in a ball sequence. When she is ready she calls out to Adrian, he in turn pushes a series of electric light switches, pulls back the curtains and there stands Joan in a flood of lights which brings out every detail of the gown. Joan grins widely as she turns in the costume but Adrian stands with folded arms, taking in every detail and frowning slightly. Finally, he says, hitting upon what evidently has been bothering him, "The waist is too low." That decided, Joan comes down off the small stage and kneels on the floor to inspect some of Adrian's newest sketches spread out for her inspection.

I have shown two of Joan's (*Continued on page 71*)

MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE

"I'M ALL READY TO GO ON AFTER I'VE SMOKED A CAMEL...IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO RENEW MY ENERGY"



• The Langhorne estate, "Greenfields," is famous for its hospitality. "I notice that Camels disappear amazingly fast," says Mrs. Langhorne. "Every one likes them—they are mild and you never tire of their flavor." Costlier tobaccos do make a difference!



• "I certainly appreciate the fact that Camels never make me either nervous or edgy," Mrs. Langhorne says. "I can smoke all the Camels I want." It is true that Camels never upset the nerves. The millions more Camel spends are justified. Smoke one and see.



MRS. LANGHORNE grew up in New Orleans. Now she lives in Virginia, where she rides to hounds. "One thing I especially like about Camels," she says, "is the fact that they are not strong and yet, if I am tired, smoking one always picks me up. I feel better and more enthusiastic immediately." Camels release your latent energy—give you a "lift." Millions more are spent every year by Camel for finer, more expensive tobaccos.



AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER *New York*

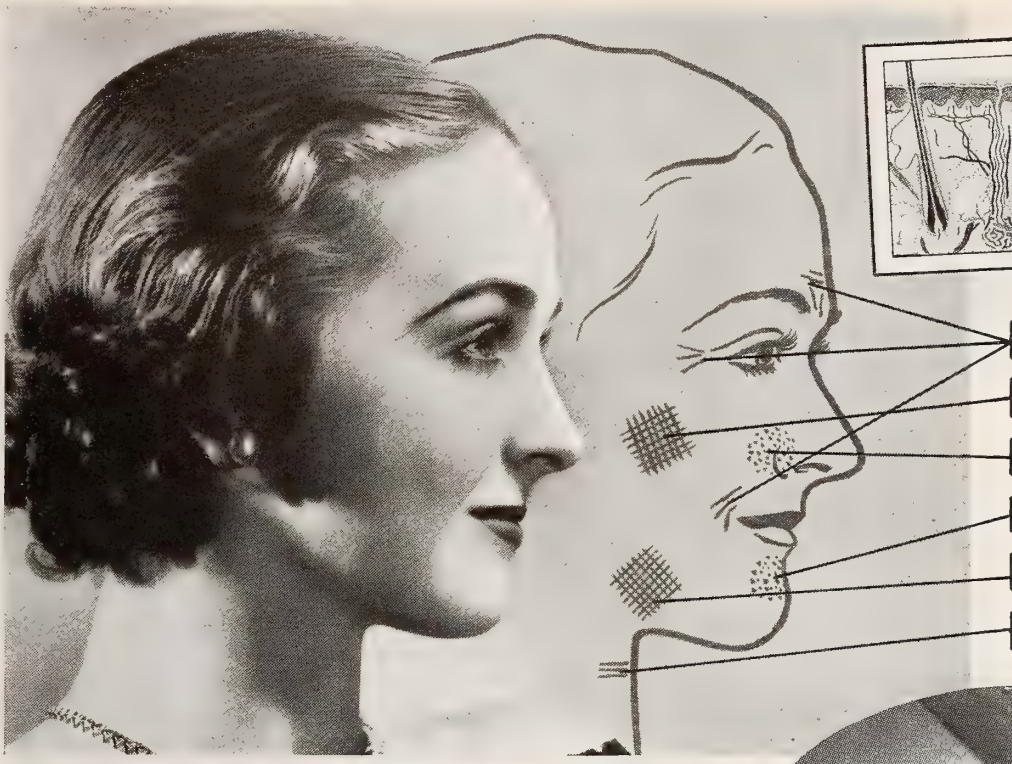
© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

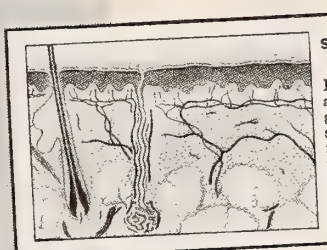
Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos ...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand



Little Sister Forges Ahead

So sweet and demure is Joan, the youngest of the Bennetts. She has a role well suited to her in "She Couldn't Take It," a Columbia picture, with Georgie Raft as her leading man.





Skin Faults start Underneath!

In the *underskin* are the tiny glands, blood vessels, nerves and fibres that make the outer skin lovely. When they begin to fail, skin faults start!

Which is Yours?

LINES FADE when wasting *under* tissues are stimulated and fill out.

PORES REDUCE when freed of clogging secretions from within skin.

BLACKHEADS GO when clogging secretions are removed, and *underskin* stimulation prevents clogging.

BLEMISHES STOP coming when blackheads are prevented.

DRY SKIN SOFTENS when penetrating oils restore suppleness and failing oil glands grow active.

TISSUES WON'T SAG when underskin nerves and fibres are kept toned up and stimulated.

Miss Maralyn Tankersley — St. Louis: "Pond's Cold Cream stimulates the very life of my skin. It has kept away many a line and blemish."

Wake up that Sleepy Under Skin with "Deep-Skin" Cream

See outer skin lose Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes



Mrs. Richard C. du Pont

Society aviator who holds many awards for her achievements in the air, says: "After using Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks as if it never saw a speck of dirt! I never have a sign of a line or wrinkle."

THE FIRST LINE that shows in your face is a danger signal! A sign that right *under it* skin glands and cells are growing tired—getting sleepy.

Every blackhead you find means that those same little glands are *overworked!* Getting clogged! And that's true of most common skin faults—nearly all start when your underskin slows up.

How to stir up underskin

But you can waken that sleepy underskin! Start the circulation going briskly again. Stimulate those little glands and cells to full activity!

What your underskin needs is the rousing action of Pond's deep-skin Cream.

Pond's Cold Cream is made of specially processed fine oils which go deep into the pores. The first application flushes them clean of every particle of dirt . . . make-up . . . skin secretions. At once, your skin feels fresher, livelier—*looks* clearer.

Then you pat fresh Pond's Cold Cream right into your newly cleansed skin. Pat it briskly with your finger tips. Feel the blood coursing through! Every little nerve and gland and fibre is wakened by this treatment. Toned up. Invigorated! Your skin feels alive! . . . wide-awake! Do this day after day—*regularly*—night and morning.

The very first treatment makes your skin clearer—feel satiny. Soon little threatening lines begin to fade. Blackheads clear away. Blemishes stop coming. Once again your skin is firm—young. Its color blooms again!

Every night, give your skin this double-benefit treatment . . . Pat in Pond's Cold Cream to flush out all dirt, make-up, skin impurities. Wipe off. Then—briskly—pat in more Pond's Cold Cream to invigorate your underskin—wake up tired skin glands, nerves and cells.

Every morning, in the daytime before you make up, refresh and reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin will be smooth and satiny, ready for powder.

Try this for just a few days—Send for the special 9-treatment tube offered below. You'll always be glad of the day you started to use Pond's! Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube

Begin to clear* YOUR *skin faults away

POND'S, Dept. L50, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

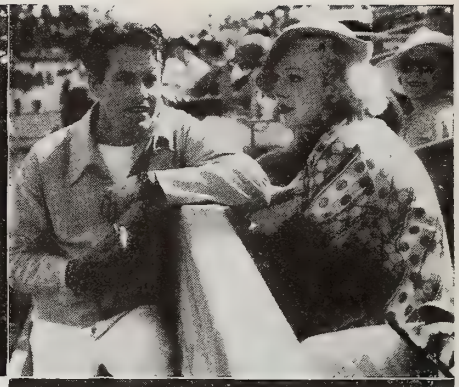
Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



The Jack Dempseys (Hannah Williams) and the Gary Coopers toss greetings at Troc.



Rouben Mamoulian, Dietrich, Ed Robinson, Gert Michael, Aherne and Isabel Jewell.



Between chukkers at the Riviera Polo Club match Henry Fonda chats with Alice Faye.



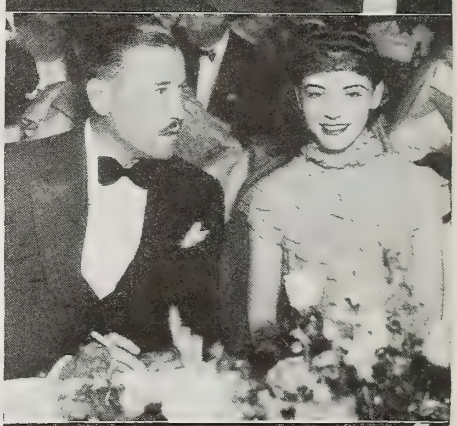




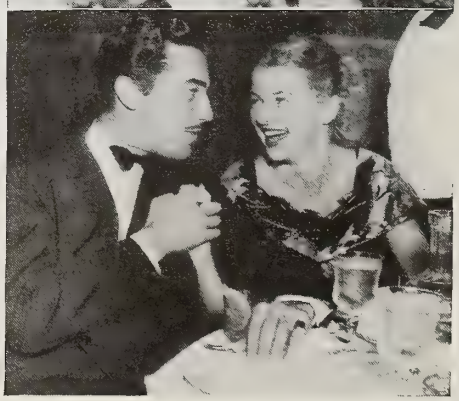
The Joel McCreas have fun at the rodeo. Francesis down at the ranch expecting a second McCrea offspring.

Uh-huh, Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor are going places together again. Here they are at Tex Austin's Rodeo.





Jack Oakie, looking very washed-behind-the-ears, with Marsha Hunt, new Paramount find, at the Grove.



Betty Furness says this hand holding with Cesar Romero is the McCoy. Romancing at the Cocoanut Grove.

Good News

(*Continued from page 13*)

Here's how it happens in Hollywood. A well-known stage actress, out making her first picture, invited a number of the natives to a cocktail party in honor of Bette Davis, who had once played a bit in one of her Broadway shows. The appointed hour arrives, the photographers arrive, and the guests arrive, all in fancy attire. Finally, comes the guest of honor decked out in slacks. "Look," she asks us in what turns out to be perfect grammar, "for whom is the party being given?" When we replied, "For you," you could have knocked her over with a caviar canape. But the ever-present Davis poise comes to the fore and she joins in the fun while the photographers snap their pictures and a good time is enjoyed, as they say in the papers, by all.

■ ■ ■

Among those glimpsed at the Davis "surprise" party was Paul Cavanagh, who played tall-dark-and-handsome to Mae West in "Goin' To Town." The blonde one, he says, is one of the most charming women he has ever known. The report of a romance between them is just one of those things, for Paul has other plans and so has Mae.

■ ■ ■

From now on, Gene Raymond will probably have all his birthday parties out in public, and here's why: Jeanette MacDonald and several other film ladies threw a birthday dinner for Gene at the Beverly-Wilshire, and after the cake-cutting ceremony the gals lined up to kiss the guest of honor. Four young ladies at the next table noticed the proceedings, got into the line-up and received one of the Raymond kisses. Gene was so pleasantly surprised he had a piece of the birthday cake sent to their table. Girls who like cake and kisses are making reservations now for next year's party.

■ ■ ■

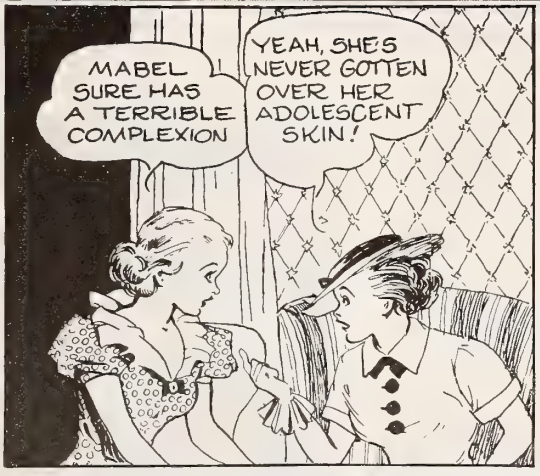
Probably the first person to learn that Winfield Sheehan and Madame Maria Jeritza were to be married was Shirley Temple. Shirley and the former Fox producer are pals, and he wanted her approval before he took such an important step. At a dinner party, with the opera singer seated on one side of him and Shirley on the other, Sheehan advised the young lady of his plans. Although Jeritza won the man of her choice, Shirley says it's still 50-50 between them. "Because," she explains, "during the dinner he held hands with both of us." So if a report of a Sheehan-Jeritza break-up comes around, you'll know the siren who caused it.

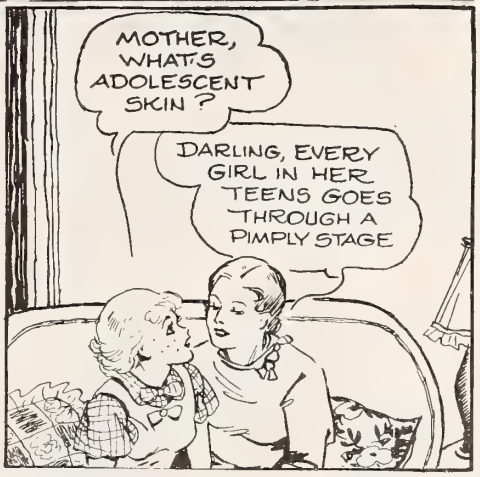
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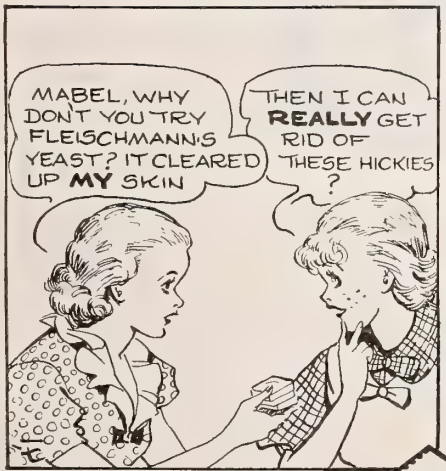
When it comes to following in the footsteps of Garbo, the unofficial championship should certainly be handed to Marlene Deitrich. We don't mean that the glamor girl is attempting to imitate the silent one on the screen—we mean that Marlene has been taking up with practically all of Greta's former gentleman friends. First there was Fritz Lang, and then came Rouben Mamoulian and Count Carpegna, all three of whom once rang the Garbo doorbell. Just to complete the picture, Marlene is now seen about the night spots with John Gilbert, who was Garbo's biggest heart throb before she decided she wanted to be alone. (*Continued on page 99*)



Read how Mabel won lots of new dates









Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED



COOL UNDER FIRE!

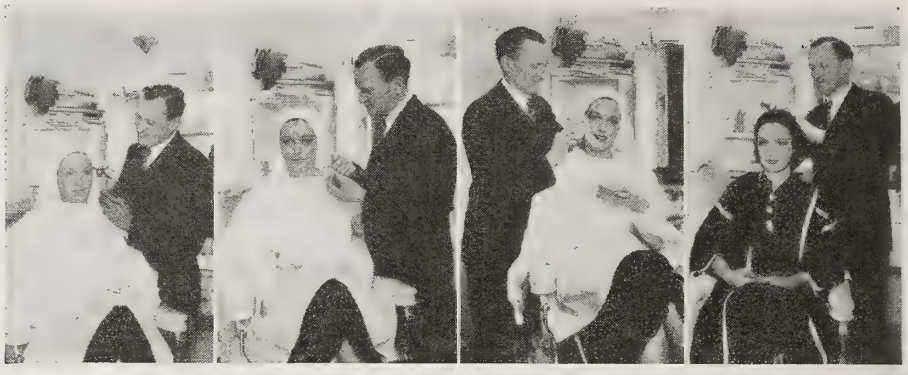
COOLER—they've got a touch of mild menthol to refresh your throat. Tastier—because the fine tobacco flavor is kept at the peak. And you get a fat dividend in the valuable B & W coupon in each pack; save them for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Now that the season of overheated rooms and sniffles is coming, do right by yourself and your throat; get on the trail of KOOLS. And send for illustrated premium booklet.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS *for*
HANDSOME PREMIUMS



RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



Make-up artist Jack Dawn prepares Gail Patrick for the cameras.

Directed by Katherine Albert

MAKE-UP! That's the thing all you folks who follow this department so avidly—all you folks who intend to make theatrical work your life's career or who are simply having the very time of your lives with amateur theatricals—want to hear about.

This month I've captured Jack Dawn, the make-up expert at M-G-M. He has grease-painted everyone on that lot from Garbo to the humblest extra girl. And the boy knows his stuff. I'm sure you'll be thrilled by what he says. But before he starts let me remind you that there is still room for dramatic clubs. And if you want to start one, write to me in care of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. I'm also eager to answer any personal dramatic problems. But don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

And now Jack Dawn, the make-up lad, gives you some advice:

"In making up a character for the stage or screen it is infinitely better to *underdo it,* and let the acting take care of the rest, than to *overdo* it. Conspicuous make-up detracts from a performance, since the eyes of an audience will focus upon the unusual.

"The keynote of any make-up is naturalness. That is why I advise anyone who contemplates making-up for a certain character to seek out a similar character in real life and memorize the contour of the face, the highlights and shadows. Make mental notes of the particular facial characteristics you wish to portray, and then go about gaining that effect in a natural manner.

"In my opinion most make-up mistakes are made in the portrayal of old age. But it can be done convincingly if you study the physical changes that occur in a face as it ages.

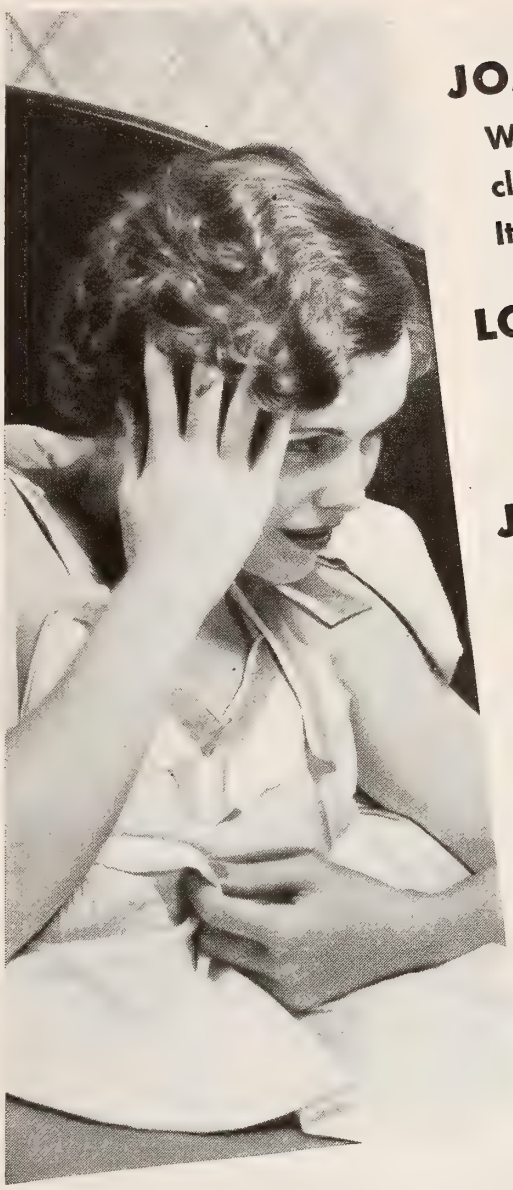
"First of all, as a person becomes older, the muscles in the face sag, resulting in lines. The eyes sink back in the sockets and the puffiness goes from under the lids, allowing them to droop over the eyes at the outer corners. The lines at the sides of the mouth become straight. Sagging muscles result in hollows under the cheek-bones. Eyebrows turn down at the corners and appear much thinner. The point of the nose appears to drop lower.

"Now the best advice I can give on age make-up is to tell you to study a member of your family or a friend who appears to be the character you wish to create. Compare their lines to your own, then visualize these lines on your own face.

"A grease-paint foundation is the

(*Continued on page 87*)

How to make up for stage and screen



JOAN

Why so fussy about cleaning your face? It's late.

LOTTY

I never leave stale make-up on all night.

JOAN

What's the harm in that?

LOTTY

Don't you know stale make-up left clogging the pores causes ugly Cosmetic Skin? Lux Toilet Soap's made to guard against it.



THE lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. That's why it protects the skin against the enlarged pores and tiny blemishes that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. If your skin is dull or unattractive, *choked pores* may be the unsuspected cause.

Don't risk this modern complexion trouble! Guard against it the easy way thousands of women find effective.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove from the pores every trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt. 9 out of 10 screen stars have used it for years because they've found it *really works*.

Why not follow their example? Use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care that's so important to loveliness—and charm!

Margaret Sullavan

Star of Universal's "NEXT TIME WE LIVE"





USE ALL THE COSMETICS YOU WISH! I AVOID COSMETIC SKIN BY REMOVING MAKE-UP WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP**



Easier on YOU and on your clothes is the Rit way of dyeing!

You'll glory in Rit's glowing colors—and you'll be grateful for this easy way to get them. Transform dresses, draperies, lingerie, or anything else that color benefits—so easily and surely now!

Simply use Rit in *warm* water for the loveliest Tints imaginable. For dark shades (even black!) you can now get FAST COLORS without the harsh boiling that is so hard on fabrics. Rit contains an exclusive penetrating agent that makes the color soak in deeper and set faster—quick and failure-proof. Use Rit for all tinting and dyeing!

Rit is a concentrated wafer: easier to measure than powder; won't sift out of the package; dissolves instantly.

INSTANT



RIT

TINTS AND DYES

White Rit Color Remover . . . takes out color without harming the fabric—really whitens white goods.

AT ALL DEALERS

THE MODERN HOSTESS

(*Continued from page 10*)

coffee has been placed in the section of the drip pot intended to hold it, boiling water is poured over the grounds—and I mean boiling. It generally takes five minutes for the water to drip through.

Whether you use the drip or percolator method when making coffee, you should try the new liners and filters that can be used in either type of coffee pot. You place the liners in the part of the pot in which the coffee grounds are to go. The gossamer-thin filter paper is then placed inside the liner and all is ready for the coffee to be added. If you want to make sure that your coffee is clear and without a trace of sediment in the bottom of the cup, these new paper gadgets will do the job for you. They have little cross cuts in the centre to fit over the percolating spout which in no way minimizes their efficiency, if you use a drip pot. They do a neat job of emptying out the used coffee grounds in one operation, too.

And now that we've discussed coffee-making a bit, let's get back to the foods that Charlie Ruggles prefers as accompaniments to the perfect cup of coffee.

The doughnuts of which I was speaking a while back were of the new popular whole wheat variety. You can kid all you want about "sinkers" but certainly the doughnuts made by Charlie's colored cook were very delicious. There was a large proportion of whole wheat flour used in their making and not one trace of a greasy taste about them. The recipe? Certainly! I'll tell you later on how to get it.

Of course, in every man's estimation pie is the ideal coffee-companion. Charlie is no exception and admits that Lemon Cream Pie is his favorite. It's a first cousin of the Lemon Meringue Pie—only creamier, as its name suggests. So many lemon pies taste like flavored flan that I was overjoyed to get, from Charlie's cook, a new recipe for a lemon pie that has a smooth, mouth-melting filling. This recipe, too, is yours for the asking.

I was also able to get recipes for two more of Charlie's favorite dishes—one a dessert, the other a breakfast hot bread of the simplest sort. This breakfast bread is called Cinnamon Crumb Cake. It's as spicy as its name suggests but far easier to make than you'd ever think it could be. It can be made up in the morning in a very short time, especially if all the dry ingredients are sifted together the pre-



When Binnie Barnes gives a typical English "Tea" Party for her British compatriots she also caters to the preference of her American friends by having a generous supply of coffee on hand. A tremendous variety of foods accompanies these beverages—strawberries (in season or out of season) with whipped cream and powdered sugar; jams and marmalade; buttered slices of currant bread, crumpets, muffins and scones; Swiss roll, plum cake, homemade chocolate cake, and iced cup cakes. Binnie, dark haired and British, plays the blonde American Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim Brady." Una O'Connor and Herbert Mundin are her guests.

vious evening and left in a covered bowl for early morning use.

The dessert I spoke of is of the Dutch Apple Cake variety. A simple biscuit-like dough is placed in a pan. Into this are pressed thin, wedge-shaped pieces of apple with butter, sugar and spices sprinkled over the top. In the Ruggles version there is still another ingredient—mince meat. Now that there are delicious, inexpensive, ready-prepared mince meats available at your grocers, you'll find this dish easy to make and perfect to eat. It's called New Netherland Cake if you care to know. And you may have the recipe *free* if you care to have it.

Of course, in speaking of dishes that should accompany coffee we must not entirely overlook coffee used as a flavoring in desserts and sauces. One of the very nicest of the coffee desserts I know of is Coffee Marshmallow Mousse, a very rich tasting, easy-to-make sweet—the kind the luncheon or bridge club will rave about. But save out a generous portion for father's dinner too! He won't turn up his nose at this one, I'll wager. Here's the recipe:

COFFEE MARSHMALLOW MOUSSE

18 marshmallows
½ cup strong coffee
½ pint whipping cream
½ teaspoon powdered sugar

Place coffee and marshmallows in top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water until marshmallows have melted. Remove from heat, turn into a bowl and cool. Place in refrigerator until mixture has set to the consistency of a thick syrup. Add sugar to cream. Whip cream until stiff. Fold cream into marshmallow mixture. Turn mixture into a mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Return to refrigerator until firm, about 4 hours. Serve plain or with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Cut this recipe out, mount it on a card and save it for future use. But send for the Ruggles recipes too, right away.

Each recipe is printed on an individual card of filing-case size. Filing cases to hold them can be purchased for a few cents in almost any chain store. Though not essential such a case is nice to have if you are starting to make a collection of these Star Recipes. When you realize that there is no cost to you beyond the price of the stamp or postal you use when sending in your coupon, you'll surely want to send for Modern Hostess leaflets regularly. Why not start immediately by sending for the recipe cards which give you directions for making Charlie Ruggles' favorite coffee companions? You'll love the little design on the cover of the leaflet, the name of the star on each card. Not to mention the enthusiasm with which you should greet recipes for Cinnamon Coffee Cake, New Netherland Apple Cake, Whole Wheat Doughnuts and Lemon Cream Pie. Well, here's the coupon, you ambitious cooks! Use it immediately.

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

Please send me Charlie Ruggles recipes for November, 1935, at no cost to me.

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"Beats my home-cooked spaghetti a mile—

quicker, easier—costs less, too!"

"I DON'T wonder Mary was surprised. I certainly was the first time I tasted Franco-American. Up until then I firmly believed no ready-prepared spaghetti could possibly be as good as home-cooked. But Franco-American is actually *better*—ever so much better! I use it all the time now and I've told a number of my friends how delicious it is.

"We all agree it has the best sauce we ever tasted. In fact, we never knew how good spaghetti *could* be till we tried Franco-American!"

Good? No wonder!

Franco-American chefs use *eleven* different ingredients when they prepare their delectable sauce. Tomato puree, lusciously smooth and rich. Golden Cheddar cheese of just the right sharpness. Selected spices and seasonings, each one adding its tiny bit more of zestful flavor and delicate piquancy.



"Why *should* I bother with home-cooked spaghetti now?" women are saying. "I never could make as good a sauce as this. And I'm not even going to try." Franco-American is so much easier, too. No cooking or fussing—simply heat and serve.

And here's a pleasant surprise. You pay *less* for it than if you bought all the different sauce ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And isn't the *time* you save worth something, too? Ask your grocer for Franco-American today. A can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents.



Any Woman can be Up to Date

(in her information)

A great deal of the talk among women, on the subject of feminine hygiene, had better be disregarded. Some of it is garbled, incorrect, perhaps even dangerous. And some of it is just plain old-fashioned. Here are the facts, for any woman to read, and *bring herself up to date.*

With *Zonite* available in every drug store, it *is* old-fashioned to think that poisonous antiseptics are needed for feminine hygiene. There was a time in the past, when certain caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose. But that day ended with the World War which brought about the discovery of Zonite.

Zonite is the great modern antiseptic-germicide—far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on human flesh. But Zonite is *not* caustic, *not* poisonous. This marvelous Zonite is gentle in use and as harmless as pure water. Zonite never injured any woman. No delicate membranes were ever damaged by Zonite, or areas of scar-tissue formed.

It is hard to believe that such power and such gentleness could ever be combined—as they are in Zonite. But what an ideal combination this is—for the particular requirements of feminine hygiene.

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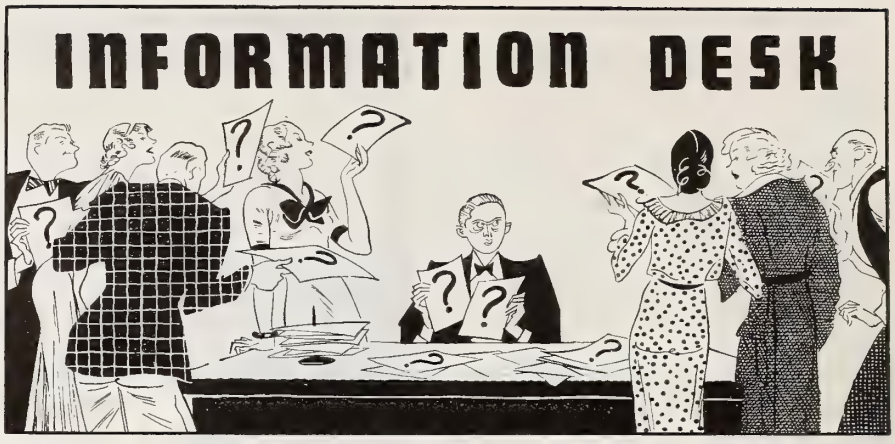
Zonite comes in liquid form—30c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid Suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each pure white Suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and Liquid Zonite by name, at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It has been prepared for the special purpose of bringing women up to date. Don't miss reading it. Just mail the coupon.

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Ask us to answer your movie questions

RUTH HANSON, LEONARD GERSHOWITZ, New York City; KATEY SCHMULAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.; JOSEPH KNAPP, Jersey City, N. J.; BETTY CLEMENTS, Kansas City, Kans.; STEFANE SZEMPLENSHA, Hamtramck, Mich.; BEACH WM. PRUETT, Carson City, Nev.; PHYLLIS McCASSELL, Sask., Canada; GLADYS CHRISTIANSEN, Fort Lee, N. J.; PATRICIA DUFFY, San Francisco, Cal.; ANNE PHILLIPS, Quincy, Mass.; TOMMY HAMILTON, Los Angeles, Cal.; ELSIE LAMB, Chicago, Ill.; MELVA RASCH, Baltimore, Md.; BOB SIVERING, Walla Walla, Wash.; ESTHER, Boston, Mass.; MARJORIE VIEBIG, Shreveport, La.—Claudette Cauchoin—Colbert of the movies—was born in Paris, France, on September 13, 1905. She has one brother, Charles. Subjected to a rigorous French upbringing, she was a very quiet, well-behaved youngster. The Colbert family came to New York when Claudette was six, and she attended the Washington Irving High School. As a graduation present she and her mother took a trip to Paris after which Claudette enrolled in the Art Student's League in New York. Came the day when, at a tea, she accepted a bet that she could get a part in a Broadway production. A friend of hers managed to arrange a maid's part in "The Wild Westcotts" and she won her bet. But, to her surprise, Claudette discovered that she really wanted to become an actress. To this end she called upon Brock Pemberton and finally persuaded him to give her the leading role in "The Marionette Man." From then on life was a series of stellar roles until 1929 when she left the stage to concentrate upon being a screen actress. Her first picture was a silent, made during the time of her stage appearances and was entitled "For the Love of Mike." It was so bad that she did not return to the screen again until 1929 when she made "The Lady Lies" in the East. Claudette has brownish hair and large brown eyes. She lives a simple life, is still interested in art, likes to read, play tennis, swim and travel. Her best friend is Daisy Lukas, wife of Paul Lukas. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 107 pounds. She married Norman Foster during her stage days, but their divorce is only a question of time. "She Married Her Boss" is Colbert's most recent picture and her next will probably be "A Bride Comes Home" with Fred MacMurray. She is under long term contract to Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

ALICE MASON, Granite City, Ill.—Jack LaRue has been terribly fussy these days—a fact that will greatly tickle his many fans. Having recently completed "The Little Big Shot" and "Special Agent" for Warner Brothers, and "Wild Night" for Universal, he is currently working on "The Spanish Cape Mystery" for Republic. Write him for a photograph at Republic Studios, 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal. William Powell's next opus will be "The Black Chamber" with Rosalind Rusell and Binnie Barnes. "The Great Ziegfeld" in which Powell plays the title role, will probably be finished eventually.

T. ADAMS, CATHERINE OPPELS, Chicago, Ill.; H. E. WAGNER, D. W., Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. J. A. E., Milwaukee, Wis.; BELLA MILKES, Long Beach, Cal.; TREVELYN REESE, Duncan, Okla.; ANN MENHEARDT, Passaic, N. J.; Mrs. A. SAMSON, Fall River, Mass.; VIRGEL WOIDE, Shaker Heights, Ohio; JEANNE ROSS, Cameron, W. Va.; ELLEN MacKEIZIE, Auburn, Me.; N. KLEINPETER, Baker, La.; MILDRED SEITZ, Ashland, Ohio; MARJORIE SMITH, Rochester, Ind.; ROSE LAMONT, MARGARET CUSSANS, CARMEN CHRISTIE, MRS. R. MILLS, Winnipeg, Canada; CLARA CRIBLIER, Waterbury, Conn.—John Boles, born in Greenville, Texas, on October 27, 1900, of an old Southern family, was the son of a banker and cotton broker. And take it, or leave it, Love is John's middle name. Greenville schools and the University of Texas gave him the preparatory courses necessary to entering John Hopkins, where he intended to start his study of medicine. The War interrupted his plans, and he enlisted in the army in the intelligence division. While in France his voice made him a great favorite of the A. E. F. entertainments, during one of which he was heard by a noted British musician who advised him to train his voice for the stage. When John returned to America he decided to follow this course, first working in a local bank to save money, then going to New York to teach French in a girls' academy and at the same time to take voice lessons. He later went to France to study and returned to New York in two years, determined to get a leading role or nothing. Nothing it was, for a long time, but finally "Little Jesse James" was the answer to his prayer. He was an instant success and after this appeared in several Broadway productions until Gloria Swanson offered him the leading role in her picture, "The Loves of Sonya." He accepted and appeared in several other silents until he made his first big hit in the sound picture, "The Desert Song." From then on you know the story. John is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weights 185 pounds, has dark brown hair and gray-blue eyes. He seldom smokes, nursing his voice, and spends much time out of doors, exercising to keep his weight down. He likes all outdoor sports, especially hiking and tennis. Mrs. Boles is the former Marcellite Dobbs and they have two daughters. After "Redheads On Parade" you will see him in a very special picture, "Rose of the Rancho" with Gladys Swarthout. Write him at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

CHARLOTTE PATIKY, Huntington, N. Y.—You guessed right. Robert Light is the young man you thought he was. He did appear in "Reckless," "Gentlemen Are Born," "Murder in the Clouds" and "Mary Jane's Pa." He is 24 and still single. His next picture will be "Shipmates Forever" and you may reach him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

MARGARET SMITH, Marna, Neb.; BRUCE ALLEN, Newark, N. J.; ELAINE HILL, Placentia, Cal.; RUTH MACKENZIE, Medford, Mass.; JEAN McLAUGHLAN, Harvey, Ill.; EDITH ADAMS, MARY CLARKTON, Montreal, Canada; M. BROWN, Winnetka, Ill.; E. D. WILLIAMS, Malden, Mass.; LESTER GOOD, Altoona, Pa.; EMMA HILBORN, Pottsville, Pa.—The one and only Norma Shearer was born in Westmount, suburb of Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904. Her sister, Athole, married Howard Hawks, film director, and her brother, Douglas Shearer, is Chief Recording Engineer for M-G-M. Educated in Montreal public schools, and Westmount High School, Norma started playing in school plays at 14. In 1920 she and her mother and sister came to New York to try to break into the movies. After nearly starving for six months without getting a break, Norma landed a three-day job in a college picture. Then came a lead in a western which was good for one week. After another semi-starvation period, little Norma began to get feminine leads in such pictures as "The Stealers" and "Channing of the Northwest." These brought a contract from Louis B. Mayer and the chance to head for Hollywood. There she met Irving Thalberg on the M-G-M lot and shortly after she had become a star, married him on September 29, 1927. Their first son, Irving Jr., was born before Norma made "Strangers May Kiss," and now, before she started "Romeo and Juliet," she became the mother of a little girl, Katherine. Norma's first talking picture was "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Besides being an excellent actress, Miss Shearer is a brilliant conversationalist, one of the best hostesses in Hollywood and has long been considered one of the best-dressed women of the screen. In the realm of sports, Norma enjoys horseback riding, swimming and tennis. She plays the piano and is an omnivorous reader. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 115 pounds, has wavy brown hair, semi-bobbed, and blue eyes. Write her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

JEANNETTE SIKES, Dublin, Ga.—Rumor has it that Clara Bow is grooming herself (reducing) for a screen comeback. So maybe you'll be seeing her again soon. Clark Gable's and Franchot Tone's next pictures are one and the same. "Mutiny on the Bounty" with Charles Laughton.

JOAN DAVIS, Bronxville, N. Y.; FAY LOVEWELL, San Francisco, Cal.; B. HAYES, Phila., Pa.; LORAIN GELHAN, Milwaukee, Wis.; MARIAN MILLER, Britt, Ia.; K. M. THOMPSON, Harrisburg, Pa.; JANE KELLY, Baltimore,

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 61. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Md.; **BLANCHE McCLINTOCK, Lynn, Mass.; BETTE PENINGTON, Renton, Wash.; ELFRIEDE TONNE, Islip, N. Y.**—Imagine earning $200 per week at the age of eight! Well, that's just what Fred Astaire and his sister, Adele, were netting at that tender age. Born in Omaha, Neb., on November 26, 1900, he and Adele (their name was Austerlitz then) wasted little time before they took to the stage. Their fame as dancers grew rapidly and they were Broadway stars while still very young. Three of their musical productions took the Astaires to London where they became the rage both in the theatre and in society. In 1931 Adele retired from the stage to marry Lord Cavendish of London. Fred, forced to continue alone, made a tremendous success in "The Gay Divorce," on the New York and London Stage. It was at this time that Phyllis Livingstone Potter, society girl, became his wife. Our dancing hero made his screen debut in "Flying Down to Rio" in a minute part. Next came Crawford's "Dancing Lady"—also a small part. Then RKO signed Fred for "The Gay Divorcée," and as a result of this, to a seven year contract. Off the screen Fred has dark brown eyes and hair, likes tennis, golf and prize fights. He dotes on corned beef and cabbage, likes to read anything written in English. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and is very slender. His next picture after "Top Hat" will probably be "Follow the Fleet" again with that high steppin' gal, Ginger Rogers. Write Fred at the RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

MARY POWERS—In case you haven't heard, Franchot Tone is Joan Crawford's man. Maybe they'll be married by the time you read this, or maybe they are already. Joe Morrison, born on November 19, 1908, will be 27 his next birthday. He has dark brown hair and twinkling blue eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He's not married.

JEAN SCHLENNING, Lincoln, Neb.; MARGUERITE FRYE, Northampton, Pa.; JOHN SMITH, Lancaster, Pa.; ELEANOR EVANS, Pueblo, Colo.; BETTY STECKLEY, Auburn, Ind.; GERALDINE WEIL, Hackensack, N. J.; JANE DRACH, SHIRLEY ANDERSON, Chicago, Ill.; GLADYS UNDERWOOD, Snomac, Okla.—To look at her, you'd never dream that pert little Arline Judge was an "old married woman" with a strapping young son. Of course, she really isn't old—she was only 23 her last birthday, February 21st. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1912 Arline was educated at St. Agnes' Seminary, Brooklyn; Urceline Academy, New York City and New Rochelle College, New Rochelle, N. Y. Her nimble feet led her to the dancing school run by the late Jack Donahue, who gave her her first job—entertaining with a chair-dance tap routine at a shoe and leather fair in Boston. Returning to New York, Miss Judge went into a ten weeks vaudeville engagement, followed by parts in stock and Ruth Selwyn's "9:15 Revue." In the second "Little Show" she sang the song hit, "Sing Something Simple," and while appearing in George White's "Scandals," was tested for the screen. She went to Hollywood and sat around for three months, then was suddenly chosen for the lead in "Are These Our Children?" directed by Wesley Ruggles. Three years ago she married the man, and their young son is named Charles Wesley Ruggles. Arline is 5 feet ½ inch tall, weighs 99 pounds, has chestnut hair and tanned skin. She likes many sports, particularly tennis, and horseback riding as well as swimming. After "Welcome Home" she started work in "Fly By Night" in which she appears with Robert Young. Her address is 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif., where you can write her for a photograph if you send 25c.

D. BLACK, B. CAROL, New York City; M. CHAISSON, Montreal, Canada; MONICA BRADY, ZITA NEZGODA, Bayonne, N. J.; DOROTHY KOSCH, ROBERTA SCHANNACH, St. Paul, Minn.; SELMA METTING, Goliad, Tex.; MADELINE HAMILTON, Garden City, N. Y.; R. H., White Plains, N. Y.; D. RICHARDS, Oneonta, N. Y.; REGINA LAYDEN, Roslindale, Mass.; MYRON HAYTRO, Pulaski, Va.; MARIA MARTINI, Hartford, Conn.; M. A. C., Lincoln, Neb.; JOHN MACK, Phila., Pa.; HELEN HALL, Auburn, R. I.; PHILLIP, Iowa City, Ia.; MARY HONDA, Los Angeles, Cal.; ADELLA NARKIN, CAMDEN, N. J.; A GIRL FROM OLD VA.—Robert George Young (that's his honest-to-goodness name) was joyfully received into this world in Chicago on February 22, 1907, by his fond parents, Thomas E. and Margaret C. Young. Educated at Marengo Heights School, Seattle, Wash., and Lincoln High School, Los Angeles, Bob always wanted to act and gave vent to his urge by going in for amateur dramatics at high school. On graduation, he became interested in the Pasadena Community Play House and did forty productions for that group. Furthermore, he took a dig at the following businesses: drug clerk, reporter, building and loan association salesman, bank clerk, etc. Besides that, friend Robert toured the coast with the Moroni Olsen Players. (By the way, this same Moroni Olsen is playing the part of Porthos in "The Three Musketeers.") And having been seen by a scout in one of these productions, he was invited to have a test made. It was a success and M-G-M signed him to a contract, but loaned him to Fox for his first picture, "The Black Camel." Then came "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and Bob had made his name. This lad is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. His favorite sport is golf, he reads biographies and is simply nuts about his wife, Betty Henderson—she was his sweetheart in high school and he married her about four years ago—and his two-year-old daughter, Carol Ann. Bob's next picture is "Red Salute" in which he plays opposite Barbara Stanwyck. Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.

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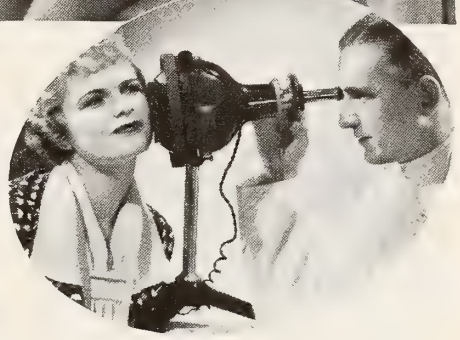
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★ The Brunette's was shades clearer



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BLONDE: "Look! Your Brunette powder makes my skin glorious!"

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The two girls had happened on something that many a woman can benefit by.

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Then, how can I find *my* shade, you ask. Study your skin—not your hair, nor your eyes! Is it sallow? Your powder can brighten it! Dull? The right powder will make it *clear!*

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between you and me

If you would like to have your letter published in these columns, you must write us something interesting about a movie personality or a phase of motion pictures that will interest everyone. Address: Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

First Fan Letter



I have always been a movie fan but for the first time in my life I feel moved to write a fan letter. After seeing the artistic perfection of Nelson Eddy's performance in "Naughty Marietta," I knew that my reactions would have to find expression. He embodies the most unusual combination of charming personality, fine acting ability and superb voice it has ever been my good fortune to encounter. To see the audience in a large city theatre listen with breathless attention to Mr. Eddy's glorious voice and to hear that crowd break into thunderous applause to an empty stage and to see the people leave the theatre with dreams in their eyes, was to me a unique experience. Mr. Eddy is no doubt accustomed to ovations but I'm sure he has never had one more sincere.

I love good music and consequently have avoided musical pictures because I did not care to have my ideals shattered. I attended the showing of "Naughty Marietta" against my better judgment but found myself enthralled after the first few minutes. Thank you, Mr. Eddy, for your excellent rendition of the numbers and please be good enough to let a disillusioned public soon again have a glimpse of that rare thing—a man who has music in his soul. —Marilyn Parkes, Llanerch, Pa.

Loyal to Buddy



All the world admires a person who refuses to give up and hasn't Buddy Rogers proved that "you can't keep a good guy down"?

We loyal fans who have backed Buddy Rogers right from the very beginning of his career ask that he be given another chance. Buddy proved in his early pictures that he could act and when he was refused the good stories he wanted, he didn't leave Hollywood to forget, as so many other stars have done. He started out to show the big shots of the film capital what he really could do.

He was a Broadway hit in Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha" and later had his orchestra featured on two large radio networks. Recently he proved himself a success on the London screen with his portrayal of a real youth full of the joy of living in "Dance Band." Besides, in the last three years that he has traveled with his orchestra he has packed the theatres and night clubs wherever he has appeared.

Doesn't all this prove that he hasn't been licked? And he's even returned to Hollywood, where he has been working in "Old Man Rhythm," to show them he isn't afraid of what its kleig lights and glamor do to a career.—Marilyn Bonnell, Milwaukee, Wis.

New Talent



Hurrah for "Escapade"—bound to make you forget the humidity in the air. Bill Powell proves to be a star with a heart in affording lovely Luise Rainer (pictured) to give full scope to her varied assortment of excellent talent. In short, he just fades into the background as the feminine contingencies in this picture disport themselves in the front line. What a grand bunch of femininity it is, too—Mady Christians and Virginia Bruce with Laura Hope Crews thrown in for good measure. I just ate it up and found it one of the best features of the summer output.—J. Edward Mulcahy, Waterbury, Conn.

Hisses and Applause



About this *wonderful* star of "One Night of Love" and "Love Me Forever"—I wish to say I'm sick and tired of her posing and high-hat airs. Who? Grace Moore, of course. She's the most unnatural thing that there is in Hollywood. Did you ever notice any picture of her? She's sure to have everything "perfect" about her. No one ever seems to catch her unaware, or without that sugary smile on her face. That's what makes her so unnatural.

We fans get sick and tired of all that posing. I, for one, like Elisabeth Bergner (pictured). You certainly wouldn't call her beautiful, not even pretty—still she attracts attention by her very naturalness. Give us more of her!—M. G., Geneva, Ohio.

Beautiful Horror



After I read your reviewer's opinion of "The Bride of Frankenstein," I just had to speak up in defense of what was to me a beautiful and infinitely touching picture. I have never seen a finer or more moving performance than that of Mr. Karloff as that pitiful, grotesque monster, reaching out in vain, for human companionship.

I realize that there are some people who do not like horror pictures, but I do not see how even these could fail to appreciate Mr. Karloff's magnificent work, to say nothing of the beauty of the entire production. I intend to see this picture again at the earliest opportunity and the fact that it drew capacity crowds during its showing here proves that the majority of fans do appreciate this type of entertainment.

Maybe you had better keep the Movie Scoreboard it seems a bit more accurate

(*Continued on page 85*)

BORN IN A HURRICANE

(*Continued from page 47*)

and vital—something with "guts."

Not long ago, in the devious manner in which such things happen, a man came to Wilcoxon with a strange tale. Somewhere between 120 and 150 degrees west of Greenwich and within thirty degrees north latitude lay five lost islands. Beautiful things they are, too, according to the fragmentary reports and seamen's tales that have sifted down through the century—lush and green, abounding in game and fresh water, surrounded by sea and sky, bathed in sun and the soft trade winds. Inhabited? No one knows. Treasure? Rich in natural wealth—or just an island strangely immune from the foot of man? Again, no one knows.

I GAVE up all ideas of following the sea for adventure," Henry told me, "long ago. It seemed there was no real romance left—nothing to do, no honestly hard jobs to go out and lick. When speed swept wood and sail from the trade lanes, speed and hurry swept the battle of a man and his ingenuity against the elements from the sea. Steam? Bah! It's as safe as a baby's crib! Gyroscopic compasses, radio, gadgets galore, tremendous hulks of steel driven at set speeds through any seas! They sail themselves. Thrilling situations at sea nowadays occur either through carelessness, bad seamanship or are one of those thousand-to-one shots that always happen to the other fellow—like winning the Irish Sweepstakes.

"And then this came along. I hardly believed it at first. New land, unexplored and, in reality, hardly discovered. In 1840 a sailing vessel making its way back to the States passed them miles off. The Captain made an entry in his log and paid no real attention to it. He wasn't interested. Maps, especially of Oceania, were rather vague and incomplete. True, they didn't show on his chart, but that didn't mean the islands hadn't been discovered and claimed years before.

"That was our first clue. We had his port of clearance and his destination. We had his number of days out of port and a fair guess at his approximate speed, but, as any sailor can tell you, that is far from sufficient knowledge to go cruising along thousands of square miles of sea with any hope of success. Next we heard of an old chart, rough and inaccurate, made by a venerable Captain of the old school who sailed quite close to the islands in 1860, twenty years later. By crossing their courses and, even allowing for glaring mistakes in their rule of thumb figures, working out their speed and dates, we've been able to narrow down the search considerably.

"Where are they, or, where do we think they are? Don't be silly! I'll tell you all that when I'm safely at sea and beyond all chance of being beaten to the Lost Islands. For years I've dreamt of this sort of adventure—just the three of us in a forty-foot schooner headed for parts unknown, to discover and explore. That's life!"

No one could call Henry Wilcoxon a frustrated man, despite the fact that he minimizes all the things that have happened to him in search of action. He has had plenty and he admits there is really no very good reason why he is alive today—except that the roaring inferno in which he was born seems to have implanted in him a strange, almost mystical, quality of



Tom's Mother said she was careless..

AND SHE WAS!

BETTY: What's the matter?

BABS: (in tears) Tom's mother told him I was careless! And I did so want to make a good impression.

BETTY: I don't like to say it but I'm afraid I agree with her.

BABS: Just because I had that little bit of a stain under my arm?

BETTY: Yes! Your dress will never be really fresh and new-looking again.

BABS: But everybody has trouble sometimes with perspiration.

BETTY: Of course! That's just why you shouldn't risk a dress even *once* without Kleinert's Dress Shields.

BABS: I'll sew some in this very day! Then my dresses will last longer, too!

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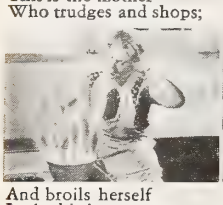
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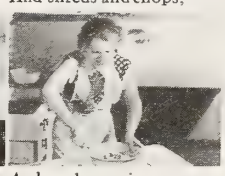
This is the mother
Who trudges and shops;



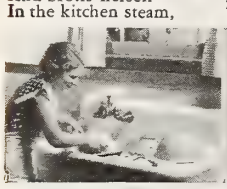
And scrapes and peels
And shreds and chops;



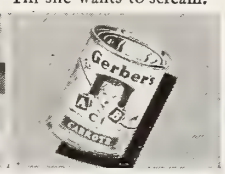
And broils herself
In the kitchen steam,



And pushes a sieve
Till she wants to scream.



Now she's in tears;
And she's asking, "Why?"



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scenting danger when logical thought gives not the slightest intimation of anything being amiss. A primitive strain in this barrel-chested man warns him of trouble—the back of his neck and spine tingle like an electric shock. It's just an intuitive warning, stronger in some than in others.

"Time and again that signal has saved my life," he says. "I can remember the first time it happened as vividly as if it were yesterday. I was scared stiff, if you want to know the truth. Just about as much scared by the funny feeling as by what happened. It was down in the Barbados; a bunch of us were playing cow-boy and Indians; I was the Indian and running like the devil to save my precious neck; we were galloping along over the top of a ruined Spanish fortress wall; just ahead was a stone arch, part of the wall, over which we'd run hundreds of times. But this time I stopped dead. No reason. I grabbed the others though they were yelling and fighting to get away. And just then that arch that had stood for centuries over a hundred-foot gully crashed with a roar that shook the island.

"It happened again when my brother and I were flying over the Alps. We were supposed to come down for the night on a small mountain lake. We got there just at dusk. Everything was serene, the sun painting the peaks in every color of the spectrum, and just below us the great, flat white expanse of the frozen lake. We started to circle down to an easy landing when that awful prickling started on my spine again. And again, for no apparent reason. I pulled up and gave her the gun. I know my brother thought I'd suddenly lost my reason, but I headed for the shore, steep and drifted with snow—not a dangerous landing place, but certainly less inviting than the lake.

"I put her down with some difficulty and clambered out trying to explain why I'd done it—when I really didn't know! We made our way into the nearby village for the night—and then we found out. For months the villagers had been pumping water out of the lake from beneath the ice for their own use. Between the bottom of the ice and the surface of the water beneath was several feet of nothing. If we'd landed on the lake there is no question but that the strain would have been too great on the ice and we'd have gone through."

And yet this same man will sit down and tell you quite seriously that he considers acting to be the most romantic and adventurous calling today. In fact, he's "terribly keen" about it. The very uncertainty of an acting career appeals to him, the ups and downs that tag one from this picture to that all have an element of gambling in them that lifts them from the mundane. So, to Henry Wilcoxon, the land-lubber, it has the same powerful appeal that going down to the sea in sails has for Henry, the Lion-Hearted.

"Been awfully nice to see you," he cut my reverie off, "but I must be getting along. Stopping by the harbor to look over the new Marconi sail and make arrangements for auxiliary water tanks. We're really making quite a thing of this trip, you know. May be frightfully important if we do raise some new land, but, in any event—it's action!"

HER MOTHER'S FAILURE BROUGHT HARLOW FAME

(*Continued from page 27*)

intimacy of this mother and daughter. Only this untold story of the first "Jean Harlow," who did not become a star, and of the second, who did, can explain it.

I DOUBT if this mother has had any of the fears, common to many mothers, of any man supplanting, completely, the depth of the bond between her and her daughter. Jean's early runaway marriage may have been a shock, but the mother, undoubtedly, understood that very young girls in fashionable boarding schools are apt to find romantic outlets when life becomes a routine of guarded classrooms. And that such attachments are not deep and seldom permanent.

Today, the mother must be grateful, for it was this marriage of Jean's which Fate used to give her life a twist it had not handed to her mother when she sought screen fame. The wealthy young husband took his adolescent bride to Hollywood for a honeymoon and this was her first lucky break!

Jean Harlow today credits her entrance into pictures to a bet. It is true, she took her first job to win a wager from one of her young social acquaintances. She was a young girl, living in Beverly Hills, and dashing hither and thither with young socialites, who thought she had no ambition to go into pictures. But we are not always aware of our true ambitions! Jean had not forgotten her girlhood thrill of watching Pola Negri enter a motion picture theatre. "I just wanted to touch her, then," she has told me. And that early impression must have left its haunting spell upon her.

Jean won the bet and entered pictures. She signed with Hal Roach.

Many have wondered why Jean's grandfather imperiously ordered his only granddaughter back to Kansas City the moment she had won screen recognition, this first time. Perhaps we can understand now. His beautiful daughter had felt the lure of Hollywood, only to return to Kansas City. And now his granddaughter was feeling it. He would not have her disappointed. His word to "come home" was not a request, but a command. He commanded she break her contract with Hal Roach. So Jean Harlow, like her mother, returned from Hollywood to Kansas City.

But now there was the ambition of two women. The younger had won her opportunity. It should not be taken from her. I presume the combined arguments of these two beautiful women were too much for the determination of one man. Anyway, Jean Harlow divorced her young husband and the two "Jean Harlows" returned to Hollywood together.

You remember Jean began the second time in Al Christie comedies. And again, the elusive lucky break came to her at just the right moment. She was acting in a Christie short when Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall "just happened" to drop onto the set. They saw her and cried, "There's our leading lady for 'Hell's Angels,'" and took her immediately to Howard Hughes for a test. Jean says, "Howard Hughes was completely exhausted when he saw my test. He had looked at 700 girls when I flashed before him on the screen and he said, almost without thinking, 'I'll take that one.'" Another lucky break for the *second* Harlow or Jean as she became in

Hollywood. She replaced Greta Nissen.

It is weird—the way the lucky moments that had passed the "first Jean Harlow" dropped so neatly into the lap of the second! It is touching the way the one Jean Harlow was to fulfill the ambition of two women.

AND perhaps the luckiest break of all for Jean was the fact that she had, at her constant command, the experience and wisdom of two women. She was not one alone, battling Hollywood, she was two.

What might have happened if Jean Harlow had been forced to pass through *her* Hollywood experiences alone, as Barbara La Marr did! Her fame was so instantaneous and nothing can be as deadly a menace as quick fame. Then marriage, suicide, quick marriage and quick divorce. Ah, here were experiences which might have wrecked one Jean Harlow, standing alone. But with two of them, holding hands, combining experience and knowledge!

I talked with Jean Harlow not so long ago about her philosophy of living. She told me she and her mother had worked it out together. She said: "I am very lucky. The majority of girls my age do not have an understanding about life. They are mostly seeking not to be bored. They are hunting for a reason for living. While I have learned that life is a very glorious adventure. I am grateful—at twenty-two. I know how wonderful it is to be *alive*. There is neither a past nor a future. I have learned that. Do not misunderstand me. I am not a drifter, I am a fighter. But I have learned about the 'plans of mice and men.' I fight only for today. Once, I thought I knew what life would turn out to be. So did my mother. Now, I know there is no use in planning for something which may never come to pass. Why should one take away from the joy of living each day for something which may never happen, for something which *has* happened but over which you have no control. My mother has not had an easy life. Neither have I. We have worked out this idea of living, together."

One Jean Harlow, alone? A girl who is still so young? Could she have worked this out alone? Could she have bounded to success, alone? Could she have faced what she has faced and won singlehandedly? I doubt it.

Each time I see the Jean, *our Jean,* on the screen, in performances which are assuredly growing better and better, I think of this hitherto untold story. I remember I am not seeing just one Jean Harlow—but two.

THEY'RE STILL GOSSIPING

(*Continued from page 40*)

But it certainly was not significant of some tremendous change in my mode of living.

"Why must one be poured into a mould, anyhow? Why can't one be spontaneous and simple and do what one wants to do?

"I've heard that one of the reasons people say I'm 'ingrown' is because I choose to see movies here at my house rather than go to the theatres. And that seems to me so simple.

"When I remodeled this place I added a fine play-room, a sort of little theatre that I knew would bring pleasure to my friends and to me, including a projection room.

"I adore movies, partly for themselves and partly because they are in my work



THIS little medicine-fighter has one of childhood's greatest worries licked. He has just been introduced to a laxative that's a treat—Fletcher's Castoria!



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CHARLES FARRELL *chooses girl with* NATURAL LIPS



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and, therefore, a vital part of my life. And isn't it much nicer to have films sent over from the studios and see them comfortably in one's own home than to go out to a stuffy theatre? I think I'm terribly lucky to have the opportunity and I can see nothing odd about it.

"But certainly when I can't have entertainment brought to me I go to it. Concerts, stage plays, opera—I wouldn't miss them. I always go.

I BELIEVE that perhaps the answer is that I am one of the few people who actually love my home. It represents something to me—the beauty and security that was lacking in my early life. It also seems the reward for the hard work I've done. There is not a vase or a piece of linen in the place that I've not selected lovingly. It took months to complete. And what, then, would be the good of it if I were not to be in it?

"I won't follow the accepted pattern unless I like the pattern.

"On 'cook's night out' everyone in Hollywood dines out. But I have lots more fun. I cook the dinner myself.

"No, I'm not going to tell you that I'd adore cooking three meals a day, every day. I wouldn't. That would be dull and monotonous and I hate monotony. But I do like to cook. I think it's a real artistic adventure. And I'm a good cook, too.

"I manage my own house, partly because I like it and partly because I can save money doing it. Once I had a secretary who took care of things and then I decided that it would be better if I kept the accounts. I was amazed at how much I was able to save on both small and large ordering.

"Actually, I'm a frugal person. I learned that when I was on—well, you couldn't even call it a budget. You've got to have some money to budget and I didn't have any. But you'd be amazed at how little it takes to run this house, if you're careful about details. And I am.

"But I like to live nicely. I dress for dinner every evening (and I've heard that criticized) and it isn't to put on swank. If it were, I'd certainly say so, because if I felt like putting on swank I would. I dress for dinner simply because it makes me feel good. After working all day under those glaring hot lights, with make-up on, it is the most marvelous sensation in the world to take off that make-up and put on a pretty dinner dress—a simple, cool dinner dress—and have a nice, quiet meal. Anyhow, I love pretty clothes. I wouldn't be a woman if I didn't. I really look forward to the dress I'm going to wear on the evening after a hard day's work.

YES, I *live* in my home, live in it in every sense of the word. Now wouldn't I be a fool to trot off to a beach when I have this pool here and this marvelous and private place for sun bathing?

"I can't see that I'm so odd or strange, can you? My life seems very sane and logical to me. But if it weren't, I wouldn't care. I've stopped that. I have never hurt anyone knowingly or willfully, in my life, but I live as I want to live. I do, insofar as I can, as I please. And I'm happy. I am as happy, I imagine, as any woman in the world!"

The sun bath was finished. She stretched her beautiful, long, lean legs. "And now I have to go to the studio for a wardrobe fitting," she said.

Suddenly I saw the maddening bustle of the studio, heard the incessant din of the lots. Even the thought jarred upon the peace of Joan's garden.

She must have read my thoughts. "Knowing how hard we picture people work, do you wonder that I love this peace?" she asked. "Realizing how much we play act, should anyone be surprised that I like to stop play acting when I come home?"

No, I don't. And one shouldn't. Joan is but reaping the reward of success—success that came from work, work, work. Certainly, she should be at liberty to take that reward as she likes.

Well—she is!

DANCING LADY

(*Continued from page 43*)

and her mother returned to Atlantic City, where there was always a good job waiting for a good dancer, which meant that Eleanor had a good job. In the winter she returned to her native Springfield, Mass., where she helped teach dancing school and attended high school. Then came the summer when Eleanor was sixteen and at this eventful date, it was decided that she try her luck in New York. Now, you know, no one has much luck in New York at first, and neither did this better-than-promising ballerina. The town is full of postponements and promises and people's relatives who have an "in," and managers who want tap dancers when you can only do ballet!

"It seemed," said Eleanor, "that the only way out of a ballet bad situation was to learn tap dancing. And so, I took ten lessons from Jack Donahue—and that was all the tap training I've ever had."

Imagine! And this gal is the title-holder for taps. She's won the very stiff contest for five years in succession, a contest in which the judges sit *under* the stage and where perfect taps, shading and rhythm count. The contestants are never seen while in action, so beauty, personality and smart clothes are of no avail. You've gotta tap, sister, or you don't win. Hard lines for relatives! (Incidentally, Bill Robinson has held the men's tap dancing award for years.)

"And so," continued Miss Powell, "with a few soft shoe routines to the good, I landed in 'Follow Thru,' a show that ran two years and gave me a chance to save up. Then came some other hits, and now the movies! I can't believe it. Wait 'til my grandmother sees the picture. She's just living for it!"

ELEANOR POWELL must be one of the minor mysteries to Hollywood. She is simple and unaffected and unspoiled. Nothing is too much trouble in order to perfect her work. Endless rehearsals, striving for new effects, bouncing out of bed at 2 a. m. to try a new step that has suddenly, out of nowhere, occurred to her.

"I'm always afraid I'll forget *how*," she confesses frightenedly. Suppose sometime, I just can't get going. I'm like someone who plays the piano by ear. He's always afraid that the last thing he's played is going to be—the last thing he's played. Oh, gosh, don't even let us talk about it!"

Eleanor talks as fast and as entertainingly as one does who loves to recount experiences. If she makes a misstatement, her mother corrects her. She said she danced twenty weeks at the Casino de Paree on Broadway. Her mother reminded her it was seventeen. "Oh, yes," she answered hurriedly, "you're right, it

was seventeen." She never attempts to take credit for what she hasn't accomplished. She'd rather be well liked than rich or famous. She did several years of vaudeville. Most troupers refer to it as "did"—like "doing" time, or something just as tedious. Eleanor made friends of everyone on the bill. Every stage doorman is remembered by her. She produced a little book which says: John Elmore, st. doorman Seattle—swell. Bill Everett, st. doorman Dubuque—swell. Jim Jason, Columbus, a little grouchy first half of week, but swell by Friday!

Yes, when people see Miss Powell, so tall and so expert in her profession, they forget she's only a kid. Then they meet her. After that, you somehow feel like getting out the roller skates and going after hot dogs. Not silly; just young.

It isn't easy to write the success story of a twenty-year-old who's been one—a success, of course—for so long.

AND when I started, all I wanted was a job," she'll tell you. "My mother had done so much for me. She was a widow when I was only two and ever since then her ambition was to try to give me the things my father could have, had he lived. Well, I've always wanted to do my bit and, just lately, I think I have."

Reports at Metro on Eleanor's performance in "Broadway Melody of 1936," are extravagant. Her dancing, of course, is the last word. Her acting, too, is said to be sincere and convincing. It would have to be that. Anything the Powell attempted would have to be that. She is under a long-term contract to the studio and will return to Hollywood after she appears in a Shubert musical show on Broadway.

"I like Hollywood," reiterates Eleanor. "Of course, I'd like to meet people who weren't so wealthy, too. You know, middle class, like I am. You know, without swimming pools. I get mixed up when I tell it, but—you know!"

And as she told all about it, Miss Powell packed to go to New York. Forty pairs of shoes—ballet and tap—all well worn, had to be crammed into a special trunk. Trick soles to make the taps come out clearer, and the pair that Jack Donahue fixed before he passed away several years ago—great-hearted Jack who helped the kids who wanted to dance and forgot to watch the clock to see when the lesson was up, Jack who starred in musical comedy, but never failed to notice the merit of someone in the chorus line. The pair that Mr. Donahue fixed for Eleanor has never been worn since he left the stage forever. To him, Eleanor gives credit for much of her success.

IF YOU WOULD HAVE A FIGURE LIKE HARLOW

(*Continued from page 45*)

pull, but make your hands do the pulling until you feel the stretch down your neck and way down your back. Oh boy, that will stretch muscles that have been contracted for years. This is also wonderful for nervousness.

Now place your right hand on the left side of your head just behind the left ear, with the finger tips pointing downwards. Turn your head to the right. Relax. Put your chin just a little in front of your shoulder. Pull hard enough with your hand to feel a good stiff stretch down your left shoulder and into your back. Repeat on the other side. This is a sure way to

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Doctors all over the world recommend yeast for combating skin troubles and faulty elimination. In these easy-to-eat tablets you get this corrective food in the form science now knows is so rich as a source of Vitamin B.

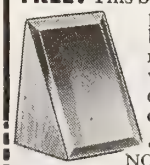
Tests reveal that from *dry* yeast the system quickly absorbs generous quantities of the precious element that gives tone to the digestive system, stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons. No wonder users report such amazing results!

At a well known clinic, 83% of the patients with constipation, who were given Yeast Foam Tablets, reported marked improvement within two weeks. Before starting to eat this *dry* yeast, some of these patients had used laxatives almost continuously.

Start now to eat Yeast Foam Tablets regularly. See how fast this *dry* yeast helps you to look better and feel better. Within a short time your whole digestive system should return to healthy function. You should no longer need to take harsh cathartics. You should have more strength and energy. Ugly pimples and other skin blemishes caused by a sluggish system should disappear.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Refuse all substitutes.

FREE! This beautiful tilted mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.



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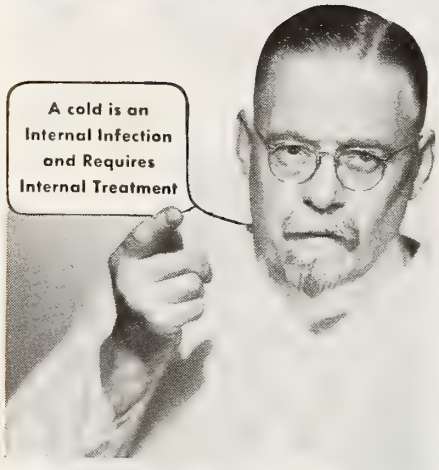
I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy tilted make-up mirror.

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Don't Fool Around with a COLD!



Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

Definite Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, *from the inside!*

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Be Sure — Be Safe!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes—35c and 50c. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be secure in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you he "has something better."

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

have a lovely, long, graceful neck.

(Aside to Mabel Slater, Newark, N. J. Your picture was swell, too. You're a close runner-up for the Harlow resemblance. You must watch your little tummy and hip line, but you certainly have a million dollar smile. Use a little salt to season, when people tell you that you're perfect as you are. You *can* be *gorgeous* if you'll get just a little thinner.)

AND now back to Lois. Since you're living in Oakland, California, where it is cold and foggy a great deal of the time, you need plenty of heat producing foods. And this goes for everyone living in a chilly climate.

Starches are heat producing but since you need to lose weight take your starches occasionally in the form of a baked potato. Be sure to eat skin and all since next to the skin are minerals that the body needs. Eat rye wafers or whole wheat bread. Never eat bread unless it is two or three days old, or toasted.

Meat is another heat producer. Have meat at least once a day, but only broiled or roasted. And when you require sweets take only natural honey and fruit sugars, especially good are the sugars found in a very ripe banana.

(Aside to Beryl Lands, New Orleans, La. From the ankle to the knee you have a perfect Harlow leg. Looking at your picture, I can understand why they call you the Jean Harlow of New Orleans. But if you'd take off just a little weight from the knee to the hip you'd have a good chance of being Miss New Orleans or, maybe, Miss America. I was in New Orleans last year and I'll never forget the grits and gravy and all the rest of the swell southern cooking. It's wonderful, but, oh baby is it fattening! So be careful. You have a great deal of personal charm and a lovely looking face but listen, honey, don't slump. Stand straight and walk straight and dance for fifteen minutes a day with your shoulders thrown well back.)

So many of the girls who sent me their pictures this month are too fat in the hips. Well, that was Jean Harlow's trouble when she first breezed into my studio in Hollywood. Her body was beautiful but the hips needed shaving down. And Sylvia is the gal who did it. Here's the hip exercise I gave Jean. You girls need your mother or a girl friend to help you out.

Lie on a bed with your arms above your head and relax. Then have your helper put one hand under your right arm and one hand on your right thigh and stretch the trunk as much as possible without moving the position of the hands. In other words, tell your friend to imagine she is trying to pull you in two. Do the same thing on the other side of the body. Darling, that breaks down the fatty tissue and keeps it that way!

And now, Lois, here's the last word. You're blonde, but I can't tell by your picture just how platinum your hair is. But here's a tip for you. Platinum is one of the most expensive things in the world—and that goes for the hair, too, especially when you lose it. Platinum hair becomes brittle and breaks so easily. So be careful. A woman's hair is her crowning glory—but a bald head isn't a pretty crown. And a wig slips sometimes. So keep your scalp loose with massage and always use plenty of oil on your hair before you shampoo it. And there you are—all the rest will be in my personal letter to you.

OH yes, speaking of letters I want to say this. I *personally* read and answer every letter I receive. Write me care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. I have so many people to help. I do not neglect anyone but I can answer you much more quickly if you will ask me just one question at the time. The other day I had a sixteen-page letter, with a question in every line. Now use your common sense a moment and you'll realize that that letter has to be put aside until I can take care of the more considerate girls who just ask one question.

And now, Lois, I hope you've had a thrill out of seeing your picture in this magazine. I'm sure it will help you. Let me know if you're being a good girl and doing the things I've told you to do. More power to you darling. Sylvia's for you every day in the week including Sunday and believe me I'm for all my other babies too, but I must demand that you make yourselves as attractive as possible.

And now, come on, you Crawford and Constance Bennett doubles. And you girls who look like Claudette Colbert. I want to help you, too. Remember you don't need to look exactly like the movie stars. In fact, you shouldn't. The basic type is what counts.

I want to see more of you! But when I get through with you there will be less of you to see!



Family reunion over, Jimmy Cagney threw a farewell party for the whole clan. They are l. to r., Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor (cousins), Jimmy's wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cagney, Jim and sister Jeanne. Mrs. C. is seated.

A TRIBUTE TO GINGER

(*Continued from page 33*)

how during the Charleston craze Ginger won a state championship, whereupon she was booked in vaudeville for four weeks at one hundred dollars a week. Virtually launched upon her theatrical career, in other words. And perhaps hearing this you've thought how lucky she has been.

ON the set that day Ginger told me more about that contest. Her mother objected to her entering it. Perhaps she felt Ginger had no chance. For she never had had a lesson in her life and skilled dancers were among the entrants.

"But," Ginger told me, "I didn't give up. I argued and pleaded. I made mother's life miserable, I'm afraid. Then finally, the night before the contest, I wore her down. And she went out and bought white Romaine crepe and brilliant trimming. And we worked all night. And in the morning the dress for me to dance in was finished."

For years I've watched the Hollywood girls, at close range, thanks to my work in the studios and the film colony friendships I hold so dear. And as I so often point out in my radio talks I find it exciting and inspiring to watch them build beauty and charm and fame for themselves. As deliberately and practically as you would build a house with either bricks or timbers.

In fact I'm pretty well convinced that the only difference between those who arrive and those who don't—in Hollywood or anywhere else—is that the first put their shoulders and their brains behind their ambitious dreams. And the others, except for an occasional spurt of effort, just sit and dream.

Ginger and Lela Rogers' troubles weren't over when that Charleston contest precipitated Ginger into the theatrical world, let me tell you. Quite the contrary.

"The worst time mother and I ever had," Ginger told me, "came soon after that. I had a vaudeville act I called 'Ginger Rogers and Her Redheads'. Another act came along and offered my redheads more money. They left me flat. Mother and I didn't have enough to pay our hotel bill, much less return home to Fort Worth."

It was in Chicago that this happened. So Ginger and Lela went to live in a theatrical boarding-house, in one of those rooms which people of the theatre who have been down on their luck never forget. A room with a torn and gritty carpet, half burned-out electric light bulbs, dirty lace curtains. A room which they loathed even while they wondered how they were to pay for the sordid, shabby shelter it offered.

So what happened? Did Ginger quit? Wire some old friend or a relative to send her money? She did not! She'd gotten into this jam and she'd get out of it. What if it did mean taking a job in a cheap cabaret. Dancing and singing torch songs. It meant enough money to pay their room rent and get them to Fort Worth via tourist tickets, even if it didn't leave very much for food.

And when Ginger reached home again was she discouraged by that experience? She was not! While her mother earned enough to keep them working on a local paper Ginger whipped another act into shape. A single. Something she could carry herself without any help from any other redheads.

SEARCH YOUR SKIN



FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!

They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your fingertips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you *do* feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there. It will probably shock you to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is *really* clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible. Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

The Proof Is Free!

But don't take my word for the cleansing and lubricating powers of this cream. Prove it to yourself at my expense. Upon receipt of your name and address, I'll send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free. Let the cream itself show you how efficient it is.

With the free tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, so you can see for yourself how the two go together to make a beautiful and lovely complexion. Write me today for the free cream and face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (18) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

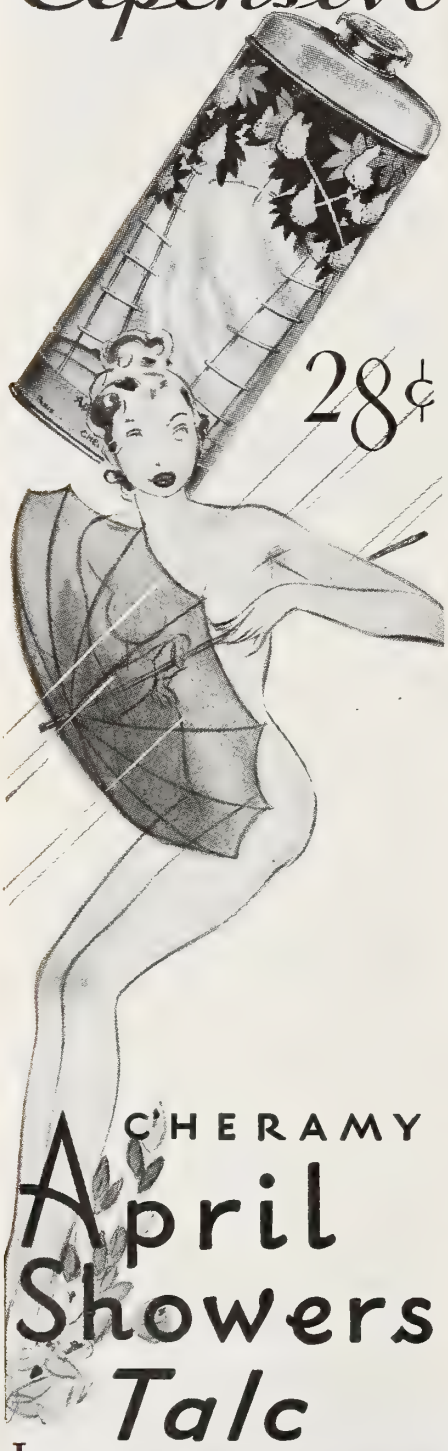
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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

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April Showers Talc

IT'S *thrilling* to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It's *exciting* to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth"... And it's *satisfying* to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!



Whenever one of these kids signs up for a picture, a party is in order. So when Toby Wing departed to make a film in Canada, she gave the gals a spaghetti treat. Semi-circling the spaghetti pot are Grace Durkin, Marsha Hunt, Paula Stone, Toby and Pat Wing, Barbara Fritchie, Anne Shirley and Sue Carol.

Her first engagement was in Memphis, Tennessee. There's no need to go into the pinch-penny methods the Rogers had to use to get there.

"Memphis, Tennessee!" said Ginger. "Will I ever forget it? Or the practically empty theatre to which I played my first show. I was so nervous I had all I could do to get my feet off the floor and my songs out of my throat. The manager wasn't exactly impressed. In fact while I was doing my number he ordered his assistant to 'can' me. To get another act. And Mother heard him."

SHE laughed. But you knew darn well it hadn't been a laughing matter when it happened. For they'd spent their last cent to get to Memphis and they were strangers there.

"Immediately Mother told me what she'd heard," Ginger went on, "I grabbed her by the arm and we rushed out of that theatre to walk through the Memphis streets until it was time for me to go on again. Playing two shows, you see, I was entitled to my pay."

So Ginger played her second show. The theatre at the second show was crowded. That helped somehow. Ginger took it as a challenge and stepping out on the stage prepared to show them. When she danced, something hopeful and exciting and young stirred in the hearts of those who watched out there in the dark. And when she sang they dreamed and believed again.

"How easily she dances!" they whispered to one another. And "How naturally the warm, full notes flow from her throat!"

Not once did they suspect how desperately hard she was trying to please them—how consistently, step after step, note after note, she was giving all she had. For if they had suspected any of this she wouldn't have been such a hit.

Then there was the unhappy marriage Ginger had to overcome not long after this. Youthful marriages which crash usually aren't any great help to progress. But it was inevitable, I think, knowing Ginger and her impetuosity, that she must come to just such a marriage as she did when she was seventeen and she and Jack Culpepper, a good-looking vaudevillian, played the same circuit. Before their marriage which took place on the stage one night after the final curtain—in quite the romantic manner you'd expect of Ginger—Lela Rogers had plenty to say about this union. All of it unfavorable. But immediately that marriage ceremony was performed she stopped talking and began to hope for the best. However, a year later when Jack and Ginger were separated because their bookings now took them on different circuits, they wrote to each other admitting it all had been quite a mistake.

Whereupon Ginger didn't, as Eighteen so easily might have, sit down and dwell upon her disillusionment. Instead she worked harder than ever to shape a new, full life for herself. To continue with her self-improvement and become interested in so many things that the loss of no one thing ever could leave her bankrupt. To analyze exactly what had happened to her marriage so honestly and with such frankness that she grew neither cynical nor bitter. And so she came along through the years to her recent marriage with Lew Ayres with all the hope and belief of one who never has failed in this respect.

AND what of Ginger right now? Well, in the studios they'll tell you no one works harder than she does. It isn't, you see, simply her inborn sense of rhythm that sends her skimming over the dance floor in intricate, beautiful motion, that brings her such high praise from Fred Astaire. It's the weeks she puts in working on her routines before a picture goes into production. And Ginger is also mindful of personal progress. In the Rogers-Ayres house you find dictionaries everywhere. Since Ginger is ambitious to increase her vocabulary and become an easy, fluent talker she will admit no new word into her speech until she has become thoroughly familiar with it, with both its pronunciation and its meaning.

For little things like this I give Ginger as great credit as I give her for coming the long, hard way she has travelled to find her present success. It's so easy for us to develop blind spots about ourselves, never to see ourselves with a perspective.

And so I say Ginger reminds me of a swan. Because when she swims across the dance floor with beautiful grace it's due to the weeks and weeks during which she rehearses her routines. And because, if her biography indicates that she's come to her beauty, her fame, her wealth, and her stardom by a straight, easy road this is because she has let nothing down her. Because, like a swan, she's working hard and consistently always. Even if it isn't evident on the surface of things.

HOLLYWOOD FADS IN THE MAKING

(*Continued from page 50*)

costumes from this picture. It was too early to get a complete layout of fashions for you but it does show you what Adrian is aiming at. And too, here are some of the things he thinks about these designs.

The most amazing and probably the one costume that will have the most fashion significance is the polo coat used for formal evening wear. This is exactly like your good old camel's hair model but is fashioned of a rich metal cloth and is worn over an evening gown of matching fabric. The lapels are exaggerated but the raglan sleeves, the stitched seaming and the sash belt of the original sports coat have been faithfully copied by Adrian in this luxurious fabric. Adrian feels this will appeal especially to young people who like comfort as well as novelty in their evening wraps. It is modern and gay, quite in tune with youthful spirits.

The formal gown which Joan was trying on this particular day has been dubbed "The Bounty" by Adrian. The name is particularly inspired because Adrian thinks that "it looks like a gallant ship in full sail." Much like those ships used in "Mutiny on the Bounty" which was being filmed at the same time. The shoulders of this gown are wide and very square. Looping up over the shoulders, like wide suspenders, the white metallic cloth forms a square neckline in both front and back. The belt is wide and the gown is floor length with a slight train. Joan wears no jewelry with this except a single wide jeweled bracelet.

The wedding headdress you can see on page 50 is made of seed pearls in a scalloped coronet effect. Very charming for fall and winter bridals.

Of new fashion trends, Adrian says, "Generally speaking, women's clothes will be more elaborate than in some years. There will be an abundance of furs and embroideries. Tweeds will be more popular than ever, too."

Off-screen and about town, Joan has found a new spot in which to place her beloved fresh gardenias. She pins a small bunch of them to the brim of her new fall sailor of black satin. Of course, being fresh, they have to be changed every time Joan steps out but it's a swell idea, if rather impractical for the likes of us!

Incidentally, while on the subject of fresh flowers, I have to tell you that Marlene Dietrich wears real rosebuds for earrings. Try to trump that as an idea!

A trot over to Warners yields the stunning pictures of Dolores Del Rio which can be glimpsed on pages 48 and 49. This is the wardrobe that she wears in "I Live For Love." All the producers seem to have their stars living for something this month, what with Joan living her life and Dolores existing for love.

Orry-Kelly has done himself proud on this group of costumes. They are beautifully designed and are full of sparkling fashion details. As you can see, Orry-Kelly is much influenced by the Grecian trend of formal fashions. His evening gowns all have the drapery and the flowing lines that are characteristic of this fashion phase. You may be slightly confused over so many different influences being apparent in fashions this season but that is what makes buying new clothes such an exciting pastime. To jump from military daytime clothes to Grecian robes by night and then off on another tangent into the period of the Italian Renaissance allows no chance for monotony in your dressing.

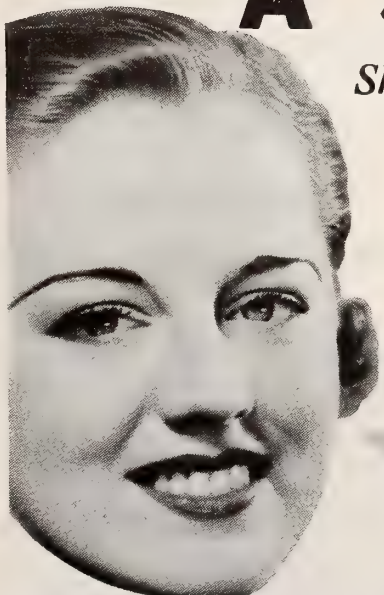
THERE is more than a bit of Renaissance in the dramatic black velvet gown and cape. The wide, starched white lace collar used so ingeniously for the entire decorative motif of the costume is typically Renaissance in character. The most amusing thing about the cape is the fact that it looks like a separate wrap but actually it is merely the great train of the dress brought up and thrown casually about the shoulders to form the cape.

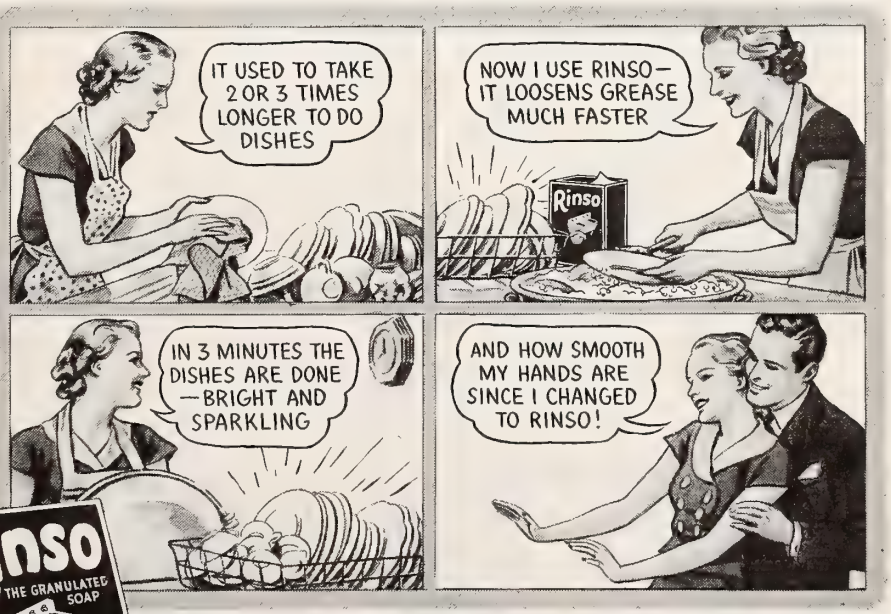
Orry-Kelly says of Dolores, "White is Dolores Del Rio's best color. At least ninety percent of her wardrobe is in white and instead of making her look larger, as white is prone to do upon the screen, it makes her look slimmer and smaller. Next to white I like black for her, black velvet especially is becoming either with or without the relief of white. She looks well in the rich, deep shades of the Renaissance, too . . . the warm, glowing reds and wines, the regal purples, the golden yellows and antique greens."

Pointing to the lovely white chiffon gown of Grecian inspiration, he says, "The Grecian mode is especially grand for Dolores, giving her an old-world grace combined

NOBODY CAN CALL HER A "SLOW POKE" NOW!

She can do a big pan of dishes in 3 minutes—let her tell you how



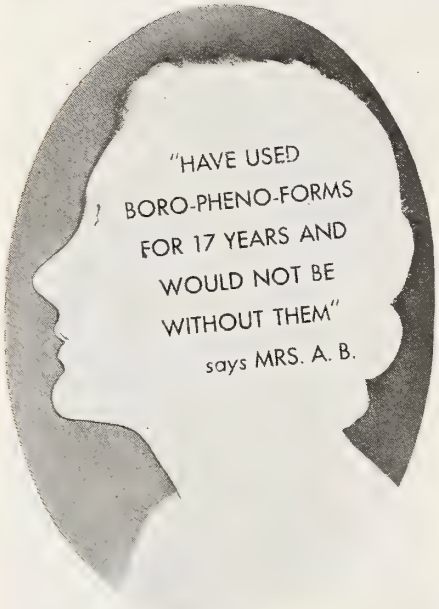


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with ultra-modern smartness. She looks best in these gowns that have soft fullness and drapery above the waist and long sweeping or draped lines beneath.

And showing me the white fox trimmed wrap that tops this charming Grecian dress, he said, "Dolores is one of the few women who can wear white fox without looking cheap in it." That is why he used it so lavishly for the top of this coat . . . double bands of the fur from the sleeves and the collar.

Although she rarely ever wears any hair ornamentation, with this costume, Dolores used gardenias at the sides of her dark hair. Again Orry-Kelly made a comment, "Though she usually wears her hair parted in the middle and swept back from her brow, she is successful when she varies it by parting it to one side."

Another white gown has less drapery but still follows the Grecian silhouette. It is soft dull velvet with the draped and bloused bodice cut to form a halter at the neckline which is ornamented by two clips. The skirt is folded across the front in a soft, straight drapery.

I simply couldn't resist showing you the bridal veil arrangement which Dolores wears with a regal satin wedding gown in a scene from her picture. A crushed fold of tulle is drawn nun-like under the chin and meets the veil just above and behind the ears where it is held by two miniature magnolias. The top of the head is left bare as the main part of the veil flares out from the back. A single large white magnolia is held in the hands. A perfectly charming idea and one which you fall and winter brides should copy.

Everywhere about Hollywood you notice that the stars are wearing flowers and more flowers, artificial or real. Besides Joan's gardenias and Marlene's rosebuds, there's Claudette Colbert's new black crepe afternoon dress topped by a waistlength cape of white velvet violets. Imagine such swank! And besides the cape, Claudette also has a tiny turban of the violets and a gauntlet edging of them on her black gloves.

Kitty Carlisle likes pansies and since the season is over for fresh ones, she wears a clump of velvet ones on her new purply-blue felt hat and a small bunch to match tucked into her belt. What's more Kitty can switch these pretties to other costumes when the spirit moves. These are all fads, my pets, and good ones to adapt to your own uses.

ANN SOTHERN is sporting a purple evening wrap to premieres that offers a startling yet right practical idea. The sleeves and gloves are all one . . . a cozy idea for chill winter nights, what?

You can have your heels or leave them off according to Hollywood. Many of the smartest gals adore the heelless evening sandals. Dolores Del Rio and Joan Bennett being two of these. Joan bought a dozen or more pairs recently and Dolores wears Grecian heelless ones for evening. Low heels are generally favored by a majorty of the stars.

And how would you like to be all done up in suede? Dolores has an entire suit of chamois colored suede. Sally Eilers has an amusing peasant dress in Venetian blue suede with its short full skirt finished off with strips of blue, green, red and yellow leather. And just the other night, Frances Dee caused a small riot locally by appearing in a white suede evening gown, cut very severely, its only trimming a bunch of scarlet suede poppies. You can't say the cinema-ites are afraid to wear something new and daring.

The peasant type dress, by the way, is a great pet about town at the moment. Its tightly fitted basque bodice and short full skirt have a youthful zest that appeals to these youth-loving stars. Marion Davies was showing me one of her favorite variations of the style. Hers is a navy blue skirt, very full, worn over a bright red taffeta petticoat and topped by a basque blouse in boldly printed taffeta. Huge sleeves are shirred into the armholes and caught into tight narrow cuffs at the wrists.

Over at RKO Bernard Newman is up to his ears in sketches and costumes for two new pictures . . . one is a group of costumes to be worn by Ginger Rogers in "In Person" and the other is the exciting job of doing costumes for Lily Pons debut in "Love Song." Since Mr. Newman had not yet completed all these costumes, I was unable to get pictures of them until later but a brief description of one or two will give you an idea of how fascinating they will be.

For Ginger there's a street costume in lightweight gray wool with short flared skirt and blue taffeta trimming at the neckline. Over this goes a two-thirds length coat printed in large dots of the blue. All her accessories are of the blue taffeta.

Then there's a perky, young looking cocktail suit in which light blue and navy are combined. A peplum jacket is of the light blue and has sleeves and collar in quilted effect. The skirt is navy with fullness centered at the front below the knees. This, too, is taffeta.

One of the most dramatic of the Lily Pons' costumes is one ensemble in a metalized satin. The dress is softly draped in both skirt and bodice although the general detailing is one of great simplicity. Over this she wears a knee-length cape, fastened at the side with the openings bordered deeply in silver fox, a single jeweled ornament holding the cape together at the neck and shoulder.

I could go on and on, telling you about the new and interesting clothes you will see soon on the screen but this gives you some small idea of what a lavish hand is going into the designing of the stars' picture clothes this season. And too, what original twists the stars themselves give to their off-screen costumes.

I have prepared a new leaflet called "Star Tips to Smartness" which you may have by merely sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Dress Contest Winners!

Miss Elizabeth Lukens,
9601 Genoa Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Miss Ruth Geyer,
27 Alexis Street,
Rochester, New York

Miss Phyllis Stevens,
262 Jarvis Street,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Mrs. W. R. Geidt,
Vermillion, South Dakota

MYRNA KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 35*)

for stamping the seal "team" on any two stars who have made a decided success together in one picture. It isn't a good thing for any man and woman to be co-starred so often that the fans look upon them as a team. Too many things can happen. A new contract for either—and the fans are bound to resent the career-divorce of two stars they have come to look upon as partners. Other screen partnerships have shown how disastrous a split can be for one or the other of a so-called team. Do you remember Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell? What I mean is, you *still* remember Janet Gaynor, don't you?

Because a "Thin Man" happens to come along, just as "Seventh Heaven" did years ago, and the man's and woman's parts complement each other so beautifully, there really isn't any reason to condemn two stars to a life of Hollywood service together, is there?

Of course you all know how Myrna started out being the weird exotic that Natacha Rambova saw in her and how her eyes (laughing American eyes they are with incredible lashes and a fascinating quirk at the corners) were elongated into mysterious Oriental ones. And after a few successful roles, a nice kid from Montana was amazed to find herself the Yellow Peril of all good American homes.

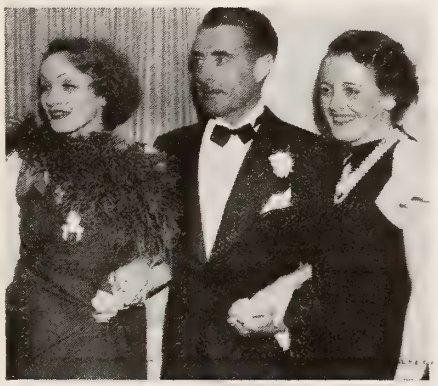
In the beginning Myrna took those parts seriously. She was only a kid. She laughed at them. And then suddenly she was determined to get away from them.

It isn't easy getting away from being a type. Myrna Loy discovered that. It was difficult to convince the studios she could play the heroines of "Penthouse" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady." But she did play them and so beautifully that out of them came a new type for Myrna . . . the gallant lady . . . the good sport . . . the ideal wife to lighten a man's dreams.

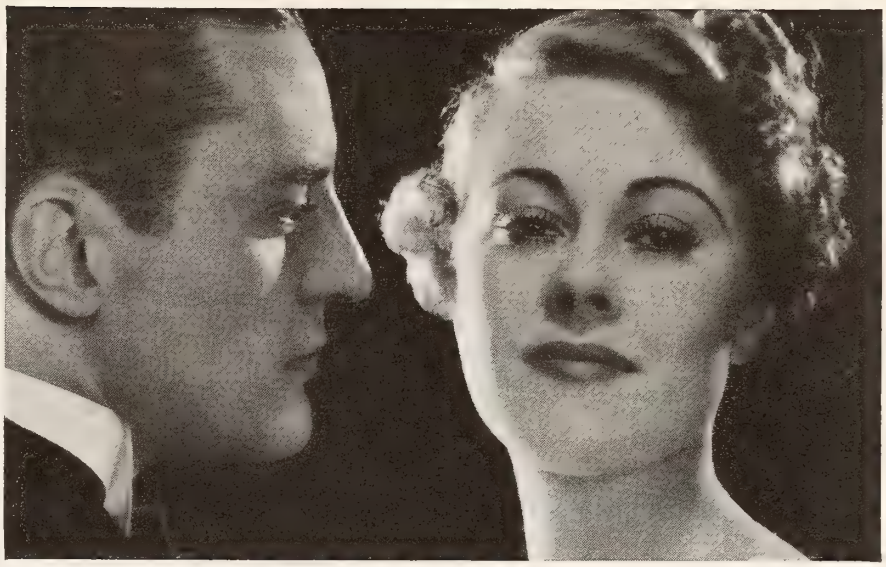
They've been saying things about Myrna in Hollywood since she took a plane for New York and the boat to and from Europe. That's she's temperamental. That she sulks.

"If it's temperament to stand up for your personal rights, to refuse to see a career you've sunk an awful lot of hard work into, threatened by an utterly unsuitable part, then I'm temperamental," she announced calmly. "But I don't sulk."

You can tell that by looking at her



La Dietrich and Gilbert seem verra interested these days. Mary Astor's with them at the Trocadero.



HE LOOKS FOR A "Yes" IN YOUR EYES

How to give them tantalizing allure by framing them with long, seductive lashes

EYES say more than lips ever can . . . so make-up must begin with the lashes . . . in 40 seconds Winx Mascara gives new beauty to skimpy lashes, lifeless eyes.

For only 10¢ you can improve your appearance greatly—you'll never know how beautiful your eyes can be until you try Winx Mascara—so buy it today.

I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms—Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer *today*. See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note Winx superiority—refuse any substitute. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily.

Louise Ross

WINX

Eye Beautifiers

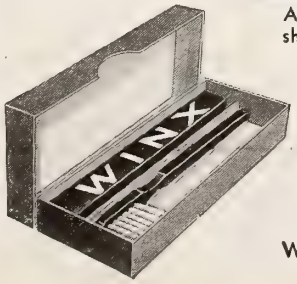
10¢

Winx Cake Mascara—for years the most popular form of all. So easy to apply. Its soothing emollient oils keep lashes soft, silky.



A Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds and shapes the brows with charming curves.

Winx Creamy Liquid Mascara. Absolutely waterproof. Ready to apply. No water needed. The largest selling liquid mascara.





Winx Eye Shadow gives depth and glamour to the eyes.



B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

THE NAKED EYE!

To YOUR naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into KURLASH. Lo! your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful! No heat—no cosmetics! $1, at stores near you.



Sweet Subtlety

Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being "obvious" eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little SHADETTE—$1—in blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!



Tint Technique

Lashes also need never look "made up." Try this Lashtint Compact. The little sponge stays damp for hours—and supplies just the right moisture to insure even applications of the fine mascara. Result: silky, natural looking lashes! $1, in black, blue or brown.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department G-11. *The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto,* 3.

mouth. It's generous, that mouth, and when her face is in repose it quirks up a little bit at the corners, the way her eyes do. No doubt about it, it's a mouth that wouldn't mince words when it had to, a mouth that could be angry. But it wouldn't sulk. You know that.

"I've worked hard all my life. You see, I've always had responsibilities," she went on frankly. "And it's been good for me. It's made me more ambitious than I probably would have been without that pressure.

"People are saying I walked off the set of 'Escapade.' I didn't. I've never taken a run-out powder in my life. But the part made me unhappy from the first.

"My heart sank when I was made up for it. The girl staring back at me from my mirror wasn't the girl in 'Escapade' at all.

"She was an artless girl, an unsophisticated girl with charm enough to win the hero, a jaded artist and man about town. Luise Rainer became that girl when she subsequently played the part."

You knew instinctively what Myrna Loy meant. Regularly chiseled features can be toned down. But Myrna's face is provocative. Her tilted eyes and piquant nose could never suggest the quiet or demure. She has made herself look grotesque at times, she could undoubtedly achieve downright ugliness with tricks of make-up. But it is easy to see how impossible it would be for her ever to look plain or nondescript.

"Miss Rainer made such a grand thing of the part that I felt more than vindicated when I saw her," Myrna said simply. "You see, it was just one of those unpleasant things that so often have a way of turning out for the best for everyone concerned.

"Being unhappy about the way I looked in the picture was the least of it. There was a German version of 'Escapade' and Paula Weselli played the role I was doing. She was grand in it, so absolutely perfect that the studio wanted me to be as much like her as possible.

"For days I went on, so nervous and wrought up by the whole unhappy equation that I couldn't sleep nights. I knew I was being a phoney. Acting coy and demure isn't in my line at all, but if I could have done them as myself I wouldn't have minded so horribly. They might have been poor things, but my own.

"But I couldn't even be myself. I was to imitate another actress. My work is too important to me to endanger it without doing an awful lot of thinking about it. It got to a place where I couldn't stand it any longer and I went to the Powers That Be and thrashed out the whole unhappy situation. No other picture was scheduled for me at the time, so after some discussion I was given a leave of absence. But the studio knew where they could reach me every moment I was away.

"I went home that morning and got my dog and his dog house and moved them over to a friend. I had to get away. Ever since I started in pictures I've never had a real vacation. I was going to have one now. Get away from Hollywood and get a perspective on myself. Be able to laugh at myself again. You see I was beginning to feel sorry for myself and I couldn't stand that.

"'Move over you!' I said to my dog as he sat dolefully in the door of his house looking up at me. He always senses when things are happening. 'I'm in the dog house too.'

"But I didn't crawl into the dog house with him. I went to Europe instead and did all the things I've wanted to do ever since I was a kid and geography was the only subject in school that really interested me."

You can't ride over the Continent in a plane as Myrna did and look down on farms and cities and see them dwindle to pin points on a green terrain without feeling that the things that are happening to you are really unimportant after all.

You can't walk up the Champs Eylsées in Paris and see the naked flame, flaring over the heart of France's unknown soldier and read the simple inscription on that stone slab, without knowing that you have to live your own life as you want to live it. For all these things show how the years go on and how some things live and other things die and a lifetime is only what you make of it yourself.

"Life is leisurely in Europe," Myrna said. "I have friends there and when I saw how they lived it opened my eyes to the way things are done in Hollywood. We rush around and burn ourselves out. Early studio calls in the morning and then, after a gruelling day, we dash about just as madly in search of relaxation. They were so grand those calm, unending days in England and France . . . late breakfasts and after that tennis or golf . . . teas in country gardens and dinners with no one trying to outdo everyone else or racking their brains for smart or witty things to say . . .

"But it was in Paris I saw something that struck me most forcibly of all. It was just before dawn and the farmers' carts were beginning to come in from the country on their way to Les Halles, the market place.

"An old farmer was dozing as his horse shambled slowly down the Champs Elysées, the reins held loosely in his hand and sometimes the horse would stumble and the old fellow would come awake with a jerk and sit very straight for a moment and cluck elaborately at his horse to show he was still master of the situation. Then his head would nod again and the reins slack in his hand and of course that cart got to Les Halles just as surely as though he were cracking a whip over the animal's neck all the way.

"It really was an object lesson. And I determined that from then on I was going to take a page from that old Frenchman's book of life, that I was going to take life and work easier than I ever had before.

"I'm not going to wait until I get in the dog house again before I take a vacation." She smiled ruefully. "I'm going places. Don't think I just want to play. I don't. I couldn't stand being the sort of person whose sole interest in life is to play bridge. Work is too important to me but it isn't the most important thing. Being a human being is. I'm going to take time out to travel and see something of the people and the world as it is lived outside of Hollywood. From now on I'm always going to have a perspective on myself."

There's no doubt about it that time has done things for Myrna Loy, has made her more vital, more knowing, has given her answers she did not know before.

Myrna threatened to desert Hollywood. For when she and M-G-M came to the parting of the ways, those smart producers, Hecht and MacArthur, signed up Myrna for a role in one of their Astoria-made productions. Myrna liked being in New York. She enjoyed the shops, the shows, the flavor of the place and all the other things that the Big City had to offer. But—think of it—a "Thin Man" without Myrna! Without her laugh, and her gallant acceptance of things as they come, without the little moué she made at her screen husband and at herself and at life. Impossible.

As we go to press, the M-G-M-ers and the Loy have patched up their differences and Myrna is in Hollywood waiting to start work in a picture.

MUCH ADO OVER ASTAIRE

(*Continued from page 39*)

aren't there): If it's true that good writers must have emotions, these two should make Shakespeare look like a Sunday supplement scribbler.

(Fade Out on Scene 1)

SCENE II

Time: Four months later.

Locale: An executive office in the RKO building.

(A press agent shows K. A. and A. W. F. in. His manner combines that odd mixture of deference and patience which press agents keep on tap solely for interviewers.)

P. A.: Mr. Astaire will be here any minute now and I'll bring him in. He's a swell guy. You'll be crazy about him.

K.A.: *Will* be? (she tilts the little brown sailor number she is wearing at what she trusts is a more beguiling angle. She chooses a deep leather chair in which she scores the advantage of the soft, dark lighting which filters in through the Venetian blinds. And, having made this flattering choice, she smiles sweetly at A. W. F.)

A. W. F. (as the press agent exits she reluctantly takes the executive chair behind a big flat top desk. She applies just a little more lipstick, carefully. She has no intention of looking too executive): You know, they say Fred Astaire won't talk about his personal life. His marriage or anything like that. Perhaps we'd better not ask such questions. I wouldn't like to offend him.

K. A. (every inch the thoroughbred): Why, my dear! I had no idea of asking him anything personal! A gentleman like Fred Astaire! Really! By the way, Pet, isn't that a new dress? A new hat? A new bag?

A. W. F. (more self-conscious than she'd like to think): Yes—er—you know I always buy summer things late in the season. They mark them down so!

K. A. (sweetly): Of course, I didn't dream that you'd bought all those new things for *this* occasion. I knew you must have some good practical reason, De-ah.

(A commotion is heard off-stage as the press agent *with* Fred Astaire comes along the hall from the elevator. Doors open so stenographers may peer out. Office boys shuffle along at a respectful distance unmindful of the "rush, special!" interoffice communications in their hands.)

P. A. (entering with Fred Astaire): Miss Albert, Miss Fletcher . . . Mr. Astaire.

(Ad lib greetings as both girls rummage frantically in their bags and at one and the same moment bring forth little blue cards which proclaim their membership in good standing in the Fred Astaire Fan Club.)

K. A. and A. W. F. (in triumphant unison): We belong to your club!

Fred: Swell! (He turns to the P. A. in relief.) Am I delighted! I thought this was going to be an interview.

P. A. and K. A. and A. W. F. *But it is an interview.*

(Fred Astaire lets out a little groan and, like a man led to the electric chair, prepares himself for the worst. However, he smiles. His hazel eyes are bright, the whites very white. He is nicely tanned. And with all due respect to his tailor, the gray suit he wears is benefited by the fact that he wears it, by the lean, active lines his body lends it. He pulls a huge blue handkerchief from his pocket and mops his face. He looks expectant. As expectant as you look in a dentist's chair. Obvi-

"Can it be TRUE?"

WOMEN GASPED WHEN THEY SAW THE CHARM AND BEAUTY OF

VENETIAN BLINDS



New Kind of CLOPAY WINDOW SHADE AMAZES WOMEN!

"I DON'T think there's anything as smart for windows as Venetian blinds—but they've always been way out of my reach. So you can imagine how thrilled I was to discover that I could achieve this same fashionable, luxurious effect with CLOPAYS—for only *fifteen cents a window!*"

These gorgeous new CLOPAY "Venice" shades are literally taking the country by storm! For they now make it possible for the first time for every home to have that expensive Venetian blind effect thousands have envied but few could afford! No wonder these new CLOPAY 15c "Venice" shades have become the rage almost overnight!

Can't Crack, Fray or Pinhole!

Best of all, these thrilling new shades are made from famous, durable CLOPAY fibre. Won't crack or pinhole. Patented texture makes them roll easily, hang straight and resist wear. No cracking, no fraying, no pinholing to make them look shabby. See the new "Venice" pattern—and 20 other beautiful patterns and rich plain colors at your nearest store. Send 3c stamp for color sample to Clopay Corporation, 1504 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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AT ALL 5c AND 10c STORES AND MOST NEIGHBORHOOD STORES

CLOPAY America's Fastest Selling WINDOW SHADES

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
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FAOEN No. 44—warm, vibrant . . . romantic



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PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
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In ten cent tuckaway sizes as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.
Beauty Aids

ously his reputed dislike of interviews is no pose. You can see he is making a valiant effort to hide his discomfort and appear gracious.)

K. A.: (softly, oh *so* feminine): You did your first picture with Joan, didn't you? Joan Crawford?

Fred (looking puzzled, not believing that such an innocuous speech could come from the mouth of a dreaded interviewer. He doesn't know *these* gals): Yes. Say, she's swell. Helped me learn the ropes. That's on the level, in spite of that cute little Hollywood rumor that I was displeased because my role in "Dancing Lady" wasn't big enough. I didn't want it to be any bigger. All I wanted to do was to learn a little bit what Hollywood was all about. You see, some people had sort of liked me on the stage and I figured that if I flopped it would be just too bad for me. (He grins. K. A. and A. W. F.—well, flutter, shall we say?)

Fred (continuing): My arrival in Hollywood is something I shan't forget. Boy, was I in a dither. You see, I'd just been married two days when the bride and I flew out. It was my first flight and I still had the shakes from that. And the studios were so huge, so impregnable with their iron gates. But once I was inside it was different.

A. W. F.: Of course, the thing I've never been able to understand is why the movie producers didn't give you a contract long ago.

Fred (he's interested now and much less nervous): Funny thing about that. Adele (referring to his sister, Lady Cavendish, with whom he danced to fame) and I made a screen test years ago when we were playing in "Funny Face." But they caught us just when the first popularity of musicals was on the wane and nothing came of it.

A. W. F.: What about the rumor that you didn't like "Flying Down to Rio"? We heard you tried to buy up the negative so it would never be released.

Fred (he grins, that grand smile of his): I heard that, too, and boy, was I ever flattered. I went around saying, "Astaire, they must think you're pretty good." First I was pleased that anybody would think I had enough money to buy a film—that would be about a million dollars, wouldn't it? And second that I'd be such a great artist that I'd try to stop something that didn't suit me artistically. As a matter of fact I liked "Flying Down to Rio."

(K. A. just smiles sweetly and snuggles deeper into her leather chair. As she looks at Fred Astaire you expect to hear her purr. But actually there is no sound.)

A. W. F. (carrying on for the two of them. Annoyed that she should thus be forced to seem the aggressive type, she gives K. A. a dirty look, which K. A. ignores): Were there dancers in your family? There must be something to account for you and your sister?

Fred (he doesn't mind talking now): Not a one. My mother is grand looking. Young and slender. But she won't even dance a step with me. There was never anybody about whom I know associated with the theatre. Adele was sent to dancing school when she was six—like most kids in the neighborhood. We lived in Omaha, then. Later, when we moved to New York I was sent to dancing school. I remember just one thing about that first teacher. He used to put his foot on a chair like this (his movements off screen are as graceful as his on-screen dances. There is a flow of motion which seems to have no beginning and no end) and, with a stick, he'd beat time on the slats. But I learned what showmanship I know from a man we met in vaudeville.

K. A. (being helpful about the interview for the first time): You went into vaudeville as kids?

Fred (he smiles, remembering): We needed the dough. My folks had some tough breaks. In spite of this my mother fought against the stage. But my father, feeling we kids had some talent, was all for us. And we were crazy about the theatre. I don't even remember how we got the job. I think my father knew a man who knew a man or something. At any rate, there we were trouping all over the country and learning about routines and arrangements as we went, sopping up theatrical tricks like a couple of small sponges. It was swell.

A. W. F. (taking the interviewing reins into her own hands again as K. A. lapses into the demure little southern belle with soft, big brown eyes): How do you plan your dances?

Fred (both girls realize that he loves to talk about this. And they figure that, if the fans are half as interested in how this master dancer achieves his effects as they are, they'll let him go on. He is now earnest and eager): Want me to start from the beginning? (as K. A. and A. W. F. nod he proceeds): I'm given the music by the composer. Irving Berlin's doing the stuff for "Follow the Fleet." I go to the studio every day and work on routines from ten until six. My assistant and I have an empty stage where they put a piano and full-length mirrors. It's real work. By the time the picture has started I've lost several pounds. I mop those pounds off with my handkerchief.

This assistant of mine is grand. As I'm dancing he sits there and says, "Not so good, Fred," or, "I'd cut that a little, make it quicker."

Then I'll have a tough day. What I want to do then is go home. I want to quit for good. But he won't let me. "Stick around," he'll say, "until you've done your one good deed for the day." That doesn't mean helping an old lady across the street or giving a blind man a nickel. He means for me to get one good step, one good idea.

And it's funny but when one comes another follows. It starts going great and I feel good again. And before we know it we have a routine.

A. W. F.: And how does Ginger Rogers' part work in?

Fred (his admiration for Ginger is unbounded): After the basis for the dance is doped out we work together, plan double tricks. I'd feel like a fool working out a girl's steps. But Ginger's quick. She's swell.

K. A. (smugly): I never see Ginger Rogers. (Fred looks very puzzled. His eyes voice his question. And K. A. positively preens, as she says) I only see you.

Fred (he is really worried now. The blue handkerchief appears and he mops his brow): Gee! Really? Do you mean I do too much, try to steal the spot? Because if that's so I've got to change. Really she's good. And it's the girl your eye should follow. What can I do?

K. A. (not at all embarrassed): It's nothing you can help.

Fred: But, I . . .

A. W. F. (hurrying in with conversational first aid): Katherine means, Mr. Astaire, that if Pavlowa and Nijinsky and Bill Robinson himself were on the floor with you, she'd only see you. And (trying to be shy in a very blonde way) that goes for me, too.

Fred (quickly changing the subject): You mentioned Bill Robinson. Now there's a dancer. He can dance any time, anywhere. It's like breathing to him. He'd walk in this room and if you said, "Rip off a couple of steps, Bill," he'd dance. Just for the joy of it. I can't do that. I've got to have the routine set and the

music right. At parties when I'm asked to dance I couldn't get my feet high enough to step over a thread.

A. W. F.: Do you enjoy ballroom dancing?

Fred: No, I don't. I seldom dance at a night club. You see, dancing is work to me. But it's work I love.

A. W. F.: How about the stage? Are you going to do a show this fall?

Fred: I couldn't, you see. I've got to make money. And if I went into a show and it was a success it would run about six months and where would the picture career be by that time? Can't take a chance. Can't go on dancing forever. Gee, audiences are going to get tired of me.

K. A. and A. W. F. (to each other in the well-known unison): Tired of watching him? Tired of watching *him* did the man say? (They shake their addled heads in confusion): Quite mad!

P. A.: (returning, looking at his watch significantly. K. A. and A. W. F. know the inexorability of this subtle signal. They gather up their belongings as if they were in a daze. Fred starts to go, too, relieved that the interview is over but is stopped by the following speech): Wait a minute, Fred, sixteen more interviewers want to see you. I thought we could clean up about five today.

Fred (he looks like a man in a ship fire, hunting for life boats): Oh, no, say listen, I have to go. I mean, don't let me in for anything like that. Why, I can't think of a thing to say. I'll just be a dud. And honest, they won't like me.

P. A.: And there are some cameramen downstairs waiting to grab some pictures of you. It'll only take a minute.

Fred (mopping his face with the big blue handkerchief): I . . . well, that's swell and awfully nice of them . . . but, you see . . .

(K. A. and A. W. F. tip-toe quietly off stage, leaving Fred and the press agent alone as . . .

(Fade Out on Scene II)

SCENE III

Time: Ten minutes later.

Locale: Same tea-room in Rockefeller Center, New York City. Again the same hubbub as in Scene I. K. A. and A. W. F. enter. If they were not so starry-eyed they'd be thankful that Mary Burgum and Adelia Bird are not alone. The head-waiter slides a discreet glance at them—seemingly attributes the far away look in their eyes to the heat and leads them to a nearby table. They can be led. He flips menus before them. Cocktail menus, luncheon menus. They see neither. They sit down and stare into space. The waiter retreats, defeated, without an order.

A. W. F. (at last): Well, my pet, I must say that you weren't your usual aggressive self this morning. What is it that your husband says about you? "Give her a horse and a sword and she'd be a general." I didn't notice any wonderful generalship during *that* interview. All you were doing was being the demure little southern girl all over the place.

K. A.: Why, I don't know what you mean.

A. W. F.: I mean that you didn't exactly pin Fred Astaire down with questions! Only with glances!

K. A.: But, Angel, you were having such a wonderful time showing how clever you were. The quick-thinking, trigger-minded modern woman. He must have been *so* impressed with your savoir faire. I'm sure you wouldn't have wanted me to spoil such an—er—illusion, now would you?

A. W. F.: When you turn Girl Scout, knee deep in good deeds . . .

K. A. (going vague again): Good deeds. Cute, wasn't it, the way he called a dance trick a good deed?



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She knows how to live . . . how to get through the world . . . the eighth woman who uses Midol.

EIGHT million women have always had to consider the time of month in making their engagements — avoiding any strenuous activities on difficult days when Nature has handicapped them severely.

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A. W. F.: *He* didn't call it that. His assistant did. Were you at this interview?

K. A. (belligerant): Well, *he* said it.

A. W. F. (having impressed Fred Astaire with her shrewd interviewing tactics, she now lets down and goes vague): I like his voice. And the way he mops his face when he's embarrassed.

K. A. (more kindly, at once): And he has nice eyes . . . keen, level, you know.

A. W. F.: Yes, I know. I noticed! His grin is nice, too. That's a fine tan he has, isn't it?

Waiter (interrupting and a little frightened): Will mesdames order luncheon now?

K. A. and A. W. F. (as if they have just returned from some far-off place): Luncheon? Luncheon? Oh, yes, to be sure, luncheon.

"Fade Out—none too soon—on Scene III—and two interviewers who aren't what they used to be.)

CONFESSIONS OF AN EXTRA GIRL

(*Continued from page 46*)

I WAS determined now that I was an extra I was not going to be an "average" one. I was ambitious. I had said that if I did not become a leading woman in a year I was going back home. So when some of the others who were just in the game to make an easy living would lag at the back of a dancing set so they would not have to work so hard, I'd volunteer to be close to the star. And when the others would ask me to gay parties I would say I was tired and had to go home. I felt this would get me somewhere. It was years ago that I made these resolutions. And I'm still an extra. Sometimes I wonder what's the use. Yet this is the only work I know. It brings me a living on which I can get by and I have the hope that some day, some time I will be "discovered"—that some director will pick me out of the crowd and give me a chance.

And now I must tell you about my life as an extra. I must tell you how we extra girls know the stars. I can't write this in chronological order. I'm just going to jump around and tell you how I see your favorites, because I've been on the set of almost every big star in Hollywood.

Norma Shearer is exceedingly nice on the set. She speaks and bows to everyone when she enters. And will chat with the extra people when they're near her.

You know that laugh of hers on the screen? She has the same laugh in real life. Her manner is easy and nice. But when her husband—and also her producer—Irving Thalberg comes on the set to untangle some difficult scene, she is as nervous and jumpy as a bit player.

They call each other "Miss Shearer" and "Mr. Thalberg" and you'd never dream that they were married. They are star and boss when I see them together.

Norma is very careful about her work and will go to any amount of pains to have everything just right. Some people feel that underneath she is cold and hard, but I have never noticed it.

Marlene Dietrich is the most amazing star I've ever seen. I've tried and tried to make her out but I can't. When you catch her face off guard it is the saddest face in the world and when she is on the set she seems to have eyes for no one but Von Sternberg. I wonder how she is going to behave with other directors now that Von is no longer with her.

He is the boss of the set. He storms and raves and is so sarcastic that everyone trembles. Once I heard him bawl out an old extra woman so mercilessly that she cried. The electricians were planning to beat him up. Really I thought for a minute they were going to kill him, but the old woman begged them not to do anything to get themselves in trouble.

And through all this Marlene sits by and watches as if she did not see. It is as if her mind and heart were thousands of miles away. I watched her for an hour, once, without seeing her expression change.

The only time she is bright and gay and lively is when she is with her little daughter. Apparently that child is the only thing in the world that means a darn to her. And yet she seems to hide her emotion even for her child—hide it by treating her almost as a father treats a son, rather than as a mother treats a daughter. She slaps her on the back and tosses her around and laughs and jokes with her. And when the child is gone, Marlene's face settles down into that world-weary, pitiful masque.

Of course, Carole Lombard is a nut. You can hear her coming five minutes before she arrives. (We extras are always on the set before the principals.) She is usually surrounded by about ten men and they're all laughing and talking—Carole doing most of the talking.

The minute she comes on the set things begin to happen. She always has a million ideas for different scenes. Once she told me she wanted to be a director but I don't know whether she was kidding or not.

Now most stars, when they've finished a scene, go into their portable dressing-rooms and stay there. Not Lombard. She's having too much fun. She clowns around with everybody and they've got to tell her to "shush" a dozen times. I've never seen such energy and vitality. She's a nut—but I like her.

CLARK GABLE is my favorite male actor. And I'm not crazy about him from a romantic standpoint, either, as some of the girls are. I like him because he is a swell, regular guy, a man who does his job without any huff and puff.

He is "all things to all men." With sentimental women stars who like to talk about their "great art" he is sentimental and will talk about art. With he-men he talks of nothing but hunting and fishing and the great outdoors. And, as a result, everybody likes him.

A lot of the stars seem to feel that we extras have no ears and I was once nearby when a couple—both of whom were married, but not to each other—made a date for a meeting at a beach house in Malibu to be quite alone. I've never told anybody about hearing that. But it does hand me a laugh to see the woman photographed with her husband and the man with his wife, going to all the smart places. And it's one movie scandal that has never even been whispered about.

Jean Harlow sews on the set all day long. She is very friendly but it seems to

me that she is always trying hard not to appear to be the sort of girl she plays in pictures. I realize that it is a handicap for a star to be habitually cast in tough, hardboiled roles. She must feel it necessary to make an attempt to dispel the illusion that she is tough and hardboiled off screen. But sometimes I think she tries too hard.

I was on the set the day that Harlow came back to work after the suicide of her husband, Paul Bern. I must say she was very brave. We were instructed beforehand that none of us were to extend sympathy or to mention the tragedy at all, for fear it would break her up too much and she would be unable to go on. Although everyone felt terribly, we tried to be as gay and as casual as possible. And, except for the fact that Jean only laughed when she had to do so in a scene, you would never know anything had happened.

I feel very sorry for Mrs. Temple, Shirley's mother. That woman is trying very hard to keep little Shirley from being spoiled. But it's a difficult job. As yet, Shirley is still the same, level-headed kid she's always been, but sometimes it is sickening to see how the actors gush over her.

The men actors are always saying, "Will you marry me, Shirley, when you grow up?" The women are always admiring her curls and her clothes. If Shirley is ever spoiled, her fans won't be to blame. It will be the actors on the set with her who are at fault.

I COULD go on like this for pages, telling you about my impressions of the screen stars but since this is my story as well as a story of Hollywood I want to tell you what personal adventures I had.

You remember the artist, Bradley, who got me on the Garbo set? Well, he was being more than kind to me. And although he argued with me all the time, begging me to give up the idea of being an actress, telling me that I didn't have a chance in a million, I knew he was fond of me.

One night I came home to my little apartment dead tired (I was on a ballroom set and they're the most wearing of all) and found Bradley waiting in the lobby for me.

When we were in my apartment he took me in his arms and said, "You know, darling, I love you."

I laughed. "Well, I don't know."

He was almost gruff about it. "I do," he said.

And I told him he wasn't acting at all like a movie lover.

"It isn't my intention to do so," he said. "I don't like movie lovers and I didn't come here to make love to you. I came to ask you to help a girl out of trouble. I just wanted to tell you I loved you first so you will believe me when I say this girl is merely a friend of mine—nothing more.

"You remember the 'quickie' director you told me about, the one who was rotten to you when you first came to Hollywood?"

I remembered all too well. Bradley continued, "He's pulled the same stunt on another girl. The only difference is that she reported it and now that rotten little director says she is trying to frame him and he never saw her before. If you'll be brave enough to testify that he had also been fresh with you it will help her out tremendously."

I hesitated a moment. This might, I felt, hurt my poor little career. And then I remembered how Joan Crawford had said I could repay her for her kindness by helping another girl who needed help.

"I'll do it," I said.

But I didn't know what I was letting myself in for.

(*To be continued*)



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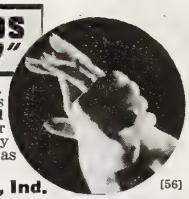
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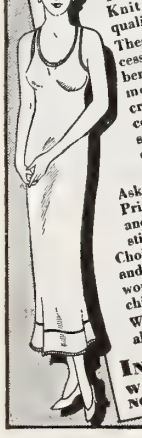
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REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 11*)

she has given the rest of Hollywood's young ladies something to shoot at. As the heroine of this romance of a small town girl she has captured all the charm and sympathy that Booth Tarkington originally wrote into the character, and when La Hepburn captures things they're really captured. Her pappy, Fred Stone, has been a clerk all his life, which means that Katie isn't often invited to the parties of the wealthier belles about town. She makes one of them, though, and that's enough for her to meet Fred MacMurray. Her attempts to keep him from knowing her family's financial status furnish a good deal of the picture's entertainment, the highlight being a dinner party serviced by a none-too-graceful daughter of Ethiopia hired for the evening. Hepburn, beautifully photographed, has a swell supporting cast in Fred Stone, Frank Albertson, Charley Grapewin and the aforementioned Mr. MacMurray.

Preview Postscripts

Miss K. Hepburn rivals Miss G. Garbo in managing to get publicity by ostensibly avoiding it. She ducks into corners, hides under benches and climbs trees when a photo-sleuth appears, yet reads all her fan mail sitting on the curb at the studio gate. There's no hokum, though, about keeping her private life really that way. She's famous for securing the quietest divorce ever heard of in Hollywood from her stock-broker husband. And the quietest wedding bells were the ones for her and her manager, Leland Hayward. Booth Tarkington's famous story has long been a rôle that she's tried to convince the studio heads to give her a try at. "Little Women" was another. . . . This marks the début of the head of the house of "Stepping Stones" in films. Fred Stone has long been in demand by the studios, but he was too fond of the footlights to pay much attention. But there was a long time when Mr. Stone wasn't in demand as an actor. Following an airplane smash-up he was told that he would never again walk, let alone dance. But the doctors didn't reckon with their patient. . . . True, he had to walk on crutches for a good many months—but he learned to dance on them, too. . . . Evelyn Venable is married to Hal Mohr, a cameraman, and living high up in the Hollywood hills in a modest house. They put all their money into the view. . . . Hedda Hopper's one of Hollywood's most sought-after ladies. She's a former De Wolfe Hopper wife, but famous in her own right, too.

★★ Dante's Inferno (Fox)

If Signor Dante should happen to drop into a movie theatre one of these days he'd discover that the boys at Fox have taken considerable liberties with his poem. He'd find his Inferno a carnival concession run by Spencer Tracy, who puts Hades over with a bang and builds himself a gigantic amusement park and a colossal gambling ship. We hate to say it, but Spencer uses somewhat shady methods to acquire his holdings, much to the chagrin of his wife (Claire Trevor) and her father (honest Henry B. Walthall). Don't get the idea that these goings-on are a kick in the pants for clean living. On the other hand, Spencer pays and pays. In his amusement park Hell breaks loose and falls on a number of his customers, and on its maiden trip his gambling ship goes up in flames. In between all this you are given a peek at the real Hades and its clients, and it may or may not amuse you to note that there are no blondes down there. At any rate, you'll find Spencer Tracy a lot better than the picture and Claire Trevor neither Garbo nor hard to look at.

★★★ Curly Top (Fox)

The obvious thing to say about a Shirley Temple picture these days is that the burden of keeping things moving rests entirely on the frail shoulders of little Miss T. Nevertheless, it is quite apparent in "Curly Top," as it has been in this young lady's recent releases, that without her presence her vehicles would fall apart before our very eyes. It must be admitted, then, that Shirley's presence is something indeed, for in this case she turns an otherwise dull and dreary picture into an engaging and often sprightly screen play. As sisters in an orphan asylum, Shirley and Rochelle Hudson are adopted by John Boles, a wealthy patron of the place. You can practically guess what happens from there on, which is why we're not going to tell you. At any rate, Shirley sings and dances with her customary charm, John Boles lends his baritone to a couple of pleasant ballads, and Rochelle Hudson is lovely to look at. If you are an admirer of La Belle Temple (and who isn't?), we'd advise you to see it by all means.

Preview Postscripts

Miss Shirley Temple holds the title of Hollywood's most fickle femme. Her current leading man is always this blonde's Big Moment. Among those to succumb to her charms have been Jimmy Dunn, the late Will Rogers, Joel McCrea and Gary Cooper. And now it's John Boles. Though one of the happiest married men in town, rumor has it that many a night he phoned home saying business detained him at the studio while, in reality, he was reading funny-papers to Shirley. She's just returned from a three-weeks' trip to the Hawaiian Islands with her parents. . . . John Boles has two daughters of his own, aged seven and fourteen. Mr. Boles didn't do any leaping into the limelight. He worked for more years than he cares to remember before attaining anything even remotely resembling success. What's more, he claims that whatever credit there is for his fame goes to his wife, Marcellite. . . . Nothing seems to tickle the American fancy quite so much as an absurdly English Englishman. So Arthur Treacher zoomed to fame in this country. Though his family thought he looked serious enough to train for the bar, Arthur thought he looked funny enough to go on the stage. Which he did, but was never appreciated 'til the Shuberts brought him to America. He had the Winter Garden audiences spellbound in no time, and soon had Ethel Barrymore, Mary Ellis and such clamoring for his talents in their plays. . . . Rochelle Hudson is an old-timer in town, having crashed the fillums at the tender age of eleven. She's been working off and on ever since, but finds time to swim, play tennis like an expert and ride a bicycle twenty miles a day. . . . Producer Winfield Sheehan was recently married to Maria Jeritza at the Santa Barbara Mission. Never been married and never been in love 'til he met Jeritza a few weeks before. Mr. Sheehan's life story puts Alger's to shame. Born to poverty-stricken parents, he sold papers, wrote for them, and for many years now has been one of the outstanding leaders of the motion picture industry.

★★★★ The Thirty-nine Steps
(Gaumont-British)

Here, movie-goers, is the answer to the question you've been asking—"When will we see Robert Donat again?" After "The Count of Monte Cristo," as you probably know, Donat returned to England where he did a play—and this picture. It's a grand film and he is grand in it. A fast-moving mystery and plenty of good fun are mixed with the chills. Donat and Madeleine Carroll, who plays opposite him, have many chances to show their skill at the light comedy touch. The plot moves along like greased lightning—and while, like most mystery plots, it isn't noted for strict adherence to realism, it's believable enough. Has to do with a traitorous organization called "The 39 Steps" which is endeavoring to sneak some valuable state secrets out of England. All this leads to much dirty work on the Scottish moors and considerable glib talking and fast action on the part of Donat. The settings and scenery are interesting. There are some excellent bits of acting by lesser characters. The direction is smooth. And Donat—we repeat—is grand. We wish he'd make more pictures.

★★★ Every Night at Eight
(Paramount)

An unpretentious little musical number is this one and we chalk it up on the scoreboard as pleasant and mildly diverting entertainment. Obviously fashioned to catch the fancy of the amateur hour devotees, it has Frances Langford, Alice Faye and Patsy Kelly as three working gals who have a yen to sing. In fact, they have a talent for it, and after an appearance on one of them thar amateur programs they join up with George Raft, who has organized a band and wants to go places. It won't surprise you to learn that success comes along eventually, and with it romance, although everyone in the audience knows that Frances Langford is in love with George Raft about three reels before the news gets home to our hero. Patsy Kelly helps things considerably with her rowdy comedy, and the Langford gal, when she's photographed better, will turn into a good screen bet, for her voice registers well. George Raft is George Raft, and that can mean whatever you want it to mean.

Preview Postscripts

Getting the drop on television, Mr. Walter Wanger gives us a look at Miss Frances Langford warbling into the microphone. Miss



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Langford was wafted to fame on the air waves, after a season or two in the musical comedy racket. On completing this picture she tucked away a nice plump movie contract with her Columbia Broadcast one. Weighs 96 pounds but can beat a half dozen husky gals when it comes to hard work. She's dippy about Dobermann Pincers and chocolate eclairs and is seldom seen without a few of each. . . . Alice Faye, like Miss Langford, is a protégée of Rudy Vallee—and more than that according to the rocking chair brigade. She sported a mammoth star sapphire while at work on this film, but shyly refused to divulge the donor's name. With wealth from the movie coffers, Alice built a palatial Beverly Hills home and recently invited a crowd to help initiate the pool. The fact that at the last minute a pipe broke and there was no water in the pool didn't stop the initiation. The hostess provided roller skates. . . . George Raft is the young man who caused all that fanfare and fan mail as Rudolph Valentino's successor. But in spite of the sweat of his brow and the brilliantine on his pompadour, Mr. Raft hasn't filled the Great Lover's shoes. It wasn't his idea, anyway, as he prefers tougher rôles. George never uses a hanky, just collects them. He has several hundred to date.

★★★ The Gay Deception
(20th Century-Fox)

There's deception in the title, but the picture really *is* gay. It's all light-hearted and nonsensical with a plot that's conspicuous by its absence. Francis Lederer is irresistible as the happy-go-lucky young prince who decides to do some bell-hopping in New York's most ultra hotel. Either the director forcibly restrained Mr. Lederer from discoursing on his favorite topic, World Peace, or quietly cut any such glum remarks, for the handsome hero seems to have nothing on his mind but Frances Dee. And no wonder—for Miss Dee turns on the charm full force and gives a grand performance of the rich little poor girl splurging on sweepstake returns. Besides which she's prettier than ever. The rest of the cast doesn't let you down, either. Alan Mowbray portrays another super-sophisticate Lord Somebody or Other, while Benita Hume is the girl who shows up the lower nature of society debs. Lionel Stander and Akim Tamiroff raise the artistic standards for gangsters and Luis Alberni and Ferdinand Gottschalk outdo themselves in a couple of comedy scenes. The story is pretty badly tangled up in spots, come to think of it. But you'll enjoy yourself so you won't be thinking anyway.

Preview Postscripts

There should be a law against Mr. Francis Lederer. In spite of the fact that he's the most ardent exponent of the World Peace Movement, Mr. Lederer has caused more discord in happy homes than any other actor. He started by raising the pulses of Czecho-Slovakian ladies in his native country at the age of eighteen. Since that time he's been the matinee idol of London, Paris, New York and points west. Production on this picture had to be held up so that he could address the National Association of University Women who were holding their annual convention in Los Angeles. He was the first actor so honored by the association. Miss Mary Anita Loos, it is rumored, may take him out of circulation one of these days. . . . Frances Dee is one of those young ladies who announced that she would never marry an actor, then turned around and became Mrs. Joel McCrea. However, she's the only one to become Mrs. J. McC. They're strong advocates of the simple life and savings banks. Most of their money is put into the soil—some several thousand acres of it in the San Fernando Valley. They're raising thoroughbred horses, prize livestock and a healthy baby. . . . Here's another to add to your collection of "this could only happen in Hollywood." Five years ago Miss Dee appeared as a lowly "extra" in her first picture, with Jack Mulhall the star. In this flicker maybe you saw Jack, but more likely you didn't. He was the teller in the bank for about two minutes. . . . Alan Mowbray and Benita Hume were as chummy off-screen as on. They were great friends back in Merrie Olde England, from where Miss Hume just came for the first time in two years. . . . Mr. Mowbray wouldn't stay away that long, though, having too soft a spot in his heart for this country. He's written several stage hits besides being in plenty of them. Lorraine Carpenter, his wife, has also been with him in many plays. . . . William Wyler, director, is married to Margaret Sullavan. What's more, he intends to stay that way. Those divorce rumors were squelched once and for all when Mr. Wyler had a birthday a few days after starting on this picture. His wife sent her gift over to the set for him. It was a de luxe sport model motorcycle, all done up in pink and blue ribbon. Mr. Wyler promptly put his car in the garage and rides nothing but his bike—even to parties. It was not only a convenient gift, but a sentimental one, for while Mr. W. was courting Mrs. W. over on the Universal lot, the two would steal away at every opportunity and go riding on the cop's motorcycle.

★★★ Here Comes Cookie
(Paramount)

You can bring your paper hat and your confetti to this little opera, for it's the goofiest conglomeration of comedy and celluloid you'll see all season. It's Burns and Allen, and it's their best picture to date. The story has George Barbier as a spluttering old millionaire who wants to prevent one of his daughters (Betty Furness) from marrying a money-seeking foreigner. In order to pretend he's poor he deeds all his money to his other daughter, who happens to be Gracie Allen. Gracie thinks the old gent really wants to get rid of his money, so she opens a spending campaign by filling the house with down-and-out vaudeville acts. There's a seal in every bathtub, an acrobat on every chandelier, and the old family mansion looks like a poor week on the Gus Sun circuit. What goes on from there you can find out for yourself. In a song and dance number called "The Vamp of the Pampus" Gracie proves herself one of the ablest comediennes in the business, and the rest of the cast does excellent stooging for her.

Preview Postscripts

Gracie Allen and George Burns have been in the moom pitchers only about three years, but they've long been popular on the stage and radio. All those laughs are the result of the Burns Bros. brain-waves, for George and his brother, Bill, think them all up. But without Gracie there'd be none, for she's their inspiration and official tryer-outer. The Burns have just completed something that resembles a mansion and a half out Santa Monica way, and call it "The House That Jack Built." But they don't intend to stay there long, having the travel bug and right now planning a jaunt to China with their two children. They've just adopted a little boy now, besides their little daughter, adopted eight months ago. . . . Betty Furness was used to having her picture taken before coming to Hollywood since she was a professional model for a couple years in New York. She's never seen on the set or off without a voluminous knitting bag and has outfitted herself, all her friends, and most of their



Melvyn Douglas, Claudette Colbert and Edith Fellows in "She Married Her Boss."

friends in natty knits. She's cuh-razy about smart but inexpensive clothes, and to show that the combination was possible, she opened up her own shop in Westwood Village, the University shopping section, and is showing the tricks to the college girls.

★★★ The Irish in Us
(First National)

With such fine Celtic names as O'Brien, Cagney and McHugh attached to a picture bearing this title it will come as no surprise to learn that things concern themselves mainly with the doings of an Irish family—the O'Haras, in fact. Brothers Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh turn an honest dollar or so with the police and fire departments, but brother Jimmy Cagney's talents run toward managing prize fighters. He finally lands one named Carbarn Hammerschlag (Allen Jenkins), and his activities with this punch-drunk warrior keep the plot rolling. The producers might well be accused of having kissed the blarney stone once or twice too often in the making of this one, but the overdose of sentiment is more than balanced by some good lines and several rip-roaring comedy sequences. Jimmy and Pat are excellent, and Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh, you may notice, have made definite improvement in their brand of comedy. (A little restraint goes a long way, eh, boys?) Olivia di Havilland playing the love interest, will bear watching.

Preview Postscripts

Pat O'Brien and James Cagney are good friends since Broadway hoofing days, when they lined up in the same act on the five-a-day. At that time they weren't just positive where their next meal was coming from, but it didn't matter so much either. Now they've got large and imposing houses atop Hollywood hills, swimming pools and a Public. And none of this matters so much, either. Pat is married to a girl who's never been on the stage, and they've just adopted a small daughter, Mavourneen, for whom they practically built their whole home, what with nurseries, solariums, gymnasiums, etc. Jimmy's married to a former actress. . . . Olivia di Havilland first came to attention out here in Hollywood when Max Reinhardt took such an interest in her while casting for his great spectacle, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which was put on in the Bowl. He decided Miss di Havilland had something, and she's now proving it as far as the movies are concerned, too. . . . Mr. Reinhardt also mentioned James Cagney as one of the ten finest actors in Hollywood. . . . Frank McHugh is one of



It was strange that the son of an Admiral and the descendant of generations of Navy men should care nothing about the Navy. But Dick Melville thought he would rather sing than do anything, and he only joined the Service to prove to his father that he could succeed. When it came time for him to leave, however, he found that his heart was bound up with loyalty and love for the Navy and for the girl who showed him the right path to follow.

You'll enjoy reading "SHIPMATES FOREVER," a grand story of life in the Navy, where the highest ideals of loyalty and devotion prevail. The complete story of Warner Brothers' picture, starring Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, appears in the November issue.

Other stories and features in this issue include "Barbary Coast" starring Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea . . . Margaret Sullavan in "So Red the Rose" . . . Ginger Rogers and George Brent in "In Person" . . . Dolores Del Rio and Everett Marshall in "I Live for Love" . . . Paul Muni in "Doctor Socrates" . . . Pauline Lord and Basil Rathbone in "A Feather in Her Hat" . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster in "The Bishop Misbehaves" . . . "Broadway Melody of 1936" with an all-star cast . . . Tom Brown in "Freckles" . . . Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll in "Thirty-Nine Steps" . . . Nancy Carroll and Loyd Nolan in "Atlantic Adventure" . . . "Way Down East" with Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson . . . "Hangover Murders" with Constance Cummings, Robert Young and Edward Arnold. . . .

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the members of the Warner Bros. stock company who really wears well. Says he learned that laugh by giggling at a phonograph record and then listening to it for hours until he got it as silly as it is now. That's really working for something worth while. He's just become the proud father of a son and says he's going to teach him to laugh like his Dad before he lets him even talk. This will save him years of practice acquiring the art.

★★ Special Agent
(Warner Brothers)

Someone dug rather deeply into that attic trunk for the script of "Special Agent" and emerged with a gangster tale which registers as a minor item in the month's list of entertainment. The picture starts out to be a second "G-Men," exploiting the accomplishments of Uncle Sam's agents, but after the first reel it reverts to the gangland type of picture prevalent in these parts several seasons ago. The story has George Brent as a special agent posing as a newspaper man in order to get evidence on Ricardo Cortez, the current Public Enemy No. 1. The fact that Cortez permits Brent openly to court Bette Davis, who keeps the gang chief's books, gives the tale a touch of fantasy. In spite of the time-worn plot most of the acting is excellent, particularly that of Ricardo Cortez and Bette Davis, who deserve more important surroundings than these.

★★ Alias Bulldog Drummond
(Gaumont-British)

Do not let the title lead you to think that this British import is in any way like the gay and adventurous Drummond pictures which Ronald Colman has done. Because it isn't. We scrutinized the screen in great puzzlement throughout the preview and finally came to the conclusion that it's all supposed to be a burlesque. We *imagine* it's supposed to be funny. But English comedy is rarely funny to us, unless Beatrice Lillie is somewhere in the vicinity. Jack Hulbert works himself into a lather, trying to make a go of things. Fay Wray looks lovely, but has little to do. We were sorry to see this actress, who has advanced so noticeably of late, wasted in a mediocre part.

★★ The Girl Friend (Columbia)

We hesitate about speaking our mind on this, since libel suits are such a nuisance. Miss Ann Sothern waves her eyelashes about and Mr. Roger Pryor sports a brave new mustache. The plot is exciting, too, having to do with Mr. Pryor and two starving pals, who pose as a few people they aren't and take advantage of a dear old lady in the country who serves fried chicken three times a day. The D. O. L. has a granddaughter, too—who turns out to be Ann Sothern of all things. Romance bursts into bloom and Ann gets gramma to slap another mortgage on the homestead so that Roger can turn the barn into a Little Theatre. Roger shouldn't be blamed for that idea, though. It's just Columbia's excuse to put on a musical comedy review for several reels. We'll have to admit, though, that they did a good job on the barn, and installed a lighting system that would have done credit to the Met.

Preview Postscripts

Miss Ann Sothern was that attractive brunette in the third row center of Ziegfeld's chorus a few years back, and prior to that a school-girl (still brunette) in Central High, Minneapolis. Then she came to Hollywood, where the California sun bleached her bob and filled her with vim, vigor and voluptuousness enough to become a star. In reel life she's giddy and gaddy, but really Ann's a quiet, serious-minded gal, intensely interested in her career and family—her mother and two almost-as-pretty sisters. . . . In spite of being the son of famous band-master Pryor, Roger Pryor's never so much as tooted a saxophone. His one ambition has been to act. . . . Jack Haley's more familiar with footlights than flickers, having been a musical comedy star for Schwab and Mandel the past few years. He's moved bag, baggage and family to California now and shows all the earmarks of becoming a native. The climate already seems unusual to him. . . . Director Eddie Buzzell is a fiend for work and feels that everyone else should share his enthusiasm. Hence the cast finally had to resort to bribery in order to snatch an occasional sandwich. The only member of the cast who really had Eddie worried, though, was Jack Haley. He appeared every day on the set with a large bottle of bicarbonate of soda, and at frequent intervals all day would take large doses. The terrific overwork, Jack claimed, was lowering his resistance. Everyone but slave-driver Buzzell knew that the bottle contained a mixture of powdered sugar and water.

★★★★★ Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)

Full of the kind of glitter and sparkle that marks a top-notch New York revue, "Broadway Melody" is far and away the finest screen musical of the year. Its comedy is spontaneous and funny (what with Jack Benny and Sid Silvers at the controls), its sets are gorgeous without going gaudy, its songs and dancing are tops, and—it has Eleanor Powell. For several years the best female tap dancer on Broadway, the lovely Powell gets her first big chance on the screen and runs away with the picture. Not only has she the fanciest dance steps you'll see on any screen, but the gal sings and she can act—she even does a Hepburn impersonation that's a honey. Also in the singing and dancing department you'll find Buddy and Vilma Ebsen, Nick Long, Jr., June Knight and Frances Langford. Robert Taylor has the romantic lead, and there's a swell comedy romance between Sid Silvers and Una Merkel.

★★★★ She Married Her Boss
(Columbia)

It is our suspicion that director Gregory La Cava deserves a major portion of the credit for making a bright and intelligent comedy out of what might have been quite an ordinary bit of domestic trivia. The "La Cava touches," like the "Capra touches," are evident throughout the proceedings and they go a long way toward making "She Married Her Boss" the excellent entertainment that it is. Of course, the fact that Claudette Colbert is around adds greatly to the picture's enjoyment, and you'll find the little lady giving her best performance since "It Happened One Night." To top things off, a new star arrives on the screen in the person of little Edith Fellows, who is probably the meanest, nastiest brat who's ever made faces at a camera. After sitting through reels and reels of sweet little girls it's a relief to encounter one who calls her old man a dumbbell and goes about frightening the family dog. So when Claudette marries her boss (Melvyn Douglas) she meets up with Edith, his daughter by a former marriage, and the fun begins. And we mean *fun.*

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

(*Continued from page 62*)

than the opinion of just one reviewer.—Ruth Marie Bailey, San Jose, Calif.

A Fan-Tasy

Tarzan gazed interestedly at the Twelvetrees. He approached the Short one, but he couldn't Bennett. Lloyd how he tried! Finally, Maureen O'Sullivan sauntered by, and Tarzan Astor.

"Do you know how Hardy this tree is? I can't Keeler. It's supposed to be a Laurel, but I think it's an Oakie. It's the biggest one in the Woods, too."

"Pitts-l," said Maureen, "get your Hatton we'll take a Cantor around the Vallee, the scene is Devine."

"Nixon that," replied Tarzan, "you Kent Crabbe my act, Anna Sten! No, not for all the Muni in the Temple Wood I March away and Lee-ve this Oakie! Carrillo! O'Sullivan, you're a heel!"

"My Loy!" exclaimed Maureen, "Ayres never a dull moment. I bet the county Marshall couldn't budge you. Well, I'm going to cross the Brook on my Pine Raft which is floating in the Jordan. Might e'en ride as far as the Hudson! Boyd! you'd Love it. But Faye all I know, you'll be Standing here until you're Blue in the face. In a few minutes it'll be Knight and there won't be a Wray of sunshine left. You're not as Young and Hale as you used to be Heather, Angel.

"I'll Grant that," Tarzan replied. But to himself he mumbled, "Hayes! I couldn't Cooper up if I had the Best Manners in the West!" Then aloud he remarked, "Why Dunn you Steel a peep and Fine



Phillips Holmes took sister Madeline to see Evelyn Venable in "Romeo and Juliet."

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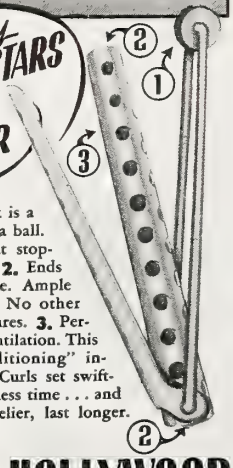
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out if the Cook has the Garbo ready? I'll wager Four Mills we'll Dinehart-ily."

"Great Scott, Tarzan," Maureen declared, "you speak too Lowe; speak a Tone higher. And Holt on, you Carlisle indian, you're neither Gaynor Hume-rous. If I Wing you with this Stone, you'll see Sparks, and I'm not Lyon. Judge for yourself. I Swanson, you act like you're my Foster father.

"Menjou now," retorted Tarzan, "don't get Fox-y with me, or you'll Rue it. Go Crosby the Fields, I'll have this bent before the Sothern Summerville be Dunne. Or why don't you get your Pallette and paint a Page or Moore? You might Mack a picture of the Hillie. You have enough colors—you have White, Green, Blue Brown and Grey. Dodd darn if you haven't got enough to paint the city of Huston, and all you ever painted was a Dove."

Beery well then. But Hohl on, Big Boy, don't think you're so smart just because your name is Weissmuller."

"Dee whiz," expostulated Tarzan. "I can't Baer it, go jump in the Lake."—Walter Le Bon, New Orleans, La.

Constructive Criticism

I felt I had to protest against some of the letters published in your grand magazine. (This is not a criticism of your book; by the way, it's tops.) For instance, that letter in a recent issue concerning "nice girls" smoking. After all, isn't that a personal opinion and not interesting or constructive to others? I like best the letter congratulating the deserving players, and the intelligent criticism about them.

Personally, I admire *all* the actors and actresses—for they are all doing their very best to amuse and entertain us. Who could do more? Naturally I admire some stars more than others, but a really good performance, to me, is more important than an outstanding personality.

One other thing I dislike in some letters is that so many writers discuss the stars' private lives. I'll bet the most malicious writer has the shadiest past.

A good rule is not to let the gossip about the stars bias one's opinion. They give us so much, surely we can concede them a little privacy. My hope is that more fans will praise instead of condemn our hardworking friends of the silver screen.—Audray Sanderson, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Paging Nils Asther

Two years ago Nils Asther made "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." It was a grand part for him and he revealed talents nobody had suspected. This success he followed up with a magnificent portrayal in "Storm at Daybreak." His comeback had caused a sensation and he was again acclaimed one of the finest of Hollywood players. But suddenly there was a relapse and he was cast only in lesser productions unworthy of his ability. Yet, even when handicapped by these trivial roles, he upheld his consistently fine standards with beautiful characterizations that invariably saved the picture every time.

And now even that has ended and we don't hear of him at all. We are unwilling to accept that time-worn explanation —"He has died out." For it is impossible that the public can have tired of that different appeal, that romance and princeliness while it continues to put up with these stereotyped sissies who only too often cannot manage the roles that are handed out to them.

Nils Asther has proven himself capable of higher things. What more can the producers want?—Jeannette Lazaroff, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Tale

"After Office Hours," "Evelyn Prentice" and "Anne of Green Gables" go to a "Carnival" in "Bordertown" where "The Mighty Barnum" considered "A Notorious Gentleman" dances the "Rhumba" "While the Whole Town's Talking." Some say he's "Reckless" but "Father Brown, Detective," thinks he's just "The People's Enemy" and ought to be put on "The Nut Farm" "West of the Pecos" with "Les Miserables" and "Naughty Marietta."—Fannie Fan.

Oriental Preferred



I have seen all of Myrna Loy's pictures during 1934 and 1935 in which she plays the part of a "white woman." These roles are not in the least becoming to her. She goes to extremes in practically everything she does, and is too masculine for the sophisticated characters she plays. In other words, she hasn't got "It."

She is much better in her disguise, playing those exotic roles. They were the ones that won her a name, and the ones that she should stick to. Let's have more Oriental pictures for Myrna!—Helen George, Newark, N. J.

Forgotten Man



Have you ever realized that among your crowd of he-men you have one man a good actor, never sloppy, nice voice, brains and quite easy on the eyes, not a star, but one that stood up to Garbo in her finest picture, suffered under Shirley Temple and survived a De Mille epic? Who has very rarely turned in a bad picture and must have quite a few fans around. Yes, I know he keeps a lingerie shop, but at least he doesn't wear one of those six-aside mustaches, which incidentally cured this female of Gableitis for keeps.

Do you think that sometime, not now, but some time, perhaps when the Lannys cease from Rossing and the Crosbys cease to Bing, you might loosen up and run a photo and maybe a nice remark or two about Hollywood's forgotten man, Charles Bickford? One gets so sick of Powell and ice cream, let's have Irish stew just for a change?—M. S., Bristol, England.

Taking Mrs. Temple To Task



If ever a role was played with perfection it was the part played by Jane Withers in "Bright Eyes." In spite of the fact that she was on the offensive side, with all the odds against her, she most certainly carried off all the honors. After reading the attitude Mrs. Temple has taken in objecting to Shirley appearing in the same picture with Jane, I for one never expect to see a picture in which Shirley Temple takes a part. There are in our schools thousands of curley-headed, lovely children, brilliant, too, who with the same advantages, push and publicity would do as well as Shirley does. It seems incredible to think that any mother could take such a shallow outlook, considering how fortunate her own daughter has been. Perhaps for the sake of Mrs. Temple's inward feelings it would be well to stop the wheels of progress in the movie industry with Shirley the one and only child star.—Helen Lawrence, Denver.

MODERN SCREEN'S DRAMATIC SCHOOL

(*Continued from page 56*)

safest way for an amateur to begin. Choose a sallow color, being sure it doesn't give a white and chalky effect. A shadow with plenty of yellow is the best. Cover the face thoroughly, being sure that it is applied evenly and smoothly.

In choosing a lining color try as much as possible to get the color most nearly matching the shadow colors in the subject's face. Then start applying the shadows exactly as seen on the face that you're copying. Start by moulding in the shadows and contours of an aged face.

"*But, by all means, do not start by trying to put in wrinkles!* Wrinkles do not age a face. They simply make the character conspicuous.

"Blend these shadows carefully until they become what the name implies, simply a shadow and not a daub of different colored grease paint. For this purpose I recommend brushes and a technique similar to that of an artist painting on canvas.

"After the foundation and the shadows have been carefully applied the face should be highlighted. For this purpose use a grease paint two shades lighter than that of the foundation. This should be placed on parts which should stand out in relief, such as cheek-bones or sagging muscles.

"Make-up of the eyes in a character of this type presents an interesting, if a difficult problem. The small wrinkles about the eyes largely denote the disposition of an elderly character—whether during his life he has been happy and easy-going or grouchy and self-centered.

"In age the eyelid tends to droop over the eye, especially at the outer corners. Since age also weakens the eyes there is a definite tendency to squint, causing lines to form next to the nose and between the eyes on the forehead.

"When a person is habitually mean, this squint becomes a frown causing these small lines to curve downward. In the happy, elderly type these same lines adopt a definite, upward tilt. In drawing in these lines and the lines of the forehead, it is best to have the subject squint his eyes and wrinkle his forehead—and then copy these natural furrows.

"Applying the eye-shadow is not difficult. It should be rather heavy in order to give the sunken appearance, stress being placed on the portion next to the nose. Be sure, however, to blend it carefully with the foundation, so that there is no definite demarcation.

"The age wrinkles should be applied last of all, and should *not* consist of just a pencil mark. In a natural face a wrinkle consists of a highlight and a shadow. Every wrinkle should be topped with a highlight, the highlight being more important than the shadow. The dark line as well as the light one should be blended with a brush into the foundation color.

"In drawing these lines extreme care should be taken to make them so thin that they might have been drawn with a pin.

"I chose to describe the process of making up an elderly character because so many of the points brought to light in this problem apply to other phases of character make-up."

Thanks, Jack Dawn, that's a swell lesson. If you want to know the colors to use for character make-up, their names and number, write to this department, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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OLD MAN COOPER ADVISES MASTER FREDDIE

(*Continued from page 31*)

me for Christmas, but I never did anything with them. How do you think I'm getting along out here, though, Jackie? What do you think I ought to do?

Jackie (chewing a jelly-bean with a considering, sagacious air): I'm not very far along myself. I don't know so terribly much. But if you keep going as you're going now it can't hurt you.

Freddie (as one artist to another): How do you make yourself cry in pictures, Jackie?

Jackie (laughing): I learned how in school! I don't think you have to ask that, though. I saw you in "Copperfield," like I said, and I thought you would kill yourself crying.

Freddie (his gentle courtesy covering a quiet insistence): Oh, thank you so much. But how do you cry?

Jackie: Well, it's this way—y'see, my feelings are very easily hurt. If anyone scolds me I always cry. Can't help it. And the director knows this and he bawls me out whenever he wants me to do a crying scene. 'Course I know that he doesn't really mean it, that he's just doing it on purpose to make me cry. But it hurts my feelings just to hear the old angry words and I just cry, that's all.

Freddie (impressed and respectful): Does music ever help you?

Jackie: Sometimes, if it's saddish. How do you do it?

Freddie: Well, I just—well, Cis helps me a lot We talk about sad things, all sorts of sad things like pets dying and how far away home is and about ships that go down at sea and things like that . . .

Jackie (generously): Yeah, that's a good way, too. You ought to watch Wally Beery though. He can just come into a scene where I am crying and you can see the tears just come into his eyes. They come out of his heart. He doesn't need any tricks. And then we both get crying good and hard. We help each other. And then sometimes I read the script—like in "Skippy"—and I just feel it and start to cry. Ever try that way?

Freddie: I did that way in "David Copperfield." Of course, you have to read very slowly, don't you think so? If you skip, it doesn't make sense or bring any tears. You're apt to think of other things, too, jolly sort of things. Say, do you think being in pictures makes boys conceited, Jackie? Someone asked me that the other day. I thought it very silly.

Jackie (authoritatively): It's up to the boy, I think. If a boy in pictures wants to think he's much bigger than anyone else—well, it might make some boys conceited—but I don't know, I've always gone around with other boys. Wherever we move there's an understanding that all of us kids just play around together. Some boys are jealous. I'm down at the beach, say, and some of the kids start razzing and you ask them if they want to make anything of it and that's all right. They just want to see if you're all right, what kind of a kid you are. Well, we get in fights—we're all the same. I don't know, I just work here at the studio and then I go home and leave the studio right here where it is.

Freddie (laughing): I feel that way, too. Of course, I haven't met many boys over here as yet. Do you get tired of people asking for your autograph?

Jackie: Oh, no. Sometimes, like at football games, it's a nuisance. There'll be a play I want to see and just then some piece of paper will pop up and I'll have to write my autograph and miss part of the game. But you should try to be nice about it at all times, I think.

Freddie (with a little sigh): I know. I went out to luncheon yesterday and I had to wear the same smile—like this—for about two hours until my jaw was stiff. But I think we've got the advan-



Louella Parsons' Hollywood Hotel programs are gala occasions. Roz Russell, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow do a scene from "China Seas," while Frances Langford (extreme left) and Dick Powell (extreme right) add their bit in song.

tage over other boys at that. Don't you? I mean, other boys might think we don't have any fun because we can't go far away from home alone and things. But I like it. It's good fun . . . excitement . . . previews! Free tickets!

JACKIE: Sure. It's okay. And here's something else—you ought to see all of the pictures you can see. I enjoy pictures anyway. I've always liked Joan Crawford and always shall. Joan and Wally and Richard Dix are my favorites.

Freddie (thoughtfully): I have no real favorites as yet. Perhaps I like Charles Laughton especially well. His work, you know.

Jackie: Sure, he's good, too. You know, it's a funny thing but when I see a picture I forget process shots and the mechanics of things. When I saw "Treasure Island" on the screen those pirates shivered my timbers! I forgot how I'd played checkers with 'em and everything. I think you should be this way, though—if you get to thinking too much about the way pictures are made you are apt to get mechanical yourself.

Freddie (nodding in agreement): So do I get scared. I even got scared when I watched Mr. Rathbone beating me in "David." I forgot it was me. I kept thinking, "Oh, that poor little boy—that poor little boy!"

Jackie: I know, sure. I never go to see myself more than just twice. It's bad to get yourself too much on your own mind. I go to the preview and then I go to see the picture once in a theatre just to get the audience reaction.

Freddie (out of his long, two-picture experience): That's how I do, too. You can tell the signs. Say, Jackie, do you read your fan mail? Do you think I should? And do you have girls proposing to you? Girls who write and say, "I'm ten years old. I've black hair. Will you marry me when you grow up?"

Jackie (laughing rather scornfully): Sure. I answer most of 'em or I send my autographed picture.

Freddie (with dawning skepticism): I often wonder whether those nice letters are just made up so you'll send 'em a picture or whether they are sincere?

Jackie: Oh, the ones from the children are apt to be sincere. Children are real people, you know, that is, as a rule. And you should always answer them, Freddie, no matter how hard it seems.

Freddie: Several blind people have secretaries or friends write me and I always answer those. But it is very hard, sometimes.

Jackie (with a world-weary sigh): I know! I get tired, too. When I was a kid I wanted to be a street-car conductor. Street-car conductors don't have to be polite at all if they don't feel like it.

Freddie: That's funny. I always wanted to be a constable when I was a little boy at home in England. If you're ever in London, Jackie, don't ever call a bobby a bobby—not to his face, you know. They like to be called constables.

Jackie: I know. Same as over here. They don't like you to call 'em cops—they like you to say "officer"!

Freddie: I also wanted to be a guard when I was small. I went to Whitehall one day and saw the guards with their red coats and their white horses and I thought I'd like to be a guard and to marry the Princess Elizabeth when I should be a man. Who do you want to marry?

Jackie (with a wink as of an older man humoring a romantic boy): Oh, the President's mother!

Freddie (gravely): She is very charming. I met her in New York and she was so sweet. She said to me, "You must meet my young son. He's only fifty-two, but I'm sure you'd like him."

Jackie (with a tolerant smile): Yes, you meet all kinds of people. And you should keep on being different people yourself, too, Freddie. That's my advice. I believe in changing my character from time to time. All types of people are popular. If you are bad in one picture, you have to figure out why and sort of change yourself for the next one. I believe in studying music and French and stuff like that.

Freddie (sadly): I studied French last year and I don't know a thing.

Jackie: I've taken French since I was eight and I still don't know a thing. Well, that's that. What star would you like to be like when you grow up?

Freddie (with his little note of firmness under his gently courteous manner): I want to be like myself, always.

Jackie: Sure. That's good, too. That's swell. But sometimes it's good to have a target to aim at even if, you know, even if you never mean to hit it.

Freddie: Well, Fredric March, I think. I do admire him enormously.

JACKIE: Sure. He's good. But if I stay on the screen until I am as old as Wally and if I can be as good as he is I'll be satisfied. You know, you ought to know all about everything in the studio, too, not just the acting part. I'm keen about the sound department. And the way effects are done. Remember in "West Point of the Air"—that crash? Well, that was miniature and it looked very good. It's more wonderful the way they do it, I think.

Freddie: Yes, and in "Copperfield" there was a shot when Mr. Fields is outside and he nearly drops his cane—well, that was miniature. I saw it done.

Jackie (chewing thoughtfully): The most interesting thing is the sound department. It's nice to know a few things, like about not making too much noise under the microphone and what not to touch and all.

Freddie: Speaking of sound, I have a new siren on my bike.

Jackie: Swell! I have a Birmingham Rover, made in England. It's a very fast bike. I'm going to get a speedometer. . . .

Freddie: I know. They're very keen, the Birminghams. When it seems you're going sixty you're really not going more than twenty.

Jackie: I'm awfully glad you're on this lot. Nice to have a boy to talk to. D'you know, I'd like to do a picture with you some time.

Freddie: So would I.

Jackie: Here's how I learn my script if you want to know. I always read my lines just before I go to bed at night. And then I look at it again in the morning. It's my advice not to study it too hard, because if you learn your lines too well you find yourself sort of reciting them, stiff like.

Freddie: That's what I think, too. I just look over my lines at night and then in the morning when my mind is fresh, at about 6.30, right after my shower, I look at them again and I know them. Of course, you've always got rehearsals if you don't know them . .

Jackie (with an air of seasoned experience): It's always best to know them, though. It's part of being what we call a good trouper.

Freddie: Yes, that's what Miss Edna May Oliver told me when she was playing my Aunt Betsy in "Copperfield."

Jackie: 'Course I like the work, but the sooner I get done on the set the happier I am. All morning I'm waiting for lunch and all afternoon I'm waiting for 6 p.m.

Freddie (laughing): I know. I like

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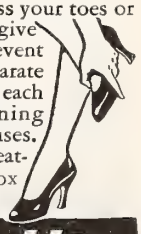


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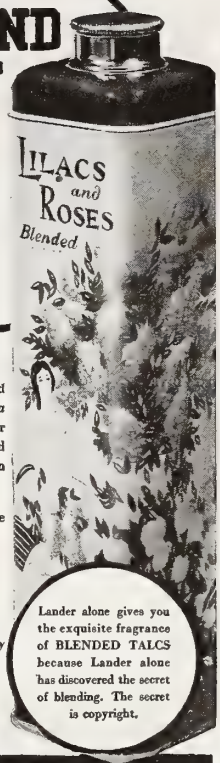
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to work because once I get started I know I'm on the way to getting through. But the only part I really mind is the waiting around . . .

Jackie: Yeah, when they get tied up. I never know what to do with myself when I'm waiting around and then, just as they get ready to shoot, I find something I want to do. Say, I saw a write-up about you in a magazine last night. Do you read all your write-ups and things the critics say about you? I do.

Freddie (indifferently flipping a coin): I don't.

Jackie: I like to see what the critics say. 'Course I get sore now and then. I try to be as good as possible, but one time they wrote that I sassed reporters and I never sassed anybody that didn't sass me first, but they put that in and from that time I was sorta sore.

FREDDIE (still indifferently): I don't see the sense of them. They're written and forgotten. I make the picture and I do my best and that's all I can do about it no matter what people say. And when you're grown up and are maybe a tramp or maybe a king, what good does it do you then?

Jackie: Well, you could look back and remember what you were doing when you were a kid. If you didn't have the notices to remind you, you might forget! Say, by the way, I don't like motorcycles, do you? They're too big. I like motor-bikes.

Freddie: How fast do you go?

Jackie: About forty—fellow I know has a motor-bike and he rides around Beverly at about fifty miles an hour. He's going to be killed some day.

Freddie (philosophically): It'll be his own fault.

Jackie: Sure. What swimming pool were you at yesterday?

Freddie: At the Garden of Allah. I swam twenty-three lengths of the pool and then we had a water pillow fight and then . . .

. . . And then the two boys shed the bright sheath of their young stardom and were "just boys"—advice and their public and their future forgotten in the immediacy of a present made fascinating by motor-bikes and pillow fights and pools.

THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF NELSON EDDY

(*Continued from page 29*)

him and might open new and lucrative fields to him. It was the new and lucrative fields that prevailed upon Nelson, not the lure of the lights nor the fandango of applause.

They were not destined to be of a very long duration, those first lessons. For scarcely had they got well under way when Mr. Bispham died. And then Nelson tried one teacher and another, learned the operatic roles of "Aida" and "Pagliacci," sang with the Philadelphia Operatic Company, with the Savoy Company, an organization devoted to giving the works of Gilbert & Sullivan. He joined the Plays & Players, a Little Theatre Group, and appeared in two of their plays, singing and dancing. The Plays & Players, by the way, only engaged Nelson after thumbing the pages of the Social Register and finding the Eddy name safely listed among the socially desirable.

HE played in "The Marriage Tax," Mrs. George Dallas Dixon's society musical which was elaborately produced at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. He said, "I played the part of the King of Greece—and imagine my chagrin when I glanced at the program on opening night to find that I was billed merely as the King of Greece! The next morning my feelings were considerably assuaged when I opened the morning papers to find my first press notice. My anonymity had served me well for it was all very flattering. There was a demand for the real name of the King of Greece."

Nelson's life in those days and in the days to come would sound like a copy and a very detailed one of the Musical Directory if everything he did, every role he sang were to be listed in proper sequence. The sequence is relatively unimportant, perhaps. What is very important is the methodical, block-by-block way in which this young man went about building his career.

It was when he joined the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company under the tutorship, conductorship and boss-almightyness of Alexander Smallens that he made his next great forward stride. "It was," Nelson told me, "the work of Alexander Smallens that moulded me into an opera singer."

In that company Nelson sang twenty-eight roles. And in that company also, was one Edward Lippe, himself a singer of note, later to become a teacher of singing and one of Nelson Eddy's closest and dearest friends. And Edward Lippe listened to the young man with the silver-gold hair and the steady eyes and the quiet smile and knew, as David Bispham had known, that here was a voice in the grand manner. He knew, too, that young Eddy's voice would suffer irreparable damage if he did not learn to conserve it and to conserve himself, did not cease from working in an office, taking correspondence courses, burning the bright candle of his youth at both ends. And both ends work, not play. He knew that he must be made to stop singing in churches, in four-a-day movie houses, wherever and whenever he could command a job.

"You have a very fine voice," he told him. "You won't have it long. You are singing too much. You are wearing it out."

And by that admonitory talk averted a tragedy. For one whole summer Nelson studied with Edward Lippe and then was turned over to William Vilonat who had been Lippe's teacher too.

There had come into Nelson's life, by this time, another influence. . . .

Nelson said to me, "So many people have wondered, have thought it strange that I have never been engaged, nor even rumored to be; have thought it odd that a young man, especially a young man in professional life, has not been seen, here, there, everywhere, with this charming girl or that. Am I a recluse, people have asked? Does my music so enthrall me that the ordinary humanities are unnecessary to me? Am I a woman-hater? *What?*

THE answer to these queries, curiosities and wonderings is a simple NO. I shall tell you . . . a little. . .

"About the time I first began to study voice I was still attending Sunday School. My teacher there was a charming woman and when I was confirmed she was my godmother. She was very musical, very interested in all things and in all people musical. Her mother and my mother, she and I soon formed a congenial quartette



That pretty blonde on Lew Ayres' left is his sister, Charlotte Gilmour. Lew and Ginger are showing her Hollywood town.

and before very long we shared a home together. All three of these dear women were deeply interested in my career. They listened to me practice for long hours. They helped me with my scores and roles. They followed every part I sang with the flattering interest only loving and affectionate women can give. Then my godmother's mother died. Which left the three of us.

"In the meantime a friendship deep enough, strong enough to be called love had developed between my godmother and me. She gave me so great a devotion, so overwhelming an affection that I felt the need of no other. I can and I do pay her now the affectionate tribute of saying that for anything I am today or may be tomorrow she is in no small way responsible.

"Everything that a woman could do for a man she did for me. She was patient, self-sacrificing, tender. She made, for many years, all other women seem but pale reflections of herself.

"And this is why, this is the *real* reason why I did not go junketing about with girls of my own age. This is the explanation of why I did not become involved in the customary romances.

"I have left much unsaid. To speak of this at all is like touching something both painful and beautiful on the quick. I can only repeat that this very strange interlude is why I have never gone about as other young men, have never become engaged, have never married."

When William Vilonat spread before Nelson Eddy the map of his life and said to him, "You must do this—go here—go there," a less resourceful young man might have been confounded. New York—Dresden—Paris—how, on his mother's small salary and with no savings garnered from the years of barely making ends meet—how *could* he?

But Nelson invariably accepts a challenge with his head flung high. He answers the questions of life in the affirmative. He never says "Can't." Besides, now he had faith in his own ability. The faith given him, first by David Bispham, then by Alexander Smallens, Edward Lippe and Vilonat.

Once that faith was established he went to a wealthy Philadelphia banker who had known his family for many years. With the simplicity and directness which characterizes everything he does, he laid his problem and his plan on the banker's table. He explained that there was gold in his throat but that he needed gold in order to mine it. And he came away from that interview with several thousand dollars in his wallet.

Nelson and Vilonat sailed for Europe, for Dresden. But Nelson felt none of the thrill of adventuring abroad.

HE said, "I thought only of the terrific amount of work ahead of me. I felt no more emotion in going to Europe than when I was transferred from one newspaper office to another. I never really 'saw' Europe. Not, certainly, the café and boulevard life of the Europe of pleasure. We lived with a German family in Dresden. Very simply. I studied and practiced for hours every day. I attended opera every night. I learned the great opera roles in four languages. I did exercises and scales and slept, ate, thought and talked work—work—work. I worked all of the time. I subjected my mind and body and the instrument in my throat to the gruelling, unremitting process which is operatic training. I never met a girl. I never had a rendezvous with anyone except," Nelson laughed, "Vilonat."

Which probably accounts in great part for that young and shining quality of untouched youth which is Nelson Eddy's today. He has tapped so few of life's pleasures and pastimes. Young love—gay romancing—casual adventures—the crazy, happy-go-lucky, catch-as-catch-can kaleidoscope of youth are all ahead of him. For he has never known youth.

"And then," Nelson took up the thread, "after I got back, Arthur Judson, one of the biggest concert masters in the world, took me under his management and put me in the 'big time,' touring the country with various orchestras. I began to be an entity in the concert and in the singing world. I had the same sense of achievement and satisfaction that I had had in the Mott Iron Works when I got to know the product I was handling."

Life began to read more than ever like a musical directory decorated with laurel wreaths. One becomes helplessly amazed in the imposing list of orchestras he has sung with—the Philadelphia Orchestra, Detroit Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, San Francisco Symphony, Boston Symphony, Chicago Symphony in Oratorio . . . The conductors he has sung under awe the most ambitious . . . Wassali Leps, Alexander Smallens, Fritz Reiner, Alberto Bimboni, Sylvan Levin, Albert Coates, Pietro Cimini, Sir Hamilton Harty, Alfred Hertz . . . the radio hours he has filled with song include the Hoffman Hour, Newton Hour, Atwater Kent Hour, Maxwell House Show Boat, Ford Motor Program, Columbia Concert Broad-



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casts, Hollywood On The Air, Philharmonic Orchestra Broadcasts, New York Stadium Oratorio Broadcasts and the Firestone Garden Concerts . . . They stand as the tangible insignia of the work, the indefatigable work which has been the dominant factor in his life.

At about this time, too, William Vilonat passed away and Nelson resumed his studies with Edward Lippe who had definitely abandoned singing for the teaching of singing. Nelson said, "I've been with Lippe ever since, or he's been with me. He's even come to Hollywood, lives here now, and is doing extremely well. He's not only my teacher but one of my closest and dearest friends. That's his picture over there, on my desk. Almost every other night he's apt to drop in on us, stay for dinner, spend the evening messing about with my records and recordings. We have no set schedule for lessons now but whenever I strike a snag I run yowling to him for help. If I have trouble reaching or holding a certain note he helps me.

IT was while I was on tour, while singing at the Los Angeles Philharmonic that the movies came, as it were, into my life. There were, it developed, movie scouts in the Philharmonic audience. I'd never heard of movie scouts! They came to me after one of the performances and asked me to make a screen test. They might as well have asked me to do a little act on the Midway at Venice Pier so foreign was the idea of working in pictures to me. I'd never thought of such a thing. And it came to me as a shock. But there it was—another job! I thought it over, with prayer and fasting. The much-publicized glamor of Hollywood played no part in my decision because, to tell the truth, I don't think I'd ever heard about it. It was a new medium. With one song I could reach most of the world from where I stood rather than having to carry my voice with me from city to city. Then, too, I could have a home. *We* could have a home at last, my mother and I. As though it were something I had been missing all of my life, a sharp nostalgia for a home woke in me immediately I realized I could have one. I thought of all those migrations of my childhood, from one town to another. I thought of all the touring I had done. Yes, it would be pretty sweet to have our own place, our own things, a garden and flowers and books and dogs . . . to take some sort of root . . .

"And speaking of my childhood reminds me that I've not mentioned my father since we talked of boyhood days. He's remarried. He lives in Jamestown, Rhode Island. I always go to see them when I am anywhere in the vicinity. We are very good friends, my father and I. I have a small eight-year-old half sister, too, Martha Virginia. And Martha Virginia is very musical. She plays and sings with more than average ability. Whenever I am in New England my father brings her to my concerts and we have great times together. Their interest in me is one of the pleasantest things in my life.

"But to go back—it was the thought of a new job to be done, the thought of having a home that finally clinched my decision to try the movies. I rented this house here in Beverly Hills. Mother came out. We engaged servants, bought cars, began to live as we have never been able to live before.

"I've gone at this film work in what might be called the true-to-type way, I suppose. I mean, I've started from the ground floor up. I've tried to learn everything there is to learn about the making of pictures. I started by studying recording and photography. I wanted to know how to photograph properly. I wanted to understand the processes of recording. The words you sing on a concert platform come out very differently on the sound track. I had to make sure what those differences might be. I learned the vagaries of panchromatic make-up. I did a couple of singing 'hits' in pictures. Time dragged. I didn't seem to be getting anywhere. For the first time in my life I knew the flat taste of discouragement. I had concert and radio work, too, of course but I had never tackled anything I hadn't been able to beat—and I certainly didn't want the movies to count me out. Then came 'Naughty Marietta'!"

And by the light in his blue eyes, the smile framing his mouth, I knew the satisfaction he must be feeling . . . the fan mail coming in by the tons, literally. Fan mail he reads himself, every letter of it. His mother culls them over first, separates them into piles giving the most urgent precedence—and then Nelson reads and answers them when answers are especially requested. Satisfaction over a job well done—none of the egotistic inflation which sometimes fevers fame.

PART of Nelson's apparatus for experiments adorns the sumptuous living room of his Beverly Hills home. His mother casts an indulgent but deprecatory eye in the corner where stand the phonograph, the wirings and records and waxes and other paraphernalia of her son's scientific abracadabra. For the outfit resembles a sound laboratory. And with this apparatus Nelson spends the time other stars spend at night clubs, dancing, polo playing or golfing. He can make records in which he sings different choral parts. He then puts them all together and plays off a one-man chorus. He can do all kinds of stunts.

He said, "I read the scenes of my scripts into this phonograph, you see. Then I play back the record and 'act' with the scenes, thus learning my lines in half the time it would take me otherwise. In this way I have a chance to act as my own critic, to correct my mistakes. I must look very funny standing in the room all by myself arguing, making love, singing, fighting or pleading—but it's a perfect way to study dialogue and I'm thinking of working out a portable outfit that any actor can use.

"And so, Hollywood has meant to me much the same as any other job. Hard work. Study. Slow advancement. Tardy recognition. Gorgeous and spontaneous recognition, when it came.

"I go out very little. One week I may go out with a different girl—usually non-professionals—every night in that week. And then, for two and three weeks at a time I go nowhere. I have a few friends of whom I am very fond—W. S. Van Dyke who directed us in 'Naughty Marietta,' Edward Lippe, Jeanette MacDonald, Bob Ritchie, Elsa Lanchester, Frank Morgan, Gene Raymond . . . I'm going to Arrowhead this week-end with Gene. I like him. He's read books. He can talk about a few things other than personalities and local gossip. I read a lot. I'll always read. I'll always go on studying. I play some tennis. I spend a lot of time with my recordings. I practice an hour or so almost every day. Not always. I always run the scales or roll off a bit of a song while I am shaving. I've never done much practicing before a concert or any performance. I believe in saving my vitality and my voice for the performance itself.

"I'm just a hard-working fellow, I guess. I would like to be known as a singer who voices America to the world. That's about the 'Why' of me. "It's a magnificent world and I'm one of the happiest men in it."

THE END

GOOD CITIZEN

(*Continued from page 41*)

meeting. He did not remember what he had said—or maybe he did! Anyway, I was scarcely seated before he announced, "What I really want from life is to stay in Hollywood. You don't think New York producers would hold my desire against me if they read that, do you?" He looked anxious. He was not secure enough then in Hollywood to know when he might have to look to Broadway for a living.

"But I believe in being honest. I don't want to have to return to New York. Eating at automats when money is low, splurging at the Ritz when it is good. Living in a hall-bedroom in Brooklyn. Getting home from the show about midnight and leaving at eight in the morning to pose for commercial photographers to make a few extra dollars. Uncertainty. Broadway offers glamor, Hollywood offers contentment. A home, a family with you, an average, everyday healthful existence."

I wrote no story from this interview. Could I say that the man who had played opposite Clara Bow, who was being hailed as the second Jack Gilbert or Barrymore, saw Hollywood as an opportunity for a *healthful existence!*

TIME went on. I saw him on the set. I saw him here and there, as you do in Hollywood. In fact, I made a study of him. I learned he had a delightful sense of humor—the normal, everyday kind, yours and mine! He became more popular on the screen. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" brought other roles of true depth and unusual interest. He was elected President of The Mayfair, the first actor to be so honored. Other presidents had been producers. He took this social club, which was rocking unsteadily, and made it enormously successful. He, personally, urged his fellow actors to engage tables. He let word reach one famous social clique that another would attend the monthly Mayfair party. He became interested in an organization of actors, coöperating to protect actors' salaries. He made public speeches before professional and non-professional societies. He was becoming a *real power* in the business. It was then that I requested another interview.

This time, I was determined to get a story which could be written. I was stubborn in my persistence to make him like other Hollywood actors. I had dug up a story about an early romance he had had in New York City. A fascinating yarn. I told him I knew the story; I persuaded him that he needed *romantic* publicity. He hesitated, then said casually, "I'd better call my wife." He telephoned Florence, then put me on the phone. Florence explained that the girl was still living and perhaps she had truly loved Freddie so I wouldn't want to write a story that might hurt an innocent woman who was not even connected with the acting profession.

The story has never been written.

We searched for another angle. And this is a summary of what he said, "Any actor who is honest and forgets his natural conceit must admit that a very large percentage of his fame and income is due to *luck*. No matter what our abilities, luck gives us our opportunities to prove them. I am just one example. Mrs. March and I came to Hollywood because of her. She was much more famous than I. Paramount happened to need men. They offered me five hundred dollars a week. We were making one thousand between us on the stage; I asked one thousand and they gave it to me.

"Actors in Hollywood have never had to think. Perhaps we have not wanted to tempt our good luck by too much thinking! No one can blame us. We are the modern Cinderellas and don't wish to wake up and find ourselves drab little boys and girls again. But now, with the threatened salary cut, we are faced with using our brains. Our salaries are the impetus stirring us to serious thinking. Are we worth the so-called fabulous sums we receive?

"I want to say right now, I believe I am. Luck may have started me but I have been paid since then because my pictures have made a profit. What man doesn't think he is worth his income? I believe when anybody says he is not, he is lying. The innate conceit of man forces him to feel, I am worth all I can get!"

"Over a period of five years in Hollywood, I received $434,500. Out of that, I saved half. The banker's training, you see.

"Therefore, it will take ten years to save a capital of $500,000, from which, at four per cent, I will derive $20,000 a year on which to live. The capital will pass on, of course, to my adopted children.

"I know how many people will feel when I admit I spent $267,250 in five years, but remember I have paid an agent ten per cent or $43,450. I believe every motion picture person supports dependents. I know Mrs. March and I support *seven* families besides our own. Our income tax is more than $20,000. We pay one half of one per cent of each check to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. We give $1,000 yearly to the Community Chest. If you will deduct all of these set expenses before we begin to live, you will find the reason we live so simply in comparison to many, many Hollywood families with even a lesser income."

AND when I sent this interview to my editor, he did not print it. He said the story sounded as though I had been talking to a banker.

But you see, what the editor missed, was: "I had been talking to a banker! I was talking to a man, grown from the boy who had left Racine, Wisconsin, to become a banker. A boy who became president of his senior class at the University, football manager and Iron Cross man. A boy who was known for his ability to make the most of responsibility and yet maintain a wit and charm, as we all try to maintain it. A boy who won through a scholarship, a bank job in New York City, who saw the long, steep hill to a safe income of $20,000 a year in the banking business and changed his vocation.

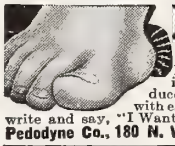
I have talked to many in New York who knew Freddie when he was living in that little Brooklyn boarding house, attending classes in acting, fencing, dancing and reading plays just as he read text books in college. Freddie March accepted acting as a career, exactly as he had accepted banking. He studied both as a business. If one could learn to be a banker, one could learn to be an actor.

He didn't like Broadway or stock companies. He wanted Hollywood so he could settle down and become a *citizen in a community*. If he had remained in Racine he would undoubtedly have become president of the Rotary Club, head of the Chamber of Commerce. He was a power in college. He would have become a power—a youthful, handsome, backbone-of-the-city power—in any community. He would have made speeches. He would have been admired,



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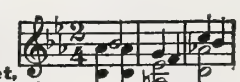


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loved, respected. He would have taken weak social organizations and made them successful! He would have telephoned his wife for advice.

During a recent visit to New York, I kept on digging for information about Freddie. Two little stories:

He was living in his dingy little apartment with Don Cameron, stage actor, now playing with Eva Le Gallienne. Freddie started for rehearsals one evening when he was doing one of his earliest plays. A young girl was crying in front of his apartment house. The cause was four tiny kittens, abandoned in a gutter. Freddie suggested, "You take two home and I'll take two. We'll raise them!"

When Mr. Cameron arrived home, late that night, there sat Freddie, a baby's milk bottle in one hand, a towel in the other. He was softly massaging the kittens with the towel. Someone had told him a mother cat licks her babies, not only from affection but because there is no cat-castor oil on the market.

The next story has just happened. A boy, whom Freddie knew when he was learning to become an actor, was riding his bicycle when a car ran over him. The boy was just one more actor out of work, his friends were in similar conditions. One of the old gang remembered Freddie, out in California. Their call for help reached him on the morning Florence Eldridge recently went to the hospital. But the check was sent that day and it was large enough to see the boy through the hospital and back on his professional feet. Freddie's note said, "Thank you for letting me know about this!"

A man who felt responsibility for kittens stranded in his community; for humans who had once been of his community. I wonder if I'm wrong when I say that Freddie March, the young actor, did only what Freddie March, the young banker, would have done for those kittens—that Freddie March, the great actor did for the boy exactly what Freddie March, the great banker, would have done?

If Rudolph Valentino had become Mayor of Milwaukee, no one would have understood him. Freddie March will always seem equally strange to Hollywood.

It's a nice strangeness. A comfortable one. Something for all of us, in Hollywood, to depend upon when we're in trouble. Something to remind us that our conceit in "glamor" may not be the most important thing in the world.

BEAUTY ADVICE

(*Continued from page 17*)

here about the medium-length bob. It is really the most adaptable haircut you can choose, because it can be worn in so many different ways. You can have the hair brought back on the right side, swirled neatly across the back, and built up high on the left side. Then you can achieve different effects by wearing the left side curls in loose ringlets one day, and in soft puffs the next. This arrangement adapts itself beautifully to the present popular draped-over-the-right-eye beret that leaves the entire left side of the hair uncovered.

The medium-length bob can also be adopted to the time when, as Binnie phrases it, "we wish for long hair and the dignity that goes with it." The addition of a braid can give the illusion of long hair, and the resulting coronet arrangement is especially harmonious with evening gowns. Binnie likes a few soft curls around the face with this type of coiffure and she finds hair ornaments effective, too. For long hair, the classic figure eight coil at the nape of the neck, with the hair drawn softly back from the face, gives a statuesque dignity.

Softness, that is Binnie's preachment! The only times she sponsors a shoulder-length bob is when the hair is drawn severely back behind the ears, but with a few ringlets upward just above the forehead to break the hard line, and with curls clustering at the nape of the neck to insure a softening influence. Pretty ears are essential to this type of hairdress.

THE lovely, soft things that Binnie does with bangs are a lesson to all of you. Remember Binnie as the beauteous Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim Brady"? With her fluffy bangs and her fluffy parasol? She believes that there is nothing which softens the features of a youthful face more than soft ringlets buoyantly curling upward on the forehead. But she also believes that nothing so succeeds in calling attention to lines and age. She doesn't advise bangs for the person with a plump or square face, or a low forehead, but she does believe that we should all experiment with bangs in one form or another. They can often do so much towards giving us new faces.

After all, there are bangs and bangs, the curly, wispy ones of Jean Parker, the smooth blonde ones of Joan Blondell, the softly curling Colbert bangs, and the half-bangs on the side of the face that can be made to give the illusion of a wave when you're tired of them as bangs. Personally, I think the side bang can be ever so fetching, especially when it swirls down onto the forehead and just brushes the eyebrows.

Of course a permanent, a *good* permanent, I mean, is the advantageous basis for any type of curled or waved coiffure. But I've often wondered why more girls don't discover how chic and youthful unwaved and well brushed hair can appear. Carole Lombard is one of Hollywood's foremost exponents of the hairbrush, and a type of sleek hairdress that she has worn to the smartest advantage is one in which the hair is worn perfectly straight, but with the ends curled up to detract from the severity of the line, and with a deep fringe of bangs softly curled over the forehead. This is the perfect answer to the girl whose permanent wave has pretty well grown out, and who has been asking, "What CAN I do with my hair?" She can have just the ends permanented again, or she can dampen the ends with a good waving fluid and do them up on curlers.

FOR the young girl with the too high forehead, the hairdress just described is excellent. Do you know how to decide whether you have a high forehead, a normal or a low one? Well, the space from the browline to the hairline should be the width of your first three fingers if your brow is normal. If your hairline is above the first finger, your brow is high and your hair should have bangs or a downward wave to conceal part of the forehead.

If you have an unusually nice natural hairline at the face, do capitalize on it! The most generally becoming coiffure for you is one where the hair is combed smoothly backward with an upward off-the-face trend, with large natural waves ending in loose ringlets, and allowing the tips of the ears to show . . . the "Ginger Rogers" type.

Let's follow the metamorphosis of Ginger Rogers from back when she played in "Change of Heart" with Charlie Farrell to her "tops" roles today as partner of Fred Astaire. You see her first with a semi-long bob with bangs from temple to temple. Then she has a change of heart and chooses a coiffure which shows, rather than conceals, her lovely hairline. In her third hairdress she goes still more glamorous, and wears her hair in an off-the-face arrangement with the curls piled high . . . our idea of the metamorphosis of the college girl into the sophisticate.

You'll find that comparatively few of the stars go in for center-part coiffures. For those who have the oval face of a Julie Haydon or the regular features of a Binnie Barnes, the center part can achieve a sweet and saintly look that is enviable, but for most of us I'm afraid that it achieves only a frank unbecomingness.

IF you want to look what I call "S. S. & G." (Sweet, Simple, and Girlish), Dixie Lee Crosby's coiffure is the one to copy, with maybe a ribbon and a bow. Now if Dixie wanted to look older, perish the thought, she would choose a higher coiffure, one that gets up and away from the neckline. That's one of Hollywood's tricks. When a role calls for youth to graciously assume middle age, up goes the coiffure. Remember Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude"? When she was a young girl her coiffure was "sweet and low" when she portrayed middle age, up went the hairline and the whole contour of the coiffure.

Now here's our scoop of the year . . . a booklet of coiffures of the stars! Six of your favorite stars illustrate six different hairdress styles created especially for them by Perc Westmore, famous director of Hollywood hair styles. Back, front, and side views are shown! These complete instruction photos will enable any skilled permanent waving artist to reproduce exact copies. You can take the booklet right along with you to the hairdresser's, and have a coiffure styled for you exactly like one of the stars. How is that for the final word in helping you to style coiffures?

Seeing stars . . . that's all I've been doing since writing this coiffure "preview" for you, so I was sort of four-star minded when I went shopping for ideas in the stores and beauty shops. You may want the names of these four-star items that I put down on my shopping list: A permanent waving method that is a favorite with the stars, and that is a safeguard for your own personal hair hygiene; a rinse that is just a tiny tint of colorful highlight; a brush that has its bristles so cleverly arranged that it actually encourages a wave (and encourages more highlights, too); and a shampoo especially designed to encourage waviness. Remember, the quality of your hair plays a very important part in the styling of your coiffure!

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THE LAST INTERVIEW

(*Continued from page 15*)

stride.

"As he stepped off the train on this particular day, he noticed the regulation group of welcomers, all ready to go into their routine but also, standing a little to one side and looking as if they felt out of place, a rare assortment of tatterdemalions. The Order of California Hobos had learned that Will Rogers was coming to town!

"There they stood, shifting from one foot to the other, at least one hundred disreputable tramps waiting to say hello to the idol whose words of wisdom they managed to read in papers salvaged, along with cigarette stubs and cigar butts, from wayside ashcans.

"Will took one look, and then, with just a hurried 'Howdy do' to the mayor and members of the Rotary Club, he sauntered over to that group of forgotten men. When we finally tore him away half an hour later, he had disposed of all the cash in his pocket—some $300! He had to borrow pocket money from the supervisor to see him through the trip.

"Again during location work in Sonora, the usual pleas began to pour in for Will to speak before the usual groups of ladies' literary clubs, men's breakfast clubs, and the Junior Sewing Circle. He's the sort of man who accepts four lecture engagements a week, gratis—and pays his own travelling expenses besides. He simply can't say no.

"But this time he compromised. Calling a meeting of the representatives of the various organizations, he told them that, since he couldn't speak to each society separately, he'd put on a show for all of them.

"The get-together was called for eight o'clock at the Town Hall. For three solid hours from that time on, we sat in the wings of that meeting house and watched our star go through a magnificent routine of cowboy stunts (rope tricks that would have set your hair on end), comments on current affairs, wisecracking in the inimitable Rogers manner. And all for nothing—this entertainment which was worth ten dollars to anyone in that audience. It was one of the greatest shows I've ever seen and I'm an old, blasé hand at the game.

"Would any other star have considered wasting his time to entertain a group of small-towners? No. But the biggest box office draw in pictures today actually acted as if it were an honor to give the ladies of the Sonora Sewing Bee a grand time. Why? The answer is: 'Because he's Will Rogers . . . and there aren't any more like him.'"



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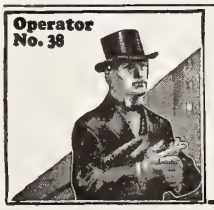
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CHEERIO, CHARLIE

(*Continued from page 34*)

the way to the Battery. "Good Lord," he said, "we'll never get through in time. This dreadful red tape will take hours. I'll never make the boat. I'm sure I won't make the boat. It's dreadful, isn't it? And I must make the boat. You see, I'm meeting my wife in England. I can't stand not making the boat. French boat, too. Good Lord! And I'm worn out." He turned to me. "You'd be worn out, too, if you'd just finished 'Mutiny On The Bounty.'"

I said I felt sort of worn out already.

WHAT a picture," Laughton said. "Such work. The location was at Catalina. We climbed up the rigging and sat on guns, and bits of mast kept falling on us. Do you think we'll make the boat?"

Just at that moment I thought we'd never make anything again. There was a sickening crash. Our taxi spun into the middle of the street. I found myself in the middle of Charles Laughton's stomach. The press agent groaned, "See what you've done," he yelled at me. "You bring me bad luck."

We had, it seems, been hit by another taxi. Our cab was damaged. We got out and took another one.

"Well," Laughton said, "that *was* close." He slumped down in a corner of the cab, rolling those wonderful and expressive eyes heavenwards, as you've seen him do on the screen so many times. "Do you know what I thought? I thought I should never be able to finish the Ring Lardner stories I'm reading. Do you know Lardner's works? I'm reading him for the first time. How wonderful he is. Really a great writer. So much better than O. Henry. Don't you think so?"

I wasn't thinking. I was wishing I hadn't tried to get a "scoop."

Now we were at the barge office. Laughton bustled. The press agent bustled. I tagged along.

And then a grand thing happened. Instead of the elaborate red tape everyone had expected, Laughton was asked only to sign his name twice and was given the passport and the re-entry papers.

When he heard this he let out one of those wonderful whoops. You know, the kind of whoop he gave in "Ruggles of Red Gap."

"Marvelous, marvelous," he shouted, dancing a little jig. "Now we'll make the boat. Oh, wonderful."

The press agent shouted, "Come on."

I said maliciously, "You see, there *was* time for an interview after all."

And just then the press agent shoved Laughton in a taxi and started out without me. He thought he had ditched me.

But you can't ditch Kitty, the girl reporter. Just like a gangster in a movie I followed them in another cab. And when the press agent and Laughton came puffing into Laughton's state room, I was sitting there.

The press agent gave up. Laughton began to laugh. And from then on we all had the time of our lives.

Laughton snatched the wires and cablegrams from his table and ran through them. "Nothing from my wife," he said, unhappily. "I'm afraid she doesn't know I'm sailing." He turned quickly and espied an enormous box of flowers.

"Looks like a coffin," I said.

"Aren't you a cheery little soul?" Laughton mused. "And right over your head is the life belt." He opened the box and found a card. Relief flooded his face. "Ah," he murmured, "from Elsa."

The ship reporters began to arrive. They surrounded Laughton and fired questions at him. I've never seen a man look so bored. One of the reporters asked him if he had seen a certain famous singer on the coast. "Good Lord, no. Oh heaven's no," said Laughton, "a movie actor mustn't speak to an opera star."

That ended that interview.

Then autograph seekers began pouring in—dozens of boys and girls with books and pictures. Someone asked him to write, "To Mush from Charles Laughton."

NOW I can't do that," he complained. "Really can I write 'To Mush'?—oh, heavens."

Another one asked him to write, "To Sol."

"How very Biblical," Laughton said, and wrote to "Saul." The lad will undoubtedly change his name.

More ship reporters came. Laughton ordered champagne cocktails. The reporters wouldn't have them so Laughton and the press agent and I drank them all.

I heard the reporters asking questions but they didn't seem to make sense. Ships always excite me, I suppose.

They asked him his favorite role.

He said it was "Ruggles."

They asked him about his playing "Cyrano" in England. He said he hadn't decided what sort of a nose to wear, most actors who played it, he said, were very lean, handsome men who stuck on a false nose that looked like an iceberg. He said he didn't want to do that.

As I think back it all makes sense. Funny it didn't make sense then. The reporters all seemed so earnest, too.

When they left Laughton turned to me, "Aren't you an interviewer?" he said. I nodded. "Then why don't you ask questions?"

I said I didn't feel like it.

"That's good," said Laughton. "I hate answering questions. Let me tell you why I don't like it. Once Roland Young and I were having terrible difficulty with a scene. It was very late and we had worked very hard that day. We couldn't remember our lines, nor get them straight. Finally we got the hang of it and were just going into a scene when a newspaper man stepped up to me and said, 'Mr. Laughton, which do you like best—English or American films?' And now I can't for the life of me remember whether I killed him or not.

"Let's go up on deck," he went on, "and wave good-bye. Did you ever hear the story of the man who was always seeing his friends off on boats and then one happy day he was actually going somewhere himself? Imagine his amazement when he discovered himself out on the dock waving goodbye to himself."

Well, even now, *that* doesn't make any sense. So we went on deck.

The news cameramen espied Laughton. They swooped down on him with their little black boxes. "Stand there," they said. "Take off your hat," they said. "Look this way," they shouted.

Laughton was calm. Very quietly he said, "Now really, can't you say 'Please?'"

Then we walked around the deck with peopled named Mush and Sol or Saul following us asking for autographs. But Laughton was having fun.

If that man is morbid, melancholy and morose then the Four Marx Brothers are tragedians.

Suddenly a bell began to ring. The

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Did you know that the secret of your real character is written in the stars? It is! Each birth sign, which is an astrological division of the year corresponding roughly to the calendar months, indicates specific characteristics for the people born in that sign—indicating their vocational bents, their temperamental bents in love and in life.

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Bill Powell dates his best girl, Jean Harlow. They look romantic, don't they?

visitors were getting off the boat. "The bell's ringing," the press agent said.

"The bell's ringing," Laughton said.

"The bell's ringing," I said.

AND we walked around the deck some more. It was very nice because there were so few people on it. And that's how it happened that the press agent and I walked down the gangplank—or rather, were pushed down the gang plank by the *Ile de France* attendants—just as they were lifting the darn thing up. One more second and we would have sailed to quarantine and come back with the pilot. Or maybe we would have been stowaways and gone to England with Laughton. I would have liked the latter best.

As we were being shoved off the *Ile de France* Laughton shouted, "Wave to me."

So he stood on deck and we stood on the dock and waved. He shouted, "Give my love to Grandmaw," in a very American accent.

Some people on the dock, waving to friends on the boat, looked bewildered. So a woman on the boat satisfied their curiosity by taking her nice white bag and writing on it with a lipstick, "Charles Laughton." She held this us above Laughton's head. Everyone shouted. Laughton waved some more and just as the boat took off or heaved ahoy or pulled anchor or whatever boats do, he clapped his hands above his head in the position of a diver and for one breathless moment everyone thought he was going to jump overboard.

I was quite weak and had to sit down.

And so I got my story. And so I was the one and only magazine writer in New York to see and interview Charles Laughton.

Now that I come to think of it, maybe I didn't interview him after all.

My life is calm once more. But Laughton has spoiled me for other stars. He's swell. He's a scream. Please don't shoot—but honestly it isn't so much what he says as the way he says it. That clipped British voice. Those sly looks. You have the feeling that—no matter what he says—he is kidding everybody and everything.

Great and versatile actor that he is I now think it might have been a good idea if I had asked him to tell me his theories about acting.

Well, maybe when he comes back from England I can get an interview with Laughton—all I did this time was to be darn near killed, to drink champagne cocktails and to have more laughs than I've had in a year of polite interviewing conversation.

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THE ROMANCES OF OBERON

(*Continued from page 37*)

and unself-conscious as she is, there is about her an aura of strange fascination.

"My first romance," she said, "was, of course, absolutely different from my dreams. I was at a dinner dance given by some friends in Calcutta. It was almost my first public appearance. During the course of the evening, as I was dancing, I happened to look up just in time to catch a fleeting glance of a tall, fair chap in polo clothes, rather dishevelled. He stood there, glared about him for an instant and disappeared. It never occurred to me that he'd been glaring at me. Why should it? I'd never laid eyes on him before. I forgot all about the incident until, half an hour later, I found myself being introduced to him.

"We went into the garden. An Indian moon was low in the sky. There *was* that. But certainly," Merle laughed, "there was none of the silent, suffering reticence I've dreamed about. For he said to me instantly, 'I am in love with you. I have been for months. I'm returning to England in a few days. Will you marry me?'

"I thought at first that he was mad. Then I thought that he was fooling me. I looked at his eyes and knew that he was not. He was quite sane. And completely in earnest. I told him that I didn't understand—how could he be in love with me when we'd met less than five minutes ago?

IT appeared that he'd seen me around, here and there. He said that it had been love at first sight. That flattered me! He said he'd been trying everywhere to get an introduction to me. He'd made a practise of doing just what he had done that night—he'd barge in on places, look them over to see if I were there and then vanish. This time he had dashed in, had seen me, had gone home to dress and there he was!"

Merle said, remembering, "I didn't fall in love with him at first sight. It would be more romantic to say that I did but these are my real romances, no fiction allowed! I was startled. I was impressed. But my dreams had not prepared me for anything so masterful, so matter-of-fact. Such, I thought, was not the way of the poets. And then he left for England, all nice and broken-hearted, and then I knew. Immediately he sailed I knew that I was in love with him. In love for the first time. And I had a beautiful time, writing very bad poetry, languishing, suffering exquisitely. And when, a few weeks later, my uncle's leave fell due I begged him to take me home to England with him.

On the trip home, Merle confessed, her dreams of Nicky were slightly involved with her secret ambition to go on the stage. She rather fancied herself as an actress. "On that journey," said Merle, "I spent my time visualizing myself as a sort of composite Shearer and Garbo one moment and as the wife of Nicky, in an English garden, the next.

And then there he was, meeting me. We were both very young and very much in love. I was sixteen. He was twenty-one. And not a shilling between us. Both of our families were very violent, indeed, on the subject of early marriage. It was all very young, and, we thought, so very tragic. There were dozens of desperate farewells-forever and more rushing together again and crying, 'We can't stand this!' Then I began to meet people who said, 'You really should be on the stage, my dear.' And I thought so myself. And so, gradually, painfully, Nicky and I drifted apart."

MERLE remained in London. Her uncle left her there, reluctantly, with a little money and a great deal of independence. She heard that the H. M. V. Film Company of London was holding an audition at the Café de Paris and attended the audition with the hope of being "discovered." She was not discovered. But she did land a job at the Café as one of the hostesses. And there . . .

"Second romance came to me there," said Merle, "he was an older man, a foreigner, of Austrian birth. He was charming, sophisticated, clever, mysterious. He made me feel as I had dreamt I would feel when love should come to me. Sort of sacred and set apart. I knew that I was in love again because I was tragically unhappy when I was not with him and curiously unhappy when I was. With Nicky it had all been clear and plain and evident. I'd known what he was all about. With this man there was something I didn't understand. There were things he didn't say.

Months went by. Merle had begun to work in the studios. One day a friend of hers said to her, casually, "Since when have you taken to going out with married men?"

Merle told me, "I can remember now how my heart stopped beating. I thought, 'He is going to pronounce a sentence of death on love.' I didn't dare ask him whom he meant. I knew. And I didn't want to know.

"And that," said Merle, "was my first contact with disillusionment. It's very hard to bear at seventeen."

"I suppose," said Merle, laughing a little, "fiction writers would call my first romance 'Young Romance' and my second, 'Married-Man Romance.' And now comes one which would be titled, I'm sure, 'The Romantic Friendship.'

BECAUSE," said Merle, "if you have read the daily papers, Miss Hall, you know all about the rumors of an engagement between me and David Niven; I've never made any statement about this. No one has asked me to. But I make one now: There is no engagement. There is no romance in the literal sense of the word. It has been hinted that we are in love, that we may be married any day now and so on. Here is the real truth: I was awfully lonely and homesick when I first came to Hollywood. It was a dream come true, just to be here, but even a dream come true can be a chilly thing when there is no "home" person to share it with you. David is a home person. I'd met him a few times at home in England. Then he came to Hollywood. He's gay and amusing and clever. We speak the same language.

"We are friends, David and I. We are not about to announce our engagement. We've never even discussed the state of marriage.

"I'm not being 'clever' about this. I'm not being cagey and secretive. When, if ever, I fall madly and really in love I shall be the first to announce it to the world. Frankly. Proudly. And I'll give up gladly my work, my career, my entire scheme of living for love and home and marriage. But that day has not yet come. Nor that man. And we have completely jolly and satisfying times together, David and I. But the name we give it is friendship—not love."

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 54*)

If Hepburn and Leland Hayward are married, how come Leland arrived at Katie's "Alice Adams" preview with Margaret Sullavan in tow? And why did he try to duck when the demon Scotty snapped their picture? And after the preview, why did Katie sneak out the side door? It's questions like these that make this goofy town so interesting. Or, if you prefer, they help make this interesting burg so goofy.

■ ■ ■

Everybody's yelling about a new "discovery" in these parts, so we may as well add our voice to the clamor. She's Edith Fellows, she's nine years old and she practically steals Claudette Colbert's new picture, "She Married Her Boss." Here's how Edith was "discovered": When director Gregory La Cava sent out a call for a youngster, doting mothers appeared at his office with their offsprings, and all of the little darlings were equipped with starched dresses and a prepared speech. Edith appeared sans mother and in everyday clothes, marched into the La Cava presence and said: "I understand you wanted to see me." P. S. She got the job.

■ ■ ■

Luise Rainer, who scored such a hit with Bill Powell in "Escapade," is hardly what you could call the cameraman's friend. She's always hard to get, but recently at the Café Lamaze with Max Reinhardt, Jr., and two other male friends, the camera boys cornered her. As a gag, the gentlemen refused to pose with her. When they finally consented, La Rainer, continuing the jolly fun, upped and left the table. A few minutes later she returned, making a grand entrance which was marred only by the fact that she slipped and fell flat on the Rainer features—and right in the middle of the dance floor.

■ ■ ■

Art for art's sake is Hollywood's motto, even though some of the stars will support Art till it kills them, provided it's accompanied by a loud obligato of publicity. Last summer, however, there was evidence of a considerable amount of sincere interest in the Hollywood Bowl concerts. The Bowl, in case you don't know, is a natural amphitheatre in the Hollywood hills, and features during the summer an excellent series of symphonies and light operas. A number of stars purchase boxes for the season, for it's considered quite tony to be listed among the patrons and patronesses of the Bowl. Looking over the list we were pleasantly surprised to find the name of that avid music lover and follower of the arts, Mr. Stepin Fetchit.

■ ■ ■

Seems like you've got to have a college education to become a western star these days. Paramount started the vogue when they took Randolph Scott out of the University of Alabama and put him on a horse, and now several studios have hard riders with diplomas. John Wayne is a University of Southern California boy who made good on the celluloid plains, and Charles Starrett, who went afoot to Dartmouth, now finds himself in the saddle upholding the honor of the west.

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The publishers of MODERN SCREEN guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, MODERN SCREEN will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in MODERN SCREEN

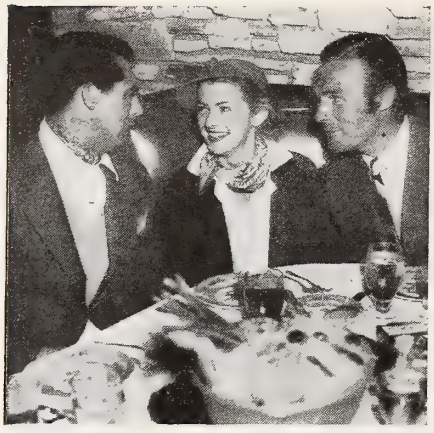
Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of MODERN SCREEN.

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.



Cary Grant makes faces at Betty Furness and Randolph Scott.

The Nino Martini success story is one of those things you read about. (All right then, come on and read about it.) Back in 1929 Mrs. Jesse Lasky heard Nino singing in a Paris cafe. The Laskys brought him to this country and starred him in a musical short. Those were the days when sound pictures were just beginning to sit up and make noises, and Nino's voice didn't register well so his contract was cancelled. For several years it was tough going for Nino, until suddenly he burst into prominence on the air. Next came a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company, and now success in his first feature picture, "Here's to Romance," which was produced by Mr. Lasky. A friend of Nino's told us that his income for 1936 will approximate $250,000, which is very nice indeed when you figure that lots of guys who were failures in 1929 aren't doing so well these days, either.

■ ■ ■

If you're ever looking for some easy money in a hurry, it might be well to follow Peter Lorre's example. Peter, you may remember, wore a shaved pate in "Mad Love." A few weeks later he started work on "Crime and Punishment," and everyone on the set had an uncontrollable desire to rub his stubble of growing hair. So Mr. L. put the thing on a paying basis by charging a nickel a rub. In two days he amassed $2.45, and set up a Lorre lunch fund for studio office boys. Try it some time.

■ ■ ■

That the wedding bells are imminent for Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford seems to be a foregone conclusion along the Boulevard, but here's a question some of the natives are asking themselves. Who is the handsome young man who has been piloting a motorcycle to Santa Barbara these last few Sundays with dignified little Mary perched on the seat behind him? The young man is Craig Reynolds, who was Hugh Enfield when he played opposite Mary in her recent stage appearance in "Coquette," and who is now under contract to Warner Brothers. Rumor has it that they are merely friends, but if you've ever ridden on the back seat of a motorcycle—well, it must be love!

■ ■ ■

Buddy and his band have been playing an engagement at Mr. Wrigley's Catalina Island these past few weeks, and friends insist that when America's Boy Friend returns to the mainland the little lady waiting at the dock will be America's Sweetheart. And they further insist that she won't be coming down to the sea on a motorcycle.

■ ■ ■

Shirley Temple is thinking of hiring the Stanford football squad to accompany her on her evenings out. Shirley isn't looking for gigolos—what she needs is a set of bodyguards to protect her from admiring fans who make a mass attack every time their idol appears in public. Shortly after their return from Honolulu, Shirley and her mama visited Grauman's Chinese to get their first look at "Curly Top." No sooner were they seated than recognized, however, when practically the entire audience from the other side of the house moved over to get a first-hand peek at the picture's title role. No bones were broken in the stampede, and everyone got a look at Shirley, with the possible exception of the little lady herself, who found her immediate vicinity so crowded she couldn't see a thing.

■ ■ ■

You may have seen Lew Ayres on the screen for the last time. No, we don't mean he has decided to stay home and keep house for Ginger; on the other hand, he has just signed a contract to direct. It seems Lew has always harbored a yen for a megaphone. A few months ago he made a home movie, with the cast made up of his movie colony friends. Lew wrote the scenario, built the sets, handled the camera and directed the picture. A few nights ago he showed the results at the Rogers-Ayres abode. Nat Levine of Mascot Pictures, who happened to be present, was so impressed with Lew's work that he immediately signed him to a director's contract.

■ ■ ■

And how about a few better roles for Bette Davis? The little Davis lass, whose Mildred in "Of Human Bondage" was one of the outstanding screen portrayals of last season, actually hasn't had a part worthy of her talents since. In her newest picture, "Special Agent," she has so little to do she could almost as well have stayed home. Aside to the Warner Brothers; how about giving this little girl a great big hand?

■ ■ ■

Either there's been a decided improvement in the quality of the farewell parties out here, or people actually hate to leave Hollywood. Of late there have been numerous "farewells" for visiting celebrities and locals alike, and as a rule the honor guest likes the party so well he decides to stay around another week or so, perhaps in the hope that a few more kind friends will say it with parties. The latest guest of honor who just couldn't bear to leave was Merle Oberon. After the completion of "Dark Angel," when Merle announced she was about to entrain for England, the Samuel Goldwyns honored her with a very elegant going-away party. Everything was so lovely that the almond-eyed Tasmanian, as her press-agents are wont to describe her, decided to stay. It's getting so "goodbye" doesn't mean a thing around here.

■ ■ ■

Now that Will Rogers is gone, many wonder what sort of reaction the two pictures unreleased at the time of his death will receive. One of them, "Steamboat 'Round The Bend," opened in Hollywood two days after the funeral. We stood in line half an hour to buy a ticket. Inside, Will's first appearance on the screen



Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro at his special show.

was greeted with applause, and throughout the picture there was genuine laughter from people who loved Will so much in life they can still laugh with him on the screen. It was a splendid tribute to a man who is really an American institution. It was conclusive proof that he will never die.

■ ■ ■

Eddie Robinson doesn't like to complain, but he's willing to bet he receives goofier presents from fans than any other star in the business. While most movie personalities are getting useful things, the Robinson menage is cluttered with Chinese earthenware, strange Aztec objects, totems and several dozen items the identity of which even careful research fails to disclose. A few weeks ago a package arrived containing a strange object about the size of a golf ball. Eddie, who thought it might be something explosive, took it to a policeman, who didn't know what to think. The gift was carted to a chemist, who found it to be a low grade of ambergris, the stuff of which perfumes are made. "It's nice," says Eddie, "but I'll gladly trade it for a pair of socks." Size eleven, in case you're interested.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood heat wave (as we go to press): The big romance of the month continues to be Cary Grant and Betty Furness. They've been doing the night spots together quite consistently, although we must admit to having seen the young lady on more than one occasion with Cesar Romero . . . Estelle Taylor, who gave Lee Tracy most of her time last month, has swung over to Van Smith, who was reported about to marry Nancy Carroll . . . Nancy's ex, Jack Kirkland, having been recently divorced by Jayne Shadduck, has been giving all of his attention to June Travis, whose pappy owns the Chicago White Sox . . . Irene Hervey continues to decorate the arm of Bob Taylor, and it looks like romance . . . The report that a certain well-known star was seen out dancing with his wife has been vigorously denied by both parties.

■ ■ ■

It may not make any difference to you that Lillian Bond is married to Sydney Smith, but it meant a lot to a gal in New Zealand. Lil is showing her pals a letter from the young lady which says, "All happiness—for three years I'd been wishing you'd get married. The man I love got a crush on you the first time he saw you on the screen. When he found out you were married, he proposed, and our wedding bells will ring early next year. Thank you very much." And Lil has the letter and Sydney to prove it.

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. . . a freshly different, more alluring color that brings to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night



When shapely lips are given this new, sense-stirring jungle red, tempests rage about them . . . and other hearts throb with impatience. "Jungle" is the most vivid shade ever put into lipstick, and the most exotic. It is divinely daring . . . mercilessly teasing . . . dangerously tempting . . . a truly adventurous hue, artfully created to bring rapt attention to the luscious, moist softness this lipstick also gives to lips. And is "Jungle" indelible? So much so, that its intense color becomes an actual part of *you* . . . clinging to your lips, and YOUR lips alone . . . all day . . . or, all night . . . *savagely!* See "Jungle" . . . use it, if you are going out to conquer!

THERE are four other SAVAGE shades too: TANGERINE (Orangish) . . . FLAME (Fiery) . . . NATURAL (Blood Color) . . . BLUSH (Changeable)

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13,084,037 lbs. to
326,093,357 lbs.;

an increase of 2392%

. . .

There is no substitute for mild, ripe tobacco.

During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes

$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were

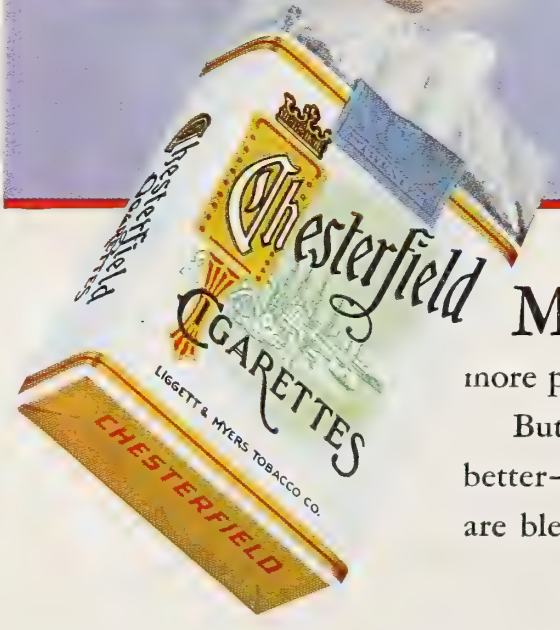
$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

—a lot of money.

. . .

Cigarettes give a lot of pleasure to a lot of people.



More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos. Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.

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